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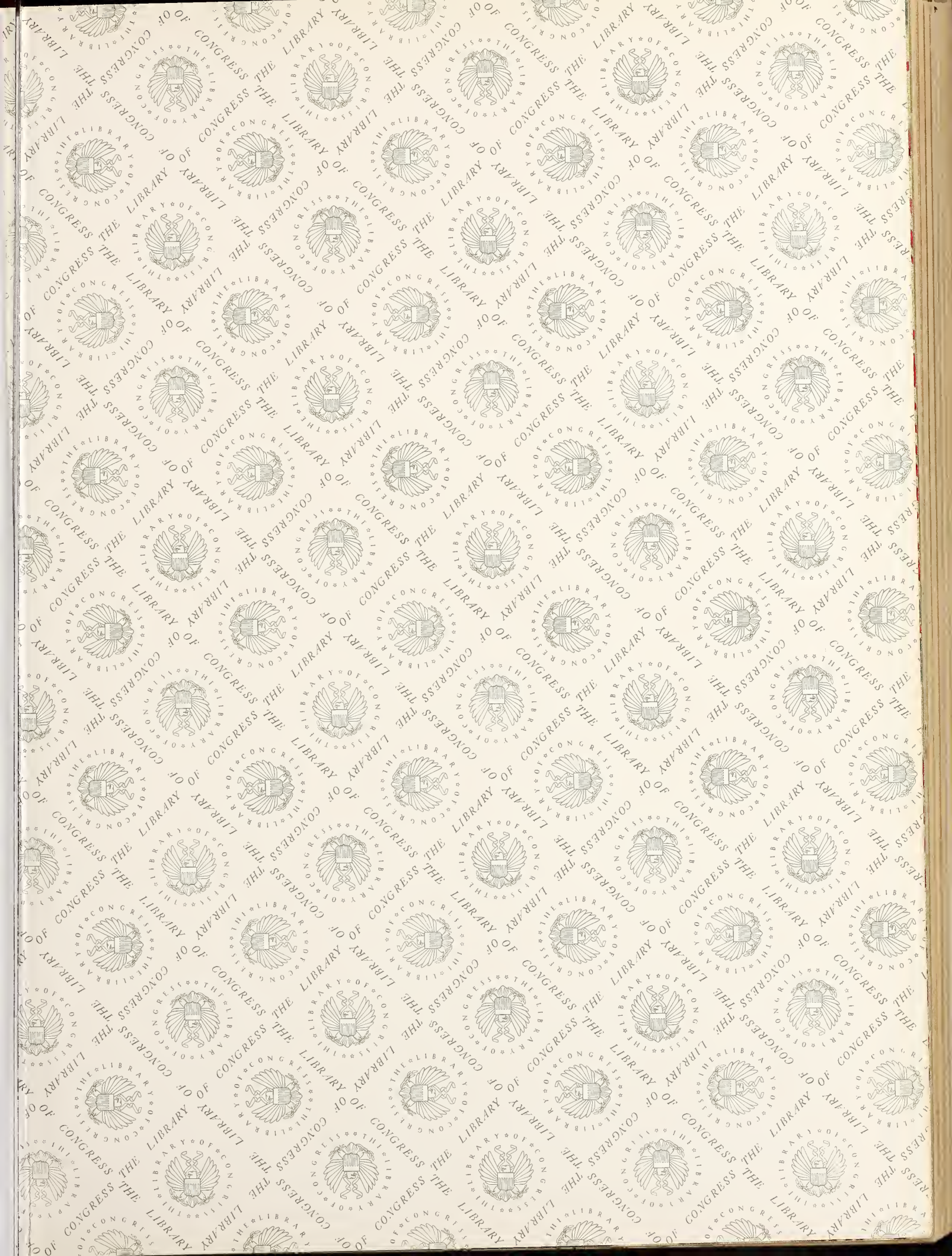
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MODERN SCREEN

JANUARY

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

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JEANETTE MACDONALD

MADELEINE CARROLL WANTS CHILDREN!

DO THEY SAY THIS ABOUT YOUR HAIR?

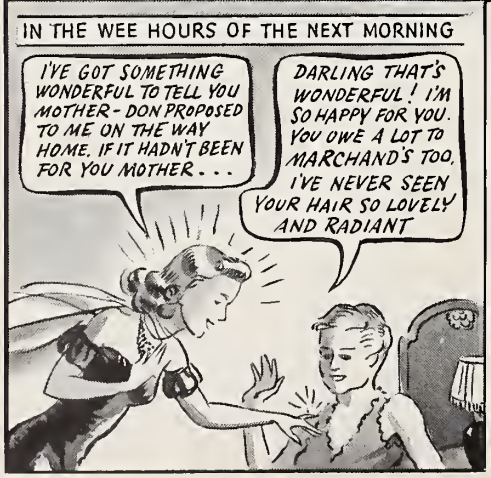












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Marchand's is the ideal method of offsetting the darkening of blonde hair—easy, quick, simple to use.

To Brunettes and Brownettes—just a little Marchand's will give your hair those sparkling highlights so flattering to every woman. You can govern the shade by the amount you use.

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• *Tailored simplicity in plaid with schoolgirl collar, buttoned blouse and below-the-elbow sleeves.*

He first admired her Tartan Plaids but he lost his heart to her lovely smile!



Your smile is priceless—it's YOU! Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush". Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter teeth!

HOW QUICKLY a bold, bright plaid can capture the eye of a man. But it takes a smile, a bright and sparkling smile, to hold his rapt attention.

For without a radiant smile, a girl wins not admiration, but indifference. Pathetic the one who spends hour after hour selecting the style that best becomes her—but ignores "pink tooth brush."

Don't let such tragic neglect threaten *your* smile. Remember "pink tooth brush" is a warning that gums are being neglected—a warning you should heed.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

The very first time your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* It may not be serious—but get his advice. He may say that yours is another case of "lazy gums"—gums robbed of vigorous chewing by modern, soft foods—gums that need the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Every time you brush your teeth put a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your brush or fingertip and massage it into your gums. You feel a pleasant, exhilarating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means circulation in the gums is awakening—gums are being helped to health and to strength.

Get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage show you how bright and lovely your smile can be!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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NOTE BRENDA JOYCE'S lovely hands. With RICHARD GREENE in 20th Century-Fox hit, "Little Old New York".



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(Lovely Hollywood Star)
says:

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Modern Screen

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FILL THE SCREEN AS M-G-M THRILLS
THE WORLD WITH ITS GAY, DASHING, MUSICAL TRIUMPH!



Behold the beauty of exotic song-bird Ilona Massey as she hears throbbing love-lyrics from impassioned Nelson Eddy! *(His greatest role since "Naughty Marietta".)*

Balalaika

starring

NELSON EDDY
ILONA MASSEY
with
CHARLIE RUGGLES • FRANK MORGAN • LIONEL ATWILL
C. AUBREY SMITH • JOYCE COMPTON • DALIES FRANTZ

Screen Play by Leon Gordon, Charles Bennett and Jacques Deval
Based upon the Play "Balalaika"
Book and Lyrics by Eric Maschwitz
Music by George Posford and Bernard Grün
Directed by Reinhold Schunzel
Produced by Lawrence Weingarten
AN M-G-M PICTURE

PARAMOUNT WISHES YOU A MERRY XMAS

PARAMOUNT'S Romance of Love . . . Laughter and High Adventure!

"GULLIVER'S" TRAVELS"

A Full Length Cartoon Motion Picture

IN TECHNICOLOR





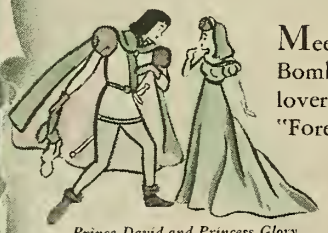
Gabby, the town crier.

Adventure with the shipwrecked Gulliver among the tiny people of Lilliput land...25,000 of them.

Laugh till your sides ache at the antics of Gabby, the town crier, the little fellow who discovered the giant Gulliver but couldn't find himself in the dark.



Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch.



Prince David and Princess Glory.

Meet King Little and his terrible tempered rival, King Bombo. Meet the charming Princess Glory and her brave lover, Prince David . . . hear them sing their love songs, "Forever" and "Faithful."

See the tiny Lilliputian horses drag the giant to King Little's castle. See Gulliver, single-handed, capture the entire Lilliputian battle fleet!



King Little and King Bombo.



Twinkletoes.

Thrill to those three spies, Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch. Meet Twinkletoes, the carrier pigeon . . . *Meet them all . . . laugh with them . . . sing with them* eight never-to-be-forgotten Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger songs: *"Faithful Forever," "Bluebirds in the Moonlight," "I Hear a Dream," "It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day,"* "All's Well," "We're All Together Now," "Faithful," "Forever."*

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE • PRODUCED BY MAX FLEISCHER • DIRECTED BY DAVE FLEISCHER

* "IT'S A HAP-HAP-HAPPY DAY"—Words and Music by Al. J. Neiburg and Sammy Timberg & Winston Sharples

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AND A VERY MARY (MARTIN) NEW YEAR!
"I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOME ONE"...
"A KISS IN THE DARK"...
"KISS ME AGAIN"..."THINE ALONE"...
"SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"...
"GYPSY LOVE SONG"...
• THE GREAT MARY ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy") MARTIN... as the singing sweetheart of Victor Herbert's Broadway... Allan Jones, as the star who means it when he sings "Kiss Me Again" to Mary . . . The Great Victor Herbert's most familiar melodies as the glorious background for a love story as romantic as yesterday, as real as today.
"THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT"
A Paramount Picture with
Allan Jones • Mary Martin • Walter Connolly
Lee Bowman • Judith Barrett • Susanna Foster • Produced and Directed by ANDREW L. STONE
Screen Play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively • Based on a story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone





Left, John Wayne and Claire, together in "Allegheny Uprising." Remember "Stagecoach"?

WITH STARDOM AHEAD

BY JEAN SOMERS

CLAIRE TREVOR claims that she knows more about "B's" than a drone. Her B's, of course, are of the second-rate picture production variety and not of the honey-making breed. For, whenever a story has come up that no one else would do, the Powers That Be handed it to Claire and, ever the obedient blonde, she accepted it. In a way, the assignments might be construed as flattering, for a director always knew that with the Trevor handling a role, nothing but good could come of it. And so, this young woman saved many a poor story from being utterly hopeless.

Of course, this "good samaritan" stuff didn't tend to do much toward helping Claire herself. There's an old saying, you know, that a star is only as good as her last two pictures. And Miss T.'s "last two" were usually nothing to write home about. Yet, not only has this clever player survived, but she is headed for stardom. And, thereby hangs a tale.

The tale concerns the actress leaving Fox. "You see," she says very frankly, "Mr. Zanuck never had faith in me. Why, I don't know. Perhaps he even may have been justified. The point is, however, that if he hasn't confidence in a player, said player might just as well up and leave at the outset. And that's what I did.

"I decided that free-lancing might really give me a new life in movies. While I couldn't select my roles, at least, I had the authority to reject unsuitable parts. Bad women came under that heading. Maybe I look like one. I hope not, but nevertheless, if there's a wild wench called for in the script, said w. w. is sure to be Claire Trevor. Now *that* all had to be stopped!"

Yet, in "Stagecoach," our heroine was a baddie, although in the end she reformed and won the sympathy of the audience. That, said Claire, takes the "coise" off it.

Miss Trevor, you may know, is a happily married young matron these days. She's the wife of Clark Andrews, who directs radio programs. As a matter of fact, they met in a station—radio—when Claire appeared in New York on the air with Edward G. Robinson.

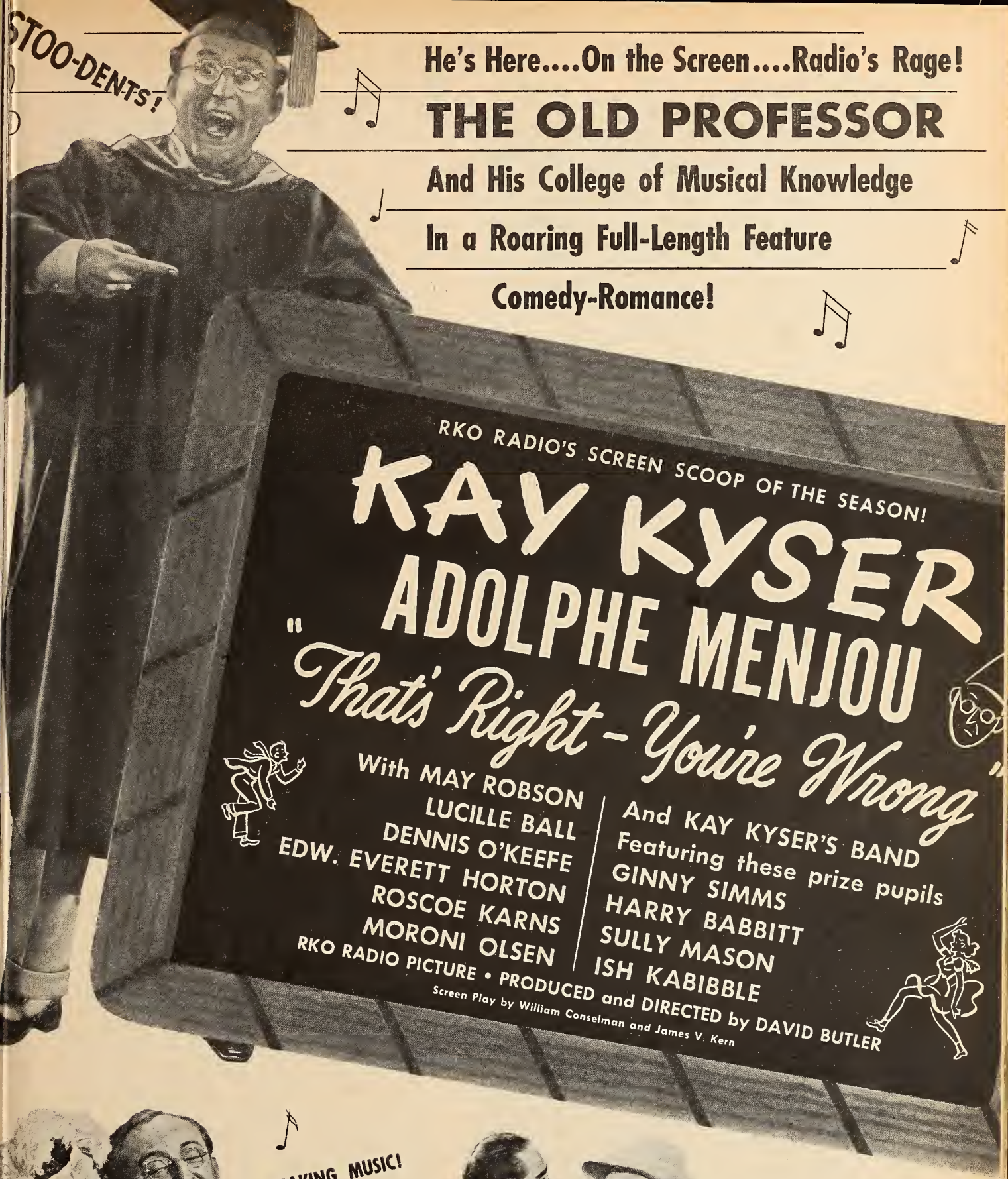
Mr. Andrews saw to it that Miss Trevor needed plenty of rehearsals. That was as good a way as any—and better than most—to keep her in his company. Claire confesses that for a long time she didn't "catch on." One evening, after the program, Mr. A. surprised Claire by asking her to be his wife. That same evening Miss T. surprised Clark by accepting the honor. And there you have it. And they have happiness and contentment in a town that isn't too well noted for it. What's more, they know the value of it.

Claire Trevor's life from childhood has been an easy one. She knew none of the early struggles and hardships that most young girls, bent on a theatrical career, become acquainted with. Claire was a prom-going belle, with more beaux than Brenda Frazier. Life to her was indeed a bowl of cherries—with all of 'em ripe and red.

She didn't even have to combat the usual parental objection of the well-born when she decided to go on the stage. She merely arrived in Broadway's managerial offices with a winning personality and, as she says, a pack of lies. She told more producers about all the experience she'd had when, actually, she was as green as a park in April.

Finally, a gullible guy took a chance on her and, he wasn't sorry. She has a natural theatre sense and it showed up in her first small part in a stock company. Much later came a chance at pictures. Claire grabbed it. You know the rest. She's been grinding them out ever since. She started in a western and her most recent is a western—"Allegheny Uprising." Only the latest is really a super-super, when the first was a cowboy quickie. And, we predict that pretty soon she'll get star billing, for Claire certainly rates it!

Claire Trevor emerges from a hive of "B's" to first-class pictures—and about time!



He's Here....On the Screen....Radio's Rage!

THE OLD PROFESSOR

And His College of Musical Knowledge

In a Roaring Full-Length Feature

Comedy-Romance!

RKO RADIO'S SCREEN SCOOP OF THE SEASON!

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ADOLPHE MENJOU
"That's Right - You're Wrong"

With MAY ROBSON
LUCILLE BALL
DENNIS O'KEEFE
EDW. EVERETT HORTON
ROSCOE KARNS
MORONI OLSEN

And KAY KYSER'S BAND
Featuring these prize pupils
GINNY SIMMS
HARRY BABBITT
SULLY MASON
ISH KABIBBLE

RKO RADIO PICTURE • PRODUCED and DIRECTED by DAVID BUTLER

Screen Play by William Conselman and James V. Kern









REVIEWS

★★★★ Ninotchka

Garbo laughs, Garbo dances, Garbo falls in love with Melvyn Douglas. And while she's having her fun, you're being treated to the most entertaining picture of the year.

Melvyn Douglas is such a fascinating man-about-Paris that it's no surprise when Garbo melts from a stern and sober female Bolshevik into a gal who likes gayety, champagne and Mr. Douglas. Her visit to Paris is occasioned by the cavortings of Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart and Alex Granach, sent to sell the crown jewels confiscated during the Revolution. Arriving in Paris, the three men met up with Melvyn Douglas who completely undermined every serious thought they had, and Garbo is a special envoy sent to find out what happened to them. The Ex-Grand Duchess (Ina Claire) also happens to be a friend of Melvyn's, and both believe the jewels belong to her.

Of course, Melvyn finally wins Garbo, and the Duchess and her jewels are forgotten in the sweep of romantic events. The dialogue is excellent. Special mention is due writers Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder and Walter Reisch. Directed and produced by Ernst Lubitsch.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

(*More about Greta Garbo on page* 76)

★★★★ Elizabeth and Essex

Worth seeing for its magnificent pageantry alone, is this picture. Beautifully photographed in Technicolor, against backgrounds of impressive elegance, the story is presented with all the pomp and ceremony which were so vital a part of the court of Queen Elizabeth. And Bette Davis, as the red-headed, tyrannical Elizabeth, rises to the grandeur of the occasion in true Davis style. She is convincing and awe-inspiring in her unholy tempers, her moments of warm-hearted womanliness and the emotions which her suspicious nature forces on her.

Errol Flynn was a happy choice to play the swashbuckling Essex, whose bravado and ambition wreaked such havoc in Elizabeth's life. In the supporting cast, Donald Crisp as Francis Bacon, Vincent Price as Sir Walter Raleigh and Alan Hale as the Irish leader, give outstanding accounts of themselves. Olivia de Havilland, as the Lady Penelope who loves Essex, gives an excellent performance and looks breathtakingly lovely. The costumes and make-up deserve special mention for the interest they add to the picture.

No doubt about it, "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" is film entertainment of a high calibre. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—*Warner Bros.*

(*Olivia de Havilland's biography on page* 76)

★★★★ Mr. Smith Goes to Washington

When Mr. Smith goes to Washington, he takes Mr. Average American with him to learn both the good and the bad of what goes on there. The picture is a thought-provoker, done with a simplicity that is smoldering dynamite.

Jimmy Stewart is Mr. Smith, appointed by the governor of a southwestern state to complete the term of a deceased senator. Mr. Smith goes off to Washington with high hopes of doing a great deal of good for both his state and his underprivileged friends, the Boy Rangers. When he bangs straight into the fanciest "machine" ever set up in politics, everything looks pretty black. He's disillusioned and ready to go back home defeated. Then Jean Arthur, his secretary, who is wise to the ways of crooked politicians, steers him into a one-man filibuster that makes senate history, and incidentally re-establishes Mr. Smith's and the audience's faith in our government.

Both Stewart and Arthur are excellent in their roles, and Claude Rains as the senior senator does top work. High praise is also due Thomas Mitchell, Edward Arnold, Harry Carey, Guy Kibbee, Eugene Pallette and H. B. Warner. Directed and produced by Frank Capra.—*Columbia.*

(*Additional data on Edward Arnold on page* 76)

Choose your entertainment! Study

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

★★★ Intermezzo, A Love Story

Of outstanding interest in this picture is the introduction of Ingrid Bergman, the Swedish actress. She has a refreshing, calm beauty and dignity that will impress every audience and leave many hoping to see her again—and soon. Leslie Howard's performance is artistically perfect, even to the difficult technicalities involved in his role as a violinist. Edna Best and John Halliday bring sincerity and charm to their roles and little Ann Todd and a wire-haired terrier are among the others in the cast who deserve praise.

From a photographic standpoint, it would be hard to top this production. Gregg Toland has excelled his previous admirable work in the beautiful lighting effects, while the sets are effective in every instance. If there is a fault to find with "Intermezzo," it would be in the story—which is so old it creaks. The tale concerns a musician, Leslie Howard, who leaves his devoted wife and two children to go away with a talented pianist, Ingrid Bergman, only to find that one cannot so lightly dismiss life's obligations. But it must be said that the acting, directing and photographic effects in this picture are so impressive that one is not painfully aware of the lack of story material. Directed by Gregory Ratoff.—*United Artists.*

★★★ Hollywood Cavalcade

Remember Buster Keaton, the Keystone Cops, Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties and Rin-Tin-Tin? Remember Al Jolson singing "Kol Nidre" in "The Jazz Singer?" They're all in "Hollywood Cavalcade," the most authentic record of motion picture history yet to reach the screen.

There's a fictional story, too, about a Broadway actress brought to Hollywood by an unknown but ambitious director when the movies were first struggling for recognition. Alice Faye is the actress, while Don Ameche is the director who makes her a famous star, and both players turn in sincere performances—perhaps the best that either has done before. Alice Faye is photographed beautifully in Technicolor, and Don Ameche is a composite character of some of the most famous personalities in movie history. The story marries Alice Faye to her leading man, Alan Curtis. Ameche cannot withstand the shock and sinks to the bottom, only to be brought back up again by Alice and their mutual business manager and adviser, J. Edward Bromberg.

Curtis and Bromberg make the most of their good roles, and other players that contribute praiseworthy work are Stuart Erwin, Donald Meek, Chick Chandler, Willie Fung and the many old-timers. Directed by Irving Cummings.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ The Roaring Twenties

Many a memory will be brought back by this picture of the hectic days following the First World War. For those who do not remember so vividly "The Roaring Twenties," this film will provide an excellent historical account of that period, and everyone in the audience will find his money's worth of action, suspense and drama.

James Cagney scores again in a role that might have been tailored to his measure. As a returned soldier, he tries to find work in the country which he has been risking his neck to protect. When no job turns up, he turns to bootlegging, feeling that he might as well grab off the dough as the next guy. The whole story of the speak-easies, the rum-runners and the racketeers unfolds from there on with lightning paced events leading up to a terrific climax.

Cagney's performance can be chalked up as his best to date. Next in line for praise is Gladys George, as "Panama" of the speakeasies. Her role of the cynical, big-hearted queen of the nightclubs is admirably done. Priscilla Lane is disappointing as the nice, young girl with whom Cagney is in love. The youngest Lane seems to be at a disadvantage in other than modern roles. Humphrey Bogart, Jeffrey Lynn, Frank McHugh and Paul Kelly give excellent accounts of themselves. Directed by Raoul Walsh.—*Warner Bros.* (*Continued on page 56*)



our guide to the best in film fare



Courtesy Sun-Maid Raisins

XMAS TREATS

that will fill your holiday season with gay and tasty goodies

BY

MARJORIE DEEN

This attractive Yuletide dish is the Hollywood version of the traditional plum pudding. What a hit this will make at your feast!



IN THE annual pageant of traditional Christmas foods, one of the smallest of fruits plays one of the largest roles. I refer, of course, to the raisin. True, these tiny sun-dried products of the vines, with their delightful flavor developed through a concentration of grape sugars, provide a delicious fruit for year 'round use. But out here in Hollywood, as elsewhere, their popularity is never so noticeable as around the holidays. Then it is that Californians really go to town in featuring—in forms too numerous to mention—one of their own state's outstanding products. For it is a fact, you know, that more than one half of all the raisins grown in the world are produced in the vineyards that literally cover California's fertile San Joaquin Valley. Small wonder, therefore, that in the Yuletide favorites of the stars, raisins are used to perfection in countless ways.

Leading the list of their recipes is Plum Pudding, with the grandest Hard Sauce to go with it. There are hundreds of versions of this best liked of all Christmas dinner desserts, but this one has particularly good points to recommend it. For enjoyment during the entire holiday season—rather than on the festive day alone—are Golden Glaze Cookies and Star Sweets. Special treats, these, to make Christmas merrier!

"DELIGHT" PLUM PUDDING

- 1⅓ cups seedless raisins
- ⅔ cup seeded raisins
- ⅔ cup cut citron
- ⅓ cup preserved cherries
- ⅓ cup cut preserved orange peel
- ⅓ cup cut preserved lemon peel
- 1¼ cups butter or other shortening
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- ¼ cup molasses
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 1¼ cups bread crumbs
- 1 cup chopped nut meats
- 2 cups sifted all purpose flour
- ¾ teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¾ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¾ teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- ½ teaspoon lemon extract

Rinse raisins, drain and dry on a towel. Rinse, drain and dry citron, cherries and peels before cutting them. Cream shortening thoroughly with the sugar. Add molasses, then the eggs and mix together thoroughly. Add bread crumbs and nuts, then the prepared fruits. Stir until blended. Add flour sifted with soda, salt and spices and mix well until no dry flour remains. Add flavoring extracts. When thoroughly blended, turn into 2 greased one-quart pudding molds. Molds should be about ⅔ full; one-pound coffee or baking powder cans may be used. Cover molds securely. Place molds on rack in steamer (or large kettle) and steam over boiling water 2¾ to 3 hours. Remove from steamer, uncover and cool, then cover with wax paper, adjust cover on mold and put away to age. This pudding may also be served immediately, while still hot. However, when it is put away for a time, it must be steamed again for a half hour before serving.

Tradition demands a smooth Hard Sauce as the perfect accompaniment for the above pudding. However, there is much to be said for also serving a liquid sauce since this keeps the dessert from being too dry and thus adds greatly to its appeal. Here is the recipe for an unusual Fluffy Hard Sauce. I suggest that you keep some of this sauce out of the refrigerator for a time, before serving, so that it will be soft enough to use as a topping for the pudding, as shown in the illustration. Disregard this last suggestion entirely, naturally, if the pudding is to be brought on in a blue blaze of lighted brandy.

FLUFFY HARD SAUCE

- ½ cup butter
- 2 cups confectioners' sugar
- 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla

Cream butter until very soft. Gradually beat in 1½ cups of sugar. Continue beating for several minutes—the longer the better. (By all means use your electric mixer for this task, if you have one. It assures the creamiest hard sauce imaginable with practically no effort!) Beat in the stiffly beaten egg white and the vanilla. Add remaining sugar. Pile lightly into serving

dish leaving an uneven top surface. Or turn into fancy mold which has been lined with wax paper. Chill until firm. Also see suggestion following the Plum Pudding recipe.

GOLDEN GLAZE COOKIES

Filling:
1 cup seedless raisins
¼ cup orange juice
2 teaspoons finely cut orange peel
½ cup water
½ cup granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup finely cut nut meats

Dough:
½ cup butter
1 cup granulated sugar
3 eggs, beaten
3½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder

Glaze:
1 egg white
2 tablespoons honey

Filling: Combine raisins with orange juice. Add finely cut fresh orange peel from which all white membrane has been scraped. Add water, sugar and salt, bring to a boil and continue boiling until very thick, stirring constantly at the last to prevent burning. Remove from heat, add nuts, cool.

Dough: Cream butter and sugar together thoroughly. Add beaten eggs and beat until blended. Add flour which has been sifted, measured, then sifted again with the cinnamon, salt and baking powder. Mix thoroughly. Work dough with hands until smooth. Divide dough into portions of convenient size to handle and roll very thin. Cut into rounds, stars and other fancy shapes. Place half the pieces on greased cookie sheet. Top each, in the center, with a little of the cooled raisin filling. Cover with corresponding cookies which should have a small circle cut in center of each. Press edges together, firmly.

Glaze: Beat egg white and honey together and use to brush tops of cookies before placing them in a hot oven (400°F.) Bake about 15 minutes, to a golden brown.

STAR SWEETS

3 cups (15 oz. package) seedless raisins
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white Karo
1⅓ cups irradiated evaporated milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped nut meats
1½ teaspoons vanilla

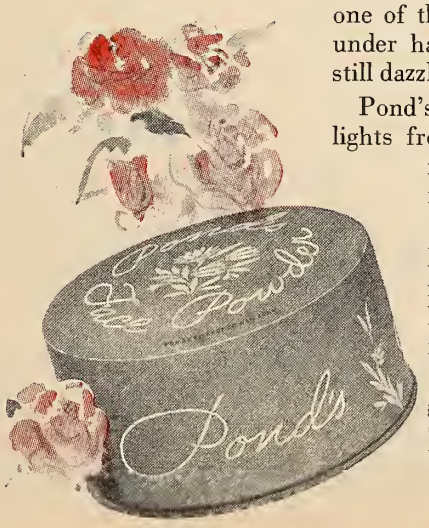
Rinse raisins in boiling water, drain and dry. Place brown sugar and Karo in saucepan, bring to a boil slowly, stirring constantly. Cover, boil 5 minutes. Add evaporated milk *very* slowly so that boiling does not stop at any time. When all milk has been added stir in butter. Continue boiling, stirring frequently at first, then almost constantly toward the last, to prevent burning. Remove from heat when a little of mixture in cold water will form into a very soft ball (232°F. on candy thermometer.) Add raisins, salt, nut meats and vanilla. Stir just enough to blend, then turn into buttered pan. Cool. Form mixture into balls about the size of golf balls between the palms of your hands. Wrap each ball, individually, in red cellophane.

Popular Washington Deb says:

"Pond's New Rosy Powders are Tops for Glamour"



New Rose Shades reflect only the softer rays . . . are "Glare-Proof". . . Shine-resistant



GLAMOUR find of the season for debutante "charmers" is Pond's Rosy Powder. With one of these shine-resistant Rose shades, even under harsh night-club lights, smart debs are still dazzling the stag line after hours of dancing.

Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose shades keep bright lights from hardening faces—keep pert noses from shining longer—because they reflect only the softer, pinker rays.

Be glamour-wise! Choose the Pond's Rose shade that gives *your* skin that irresistible, rose-petally look. And combat that arch-enemy of Cupid—"shiny nose"! In 10¢, 20¢ and 55¢ sizes.

Or send for free samples of Pond's 3 glamorous Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream and Rose Brunette. Write for them today. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PA, Clinton, Conn.

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Gael

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

HEDY'S BABY

The mystery of the play-room at the Markey home has been finally cleared up with the adoption of James Markey, aged two months. But the mystery of the chicken-coops is still unsolved. Hedy insists that she had the coops built in the backyard, because she's going to take up chicken-raising on a small scale this year and next year move to a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and go into the business in a big way. Maybe Hedy will copy Mickey Rooney's idea of putting a sign up on his ranch gate, "Rooney, Egg Merchant." For instance, "Lamarr Fryers."

A PRACTICAL PRESENT

One of Bob Howard's wedding gifts was a standing order for thirty meals at the Thrifty Drug Co.—the 29-cent Thrifty special. The gift was from some of his pals who told him marrying a movie star was great, but this present might help him over the first month when Andrea Leeds would undoubtedly try to whip up some cozy meals for the two of them.

SHIRLEY, THE FINANCIER

The Milk Fund in Los Angeles is one charity that doesn't have to worry about funds. Not with Shirley Temple in there pitching. Remember the time she hired her pony to the studio for $25 a day, after that tactful letter to Boss Zanuck? Now, for "The Bluebird," Shirley's rented them all her toys for the "House of Luxury" sequence. The Milk Fund's coffers will be swelled $250 by this financial wizardry on Shirley's part. Gone forever are the days when Shirley idled away her time between scenes playing leap-frog with the prop boys. Life is real, life is earnest, and the other day we came upon her huddled in a camp chair, concentrating on darning a sock. "It won't hurt her to know how, even if she's a movie star for the next fifteen years," said Mrs. Temple. "Even the glamor girls must get holes in their stockings." Isn't it the truth!

HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY

Romantic Hawaii, with its famous Waikiki Beach, is still the favorite vacation spot for many of Hollywood's importants, and the Matson Line's *Lurline* is still their favorite way of getting there. In fact, to Janet Gaynor, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Shirley Temple and loads of others, this ship has become almost a ferry boat between California and Honolulu, the best spot they know of to "get away from it all."

THE AHERNES AT HOME

Brian Aherne and his bride are on speaking terms again. For "Rebecca," Joan Fontaine's picture, is now finished and so is "Vigil in the Night," the film in which Aherne worked. The studio assignments kept both of them busy from the moment they returned from their honeymoon week-end, but now they have a chance to be Mr. and Mrs. B. Aherne for awhile. Their Beverly Hills home is a pretty little one of French colonial design, with the predominant



JUDY GARLAND



JAMES STEWART



SHIRLEY ROSS

News

color scheme the French blue which is both Joan's and Brian's favorite shade. So far, the only servant in the house is a Chinese valet, a hangover from the bridegroom's bachelor days, so Joan's making the biscuits.

SERVICE FOR GREENE

After the "Hollywood Cavalcade" premiere, the doorman started calling, "Richard Greene's car!" No Greene appeared and the doorman's aggravated tones rang out, "Mr. Greene, your car's been waiting a half-hour! Will Mr. Greene please come and get his car?" About this time the whole crowd of fans in the bleachers took up the chant, "Will Mr. Greene please come and get his car?" Finally Richard, blushing furiously, elbowed his way through the crowd and got into his car, while wild cheers went up from the bleachers.

SOME STILT-WALKER

At a rehearsal for the Screen Guild Theatre the other day, Cary Grant had the cast gazing at him in wide-eyed admiration when he walked onto the stage on a pair of stilts which he had unearthed in the studio prop room. How could he even stand up on them, Ann Sothern wanted to know. "This is nothing," yelled Cary, and proceeded to go into a jitterbug routine. Then he revealed that he earned his living as a stilt-walker before embarking on a screen career. Ann immediately decided she wanted some lessons on the fine art of stilt-walking, but Roger Pryor, emcee of the show, said nothing doing. "You can't tell what a thing like this might lead to," said Roger. "I'd hate to read in the gossip columns that my wife was stepping out on me on stilts."

OOMPH, UMPH, YUMPH!

Betty Field, though, is one gal in town who doesn't want any part of glamor. On the set of "Of Mice and Men," she was saying that any actress in town, possessed of a good masseuse and a face that didn't look too much like a poached egg, could look like a glamor girl. "All these oomph, umph and yumph titles are making me tired," she said. "I don't want any prefix tacked on me that sounds like a kick in the stomach."

THEY'VE SETTLED DOWN

Annabella and Tyrone have settled down again to enjoy their new home in Beverly Hills and, according to both of them, they would just as soon never leave town again, after their recent hectic experiences. Annabella's daughter is in boarding-school —just around the corner from the Power home.

SHE'S HAPPY NOW

For her role in "Reno," Anita Louise is going sophisticated for the first time. She has slinky clothes, a glamorous make-up and a sleek coiffure. As she sat in her dressing-room the other day, laboriously pasting on inch-long lashes, Anita admitted that she thought the whole idea was swell. Because after all these months of devotion, boy friend Buddy Adler had dared to venture that he thought



BOB HOPE



SONJA HENIE



MICKEY ROONEY



WENDY BARRIE OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND JOAN BENNETT STUART ERWIN

Hedy Lamarr has a certain mysterious something that he never noticed before.

THE BOSS SPEAKS

The Warner ranch in the San Fernando Valley was the site of the location for a scene in "The Fighting 69th" the other day. The crew went out and set up lights, cameras and commissary tents. They were in the midst of digging trenches when a man wandered up with a gun slung over his shoulder. "What's going on here?" he demanded. "We're building a set for a Warner Brothers picture," answered one of the workmen, "and take a tip from me, brother, you better not trespass on this ranch." The man thanked him courteously for the information and advice. "But I guess I'll hang around for awhile," he added. "I'm Harry Warner."

ANIMALS AND ACTORS

The set of the "Swiss Family Robinson" looked like the livestock exhibit of the county fair most of the time. For the Robinson family, if you remember your sixth grade reader, were stranded after a shipwreck and managed to save many of the pigs, cows, sheep, ducks and geese which they had on board. Also on the set in constant attendance was a gentleman representing the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." When the cast, crew and livestock were required to work late one night, it was necessary to get some still pictures with the help of flash-bulbs. When the first bulb went off, one of the cows jumped with fright. So the representative of the Society informed the director that no more stills could be taken, it wasn't right to scare the cow. "And here I've been jumping out of my skin for fifteen years every time a flash-bulb went off!" said Thomas Mitchell. "How about a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Actors?"

PETER AND NORMIE

The other day Melvyn Douglas brought his five-year-old son, Peter, for a visit to the set. One of the scenes required that Douglas be handcuffed and led off the stage. Peter was overcome with excitement, to the extent that he couldn't say a word when the director asked him how he liked it. "He'll be all right in a minute," said Douglas. "He's just thrilled to death at seeing his old man taken off to jail." Another day, Joan Blondell's son was struck dumb in admiration of Peter. The two children had been brought for a visit to the studio on the same day, and the actress offered to take them to lunch. Afterwards she complained of not feeling very well. Seems that Normie had been too spellbound to eat when in the presence of Peter, who is a year older. So his mother had cleaned up on the spinach and milk ordered for her son. "And I feel terrible," she moaned. "I don't see how anyone can survive vitamins."

WOLF! WOLF!

Looks like they really mean it this time—and we mean Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant. For Phyllis is trying to sell her home and Cary Grant suddenly purchased the old Norma Talmadge house at Santa Monica beach. Decorators are re-doing the house from stem to stern—and taking their orders from Phyllis.

SIGN, PLEASE

After a preview the other evening, a boy asked Carole Lombard for her autograph. The actress obligingly signed "Carole Gable." The boy looked at it and then said, "Shucks, I can sell your Carole Lombard autograph for two bits to a pal of mine, but this ain't worth nothing."

POPULAR JENNIE

Rosalind Russell generally wins all popularity contests on any set where she appears for work. But on "My Girl Friday," over at Columbia, Roz has had to take a back seat. For her colored maid, Jennie, has been the center of attraction since the day the picture started. Jennie's the aunt of Kenny Washington, star of UCLA's football team, so everyone at the studio has been hanging around for tip-offs on the teams. Added to that talent, Auntie can name every horse that is running this season and prophesy the outcome of nine out of ten races.

DON'S VACATION

The new Don Ameche baby is home from the hospital and doing well, after that two-months' stay there for observation. Mrs. Ameche is feeling fine, too, but father's not so good. The combination of a third son, constant picture work and that weekly radio program proved too much for him. So Zanuck issued orders that he is to rest for three months before showing up to work. Ameche refused to give up work at first, but the boss insisted. "If you don't take a vacation," he said, "they'll be calling you the Prisoner of Zanuck."

BILL'S A HOME BODY

That most sophisticated gentleman of the screen, William Powell, insists that the simple pleasure of hitting the hay at home tops his list of thrills. After two years of hotels, hospitals, boats and trains, Powell has at last moved into a home of his own. He's rented a place in Beverly Hills, taken his furniture out of storage and settled down to complete domesticity. It was Myrna Loy and her husband who persuaded the actor that there's no place like home and took him for daily drives past the most tempting houses in town that were for rent.

BETTE STANDS PAT

Bette Davis insists that she won't come to terms with her studio until they guarantee that only two pictures a year will be on her schedule. To prove she means what she says, Bette's refused to even do "One Way Passage" with George Brent. Though that romance is as dead as yesterday's newspaper, the actress says that Brent is still her favorite leading man—but the Davises never compromise.

GARFIELD'S ANSWER

All is not lilies and bluebirds between John Garfield and his studio, either. Garfield wanted to go back to New York and do a Group Theatre play, but his studio insisted they couldn't get along without him. Garfield's response to that was that they needn't be so upset. He wasn't taking his stand-in, so any roles which the studio had lined up for him could be adequately handled by that gentleman.

PERSNICKETY FOLKS

Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor moved into that new Beverly Hills house before the garage was completed. One morning Bob couldn't resist going out and tinkering with some of the tools. He was pounding a nail into a wall-board when the foreman arrived.

"Don't know your name, Bud," said the man, tapping the actor on the shoulder, "but get your pay and consider yourself through on this job. These Taylors are persnickety folks."

THAT CHARLIE!

When Clark Gable and Charlie McCarthy were practicing for their radio program, Carole Lombard was right on deck for the rehearsal. The script called for a discussion on how feminine hearts are won and lost, and Edgar Bergen was shushed off immediately. "Quiet, Bergen," commanded McCarthy. "You don't belong in this conversation. You're listening to experts." Then he turned to Mrs. G., sitting in the front row. "Ain't that so, Carole?"

HEDY'S HOPPING MAD

No doubt about there being an economy wave on at Metro. For they're going to patch up and release "I Take This Woman," and hoping to make back some of the reputed $350,000 spent on its production. Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr aren't as enthusiastic budgeters, apparently, as Louis B. Mayer. Mr. Tracy would just as soon leave the picture on the shelf and Miss Lamarr is requesting $5,000 per week, in place of her weekly stint of $500, before she will set foot on the Metro lot again, for retakes or anything else.

MAYBE JIM'S RIGHT

Tip to girls who like the Stewart type: Joan Blondell was telling the cast of "The Incredible Mr. Williams" all about her new corset. "It's wonderful," she exclaimed. "Even if it does takes two hours to lace it up, it certainly does a lot for a girl." Jimmy Stewart wandered by at this point. "Say, listen," he stopped to say. "When I hug a girl, I want to feel like that's what I'm doing. Not like I've grabbed an armful of railroad ties."

OUCH, MR. BENNY!

Jack Benny is equally vehement on the subject of the new figures in fashion. Said he told Mary Livingstone that if she didn't care about his personal reactions, she should at least consider the professional aspects of her case. "An hour-glass figure," he told his wife, "has no place on a half-hour program."

A REAL ROMANCE

Jane Bryan and Eddie Albert are going to start wedding-chapel shopping any day now. Those rumors of Eddie's secret marriage were caused, according to the actor, from the fact that he and a gal named Grace used to have a vaudeville team. The act was billed as "Grace and Eddie Albert." Jane never goes to previews because the crowds give her the jitters. But when "The Roaring Twenties" was previewed the other night, she decided that nothing could keep her from seeing her idol, Jimmy Cagney. When the picture was over, Jane sat dazed and unmoving until Eddie Albert suggested they get going. "No," said his girl friend breathlessly, "let's stay and see it again." "What do you want to do," hissed Eddie, "wait here until next Monday to see that Cagney guy? That's when the picture opens its regular run."

DIDJA KNOW

That Jimmy Stewart plays a harmonica between scenes . . . the hand used in the final sequence of "All Quiet on the Western Front," where Lew Ayres reaches out to catch the butterfly, was really the hand of Lewis Milestone, who directed the picture, because Milestone is superstitious about including a personal gesture of some type in his every picture . . . Don Ameche, Chet Lauck and Lou Crosby each have a one third interest in a fighter (heavyweight) named Eddie Mader . . . another Orson Welles way of "going Hollywood" is smoking long, big black cigars . . . Jack Benny always introduces Rochester as "the man who stole my last picture" . . . Jeanette MacDonald gained eight pounds on a ginger ale and ice cream diet . . . May Robson and Edward Everett Horton like nothing better than a good fast badminton game between sets . . . Madeleine Carroll vetoed the idea of wearing only a Turkish towel in one scene for "Safari" . . . "Golden Boy" William Holden really hung one on George Raft during fight scenes for "Invisible Stripes" . . . Mickey Rooney lives on a ranch in Van Nuys about ten miles from his studio . . . Kay Kayser's singer, Ginny Simms, made a big hit at RKO during production of "That's Right, You're Wrong," and may get a contract out of her performance . . . Alice Faye wears a brunette wig in "Hollywood Cavalcade," but wasn't even trying a bit to look like Hedy Lamarr or Joan Bennett . . . Edna Best did not attend the preview of "Intermezzo" because previews make her nervous . . . Baby Leroy is now seven years old and called "Lonnie," and is coming back to pictures very soon?

Honey says "RED, CHAPPED HANDS SPOIL A LOT OF FUN!"
BEAUTY ADVISOR



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BURNS AND ALLEN
Columbia Network — Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E. S. T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station

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EDDIE ROBINSON IRENE DUNNE FRED MACMURRAY JEANETTE MACDONALD

RAFT'S "ROMANCE"

George Raft says he knows Norma Shearer "only slightly." When an interviewer added some random thoughts on that romance to her story, Raft blue-penciled every reference to Norma. "Miss Shearer would be annoyed to read anything like this," he said, "and I don't like it either." Certain it is that Raft has given up any ideas of domesticity in the near future, for he's put his beautiful new home in Coldwater Canyon up for sale—and at a sacrifice price. Says he's anxious to get back into bachelor quarters again and not have to worry about anything except what time Mack (the Killer) Gray gets home at night or who's going to win at the fights.

GARGANTUA SCARED?

When the circus came to town, Joe E. Brown and his small daughters, Mary, Elizabeth and Kathryn, were right up there in the front row. Since Milt Taylor, the clown, is a friend of Joe E.'s, he arranged for the giant gorilla, Gargantua, to be brought up for inspection. He gazed at Joe E. for twenty seconds, then turned and ran away, dragging his trainer after him. "No comment," said Brown when pressed for an explanation.

LORETTA'S TREAT

Loretta Young, looking very beauteous, came to the Victor Hugo the other evening with Jimmy Stewart. When it came time to pay the check, Jimmy went frantically through all his pockets while the waiter stood by eyeing him disapprovingly. Loretta finally noticed his embarrassment and slipped her evening bag under the table to Jimmy. From it the embarrassed Stewart fished out the necessary money and the two departed in a hurry.

GUN GAL, MAY

May Robson is getting gayer and giddier roles assigned her every day. Now in "Granny Get Your Gun" she plays a Calamity Jane character, completely equipped with two guns on each hip and a cow-girl outfit. Jimmy Cagney, visiting the set, told her she really ought to learn to shoot those guns. "And I will," said Miss Robson at once, "if you'll teach me!" Jimmy was delighted, so that gal you see getting marksmanship lessons every noon outside Stage 2 at Warner's is 75-year-old May Robson.

ANN'S PRETTY DRESSY

For her role in "A Call on the President," Ann Sothern has to wear one of those floozy costumes which have fallen to her lot in recent pictures—a very ornate hat and a beribboned dress. In addition, a ratty red fox scarf was handed her from the wardrobe department. "Look here," Ann said to the director, "I don't mind this dress and hat, really. But this red fox—couldn't I just leave it in a corner for the day?"

LEW'S "LUNCH"

A strange sight is Lew Ayres arriving on the set every day clutching a brown paper bag. The paper bag holds all his make-up equipment from shaving soap to greasepaint. Lew admits he has several make-up boxes at home which have been given him by coworkers. "But I feel like a sissy carrying one of those things," he explained. "This way people only think I'm bringing my lunch."

SH-H-H, FURRINERS!

On the tremendous set built for the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," Director Dieterle was giving instructions to the five hundred extras. It was a difficult scene, calling for the mob to break up and run in several directions. The director issued orders from the raised platform on which he stood. After three unsuccessful rehearsals, Dieterle grabbed his megaphone and yelled, "Vot's de matter? Can't anyone understand de English?"

FINE FARE FOR GARBO

Whether it's love or not, we wouldn't know. But certainly Greta Garbo and Dr. Gaylord Hauser have a wonderful time together. The other day they came into Jones' Health Store on the Boulevard, bubbling with good spirits, in spite of rain dripping from their hats and coats. Garbo's outfit consisted of a green slicker, navy slacks, brown galoshes and what was left of a broad-brimmed straw hat. They seated themselves at the bar and ordered a glass of cucumber juice apiece. After that, Dr. Hauser helped Greta select a pound of dried figs and they went merrily on their way.

SPENCE IS JUDY'S FAN

Spencer Tracy asked for his first autograph the other day. He met Judy Garland coming out of the studio commissary and said, "Look, Judy, after 'Babes in Arms,' I would certainly appreciate your autograph." Judy gulped, blushed and then managed to say, "Thanks, Mr. Tracy. Gee, thanks." Then she took a deep breath and said, "May I send it to you tomorrow? Right now, even my 'X' would be wobbly."

TEMPER, TEMPER, MARLENE!

After seeing some unretouched pictures of herself in a national magazine, Marlene Dietrich stormed into the studio's head office. "So all right, so I'm the new Dietrich!" she cried. "I give interviews. I work overtime. I exude sweetness and light every moment I'm on the set. And then you release pictures that make me look as new as something that's kicked around a bargain basement." So all right, from now on la Dietrich gets to okay every picture taken and things are beginning to seem like the good old days again.

MICKEY'S NOT IMPRESSED

The other evening Mickey Rooney decided to step out into high society, so went calling on a Pasadena deb. Her home turned out to be an imposing mansion and an equally imposing butler let him in. Obviously, the butler wasn't impressed with the caller, nor was the deb's father who advanced across the huge hallway to greet Mickey. But it takes more than a sour expression to get a Rooney down. Mickey shook the pater's hand and then said, "I wonder, gentlemen, if you could tell me what picture is being premiered here tonight?" No doubt about it, Mickey rates just about tops on Judy Garland's preferred list. The other evening, Clark Gable was telling Mickey what a wonderful girl Judy is and Mickey nodded agreement. "She's a swell kid, all right," he said. "But," he added, "just a kid, Gable."

THE RETORT SNAPPY

Cary Grant is an amiable guy around the studio, but there is one rule which he has

(*Continued on page 81*)


Merry Christmas
from
Virginia Weidler & Toto


Happy Holidays
-Jane Bryan


Season's Greetings
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.


Yuletide Greetings
Joel McCrea


Joyous Christmas
Ann Sothern



HOLLYWOOD'S MOST beautiful blonde-with-brains definitely is not through with marriage—just with the one in which she's now involved.

The reasons attributed to Madeleine Carroll's deferment of her European divorcement from Captain Philip Astley are only part of the story. It's true that when the fascinating golden girl of the cinema took a rain check on the action that would dissolve her matrimonial contract with the important Britisher, she was influenced by the fact that this estranged spouse has once again donned a uniform for war duties.

But Madeleine's lily white knuckles have gently, if quietly, been rapping at a higher tribunal than the Paris divorce courts. Her secret purpose is an annulment from the Englishman she married several years ago in Italy. She wants a dissolution from Rome that will permit her, within her own religious convictions, to marry again and have children. There have been no babies in this mixed marriage of hers from which she hopes the church will free her.

Changing one's mind is a feminine prerogative, one to which the beau-

BY JULIA SHAWELL



Madeleine with little Carolyn Lee in "Honeymoon in Bali," her latest screen success.

MADELEINE CARROLL WANTS CHILDREN!



Madeleine and Captain Philip Astley were married in a little Italian village seven years ago. It was indeed a love match.



"I trust that some day I shall have the children that are every woman's right," says Madeleine Carroll confidingly.

teous Miss Carroll may some day resort. If all else fails, she may yet content herself with a civil divorce. But such a procedure will be a compromise with her present plans. And it will be one of the few times in her life when Madeleine Carroll has not gotten what she wanted.

"How can one think of divorce when the world is again at war and my husband has been called back to service?" is the way Miss Carroll was quoted by newspaper men on her return from Europe not long ago. Madeleine was quoted correctly, and she meant it, too. But she didn't tell all. Nor was the intimation that she might pick up the broken threads of her marriage true.

Retracing her steps, fitting pieces of anything into a mended pattern, is not a habit with Madeleine Carroll. The first time she said, "My marriage to Philip is over," she meant it. Though now she confides, "My mother was heartbroken, my friends were shocked at the idea that I would become a divorced woman. Divorce is against my convictions and I have been given the hope that what I may some day be able to secure is an annulment. This will permit me to marry again and have children in a second marriage. When I have been freed, I certainly trust that some day I shall again be a wife and have the little ones that are every woman's right. That's why I originally bought the house outside Paris. It was my hope to see my own youngsters living there. Only I didn't know how soon it would be filled to overflowing." When France entered the war, Miss Carroll turned her chateau over to French nuns and had two hundred boys and girls established there.

"Certainly being a wife in Hollywood and having a husband in London is not conducive to a happy marriage," Miss Carroll suggested when she admitted she plans her freedom. But there was the added intimation that it wasn't only the separation of an ocean and a continent that made the bonds strain.

Even as Miss Carroll spoke of her hope for a religious annulment, she had with her a cable from Philip in which he addressed her as "darling" and in which he reassured her that he would look after her mother who is living outside the City of London.

"Some people say that you could get any man you wanted," was casually suggested to Madeleine. And that seemed no overstatement as she sat gracefully in the black crepe dress which made her lovely blonde hair softer and lighter, her large eyes a deeper blue. Madeleine's slender hands went up in a deprecating gesture.

"If that were only true!" She smiled ruefully, as though remembering. "There have been some I wanted, who didn't want me—some I couldn't get," she explained.

And she further admits that she has no chosen successor to the Britisher with whom she has come to the end of a marriage that started so beautifully and promisingly in a small Italian village one warm sunny day. Just now, "he" is merely a vague somebody with whom she'll want to spend the rest of her life, and who, as she says, will want her.

In the meantime, Madeleine is back in Hollywood making money, which she also admits is her only reason for being in the movie citadel at all.

"There was a period while I was in France this (*Continued on page 57*)

Here is a star who realizes that fame and fortune do not insure happiness

HEAVENLY HARD GUY

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

WHEN producers say their prayers at night they ask for a guy like Robert Preston.

"Dear Lord," they implore, devoutly tilting their anxious eyes heavenward, "please, please, send us a young muscle man with a beautiful mug! Give us a modern Gable who can plant a kiss with his phiz and a shiner with his fist. And, Lord —send him special delivery!"

Today when big Bob Preston swings his wide shoulders and Greek statue's torso across the Paramount lot, these producers hit him, buzzing like horse flies. They grab him by his open collar, snatch him by his crisp, curly locks or even tackle him around his husky ankles. "Bob," they pant, "say —can you ride a bucking horse? Look, Bob, can you ski? Can you swim like a fish, box, play football, pitch curves, tame gorillas, wrestle alligators, break a bucking bronco?"

To most of these startling interrogations, Robert Preston says, "Yes." When he says "No," the producers bark, "Well, learn!" and then fly into a free-for-all scuffle over who gets Bob next.

He's straight from heaven, this Preston party, the answer to a producer's prayer. He's handsome, hot and heroic and he's headed for the top of the he-man heap in one short hop, skip and jump. Paramount has already co-starred him with Gary Cooper and again with Dorothy Lamour, and he'll solo soon. All of which stacks up with Bob as very pleasant indeed, but a little screwy. He can't forget that only a few months ago he was standing in the chilly reception room outside this same studio's talent department looking back in and trying to keep himself from wrecking the joint.

In his burning ears rang the curt brush-off of the casting office. "We're hunting for romantic types. We can't use any truck drivers or gorillas!"

The cords in Bob's sturdy neck tightened like strings on a bull fiddle and his fists knotted. But his manager eased him out, still shaking.

So it's still a little strange for Robert Preston Meservy suddenly to find himself the fair-haired Harry at the same studio whose bum's rush still wrinkles the seat of his pants. But then, a great many things about Hollywood and the business of being a movie star seem slightly bizarre to an honest, straight-punching hard guy from across the tracks, like Bob.

For instance, they told him to sprout a beard for his new picture, "Typhoon," and after he'd raised a daisy, thick and curly, they shot the last of the picture first, or something, and shaved it right off the first day. So Bob had to wear a tickly spinach piece the rest of the picture.

Later on, they hired a double to swim across Catalina's bay for Bob. But the double couldn't make it, so Bob had to splash in and double for the double.

When Hollywood had a pre-season spell of icy weather, they put Bob to work indoors on a steamy jungle set. When the hottest heat wave in history followed, they went outdoors and whipped up a howling typhoon with wind machines. And when California promptly came through next with a real typhoon of its own—well, Bob points out disgustedly—the picture was over.

On the personal side, it also baffles Bob why he should have money problems now that he has a little geetus in the bank, when he never had any such trouble while he was broke. Also, why everybody should get all worked up whenever he steps out with a dame, like Dottie Lamour, for an ice cream soda. But those are common first season Hollywood complaints.

What really stuns and depresses Robert Preston is that in "Typhoon," Paramount has dressed up a two-fisted tough guy like himself in a sarong to match Dottie's famous hip piece and exposed his shame to the world. "A skirt," he moans. "Baby blue, with flowers—and in Technicolor! What will the guys over in Lincoln Heights say to that?"

You see Lincoln Heights is one of the most hard cooked neighborhoods in Los Angeles and it is also Robert Preston's home bailiwick. What the guys and gals think of him there is what really counts in his young life. And up to the time he started running around in baby blue tea towels, Bob was known as a strictly right gee, a Jo who could dish it out and take it too, which is the way worth is measured in Lincoln Heights, instead of by how much fan mail comes in a week or by what the studio cashier hands out in a sealed envelope. Bob had spent a good many scrappy seasons punching out his reputation. In fact, ever since he was two years old.

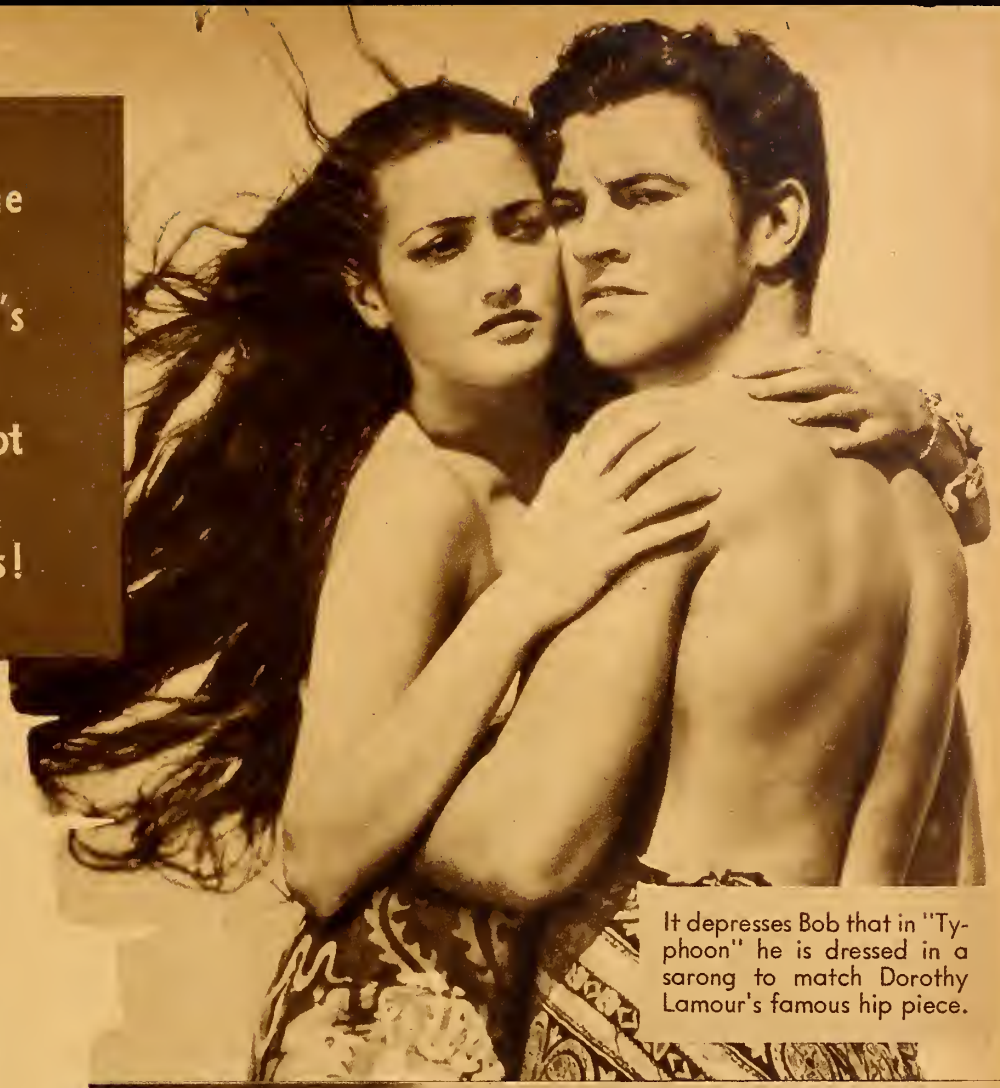
That was when the Meservys ducked out of Newton Heights, Massachusetts, where Bob was born, and hit the trail west. The trek was supposed to be for Grandpa Meservy's health, but it turned out mostly in grandson Bob's favor. The southern California sun and the outdoor life was all Bob needed to sprout into a young giant with a gladiator's body. He battled the Pacific's rolling surf, hiked through the mountains and sparred and wrestled in the neighborhood gyms.

A few years ago—very few, for Bob is only twenty-one today—all the movies meant to Robert Preston was a place to take your best girl on Saturday night when you had a half-buck in your pocket. The thing that counted in his husky young life was what sports writers sometimes call the squared circle. He wanted to be a prizefighter. That's a common ambition in Lincoln Heights where the young rooster who cannot punch his way out of a wet paper sack, as the saying goes, might as well tag along behind a cop.

BOB COULD handle his dukes ever since he was hefty enough to hold them up in front of him. He got plenty of practice, too, starting at an age when most small fry are hanging for dear life to their mama's apron strings. Pretty soon there were few scrappers in the Heights who cared about brushing chips off his wide shoulders. Then Bob took his knuckles into the local sporting clubs and semi-pro gyms where young cauliflower artists blossomed. You can find his name on plenty of the old semi-pro program cards, Bob Meservy vs. Wildcat So-and-So, Bob Meservy vs. The Tequila Kid, vs. Pancho the Filipino Puncher, and so on. The point is, Bob threw plenty good leather, and it's just possible that you might be reading about him today on the sport pages instead of right here if there hadn't been a dusky schoolmate of his at Lincoln High named Kenneth Washington.

On his Saturday afternoon Bob likes to sit in the grandstand now and watch Kenny, an All-American halfback at the University of California at Los Angeles, do his stuff on the gridiron. But all Bob saw the night they tangled in the smoky fog of a sports writer's benefit fight was a hail of leather attached to Kenny's hamlike fists. Pretty soon every square inch of Bob's golden hide was

This Preston party is the answer to a producer's prayer! He's handsome, hot and heroic! Yes, the tops!



It depresses Bob that in "Typhoon" he is dressed in a sarong to match Dorothy Lamour's famous hip piece.

either rosy red or black and blue, and when it was all over his jaws were so sore he couldn't chew the fried chicken that was supposed to be his reward for the mauling. Sucking a gizzard gingerly, Bob Meservy decided then and there his talents needed a rerouting if he ever expected to end up anywhere besides in a hospital.

Setting one's sights for a dramatic career, of course, is not quite as simple and direct as socking straight away for a prizefighter's belt. Bob Meservy would probably never have had a look-in at a studio if it hadn't been for Tyrone Power's mother, Patia, which only goes to show how very tricky are the dipsy-doos of fate around Hollywood.

At that time Bob was sixteen, but not so sweet. He was still punching his way through Lincoln High School, playing center on the football team, first base on the baseball nine and relaxing between contests in school amateur dramatics class. He was careful to keep this sideline from his rough and tumble playmates, though, lest they shout "Woo-woo!"

Then it was that Patia Power decided to get up a travelling stock company in Hollywood. She held try-outs, somebody pushed Bob forward and the next thing he knew he was signed up for a road tour. The sixteen-year-old high school punk was so darned manly he'd up and won the part of "Julius Caesar" in Shakespeare's play, although a score of middle-aged actors competed against him in the try-outs.

Well, that started it off—and from then when the acting bug really bored in until Paramount called him a "truck driver," Bob had little use for anything else but trying to get an acting break. He dropped boxing and he dropped football, and sometimes he dropped eating, too. Because, after Bob graduated from high school he was strictly on his own. He worked at anything he could get for his cakes and coffee while he learned the ABC's of the acting dodge at the Pasadena (*Continued on page 75*)



A great many things about being a star seem bizarre to an honest lad from across the tracks, like Bob.

IT MAY take a long time, but I think I'll live it down! At least I'll do my best."

The "oomph" girl appellation was what Ann Sheridan was meaning and she'd like to find out who really concocted that tag line for her. "I suspect a couple of people on the lot but they look so innocent when I mention my suspicions that so far I haven't settled the final blame on any individual. Needless to say, I wasn't present at the naming ceremonies," is the way the gorgeous redhead explains it.

Miss Garbo may have obligingly lived up to the hermitage tradition about her, Clara Bow may have enjoyed her career as the "It" girl, but Ann Sheridan wants to be known as the actress whose ability rates her feminine leads with such stars as Cagney, Garfield, O'Brien and Raft. And if she has the oomph, "it" or whatever cognomen is given to sex appeal, she'd rather the public discovered it for themselves, and only as an incidental acquisition.

Ann Sheridan is "Annie" to everybody who knows her. Everybody, whether she knows them or not, is "honey" to Annie. She may like it or not, but Oomph Girl she is to her public and, when she meets them en masse, her most critical superior can't complain that Annie doesn't cooperate.

"Honey, I've got to go downstairs for a few minutes," Miss Sheridan apologized as, careful of her artfully arranged red tresses, she wriggled her slender figure into a seductive white chiffon gown, shot with silver. "Downstairs" was the stage of the New York Strand Theatre on which Annie appeared several times daily for two weeks and sang blue songs to a musical background by Ted Weems' orchestra.

The Oomph Girl they had made her and oomphish-plus she would be when she walked to the footlights. On her arm from wrist to elbow she fastened glittering baubles that came out of a cardboard box. Her scarlet-nailed toes slipped stockingless into fragile silver sandals.

Annie reached for a tiny bottle in the top drawer of her dressing table. Carefully she measured the drops and injected them into her nostrils. No precious vial of rare perfume was this. Ann Sheridan may have oomph—but she also has sinus trouble. It was on a rampage all the time she was making her personal appearances in the east. And as though little hammers doing an anvil chorus continuously in her head weren't enough to add to understandable stage fright, she contracted a cold in the environs of Broadway that sent her naturally husky voice down an octave or two.

"This time does it!" she exclaimed fearfully as the knock on the dressing-room door warned her to go to the wings. Even a healthy contralto throat can't take more than its quota of incessant coughing, and there wasn't a working moment of Miss Sheridan's stage weeks in Manhattan that she wasn't afraid her voice would crack into huge gaps of discordant sounds.

She bit her lips in vexation at the avalanche of her woes—and ate most of her thickly applied lipstick. So she had another sip of black coffee, repaired the damage to make-up and then made for the stage.

A sigh of relief attended her return. One more show over, and the voice hadn't completely deserted her. Annie slipped out of her oomph gown and reached for a simple taupe street dress. The Sheridan figure doesn't need any artifices to accentuate outlines. She's as thin as she could get and still have curves. She may have been born with the rudiments of the form divine but Miss Sheridan believes in giving Nature some help. The remnants of her luncheon were significant evidence that the up-and-coming glamor gal of the screen does not regularly feast on caviar and guinea hen under glass. One soft-boiled egg had left its yellow pattern in the cup; most of the toast remained.

MISS SHERIDAN certainly looked beautiful sans girdle or uplift—or anything except tailored silk step-ins that she was wearing.

"I'm counting an awful lot on what 'Years Without Days' will do for me as an actress," Annie commented, wistful hope in her voice as she reached for her stockings. The picture is a remake of 'Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing' and she appears with John Garfield. "No emphasis on oomph in this one," she added with a laugh. Although this actress makes you believe she knows as well as anyone that the quality that has been lavished on her for publicity doesn't depend on cloth of gold and overly-long false eyelashes. Her next picture, "And It All Came True," will find her again opposite Garfield and with George Raft also emoting.

For a girl who came to the screen by way of an international beauty contest, Ann Sheridan has certainly worked long and hard for recognition as an actress—six unsatisfactory Hollywood years, in fact. She wants to act and let who will inherit the oomph throne. "Too much to live up to," expresses her feelings about the whole thing.

Oomph Girl she became by the simple process of looking that way and seeming to fit the characterization more than any of her glamorous sisters on the west coast. But the road that led to leading roles in Class A pictures was too long and difficult to be called Oomph Boulevard as far as Miss Sheridan is concerned. It bumped along too many periods of extra jobs, detoured into the field of too many horse operas and stock work and (*Continued on page 70*)





THEY MADE HER WHAT SHE IS TODAY

So Ann Sheridan hopes they're satisfied! As for herself—she'd rather act than "oomph" any time

BY BETTY COLFAX

WE, THE CAGNEYS

Scratch a Cagney, and you'll find a fund of devotion to other Cagneys

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT



Love and esteem for each other is the tie that binds the Cagneys. Here is Jimmy with his wife. They've been married twelve years.



Here is part of the Cagney family—Bill, Mrs. Cagney, Jean and Jimmy. Ed and Harry are the other two boys. They make their homes in New York.

JIMMY CAGNEY once attended a gay gathering, where supper was served at small tables. The masculine element predominated, so he sat at a table with two other men and a woman. The lady was charming, but depressed. The gentlemen tried to rally her, without success.

Suddenly she said, "I just got back from England the other day. I made an unpleasant discovery. I've lost my son."

She told them the story—how the boy had been away at an English school for four years, how she'd suddenly been seized by an overwhelming longing to see him. She'd flown to New York, caught a boat the next day, landed at Southampton, wired her son and driven up to the school gate just as classes were being dismissed. The boy was standing at the gate, talking to some friends. Her impulse was to leap out and fling her arms around him. His impulse apparently didn't match hers. "Be with you in a minute," he called, and went on talking to his mates.

"I realized then he was gone from me," she said. "Can you understand why?"

The other two men propounded theories. Jimmy was silent. The lady was undeniably distressed, yet she seemed to be getting a kind of melancholy pleasure from the discussion of her woes. At length she turned to Cagney.

"You haven't said a word. What do you think?"

"Ever have any trouble?" he inquired abruptly.

"What do you mean?"

"Two of you ever fight for anything together?"

"We've never had to."

"That's your trouble then. If you'd had to stand with your back to the wall—together—*there* would have been a tie that nobody could break."

It's the tie that binds the Cagneys or, at any rate, one of its firmest strands. Love and esteem for each other are closely twisted in with it. Scratch a Cagney, and you'll find a fund of devotion to the other Cagneys, all the deeper for being inarticulate. It finds expression in action rather than words.

An exception may be noted in the case of Jean. The boys aren't shy about showing their feeling for her. She's the only girl. The three eldest were in their teens when she was born. Their father had died a few months earlier. She was, and is, their darling.

Their mother was the presiding genius of the family, a woman of will and spirit, with a passion for learning. Once in her own life she had come to a parting of the ways. She'd been offered a scholarship to go on with her studies but, being in love, she had married instead. Though she never regretted the step, she resolved that her own brood should take advantage of the opportunities she'd missed, whatever privations they might have to suffer in the process.

"With my mother," chuckles Cagney, "education was a mania. She stood on the platform of you-get-an-education-or-else. It was a lot easier to study than to face her wrath. She had a will of steel."

You can drive a child to study, but you can't make him learn. Luckily for Mrs. Cagney, her children, as they grew older, proved to be her children in more than flesh and blood.

WHEN HARRY lost his appendix at twelve, he made up his mind to be a doctor, and never veered from that decision. Majoring in languages, Eddie copped medal after medal through high school and college. He thought he might be a teacher of languages, but the temptation of working with his brother sent him on through pre-med. Now they're both practicing physicians on Long Island.

During his last year at high school, Jimmy hopped bells at the Friars' Club from five in the evening till three in the morning, rose at 7:30, got to school at 8:20, went home, did his homework, cleaned up, ate and departed for work. He'd do his physics as he rode up and down in the Friars' elevator. That schedule taxed even his stamina. As soon as he could find a job at shorter hours, he took it.

The boys all went to work at fourteen, because they couldn't get their working papers sooner. They worked after school and during summer vacations. They waited on tables, juggled packages, stacked books. Whatever they earned went into the common treasury as a matter of course. They didn't feel sorry for themselves. "In our neighborhood," says Jimmy, "it was either that or not eat."

Neither did their mother ever indicate that she felt sorry for them. She loved her children with wisdom, not with sentimentality. Necessity was the taskmaster. The boys could have earned more if she'd taken them out of school, but she probably would have preferred to see them go hungry, and certainly she'd have been glad to go hungry for them. She knew she was giving them the only possibility of escape into (*Continued on page 53*)

Loretta Young may once have been a gentle drifter, but today she's a stubborn individualist if ever there was one

WHEN YOU talk to Loretta Young now, you hold forth futilely if you try to give her unasked-for advice. She will listen politely enough. But as soon as you're out of sight, she'll put your advice out of mind. She is, for better or worse, definitely allergic to hints on how she ought to conduct her life.

"I don't pay any attention to those leisurely souls who assure me everything will be all right if I merely sit tight. For my experience has taught me you can't let anything slide. Things don't work out. They don't straighten themselves out until you decide exactly what you want and how you want it and then do something about it.

"It's just reaching for an alibi to be elegantly and lazily fatalistic. When I'm informed confidently that my desires will materialize as the night follows the day, I smile sweetly and say, 'You'll excuse me, won't you?' and retreat."

Loretta calmly looked up at me over a plate of hot Texas tamales. As modern as her home is Colonial, she doesn't hesitate to serve tamales, with bread and butter and orange juice, instead of Tom Collinses, at the cocktail hour.

"So the undecorated truth about me is," she said candidly, "that I'd rather be wrong than ruled! I can't believe a thing until it happens to me, personally. I may look fragile and easily-swayed, but don't let appearances delude you. Never judge any woman just by her face and figure. She's apt to have been up to some crafty monkey-business there!

"I am, underneath, a stubborn individualist if ever there was one. I suppose I'm a rebel—a rebel, certainly, against a lot of fine, foolish old theories I'm continually meeting. The common-sense moves you must make may work for everyone else, although I doubt it, but that's no proof they're going to satisfy me. Furthermore, they don't."

She smiled blandly, firmness in her blue eyes. "Every woman should have some rebellion in her make-up. As it is, too many of my sex are taken in by too much advice that nine times out of ten is emphatically not the solution to their particular cases at all. A weak sister deserves being bossed around, however, because she's deliberately let herself in for it!"

"You have changed," I broke in. "You were always a 'Victim of Fate,' lovable but unlucky in love, the movie star that Destiny was down on. They always sigh when they mention your name. They always say, 'Poor Loretta, isn't it a shame she can't find happiness!' But from the way you sound today you aren't the tragic, gentle drifter any more."

"No, I'm not a gentle drifter; I never was one!" Loretta retorted, buttering herself another slice of bread and turning down the late afternoon radio music a trifle. "I've never been 'a tragic character.' I don't consider myself unlucky in love, either. Victim of Fate, my foot! Destiny hasn't had me in its mysterious grip. What's more, I don't think I have to grab a husband to find out what happiness really means!

"It's true I am not hard-boiled, as all determined young career women have to be, according to what 'they' say. I know I don't have to be. Furthermore, I know that I'd be seriously limiting myself if I were. I know from my own experience. I'm too headstrong to accept all the suggestions of others, and I'm too fond of action to learn from books, so I rely on my own memories. I know that a career woman has to be nice about her nerve, that graciousness—which is a quiet tongue and a courteous pair of ears beneath the coiffure—is well worth cultivating. I know that if I'm charming I may get what I want, that if I were crude or too open with demands, I'd only be laughed at.

"I'm not idly philosophizing. Remember I started in the movies at thirteen. One day, when I got beyond being scared to death every time I entered a studio, I blew up.

BY BEN MADDOX

Loretta steps out with Jimmy Stewart. Have you ever wondered why attractive Miss Y. is still playing the field? She tells you.

SHE'S A Rebel!



Very explosively! I'd been yelled at unfairly, so I was going to do that nasty man one better. I proceeded to weep myself into a state of hysterics violent enough to turn the most temperamental prima donna green. Production had to stop for three whole days because of me. I sat home in injured dignity until I'd forced an apology. It was a great waste of effort. They weren't impressed," she recalled. "They were pained by my pettiness.

"I rebel against the constantly repeated advice that every smart girl must put on an act. I've discovered that tricks are not necessary for a career or to interest a man. Sincerity's the only rule I heed. The minute your sincerity is questioned, you lose whatever edge you have. It's important in a job. When I'm dissatisfied with some studio detail, I telephone whoever's responsible and complain as intelligently as I can. Sometimes I'm still dissatisfied, but at least I'm sure of what's blocked me. Socially, I trust to good manners and instinct instead of tricks. If you find your intuition is usually right, don't pooh-pooh it.

"You can bet I'm a rebel against other women's advice (*Continued on page 73*)

Loretta Young is also free-lancing, professionally. Her latest is "Eternally Yours" with David Niven.





THIS STAR STUFF

pleases some players, makes others squawk, but doesn't fool Bill

DEAR MR. POWELL:

You are my favorite actress. I enjoyed you in 'The Good Earth.' Please send me one of your pictures. Yours truly, Mydalia Mynch. P. S. A big one."

"And that," said Bill, with relish, "is an exact transcription of a fan letter recently handed me by my secretary, a twinkle discreetly drowning in her eyes. "This business of being a star," Bill continued, "has its prankish moments. A star goes to New York, let us say. He arrives at the Grand Central Station. It is somehow bruited about that a movie star is about to de-train, dark glasses, Afghan hound and all. Dr. Alexis Carrel, perhaps, is coming in by the same train. The crowds mob the movie star. Dr. Carrel passes by unnoticed and, if the rush for the movie star hasn't been too strenuous, unharmed. On such occasions, the most immodest star feels a rabid desire to get somewhere.

"When a star appears personally, he always feels a little guilty, I think. I do. Because the people who pay you the compliment of tearing you limb from limb do not know at all what you yourself are really like. They don't know the Bill Powell *I* know—the fellow who sits up all night and sleeps all morning. So," said Bill, "I'm taking the bows for the characters I play. I must try to take them, as the Thin Man would take them. The sixteen-year-old girl who says, 'Oh, Mister Powell, I think you're wunnerful!' doesn't think *I* am wunnerful at all. She thinks that Nick Charles is wonderful. She has far more poise than Bill Powell has, but she doesn't know that. She doesn't know that Bill Powell is skulking behind the shadow of Nick Charles. But I know it. And it's business acumen on the part of the star to remember this. It prevents the ego from becoming rampant.

"We do stand so much for wish-fulfillment, don't we?" Bill said. "That realization, too, is part of the business of stardom. And it's not a thought to be taken lightly. We carry the flag of adventure, romance, glamor, of everything that people would like to have in their own lives.

"You know, I have the feeling that we are story-book heroes come to life on the screen. I put myself back in the days when I read 'Robin Hood' and 'The Rover Boys.' I know how I would have felt had Robin Hood come to life and I'd asked him for his autograph and he'd refused. Something in me—a belief in gallantry and graciousness—would have been hurt. Therefore, and in so far as it is consistent with good sense and good taste, I try to play ball with the people who might be hurt if the Thin Man were to say 'No.' "

We were talking, Bill and I, in the garden patio of his Bel Air home. Bill, a well man now, had remarked how strange it is that, when one is ill, all the activities and problems that matter so much ordinarily seem to recede to some distant horizon of indifference and one views them with detached perspective. It was so that we fell to talking about this business of being a star.

"For that matter," smiled Bill, giving me his profile, "why am *I* a star? I can't answer that one. But it's fairly obvious," amusement tweaked up one eyebrow, "that physiognomy is not the answer.

I HAVE a better perspective on why other stars are stars than I have on my own status. I can say that I know one man who is a star because he is a free-lance which means that he chooses what pictures he will make, and makes so few that the public never has enough of him. But that is only a technical explanation, so to speak. It doesn't at all explain what qualities in this man earned him this enviable status. I can tell you of another young chap who is a star because he is young, handsome and presumably gifted. But you can tell me of other young men you know who are as young, handsome and as potentially gifted as my young man and yet they are not stars. We'd both be right and the question would be unanswered.

"If stardom could be defined, if it were implicit in the raw personality of the player, stars would be getting $11.00 a week, because the market would be glutted, stardom would become a wholesale proposition, the ranks swollen as the extra ranks are swollen today—and the price per capita would drop accordingly."

There was a slight pause while Mr. P. finished a glass of grape juice. Then he said, "Well, I can only give you my answer for what it is worth. I say that a star becomes a star when he portrays a sympathetic character—and not before. Let his beauty bloom, his talents flourish as they will, he is a light under a bushel until he mounts or is thrown into the vehicle which transports him to the



At last, William Powell is to make his long-awaited return to the screen in "Another Thin Man" with Myrna Loy and Asta.

Milky Way. I really think that's what makes a star."

"How did that work out in your own case?" I asked him.

Bill sighed a little, said, "Since you ask and if I may be pardoned for talking about myself, you remember that I went along for years, playing heavies, the villain of the piece. During all that time the public's 'care' for me was certainly not remarkable. Then I made 'Interference,' with Clive Brook and Evelyn Brent. It was my first talking picture and instantly my status changed. There was that sympathetic reaction and instantly, my fan mail increased to such an extent that it required secretarial handling where, before this, I had been able to run through it over my cup of morning coffee. It was just because I had played a sympathetic character, you see, a raffish fellow with a heart of gold. But, and this makes my point, my success in the picture was not due to any newly-minted quality in me. *I* had not changed. True, it was a talkie and perhaps," said Bill, with a Thin-Mannish smile, "the beautiful clean heart that's in me came out in the voice. But seriously, what happened was that I played a character with universal appeal and in the shoes of that character I took my first step toward stardom, a step for which I deserve very little credit."

"And the next step?" I prompted.

"That was when I made 'The Thin Man.' I read that script, I remember, when I was staying at Dave Selznick's place at Lake Arrowhead. And I leapt to my feet when I finished it, waved it over my head and cried out 'Gentlemen, I give you a script!'

"But," said Bill, "in between 'Interference' and 'The Thin Man' I did a few acrobatic leaps into the wire of public favor and several slips backward into that oblivion from which so few stars return. I played Rothschild in 'The Street of Chance' and Bill Fallon in 'For the Defense.' They were steps upwards, they were characters with popular appeal. I played 'Philo Vance' and earned the label 'suave.' During this period my graph was going up.

Then I tailed off during the making of 'Ladies Man' which might have done to my career the disastrous thing that 'Butterfly Man' did to the career of the late Lew Cody. You can't force that type of man down the throat of the American public. He was not a sympathetic character and repercussions of an unsympathetic nature duly followed. I signed a contract with Warner Brothers and during my time there made only one memorable picture, 'One Way Passage' with Kay Francis. Again, and simultaneously, my stock began to rise because a man finding his great love as they travel to their deaths is a sympathetic character.

"But of the doldrums into which I sank during a subsequent unfruitful period, I emerged into 'Manhattan Melodrama.' The graph took a little heavenward spurt. Then came 'The Thin Man'—the second, as 'Interference' was the first, of the solid treads of the stairs which lead to this thing called stardom.

"It sounds a little boorish, a little boastful to say that 'The Thin Man' made me an established star. Besides, there is no such thing. If your pictures are good, you live. If your pictures are bad, you die. It is said that it takes two bad pictures to kill a star. I should say that the number of bad pictures it takes depends upon the resiliency of the individual corpse. But certainly there is nothing so dead as a dead star. Certainly a star who is rumored to be 'slipping' becomes a definite detriment to a picture. Word gets about that he is 'poison at the Box Office' and the epitaph is written.

BY GLADYS HALL

"The smart star," said Bill, "as any other smart businessman, realizes his assets for what they are worth and does everything he can to enhance their value. For instance, Philo Vance, Nick Charles, the gentlemen's gentleman I played in 'My Man Godfrey,' and in 'The Baroness and the Butler' had, in common, certain qualities of urbanity, of taking life in their stride. Recognizing this I observed that, when men seem to be sure of themselves, when they have poise, they command our liking. Very well, then, these characters I've played most successfully must command liking, I figured, because they have poise. But what is poise? It was up to me to find out. Poise indicated, I concluded, clear thinking. People with poise are people who think straight, who are not all cluttered up and clacking about like ducks. Poise comes from having really digested life.

"The perspective of many stars as to what they can and cannot do is not always good. And (*Continued on page* 79)



With the exception of an acquaintanceship with Helen Parrish, Deanna Durbin's friends are not on the screen. Why?

At one time, Ilona Massey shared a house with Hedy Lamarr. Now they scarcely ever meet. They see to that!

DO THEY DISLIKE

Well, maybe they don't, but just the same you can place a bet

DO HOLLYWOOD actresses dislike each other?

Well, now, I dunno. Loving Sweetness and Light as I do, I would like to say, "What an idiotic question! Of course they don't!" I would then like to prove my point by telling cosy little folk-tales of the girl-talks that go on between Norma Shearer and Myrna Loy, the get-togethers enjoyed by Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne and the chummy way in which Hedy Lamarr and Carole Lombard exchange recipes.

I'd like to declare that the girls are just every bit as palsy-walsy as the boys. I'd like to think of a femme friendship to equal the comradeship which exists between Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien; a mutual Mademoiselle-admiration to compare with the duck-shooting and calf-roping sorties enjoyed by Clark Gable and Bob Taylor; a couple of gals who really and warmly like each other as Tyrone Power and Don Ameche do. But skitter around in my memory as I will, I can't find enough palsy-walsies among the femme stars to make me one good, round sentence.

On the embarrassing contrary, I am reminded of how Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, two youngsters working on the same lot, never even have lemonade together; of how Hedy Lamarr and Ilona Massey shared a house together when, novices, they first came to Hollywood and now, when they meet, a cool "h'do" is the closest they come to intimacy. I think of how Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland began together in the same studio, once made a short subject together, are so near of an age, should have so much in common and yet never meet at all. Deanna's friends, indeed, are girls who are not on the screen at all.

Well, maybe Hollywood actresses don't hate each other, but you can lay it across the board that there are no female Damon and Pythiases among 'em, either.

On the other hand, I don't believe that there are many mortal enemies among 'em, either. I suspect that much of this "feud" business we hear about is the bunk. I don't believe that Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins feuded, or even fenced, when they were making "The Old Maid." But then, again, neither did they put their blonde heads together over a folksy cup o' tea. And now they say that Dottie Lamour and Patricia Morison, both sultry, both sarongy, both on the same lot and eligible for the same parts, are feuding something *fierce!*

And even though I do question the actuality of many of these reported feuds, it's really almost a



Nancy Kelly lunches in the same commissary as Brenda Joyce, but never with her. Is this due to jealousy?

Sigrid Gurie has girl friends in Paris, Brussels and London, but none in Hollywood. She can't understand it.

BY MARY PARKES

EACH OTHER?

that there are no female Damon and Pythiases among 'em!

pleasure to believe in them since they seem somehow warmer, more alive, more human than the sort of embalmed ecstasy with which these belles greet each other in public, ignore each other's existence in private. It's weird and wonderful, for instance, to go into the Cafe de Paris on the Fox lot and see Nancy Kelly and Brenda Joyce lunching alone, at separate tables. My gosh, wouldn't you think they'd have so much to talk about they'd hold up production while they gossiped? Equally weird and wonderful is to go into the companionable Green Room on the Warner lot and watch Brenda Marshall seated, solitary, against one wall and Jane Bryan, also lunching solo, against the other wall. What I mean is, if these gals were calling each other bad names it would seem healthier, more normal.

It was comparative-newcomer Brenda Marshall, in fact, who crystallized this dark question, "Do Hollywood Actresses Hate Each Other?" for me when she said, rather wistfully, "I would love to know Jane Bryan. I'd love to have lunch with her, or ask her to my dressing-room for tea afternoons. We are doing the same kind of work. We should have so much in common. Oh, no, it isn't jealousy, I'm sure. We're such entirely different types, it couldn't be that! I don't know what it is. I just know that we should be friends and yet we have never said anything to each other but 'Good morning' or 'How are you?' It seems so queer.

"It wasn't like this in the theatre. In every other line of work, I think, girls get together, compare notes and discuss their problems. Only in Hollywood, it seems, girls don't have any girl friends. I don't understand it, unless . . ." Brenda considered the question, "it may be that it's all so big, we're afraid of it. We sort of instinctively shrink into our little cocoons and stay there. We may be just plain afraid."

"Maybe," I said. I thought, I don't really understand it either. Brenda's solution might do for the youngsters. It would hardly explain the frigid friendliness between more mature, experienced stars. But solutions apart, I also realized that Brenda had put the finger on one of the most puzzling phenomena in phenomenal Hollywood.

For Hollywood stars—feminine gender—are not friends.

Hollywood stars, feminine gender, are friendly. Which is not the same thing at all. They do give it all the "How *are* you, darlings" and "My dear, you look divine," as ever were. That's the gruesome part of it. If they were avowed enemies, it would be understandable. But no, most of them are excessively complimentary about each other. Though it is to be noted, too, that most every one of them says, "Bette Davis is *too* marvelous!"

In the past year Ann Sheridan has said that to me, Nancy Kelly has said it and (*Continued on page 63*)

HE HATES HIMSELF!



The sad tale of Alan Mowbray, who sits by and sees his pet aversion make good

BY FAITH SERVICE

HAVE YOU seen 'The Llano Kid?' " I asked first of all.

Alan Mowbray said, "I haven't even seen the 'Topper' pictures and I don't intend to."

"Why not? Most players can't wait to see themselves."

He said, "Because I don't like this fellow, Mowbray."

"Why not?"

He said, "I just don't, that's all. I don't like the Mowbray face. Now, it's not a stupid face—it's often been mistaken for a doctor's face—but I don't like it."

"If you saw it on the screen, you might think better of it," I suggested comfortingly.

"I have never seen it on the screen," Alan confessed. "When I was making 'Never Say Die' with Bob Hope and Martha Raye, I mentioned to Bob one day that I had never been to see any of the seventy-four pictures in which I have appeared in the past five years. Bob said, 'I don't get it. Do you hate the movies?' I told him, 'No, I hate Mowbray.'

"If I ever should, accidentally, get a gander at my face on the screen and find myself thinking well of it, I would know that it was only a Mowbray mirage. I am too canny to be fooled. I know that we are photographed under the most favorable circumstances, by those magnificent cameramen who play around with lights as does the Almighty with the Aurora Borealis. I know all about soft focus and turning the best profile. I know all about the beautiful sets created to make alley cats look like Persians. No, I wouldn't be fooled. Not while I still have to shave my face every morning!

"I never see the stills. I never look at rushes. I don't like myself for being a softie this way, but there it is. And life is much simpler, much happier, the way I live it. My instinct of self-preservation is pulled up around me like an old lady's woolly 'fascinator.'

"I have sat in evil-smelling projection rooms, bearing my fellow artistes company, watching them squirm, every man of them, as they watched their screenings. I have heard them wondering woefully how they can tuck up that extra inch of chin. I have heard them beating their fists futilely against their heads, crying out, 'Absalom, Absalom, can't we take *that* shot out!'

"I don't like Mowbray as an actor, and I will not allow his shadow to torment me. That's why I've taken up writing. Two plays of mine, 'Dinner Is Served' and 'In the Spirit,' are now being translated into the French, and . . ."

Patricia Mowbray, aged about nine, came into the room at this point. She said, "Father, where is my big eraser?"

"I ate it," said Father.

Patricia, having accepted this remarkable statement without surprise, withdrew.

I asked, "Well, do you like yourself as a father?"

"No, but I amuse myself in that role. I amuse the children, too. Enormously. Patricia used to call me Alan. She now calls me Father. It's not because she has any more respect for me than she ever had, but simply because she is growing up and has heard some little Miss Fancypants call her old man 'Father.' When Lorayne and I go out in the evening, I always say to the children, 'Going to be good while we are out?' When they say 'Yes'—as what else would they say, poor darlings—I ask, 'Why? Don't you feel well?'

"I am the kind of father who remembers the funny things the kiddies say, not the naughty things they do. When Pat was about three she said to me one day, 'Alan, I want you to buy me a bersire.' I said, 'Why? What for?' She replied, 'To hold my lungs up.'

"Now, if I find myself indulging in a fatherly speech, *I* need a 'bersire' to hold *my* lungs up lest they collapse from my laughing.

"I think I am a little mad. And I don't like that. It's worriting.

"I talk too much, when I get enthusiastic. My habit of over-enthusiasm is sickening. I'm very cold-blooded about my talking too much, too. Even after the enthusiasm runs down and the faces of my listeners are blanks of boredom, I find myself perched on my own shoulder, still babbling. When some victim, more daring than the others, cries out, 'Heavens, will he ever shut up?' I hear it and feel the same, but I keep right on. It's a form of sadism. I like to torture people with my talky-talk. That's not nice, is it? Not likable of Mowbray!

"I haven't very good manners. The repulsive part of this is that I know better. My mother raised me right, bless her. But, for instance, I should have leapt up a couple of times in the past hour to hand you the cigarettes you've been groping for. I let you grope. I find myself thinking, 'You're just as healthy as I am! I played eighteen holes of golf this morning and I'm nearly dead!' "

I changed the subject out of shame for him, "Do you like yourself as a husband?"

"No. But you really should ask Mrs. Mowbray for my character references in this role. She probably wouldn't give me the kind that would get me another 'situation.' She'd tell you that I don't send orchids on our anniversaries and that, if I do remember to take her out to dinner on the commemorative night, she usually steps into a puddle because my hand doesn't meet her elbow at the right moment.

"I'm a non-conformist, I fear. I don't like Mowbray for this, either. It must be such fun to be regular. For instance, everyone in Hollywood is supposed to play polo. It's being done. It's awfully chic. But I don't play polo. I can't afford the ponies. Besides, come the Revolution and I'd rather have a cellar stocked with cans of spinach than with bales of hay.

"My social graces are also deplorably disgraceful. I admire Emily Post, but cannot follow her. I am crude. When I am invited out for dinner and my prospective hostess says, 'Will you come to dinner tomorrow night, formal?' I am liable to ask, 'Why?' Or perhaps she calls and I ask her what we will have to eat and, when she

Alan Mowbray's children are surprised at nothing their father does. For instance, there was the time little Patricia lost her favorite eraser.



"My social graces are deplorably disgraceful," says Alan. Once when he was on time and his hostess was late for a dinner party—well, let *him* tell you the story!



"I once gave a Christmas party in August," Mr. M. boasts in spite of himself. In case that seems a bit strange to you, let it be said there was a very good reason.

tells me, I have been known to cry out, 'Migod, not *that*!' I don't think this is one bit funny of me.

"Mostly I hate going out. If you eat in your own home you can say, 'The soufflé has prolapsis; give me a ham sandwich!' You might think that it would not be remarkable if I said that when I'm a guest. But I don't. I have my limitations. That's another thing I don't like about Mowbray—his limitations.

"But to get back to the subject of dining out—or in. In dining out there is too much regimentation. A butler invariably appears, smirking. Smirks sour my stomach. He hands around a tray of Martinis. Whether you like Martinis or not, there they are.

"I have an absolute phobia about dinner parties. But if I do accept an invitation to dine and the invitation says '7:30,' I am just naive enough to turn up at 7:30. And when Mrs. Mowbray and I appear at that time, the butler always looks startled and says (*Continued on page 56*)



"I talk too much. My enthusiasm is sickening," Alan says. So what does he do about it? Oh, yeah? You don't know Mowbray!

THE NEW JOAN CRAWFORD

BY IDA ZEITLIN



"I'm not afraid to start all over again," says Joan. "I could still wash my clothes if I should have to. But I won't have to!"

JOAN CRAWFORD is standing at the threshold of a new career which will see her out of the glamor girl roles and into characterizations which call for the sincerity, the fire, the drama of which she is really capable.

"The Women" gave screen audiences their first glimpse of this new Joan. It convinced studio executives, who have too long seen her as a "Dancing Daughter," of the true worth of this actress.

Joan's career has ever been one of straightforward achievement. No side-roads have been hers. With her eyes on the stars, she forged ahead with but a single goal in view, dropping, with regret, but with finality, whatever has threatened to keep her from that goal. She is married to the movies, her philosophy is the movies.

The movies get you! The virus enters your blood. You've lived at the heart of a glittering kaleidoscope. Whatever else may be said of it, the life of the studios is never dull. Moreover, you've known adulation. Strangers have idolized you. Thousands have hung on the wonder of what you eat for breakfast. Girls in Australia have aped your hair-do and young men in Japan have bought a magazine because your picture's on the cover. Though you may be strong-minded enough to appraise all that at its proper value, you're more than human if you don't get a kick out of it. Giving it up is like giving up the color and bustle of a market place for a wayside stream. There are those for whom the wayside stream has its charms. Joan isn't one of them. Some movie queens can contemplate retirement, if not with shrieks of joy, at least

Joan has voluntarily stepped from the



Joan with Virginia Grey in a scene from "The Women." Miss C. insisted upon doing an unpleasant part.



Joan and Charles Martin during an "on" moment of their on-again-off-again romance, now nearly over.

without undue anguish. They have laid up other treasure for themselves. Colbert is happily married, Shearer has children, Janet Gaynor has a philosophy that would keep her content in the farthest Hebrides.

Joan has forged ahead with a single goal in view, dropping—with regret, no doubt, but with finality—whatever has threatened to keep her from that goal. She is married to the movies, her children are the movies, her philosophy is the movies.

"If I were a man," she says, "nobody would consider it strange that I should have a passion for my work. Well, this is the modern world, equality of the sexes, so why should it be considered strange in a woman? I'm not in this business just to draw a salary and get fan letters and give autographs. I'm in it because I would not be in anything else, and I'm going to stay in it, come the revolution or the deluge."

The question before the house is, "Can she?"

On her side, she has the kind of determination that won't be balked by a high stone wall with a spiked fence around it. Against her, she has the cry for new faces. On her side, she has the clear-sightedness to recognize that she's in a tough spot and to lay her plans accordingly. Against her, she has the encroaching years.

This last handicap is one that Joan won't acknowledge. "Who says," she inquires scornfully, "that anyone's through when she's past thirty? I'm at an age when people begin their careers."

True enough of careers that exclude the stage and screen. True even of character actors. But Joan started as a glamor girl. How many glamor girls do you know who have gone on through the golden thirties to emerge with their footing secure and their acting reputations enhanced. You can name several on the stage—Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Tallulah Bankhead, Fay Bainter. On the screen, I can think of none.

Joan remains unmoved. "The fact that a thing has never been done doesn't prove that it can't be."

The situation holds one important element that's doubtful, the element of fan loyalty. Joan counts on it. From her point of view, she has reason to count on it. The stream of fan letters hasn't abated very much. She clings gratefully to these people who have clung to her through the years. They don't always praise, but their criticism is kindly, spurred by their interest in her. "You shouldn't have played that part," they write. Or, "I'm ashamed of you, Joan. You could have done better."

Yet what of the new generation of movie-goers who didn't know Joan in the brave days of "Betty Lynton," and have pledged their allegiance to fresh young faces like Deanna Durbin's, to the casual school of acting represented by a comparative newcomer like Rosalind Russell?

After "Ice Follies," which brought no cheer to Joan, she went to New York. Crowds hailed her as she left the train, milled about the hotel, stopped traffic as she went back and forth. Joan was moved, her heart lifted. In spite of "Ice Follies," then, in spite of "The Bride Wore Red," they still liked her, they still wished her well and meant it.

It's a valid interpretation—one that you or I would doubtless have made in her place. But how many were motivated by a yearning to express their personal warmth, and how many by the mob mania to view a celebrity? Would it have mattered much what the name was, so long as they could go home to tell their gaping friends that they'd seen Joan Crawford or Mussolini or Ferdinand the Bull? We don't know. We're just asking, in an effort to arrive at a just estimate of the situation.

THE ANSWER, as always, rests with the box office. For the last couple of years, that answer has been snarled in a tangle of statements and counterstatements. There was the brazen ad of the Independent Theatre Owners' Association, which staggered Hollywood by coming right out in the open and proclaiming Miss Crawford, Miss Dietrich, Miss Hepburn to be box office poison. It was followed by a crash of denial and a torrent of defense from the adherents and sponsors of these ladies. Part of the reaction was emotional. But front offices have never been suspected of allowing emotion to befog their commercial sense. Joan was upset. Naturally. "Forget it," said her bosses.

You may wonder whether they were trying to soothe the susceptibilities of one of their stars, stalling for time in order to size matters up at their leisure.

But the studio's faith in her didn't mean that the battle had been won. The poison ad brought a series of articles in its wake. "Is Joan Crawford Slipping?" "Can Joan Crawford Act?" "Are Joan Crawford's Screen Days Numbered?" They made her unhappy, but they also made her fighting mad. And they crystallized a conviction that she'd held for some time.

She was sitting at her (*Continued on page 72*)

ranks of the Glamor Girls to try to recoup her former cinematic standing



LET'S GO CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WITH CAROL CARTER

GET OUT your gift lists, girls. Your local chain, drug and department stores are simply bulging with smart new Christmas ideas. For example: **a.** Among Colgate's attractive new gift packages is this combination of Cashmere Bouquet face powder, lotion, talc, soap and cream, all for 50c. **b.** One of Max Factor's Christmasy red boxes is this special make-up set containing face powder, rouge, True-color lipstick, Normalizing cleansing cream and Liquid Brillox, complete for $3.55. **c.** Lady Esther's pretty peach and blue box contains Four-purpose face cream, lipstick and face powder—$1.65. **d.** Hind's Honey and Almond Cream looks ever so festive in a new cellophane covered red box, all for $1.00. **e.** This Kurlash Metropole set contains complete and de-luxe eye make-up in either a wine or blue leatherette case with removable washable lining. A beauty for $4.95. **f.** Woodbury's huge shaving bowl and after shave lotion in a good looking box should please any man on your list. It's just $1.25. **g.** Palmolive boxes five products: shave cream, brushless shave, dental cream, after-shave lotion and talc for men, yours for 50c. **h.** One of Richard Hudnut's beautiful gift packages contains perfume, sachet and toilet water in any one of four delightful scents for $3.00. **i.** Jergen's little blue box contains their famous lotion with a bottle each of eau de cologne and toilet water—25c. **j.** The Duke and the Duchess in cunning glass domed packages are Irresistible's piece de resistance at 25c each. **k.** Djer Kiss has sculptured a perfect love of a girl's head, scented, tinted and boxed in blue, for $1.00. **l.** Hudnut's delightful dusting powders in metal boxes of heavenly pastel colors and designs are $1.00. **m.** Volupte's gold evening bag with a garnet clasp is a beauty for $5.00. **n.** Tangee face powder, cream and cake rouge and famous lip stick are boxed in blue velour, at $1.75. **o.** Cheramy's youthful April Showers scent, lovely in talc and toilet water for just $1.00. **p.** Hudnut's exquisite jeweled gold compacts are beautifully boxed. Oblong, $3.50; oval, $5.00. **q.** Cutex simulated leather Club Kit is awfully good looking for $2.50. Happy shopping!



Patricia Morison is ready for Christmas.

MERRY MOMENTS



The West Side Tennis Club went gay recently and gave a costume party. Dixie and Bing Crosby were among the guests. Bing is getting as slim as a juvenile!

Look left and guess! Believe it or not, the gent with the sequin jacket, silk topper and flowing moustache is none other than usually shy Jean Arthur.

Of course, Richard Greene and Virginia Field came together. They're about as inseparable as the pork and beans Dick has on his plate. It looks like love.







Here are Bob and Betty Montgomery, glad to be back from Europe and gladder still to be partying with Hollywood pals.

PHOTOS BY JULES BUCK



Claire Trevor looks radiant, doesn't she? In fact, she drew the most raves at the party. Incidentally, you'll be seeing her in "Allegheny Uprising" very soon.





What? Phyllis Brooks parked on Cesar Romero's lap? Yet if Cary Grant doesn't mind, who are we to make a fuss? However, Brooksie better think up a good one!





How do you like Annabella's newest evening gown? She brought it from Paris, when she and Tyrone were visiting there. Notice her champagne tastes!





The Arleen Whelan - Alexander D'Arcy combination is strictly a big romance. They're an attractive couple. Those who claim to be in the know predict marriage.

Roger Pryor is some snappy gent. Note the spit curl, eyebrows and moustache, and ribbon around his neck. His wife, Ann Sothern, is certainly pretty.



Sally Eilers and her director hubby, Harry Joe Brown. With a filled plate in each hand, our Sal evidently sees something else she should have taken.

The Cossack is George Murphy, who was in charge of the party. It looks as if Phyllis Brooks might be explaining the situation that arose on page 44 to Cary.



Hedy Lamarr is quarreling with her studio. Guess what she wants? You're right—money. Noting the amount of cracked ice she's sporting, she's doing all right.

Now, Randy, be your age! Randolph Scott, usually the purveyor of dignity, certainly got into the spirit of things. His steed should belong to Shirley Temple.

Our cameraman catches the stars at play and records their goings-on in his own candid way



The small fry go dancing, too—Bonita Granville and Buddy Pepper at Hugo's.



Marlene Dietrich and Erich Remarque, the writer, at a recent premiere.



Aw, come on, Bob Hope. Shirley Ross wouldn't kid you, now would she?



The case still holds good. Jeffrey Lynn and Doris Carson attend a premiere.



Lee Russell and Herbert Marshall look mighty happy as they dine at the Troc.



This is a romance of long-standing—Anita Louise and Buddy Adler.



Mary Astor and her hubby enjoy a dance at the Trocadero.



Irene Hervey and Jeanette MacDonald are snapped when they don't know it.



Two attractive young things, Ann Rutherford and Rand Brooks, step out.



The Douglas Fairbanks, Seniors, come forth and give the Cinema City a treat.



"What, no mustard?" ask Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund of Rosemary Lane.



Cary Grant, Virginia Bruce and Hubby J. Walter Ruben in an off-guard moment.



Perc Westmore, make-up man, and his wife, Gloria Dickson, at the Troc.



We'd smile, too, if we could dance with Fred Astaire. The lucky lady is his wife.



No fair! Lana Turner, Joan Crawford and Ann Rutherford spied the camera.



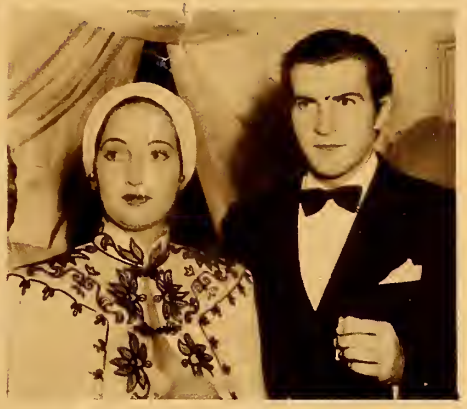
Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland look pensive as they leave a preview.



George Cukor, the director, and Olivia de Havilland have an intermission visit.



What a combination of pep—Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Jackie Cooper!



Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston. We can't keep track of her, either!



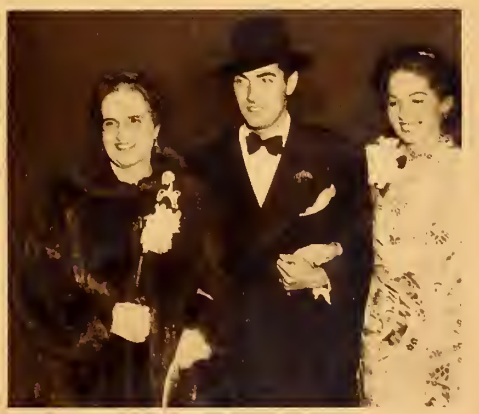
Reggie Gardiner and a lady with some mighty big orchids—Wendy Barrie.



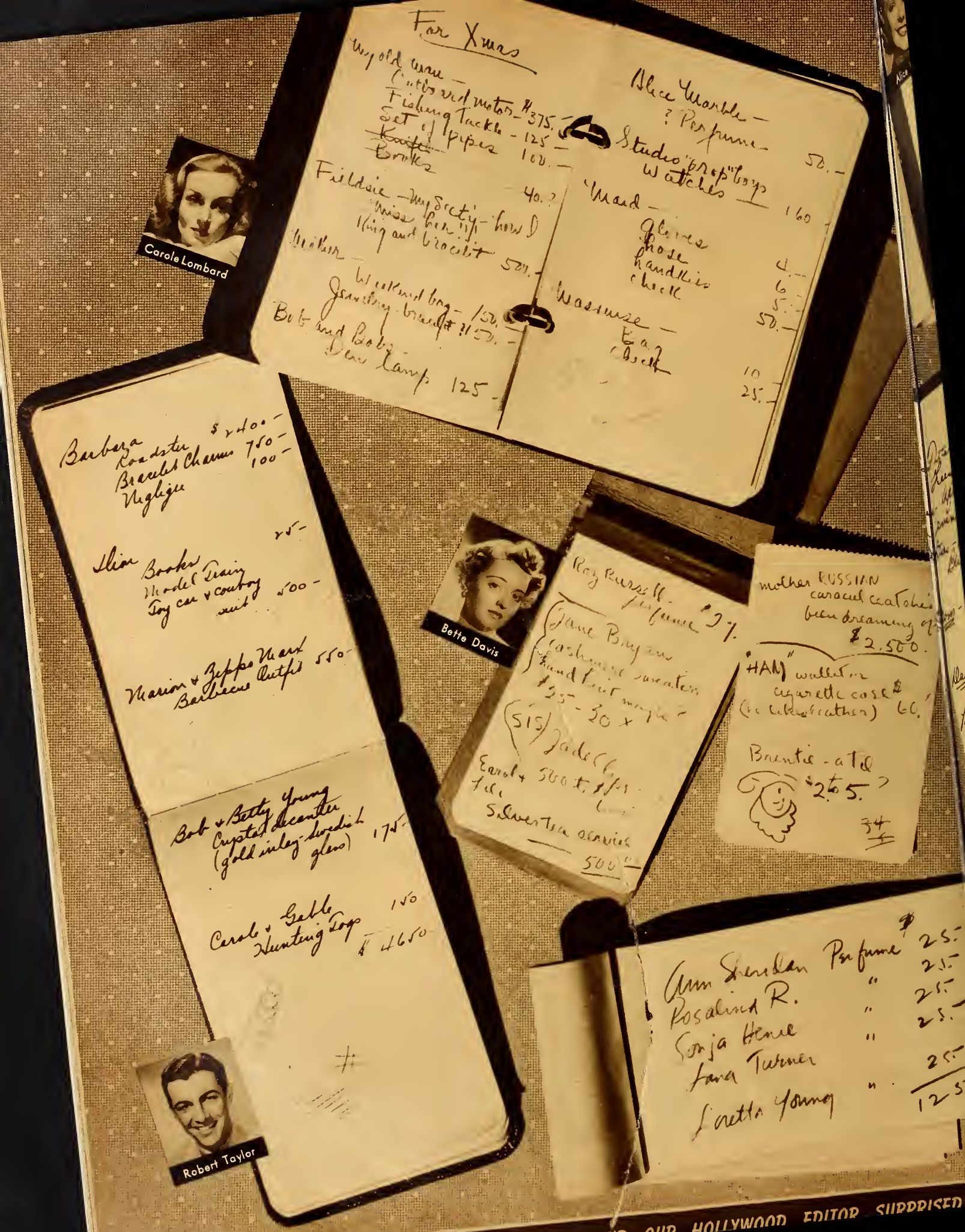
Edward Robinson chats with Gracie and George Burns. Gracie *can* listen, y'know.



This is Helen Parrish and her heart-throb from Virginia, Forrest Tucker.



Tyrone Power may be married, but he still plays escort to his mother and sister.



STARS TOO HAVE THEIR SHOPPING LISTS AND OUR HOLLYWOOD EDITOR SURPRISED

MERRY XMAS!



Alice Faye

Tony

Emma sent 25.
studs 250
cigarette case 150
golf clubs 200.
fur coat 1500 ?
250

Mama
Brother Bill 2 suits
Hand- Helena Rubinstein bracelet 150.
Dorothy Valdez cuff links
Jean Annabella Cocktail set



Richard Greene

Mother Fox Scarf $500.00
Virginia Field
Bracelet 200.00
Shirley Temple Books 6.50

Peter Luggage
Teen —
- Afternoon +
evening wear 50 —
Blues — Black +
Blue - mainly 75 —

Mom - Fur Resp.
Mink? 800 —

Dad - Club Chair - 200 —
Smoking Jacket 50 —
Magazine Subscriptions
(mainly photography
magazines) 20 —

My Sweetie - (Be sure
to have monograms
VP — (Match) —
preferably solid gold?
Helen Parrish: - 150 —
and purse to match 30 —
Gloria Jean - A puppy. 50 —
Aunt's mother - A
handkerchief
white
forget to
initials



Deanna Durbin



Cesar Romero

John C.
25.
25.-
50.
50
12 c.
175.



George Brent, Ginger Rogers and Edith Fellows appeared on a radio program together recently and, strange as it may seem, the littlest member made the biggest hit.



Merle Oberon, who recently married Alexander Korda, arrives in the U. S. A. She's going to free-lance these days, for her contract with Samuel Goldwyn has been cancelled by mutual agreement.



re is Rosalind Russell, the gal walked off with "The Wo- ," with Richard Halliday at premiere of "The Private es of Elizabeth and Essex."



Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity hall—the Society Follies.



Miss Bette Miller helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.

Delaware Society Favorite—Kansas City Secretary



A Southerner, titian-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.



Mrs. du Pont arrives by private plane at the airport near her New Castle home, looking fresh and unwearied after a quick shopping trip to New York.

—but BOTH follow the same famous Skin Care

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Southern women are famous for their complexions, Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

ANSWER:
"Yes. I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. Pond's Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal!"

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Do you feel that using 2 creams helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

ANSWER:
"I'm sure it does! That's why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that takes make-up so well it looks fresh for literally hours!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

ANSWER:
"Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, 'glowy' look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

ANSWER:
"No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection."

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT



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Off to work. After graduation from high school, Bette got a secretarial job in the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad freight office.



Bette and her companion share the local enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in Kansas City that traffic regulations became necessary!

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

Rosalind Russell, gay and witty, has at last come into her own once more!



A wisecracker remarked, "Roz Russell is the only femme on the camera coast smart enough to know there's a war."



Paulette Goddard, Rosalind Russell, Joan Fontaine, Norma Shearer and Mary Boland in "The Women."

THE RETURN OF ROZ

WHEN ROSALIND RUSSELL appeared in "The President Vanishes" some time ago, critics and public alike predicted stardom for her. Here indeed was a new personality, a lady who actually looked like one; a young woman who boasted wit and ability, good taste and intelligence; in short, a reel revelation.

After the gripping story which marked Miss Russell's cinematic debut, she fell heir to a lot of cinema stuff that should never have rated celluloid recording. Consequently, Rosalind began to topple.

At about that time, Myrna Loy was having trouble with the studio. In order to punish the perfect picture wife, the studio decided to groom Roz Russell to step into Myrna's dainty cinema slippers.

Now, nobody has ever succeeded at being a "second Myrna Loy" or a second any one else. And Miss R. proved to be no exception to the rule. Two strikes were immediately put on her when she was forced to try. It all made Roz as sick as it did Myrna and the fans of each, and, the only reason we cite the experience is to account for the slump the star suffered. It actually forced her to make a detour on the always rocky road to fame.

However, Roz Russell is nothing if not a good sport. She didn't take time out to complain. She took what she got and hoped for the best. She trusted that she'd get a break before her name was written on the roll of oblivion.

And so, it was not the usual gay Russell who left for England over a year ago to make "The Citadel." It was a young woman who felt she was in training for the cinema ash heap. But—the picture turned out a success and Roz made a personal hit. And, since nothing succeeds like success, our heroine was once more a candidate for stardom.

The happiest movie event that could have occurred to her was that of being cast as the catty femme in "The Women." The role, to be sure, was meaty, but the actress made the utmost of it. When you left the theatre, you found yourself not remembering the other players, but having a very vivid and amusing recollection of a gal named Russell.

Off the screen, Roz is gay to the point of being giddy. She reminds you for all the world of the character Carole Lombard essayed in "My Man Godfrey." There's never a dull moment when she's around and, as she says herself, "No one can get a word in edgewise when I'm in the room." Which is no understatement, either.

Roz has a Connecticut background, a good education, a sense of humor and theatrical training. Besides, she makes a fine appearance and a more than agreeable impression. She is the delight of every cast in which she appears, for everyone knows that to have Roz in a picture is to insure plenty of laughs between scenes. She is very well informed and practically has the answer before the question is asked.

Roz is a vegetarian. She can't stand meat and has spent quite a sizable fortune trying to tempt herself in this direction. Everything from psychoanalysis to hunger has been tried, but to no avail. Her most embarrassing moment occurs when she's been invited to dinner, can't eat meat and her hostess goes into a routine of apologies and insists that they get together something in place of it for her—but immediately. "If they'd (*Continued on page* 73)

WE, THE CAGNEYS

(*Continued from page 31*)

a freer life and her faith was repaid.

Jim scorns the idea that any sympathy was called for. "We had a swell time—piano, dancing, friends in. My mother liked to laugh, still does. She was never serious long, except in a crisis. Worked harder than all the rest of us put together, stirred up the tastiest food. Don't ask me on what. We were rarely at meals together, always running in at different hours from work. There's a job for a mother—over the sink and the stove the live long day—and never a complaint out of her."

It wasn't their minds alone that she wanted trained. Neighborhood squabbles were settled with fists. So were Cagney squabbles. Even little Bill knew that. Bill was Jim's special charge. Jim saw to it that his younger brother wasn't knocked down either by speeding taxis or local bullies. One day Harry thought it would be funny to waken Jim out of a sound sleep with a headlock. Seven-year-old Bill sent him a haymaker that stopped him for a minute.

JIM recalls with a chortle his mother's face when one or the other came in from a battle.

"No son of hers could let himself be beaten. You might look like a buzz-saw, *she* wouldn't croon over you. 'Did you win?' 'No?' 'How big was he?'. 'All right, go out and fight him again.' "

Her sense of fairness was incorruptible. She admired a stout heart, wherever it was housed. Any boy who gave her sons a run for their money was sure to get a bid from Mrs. Cagney. "Bring him up to the house. I'd like to meet that lad."

Ed, at eleven, had been critically ill with cerebral meningitis. Still wan, he was out on the street one day, bouncing a ball against the side of the house. Along came a gang that infested the neighborhood. They raided fruit stands, they pried money from the fists of kids who walked along swinging milk pails. Their leader was a young hopeful of fifteen whom we'll call Bailey. His henchmen picked up cigarette butts and dropped them carefully into a cigar box. Every so often Bailey would yell, "Hey, gimme a butt."

He spied Ed, struck his hand with a rolled-up newspaper, and the ball dropped out. Taking careful aim, he bounced the ball against Ed's chin. Mrs. Cagney's son put up a lusty defense, but he was the weaker by four years and a lengthy illness. Jim found him sitting on the curbstone, rocking his tender brain back and forth. By his private grapevine he sent out word that he wanted Bailey.

The bell rang as he was eating his dinner. "Jim there? Joey's fighting Bailey at 77th and First."

"See you later," said Jim, and was gone.

At the arena, he tapped Joey on the shoulder. "Okay with you if I take your place?"

It's a battle still cherished in local annals. They fought from seven to ten for three nights running, with a crowd to watch and a referee to guard them. "Where are the parents of these boys?" cried one indignant citizen. "Isn't it awful?" a woman beside him clucked sympathetically, and craned her neck for a better view. That was Mrs. Cagney.

On the third night, Jim threw his knuckles out of gear. He thrust his fist at the referee, who forced them back into place. It happened a second time. "Fix it," said Jim. But the referee shook his head. "I'm fixing nothing, Red. That's a doctor's job." The fight was pronounced a draw and Jim came home from the hospital with his hand in splints.

Small wonder that Mrs. Cagney refuses to be impressed by her son's screen mishaps. He phoned her from Hollywood not to see "Public Enemy," with its gruesome fade-out. Her heart being none too strong, the doctor had warned her against unnecessary strain. "Better stay away from it, Mom. May be too much excitement."

"What kind of excitement?"

He told her.

"So what?" she scoffed. "I never was one to be scared by boogyboos, and you can't start me now."

There was also in the old days the affair of the prunes. Mrs. Cagney was on neighborly terms with her tradesmen, but she happened into a shop whose manager was new. "I'll take some of those prunes."

As he weighed them, she inspected them more closely. "On second thought, I don't want them."

"What's the matter with them?"

"They're not good."

With more loyalty than good sense, the manager resented the slur on his prunes. It ended by his calling her a liar.

She was crying when she got home. Harry was there, Jim was there, Ed was there, Bill was there. "She ordinarily would have been mad," says Jim, "or she'd been laughing over what she said to him. She'd never have cried, if she'd been feeling well. It was that I couldn't take. I walked out of the house up the street and into the store."

The defender of prunes found himself faced by a young red head, quiet enough except for blue eyes that blazed.

"Did you just call my mother a liar?"

"Who's your mother?"

"Lady who was in here about some prunes."

THE man opened his mouth—and kept it open. He was gazing past Jim's head toward the window. Jim turned to look. Standing outside were Harry and Ed and Bill. They weren't saying anything, they were just looking, and they looked quite agreeable. Still, the storekeeper started stammering apologies. A grin twitched at Jim's lips.

"Stick around a while," he said, "and you'll find out we keep civil tongues in these parts."

The other all but burst into tears as he joined his brothers and the four marched off together.

Of them all, only Jean escaped the worst rigors of the struggle. By the time she had grown into conscious life, her brothers were able to take care of her. It was fun to have a baby in the family, and that baby a girl. Jim would get down on the floor and read the funnies to her, and sing her the silly vaudeville songs he picked up.

Though she wasn't trained in the same hard school, she's made of the same sturdy fibre. She and her mother have spent recent summers in Hollywood, but they didn't go out west to live till Jean had completed her college course in New York. Her mother refused to have it interrupted. She was graduated with high honors, and made Phi Beta Kappa. For a while she thought she would study medicine, but her doctor brothers talked her out of that.

It wasn't only because Jim and Bill were there that the Cagney women folk settled in California. After all, Harry and Ed were in the east. But for one thing, the climate was better suited to Mrs. Cagney's health. For another, the movies were interested in Jean and she in them. That her brother was an actor had nothing to do with it. A scout had seen her picture in a magazine among those of other honor students. The studio sent for her and suggested a test.

She talked it over with Jim and Bill. They thought it was fine, if that was what she wanted. She decided that she wasn't ready for a test. She was overweight and she needed experience.

SHE tackled the job in as thoroughgoing a manner as if her bread and butter depended on it. Her self-respect did. She doesn't take it for granted that things should be handed to her, either as an actress or a Cagney.

"Listen, darling," said Jim, "you're working too hard. Take a boat and go to Honolulu."

"I've had enough done for me, Jim. I've got to try to do the rest myself."

Several studios bid for her when the test was made. She signed with Paramount and has been cast in a picture called "All Women Have Secrets."

The Cagneys keep their pride in her below the bursting point. "But think of the poor guy that marries her, whew!" Jim's brows mount to a quizzical peak. "He'd better be a very nice fellow. Hey? Don't you think?" Recalling the prunes, you think he'd better.

Bill has always been the business man of the tribe. He was with an advertising house when the market went to perdition, and Jim suggested he come out to Hollywood to manage his affairs. Or, as he put it at the time, "I used to do the worrying for you, now you do the worrying for me."

Bill is now a producer at Warners. Jim had nothing to do with that, either. It's a tribute to his brother's skill and fair dealing. The studio felt it would like to have some of its other players handled as Cagney had been handled.

Bill appeared in Jim's dressing-room one day to discuss a picture which had just been bought for him. He got up and fidgeted. Then he said, "I've told you about your deal. Now I'll tell you about mine. They've just made me a producer."

"Good!" said Jim, and almost crushed the small bones of his brother's hand in his grip.

They play no favorites, but Jim goes so far as to say that, "When Bill and Harry and I get together, the fellow we like is Eddie. His wisdom, his tolerance, his humor, his slant on things. Time and time again Bill and I will be sitting here, talking about him, and I'll reach for the phone and call New York."

"How are you, Eddie?" Jim will say.

"All right. How are you?"

"Fine. Thought I'd like to hear your voice."

"Good to hear yours, Jim. How's everyone?"

Then they'll ring off.

Mrs. Cagney likes Hollywood. Her sons say she's very busy running up and down Hollywood Boulevard, looking into windows. She's a movie fan. She's also a Woolworth fan. "I had a great time at the five-and-ten," she'll say, or, "I saw a great movie."

She'd like Hollywood better if Harry and Ed were there. So would the rest of the Cagneys and I don't blame them.

A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Write a letter and win one of the ten prizes given each month! It's as easy as pie!



War Pictures

When the grim war broke out in Europe, Hollywood producers immediately began a search for war stories, stories of soldiers, submarines, warships and bloodshed. Even former war pictures, such as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and the "The Road Back," are being reissued.

Is Hollywood doing the right thing? How will the world accept war pictures? Take the war-torn countries of Germany, Poland, France and England. Haven't they seen enough real fighting and bloodshed without seeing an imitation upon a movie screen?

And what about the United States? Motion pictures have a wide, far-reaching influence upon the people and there is a possibility that war pictures may arouse their feeling in favor of entering the war.

It would be better for the United States and all other nations to skip the war pictures. Why should one sit through the grim, sombre tragedies of war stories when there are so many other gayer, romantic stories to enjoy? Isn't it much better to see Judy Garland being carried away to the colorful land of Oz than to see Lew Ayres killed by a machine gun? —Anthony Perry, Mountain View, Cal.

"The Wizard of Oz"

"The Wizard of Oz" disappointed me greatly. The characters were much as I had always pictured them; the music, tuneful; the color, lovely; but the story was almost entirely different from the Oz books I read and reread as a child.

I realize that many people are seeing and living the picture, but for the most part they are people who have never read the books that made L. Frank Baum famous. I feel that they would have been even more delighted if Oz had ruled the land and lived in the Emerald Palace, if Dorothy's visits to Oz had not been just a dream, if Aunt Em and Uncle Henry had been transported there to spend their old age, and if all had not returned to drabness in the end.

There is plenty of adventure in the books to provide excitement, without setting a bunch of script-writers to work making up a story of their own. If a story is good enough to achieve undying fame, doesn't it stand to reason that people want to see it brought to life minus Hollywood improvements?—Margaret Connell, Des Moines, Iowa.

Encore

Just recently I have noticed that many of our great pictures of a few years ago are being shown at local theatre houses.

I, for one, am glad to see these pictures come back. They've been memorable pictures like "San Francisco," "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Rose Marie." Sure, I saw them the second time and found them just as entertaining as I did the first time. Considering the number of pictures the average person sees, even a great picture can be easily forgotten.

So continue to let these great pictures of the past live again for us.—Kathryn Smith, Memphis, Tenn.



Sleeping Time

I saw "Miracles For Sale" last night. When producers begin to think Robert Young is so handsome that we women don't care what kind of story we see just so he flits around before our eyes, they had better guess again.

I enjoy sleight of hand tricks on the stage where my common sense tells me if my eye were quick enough I would see how the trick was done, but when they just turn the machine off while someone does the magic work for our Bob I get fed up quickly.

If they must make plays for morons, why don't they label them as such? Then, if the second feature is worth seeing, they might do us a favor and say, "Sleeping time, 45 minutes."—Elsie Williams, Junction City, Oregon.

Absolutely Distractin'

How can I keep my mind on Latin
When Hedy Lamarr is dressed in satin?

When Richard Greene is flashing a smile
Who cares who settled on the Nile?

When John Payne is singing a lullabye
Who cares what equals "x" or "y?"

When Shirley Temple shows her dimple
Venus de Milo seems sort of simple.

When Edward G. Robinson does his stuff
Brutus doesn't seem half so tough.

When Leslie Howard gets dramatic
Catiline seems like so much static.

—Rhoda Krueger, Newark, N. J.



Lamour's Hair

This is a vote in favor of a hair cut for Dorothy Lamour, before her career bogs down in a tangle of sarongs. Without doubt, her hair is beautiful—as a museum piece—but as equipment for a modern actress, it is just excess baggage. It's evident she can act, but you would never know it from the parts they give her because of her hair. The wig department at the studio could fit her out for an occasional long-hair role, so why does she hesitate?

I would like to see her get some modern roles where the attention would center on her acting and singing. I would like to see her in roles where she portrays ordinary stenographers or sales girls and dramatizes the problems that appeal to us because they are our own. But she will never do it while she has that over-supply of hair.

She could make a great career for herself if she would only pick up the shears and snip, snip, snip her long locks off! —Eleanor Mouldry, Oakland, Calif.

Fans, get out the old pen and paper and let's hear what you have to say about that picture you thought was such a knockout, or the one you labeled "flop," that star you are simply cuhrazy about or the one you can't abide. Glamor queens, Hollywood styles, miscast roles, scene stealers — what's your opinion about these or anything else concerning Cinemaland? Besides having the fun of speaking your piece (and you'll get a big kick out of that), you have the chance of winning one of the ten $1.00 prizes awarded each month to the writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Remember, now, this is your own page, so say what you honestly think, keep it brief and send your letter or poem to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Bill Holden

When I walked out of the theatre after seeing "Golden Boy," my mind was in such a crazy whirl that I scarcely knew what was going on about me. The reason—William Holden.

Without ever having appeared in films, this boy co-starred with screen-wise Barbara Stanwyck and such ace-veterans as Adolphe Menjou and Joseph Calleia, and rendered one of the most brilliant performances I have ever seen.

The talent scouts and directors who have been looking for new faces and new talent have really done themselves justice by giving to the movie fans this natural, dynamic personality, Bill Holden.

He's the 1939 Wonder Boy. With looks that would make any heart stand still and acting ability that holds you spellbound, Bill Holden has leapt to the top rung of the ladder of success.—Nell McGuinness, Dallas, Texas.

We Women

We women should view with alarm
That serious challenge to charm
That movie that's batty
Makes us fatty and chatty
"The Women" is doing us harm!

There's a movement I'd like to advance,
"Let's kick Clare Booth in the pants."
I'd like to repay
That gal for her play
Which robs all us femmes of romance!
—Jean Brown, Tucson, Arizona.

Easy on the Eyes

Just between the two of us, I am wondering if the producers are wise to the fact that in the sepia colored pictures, they've got something.

After "The Adventures of Marco Polo" was shown here, I heard much comment that not the least delightful feature of that picture was lack of the eye-strain found in the black and whites. It was so soft and easy to look at. Now that "Golden Boy" has come and gone, I am hearing the same thing when I discuss the latest pictures with my friends. To those of us whose eyesight isn't as good as it was twenty years ago, such pictures are very welcome.

Also, to me there is a beauty in sepia's soft tones that enhances the attractiveness of any pictures and lends a delight to scenes of natural beauty far beyond mere light and shadow.—Mrs. Mildred M. Sanborn, Portland, Maine.

True Artistry

What naturalness Bette Davis portrays in every film! It's naturalism resulting from diligent study of technique, a passionate love of her work, plus an inner beauty and understanding of each character portrayed.

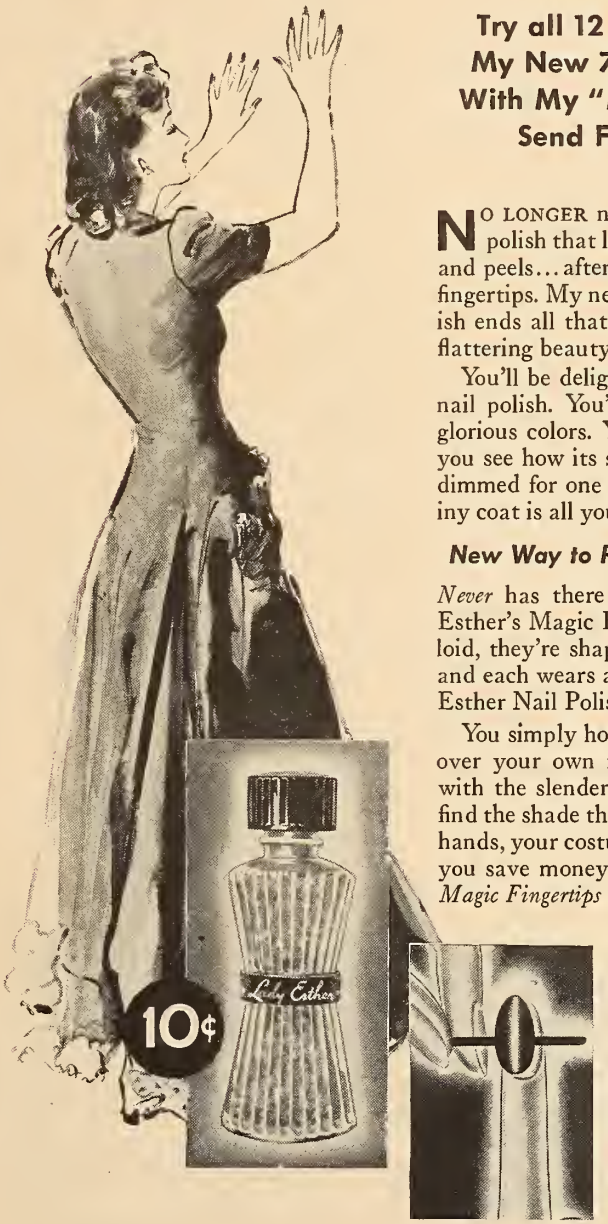
Is there a theatre-goer who does not forget, for a time, the woman Bette Davis and live the situations created and portrayed by her?

As far as versatility is concerned, her ability to fit herself into every role assigned to her is unquestionable. There are actresses who can play nothing but straight parts, despicable parts, character parts, but Bette can do anything on the screen.

If she isn't living in the memories of the majority a half century from now, I shall have no faith in true artistry. —Louise Scott, New Haven, Conn.

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

HE HATES HIMSELF!

(Continued from page 39)

that Mrs. Muzzlepuss is upstairs dressing. So, invariably, Lorayne and I sit down, alone, on time, while our hostess is late. At such times I like Mowbray better than I like his hostess.

"One time in New York, some years ago when the blood ran high, I was invited for dinner at 7:30. I had gone to quite some pains to rent a Tux, those being the Park Bench Days in the Mowbray migration through Life. I arrived on the dot. For half an hour I sat in that big mausoleum, alone. I made quick sketches of the pattern in the rugs with my little crayons. I counted the roses on the wall paper. I tickled the toes of a couple of marble statues. Finally I arose, took off my coat, vest, shirt and trousers, rolled myself up in a white bear rug and went to sleep.

"When my hostess and ten guests appeared simultaneously, they were astounded. I rose with dignity, proceeded to dress again, and said, 'I was invited for 7:30. It's getting late now. I feel I must be getting home. I've had a lovely rest. Thank you so much.' And I went home.

"As far as my entertaining is concerned, I once gave a Christmas party in August. We hung up our stockings, had a Christmas tree, holly wreaths and plum pudding. One of the Ritz Brothers read "The Night Before Christmas" aloud. Why did I give a Christmas party in August? I wanted to—that's all.

"At another time, we gave a party to celebrate the release of General Chiang Kai Shek. It happened like this: Joe Lewis and I were sitting in the Trocadero late one afternoon. An acquaintance passed our table, stopped and said, 'Why are you two looking so glum?' I said, 'We are not glum. We are just resting our facial muscles between jokes.' Then I added, brightly, 'We are planning a party. We are planning a party to celebrate the release of General Chiang Kai Shek.' I'd never thought of such a thing until that moment. Once I'd thought of it, it seemed an excellent reason for giving a party.

"The next night we had two hundred people at the house and celebrated the release of the Celestial Kingdom's great general. We had about ten thousand dollars' worth of floor show, too. Joe E. Brown, the Ritz Brothers, Hugh Herbert, Pat O'Brien—we all did our stuff. During the evening, we telephoned a rich planter friend of Joe's, in Cuba, and asked him if he would be co-host at the party. He said he would.

"I never give a formal party, with tents erected and gardenias upholstering the chairs and all. If I did, I'd kill myself laughing as I sat on a gardenia.

NOW, on the other hand, I do have some very admirable traits. I've a hell of a good disposition. I shout at the children now and then, but I tell myself it's nine per cent fun and one per cent annoyance. They seem to enjoy it.

"Also, I have perfect control over my so-called vices. If I say that I'll stop smoking on the morrow, I stop. I never 'taper off' on anything. If I go on the wagon, I go on it. I don't teeter on the running-board.

"I have a strange brand of conscientiousness, too. I never pay any attention to what parts I play until I start to play them. Any script with any old part from that of the butler in the 'Toppers' to some Baron Bigwiggie is okay by Mowbray. But once I start to work—how this little busy bee improves each shining hour!

"I am sensitive. I dislike this in me, too. I favor the Tarzan type. But, tough old war veteran that I am, thrice gassed, five times wounded, I still suffer incredibly from "first night" nerves. When, recently, I was on the Crosby program on the air, I was scared stiff. One brain was doing the broadcast, the other brain was perched there saying, 'How do you know you're not really saying 'pffusikshsyt' or something?'

"I have no politics. Having a passion for men of violent prejudices and partisanships, I don't like Mowbray for this, either. But I definitely stay away from politics believing, as I do, that an actor, like a soldier, should have none. An actor's art should be international. For me, if I can give laughter that will ease things throughout the world, I never stop at color lines or at little lines on the shifting maps of empires. When, recently, I was asked to contribute toward an ambulance for one side of warring Spain, I said that I would do so, gladly, if I could also contribute toward an ambulance for the opposing side. An ambulance, I pointed out, is a humanitarian necessity. And a piece of hot lead hurts either side, just the same.

"Among my other virtues: I don't gamble. I don't get the faintest kick out of losing six months' salary on the turn of a roulette wheel. I don't allow people to gamble in my house. I'm not extravagant except with tobacco and brandy. I smoke expensive, imported cigarettes. When I buy brandy it's good brandy. When I can't afford either, I go without. I won't have anything I can't pay for cash. I don't like Mowbray for these 'virtues,' either. I admire the reckless spendthrift, the wastrel, the devil-may-care fellow who devours today like a glutton and thumbs his nose at tomorrow.

"So there you have Mowbray and all his virtues and vices. Do you wonder that I don't like the chap?" And Alan sighed deeply and looked *that* sad.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 11)

★★★ Babes in Arms

A rollicking musical that will keep your feet tapping and leave you humming a tune on the way out, "Babes In Arms" is worth anyone's money. Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland take things into their hands from the opening sequence and see to it that you don't have a dull moment from then on. Judy's songs are excellent, delivered in the practically patented Garland manner. But it is Mickey who actually steals the show. The Rooney kid amazes with a display of versatility that will leave you gasping for breath. He sings, dances, fiddles, plays the piano and emotes with more gusto than seems humanly possible. You'll like his imitations, too. He does them on Gable, Lionel Barrymore and Franklin D. Roosevelt for good measure. Judy Garland gets one off on Mrs. Roosevelt which the lady, herself, will thoroughly enjoy.

The story is no great shakes, but with such a fun-loving crowd of youngsters to keep things pepped up, you probably won't mind. It concerns the trials and tribulations of ex-vaudevillians who find themselves without jobs and with no means of supporting their children. So the children assume their own responsibilities and show that a good thing can be made of courage and willingness to work hard.

Charles Winninger, Guy Kibbee, Grace Hayes and Henry Hull contribute good performances among the older players, while June Preisser is the outstanding youngster, aside from Mickey and Judy. Directed by Busby Berkeley.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★ Fast and Furious

This is the third of the series of pictures involving the tempestuous lives of those fun-loving people, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Sloane. Only this time the Sloanes are Franchot Tone and Ann Sothern. Nevertheless, the Sloanes continue their book detective work with the same gay abandon established in the former stories by Melvyn Douglas, Florence Rice, Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell.

Ann Sothern is quite at home in her role of the teasing and high-spirited wife of Franchot Tone, who is also rather spirited but inclined to having a few sane moments. The Sloanes go off to the seashore for a vacation this time, but it doesn't take them long to get involved in a bang-up murder mystery. In Joel Sloane's efforts to clear the name of a friend, he gets mixed up in a bathing beauty contest and a trio of roaming lions which provide some hilarious comedy scenes.

There's good supporting work turned in by Ruth Hussey, Lee Bowman, John Miljan, Mary Beth Hughes and Allyn Joslyn. Directed by Busby Berkeley.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★ Flying Deuces

You'll laugh uproariously throughout this picture, then wonder why, when you leave the theatre. It's silly, yes, but the kind of entertainment that makes you forget your troubles.

Laurel and Hardy are still Laurel and Hardy, and their fans will report that this is their best picture to date. If there had been some sort of story, "Flying Deuces" would have hit the gong but the lack of continuity gives it the gong in many sequences.

The story opens with the two comedians vacationing in Paris. Hardy is madly in love with the inn-keeper's daughter who is none other than Jean

(Continued on page 61)

MADELEINE CARROLL WANTS CHILDREN

(*Continued from page 25*)

last time when I might never have come back to Hollywood," she confided. "That was before war was actually declared. But my mother pointed out that none of us knows what will happen in the next few years—how long the war will last, what will become of the money I have managed to save, how much we shall need. For I do have to take care of my family. I left enough money in London to see my mother through this next year and in the meantime I shall fill my life with enough work to use up all my vitality and to insure me financial independence, which has always been my most important goal."

When Madeleine Carroll speaks of her mother, she becomes quite another person than the actress who will say dictatorially, "I shall not take that role." She is different from the famous wife who admits, "This marriage of mine is finished." Her voice takes on a warmer note, her face a kindlier expression. Her mother is the most important thing in her life.

"I am continuously beset with anxiety when I think of her over there, so far away from me. I had hoped she would come to Hollywood this time. In fact, that was the plan when I took two reservations on the Normandie. My mother was to board the boat at Southampton, but she wouldn't come. She thought her place was with my father and she stayed in England."

Miss Carroll is afraid that when she speaks of her academic father she may sound unfilial. She has a tremendous respect for his fine mind, his years given to educational work. But she has never felt close to him as she has to her mother. He was always, to her, the austere, unsentimental, aloof parent. Even in her adolescence when she was earning a meager income, her aim was to get enough money for a home she could share with her mother. She has made much more money than she ever dreamed, but never once has she had her mother living with her.

"My mother is a dear, warm-hearted French woman who has always believed her place is with her husband." And there she remained even when Madeleine could offer her luxuries. Perhaps it is this unassailable virtue of wifely fidelity which has caused the star's mother so much distress over the divorce reports. Because she is also devoted to her son-in-law and Philip, as Madeleine said, "loves my mother very much."

THE beautiful English girl is more earthy than she appears on the screen, not quite as young as the college boys' enthusiastic votes would indicate. Which does not mean that she is less lovely. She had an excellent education before she went on the world to wrest a living. At one time, she was a school teacher. Occasionally she was broke and jobless; more than once she was hungry. She has little interest in the social activities that engage the free time of so many of her Hollywood contemporaries. She is well read and has an avid intelligent interest in what is happening outside her own glittering sphere. She knows the value of a dollar, for she gained her knowledge the hard way, and no Carroll earnings will ever be foolishly squandered.

"I feel sorry for anyone out of a job these days," she remarks with earnest fear in her voice. "I think financial security is a wonderful thing. When I speak of financial security I am thinking in terms of fifteen dollars a week guaranteed for the future. I often lived on far less than that and I'm sure I could do it again."

But no one knows her earning value better than Madeleine Carroll. And, she'll get it while she can.

"Safari" is Miss Carroll's first vehicle since her return from Europe. She went abroad after she made "Honeymoon in Bali" with Fred MacMurray. She hopes that during this war period she will be permitted to make light romantic pictures just to entertain people.

"It's strange how my feelings have changed about that," she says. "Before war was declared, I felt so keenly about problems over there. I wanted to make pictures like 'Nurse Cavell.' But when I saw how Paris reacted to the certainty that its sons were again to be sacrificed, I knew that what the world needs is a lighter touch in its film entertainment. And that's what I hope they'll let me contribute as my share."

(*Continued on page 71*)



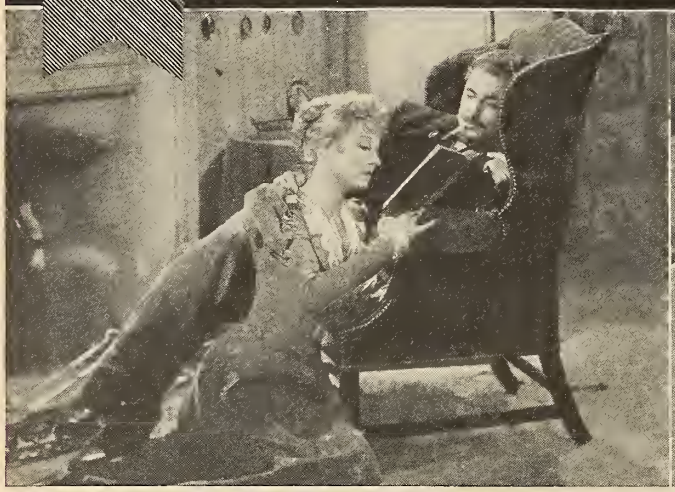
MODERN SCREEN'S

A pictorial resumé of the highlights of a most eventful movie

"Goodbye Mr. Chips" depicts the joys and disappointments of a shy, sincere gentleman. Robert Donat and Greer Garson make its characters live, and Sam Wood's direction is excellent.

"Dark Victory" is first and last a Bette Davis performance, the story serving as a background for the very high talents of its star. The story is sad with little to lighten its dramatic theme.

HERE ARE THE OUTSTANDING CINEMATIC SUCCESSES CONSIDERED FROM BOTH





YEAR'S LUCKIEST NEWCOMERS

THE MOST PROMISING FINDS



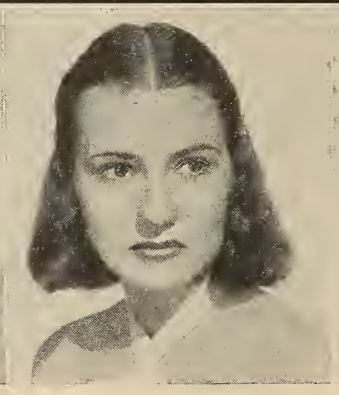
Gloria Jean

Skyrocketing to stardom is a small matter when Producer Joe Pasternak, discoverer of Deanna Durbin, takes you in hand. Eleven-year-old Gloria Jean's experience with him proved that. She scored an immediate success in her first assignment, "The Underpup."



William Holden

This Pasadena College student was too modest to answer to Mamoulian's quest for the "Golden Boy." So, when studio officials were going through thousands of old tests, they came across Holden's. They immediately sent for him, and a contract followed.



Brenda Marshall

Beautiful, talented and just turned twenty-four —no wonder she is a screen find. Her work was first noticed in a Federal Theatre project, "On The Rocks." Warners screen-tested her and the result was a contract and starring role in the production, "Espionage Agent."



Robert Preston

It took three "B" pictures to break Robert Preston in. Then his big break in "Union Pacific" came along, followed shortly by an important role in "Beau Geste." He received his training at the Pasadena Community Playhouse and now is headed for stardom.

REVIEW OF 1939

year, in which pictures, players and performances topped all reel records

"The Lady Vanishes" with Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave is a gay spy mystery which unravels as a Trans-European train races along to the tune of Alfred Hitchcock's swell direction. Quiet character humor plays its role, too.

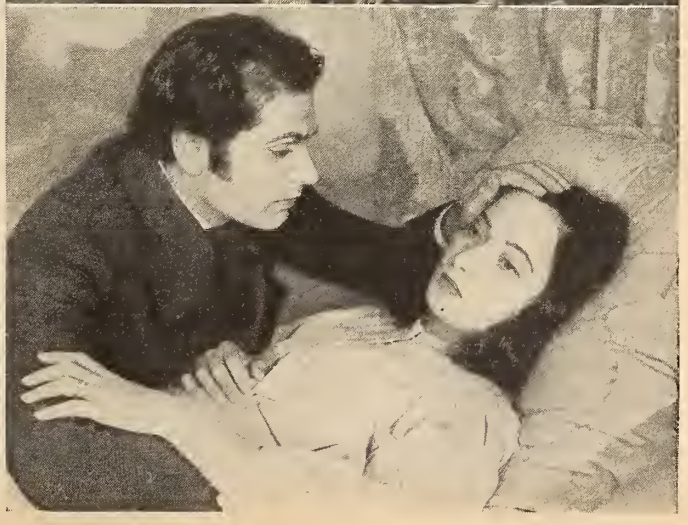
"The Old Maid" gives Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins an opportunity to share histrionic honors. It is a sombre story of unnatural suppressions which blight two lives for the sake of a third. George Brent's excellent as the "man in the case."

THE ARTISTIC AND BOX OFFICE POINTS OF VIEW! DO YOU AGREE WITH OUR SELECTIONS?









TOP KID STAR



Mickey Rooney

At eighteen, Mickey Rooney is still the typical American kid—snub nose, cocky grin, devil-may-care swagger and hair that won't stay put. He's a natural comic but can also handle emotional scenes with a veteran's finesse. Six or sixty, the fans love him!

"Pygmalion" is a pleasant and witty whimsy with Leslie Howard and introducing Wendy Hiller to American movie-goers. The acting is of superlative quality and Anthony Asquith's direction, excellent.

"Wuthering Heights" is a dramatic and artistic masterpiece with the ominous mood of the English moors haunting the tragic lovers, Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon, to the very end.

MODERN SCREEN'S REVIEW OF 1939

COME-BACKS





◀ For ages Ann Sothern, left, was handicapped by inferior stories and meaningless roles. 1939 brought her a second chance in "Maisie." She made a come-back, such as is rarely seen in Hollywood. Dick Barthelmess, lower left, was absent from the screen for years. In "Only Angels Have Wings," he "came back," and showed his many fans he still has what it takes to make a role live.

Above right, Brian Aherne, ▶ Bette Davis and Gilbert Roland in one of the scenes from "Juarez." Despite competition with expert actors like Bette and Paul Muni, Brian Aherne stole the show. Lower right, troupers Bing Crosby and Mischa Auer didn't have a chance when Baby Sandy Henville, playing the part of a boy, turned on her charm in "East Side of Heaven."

SCENE STEALERS



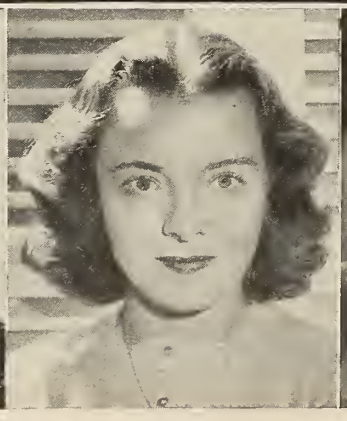


AT LONG LAST—THIS YEAR BROUGHT THEM A BREAK



John Wayne

He has made over fifty pictures, most of them wild and woolly westerns of the eight-day "quickie" variety. This year brought John Wayne the chance to play the lead in the super-production, "Stagecoach." Overnight, he raised his status to that of a star.



Jane Bryan

Though this young lady has always turned in good performances, she has had no chance to show what she could do with heavy dramatics. Now she has the most envied role in Hollywood—that of Paul Muni's leading lady in his latest, "We Are Not Alone."



Robert Cummings

Having made a name for himself on the legitimate stage, Robert Cummings went to Movietown. Strangely enough, he had to hang around casting offices a mighty long time before he got his break. Finally, cast in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," he clicked immediately.



Ilona Massey

You read so much about this singer from Budapest when she was first imported. After she made "Rosalie," Hollywood seemed to forget she existed. Now, after all this time, she blossoms forth in the starring role opposite Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika." *(Con't on page 62)*



Got a COLD?

Be Wise. For the Distress of Colds Take Alka-Seltzer

(*Continued from page 56*)

Parker. She tells him that she's already married, and the heartbroken Hardy decides to end it all in the Seine river. He's stopped by an officer of the Foreign Legion who assures him that joining the Legion is the best known way to forget a lost love. The officer is Reginald Gardiner who turns out to be Miss Parker's husband as the new recruits discover upon their arrival in Morocco. Complications provide some very funny comedy scenes that lift the picture from any suspicion of dullness. Directed by Edward Sutherland.—*RKO.*

★★ Jamaica Inn

If you're shopping for some blood-and-thunder melodrama, here's a bargain—if you can take it! Charles Laughton is starred in as gruesome and eerie a tale as has reached the screen in many a moon. It is the story of the bloodcurdling events that transpire in an old inn on the wild Cornish coast. A band of thieves and degenerates hide there, ready to carry out the foulest orders from their big boss—a wealthy squire in the county. Charles Laughton makes the role of the squire as repulsive a character as can be imagined. With a passion for beauty in his surroundings, he yet delights in dreaming up the ugliest of crimes for his band of desperadoes. Foremost among them is the wrecking of ships, carrying valuable cargo. The ships are given false directions when they near the rocky, dangerous Cornish coastline and after the inevitable wreck, all survivors are killed off and the loot brought back to the squire.

Into this charming group comes a lovely Irish lass. On a visit to her aunt, the wife of the chief cutthroat at Jamaica Inn, she falls into the clutches of the maniacal squire and his chums. Needless to say, there's not a dull moment until the fair heroine is rescued by the handsome hero. Maureen O'Hara, in her screen debut as the Irish girl, makes a distinctly favorable impression. Others in the cast who give commendable performances are Leslie Banks, Robert Newton and Marie Ney. But it's Mr. Laughton's picture, as usual, and he does a thoroughly convincing job of the despicable and loathsome squire. Not for the kiddies, we might add. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.—*Paramount.*

★★ Disputed Passage

"Disputed Passage" starts out to be an excellent adaptation of the Lloyd C. Douglas novel depicting the intense struggle always involved between human emotion and the cold world of science. The picture has the warmth of the novel until the closing scenes transport the story to China, and then the original story is completely lost.

However, the picture is worth seeing just to applaud the good work of both Akim Tamiroff and John Howard. Both actors turn in outstanding performances, giving their "doctor" characterizations the dignity of the profession and the qualities of human beings. Tamiroff is the older doctor who lost his bride-to-be when very young. He's grim and embittered, and bent on training young Howard to be the great scientist who will solve the problems which have been baffling modern-time medical men. He even goes so far as to break up Howard's romance when the young doctor falls in love with Dorothy Lamour, but learns that human emotions are too powerful—even for a cold man of science.

Dorothy Lamour is rather colorful as the Chinese-reared American girl who captures the young doctor's heart, but she's very inadequate in the dramatic scenes. Judith Barrett, William Collier, Sr., Victor Varconi and Keye Luke turn in good work in supporting roles. Directed by Frank Borzage.—*Paramount.*

★★ Dancing Co-ed

The old folks probably wouldn't even apply the term "entertainment" to this one, but the college crowd will undoubtedly think a line-up of Artie Shaw, Lana Turner, Ann Rutherford, Richard Carlson and a gang of college cuties is guarantee enough for a good time.

Lana Turner is planted on a college campus, as the result of a Roscoe Karns brain-storm. Roscoe's one of those fast-talking publicity guys who gets a swell idea and lets someone else work it out. And it looks like Lana is really in for a beating on this one. Never having set foot on a campus in her life, she is installed in the school by faking exams, for the purpose of winning a nation-wide dance contest for co-eds. Dick Carlson, editor of the school paper, suspects the contest is slightly crooked, and things look black for the little Turner since she's fallen, but hard, for ye editor. Of course, it all works out beautifully. Lana gets her man and her pal, Ann Rutherford, wins the contest.

Artie Shaw and his boys are in there swinging it and Leon Errol, as Lana's father, is the highlight of the picture in a limited role. Dick Carlson is okay in his role while Ann Rutherford looks cute as ever. Lana Turner shows that old oomph and is adequate on the histrionics. The picture was directed by S. Sylvan Simon.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*



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MODERN SCREEN'S REVIEW OF 1939

BEST-DRESSED MALE STAR



Adolphe Menjou, despite a few character roles of late, is still the symbol of the suave, sophisticated man-about-town. His title for sartorial elegance is uncontested.

BEST-DRESSED WOMAN STAR



Constance Bennett is the epitome of perfect grooming. Her clothes are always the latest in fashion and worn with a natural poise that has won her this reputation for chic.

BEST CHARACTER PERFORMANCES



Marie Ouspenskaya

This distinguished little character lady has long been a great stage actress and recently has given movie-goers the treat of seeing her superb performances. The most memorable of them all is her charming portrayal of the Maharani in "The Rains Came."



Sam Jaffee

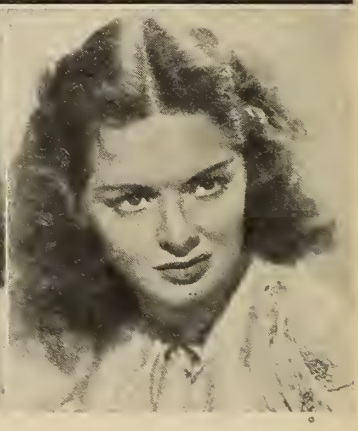
Another gem of character work was Sam Jaffee's native water-carrier in the screen version of Kipling's famous poem, "Gunga Din." He brought a simple, heart-felt sincerity to the role that made the British soldiers' feeling and respect for him credible in every way.

THE YEAR'S DISAPPOINTMENTS



Hedy Lamarr

After "Algiers," the fans waited breathless for more of Hedy Lamarr. Her first starring film, "I Take This Woman" was shelved. Finally came "Lady of the Tropics" and, though her glamorous beauty was acknowledged, most of the fans found her wanting in talent.



Arleen Whelan

A big build-up was given Arleen Whelan when she was whisked from a manicurist's job to starring roles. The fans didn't blame her when she didn't fulfill their expectations immediately. But now they feel that she has had the time to improve and hasn't come through.

DO THEY DISLIKE EACH OTHER?

(Continued from page 37)

so has Brenda Joyce. But not one has ever said, "Ann Sheridan is too marvelous" or "Nancy Kelly is too marvelous." Bette, you see, being in a class by herself, can't put their little noses out of joint. But apart from such straws tilting at windmills as this, they are friendly. They all behave mannerly, but never do they get together, let down their hair, indulge in any of the "an' I sez to him an' he sez to me" talk which joins their sisters in a warm and bosomy bond.

Sigrid Gurie said not long ago, "It's strange, I always had close girl friends in Oslo, where I grew up, in Paris, Brussels, London, where I went to school. But I have no girl friends at all here. I don't seem to click with the Hollywood girls. They don't seem to want to be friends with me."

ANOTHER possible answer to the question occurs to me. Paulette Goddard, wiser than twice her years, is said to have observed that Hollywood girls don't have girl friends because girl friends talk too much. And why, was Paulette's idea, employ publicists to protect you, only to spill your heart out to some "bosom friend" who—well, who isn't exactly employed to protect you. They daren't make too many confidences, most of these young women of the limelight. Not because they have anything shameful to conceal, but merely because every word they say is liable to be magnified, or misquoted. And so, logically, if they can't make girlish confidences, why have girlish friends? Maybe we've got something there!

Answers to the question aside, the fact remains that such friends as the gelatin goddesses recruit are, almost without exception, from other walks of life. Did you ever think of that? Well, look. Barbara Stanwyck's best friend is her hairdresser. It was her hairdresser who was Barbara's only close confidante when she and Bob were a-courting. Myrna Loy's b.f. is her stand-in, Shirley. Shirley it was, and not Roz Russell or Norm' Shearer or any of Myrna's fellow stars, who stood up with Myrna when she was married. Garbo's pal is Salka Viertel, the scenarist. Olivia de Havilland's boon companion is a young woman in the publicity department at her studio.

One famous star once said to me, "I always hire a cook for her intelligence rather than for her culinary skill because I have to have *some* woman in Hollywood to whom I can talk." They seem never to be best friends with anyone who can offer them competition. Can this be the answer? Or one of them?

Well, it might be, in some instances. I know for a fact that Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise would have been hard put to it to be friends when they first joined the Warner roster. For, never did a rich young part rear its head on that lot, but what both girls were "up" for it. The instinct of self-preservation alone would have prevented these damsels from making fudge together.

I should imagine that it would be such overcoming as angels are made of for Roz Russell and Myrna Loy to be buddies, what with everyone saying, when Roz first went on the lot, that she would "take Myrna's place" and what with the way Roz, being human, must often feel when Myrna still gets most of the juiciest picture plums. Undoubtedly, Greer Garson would have been invited around more if she did not constitute so dire a dramatic threat to Norma Shearer, Virginia Bruce and Margaret Sullavan.

I've realized some of this, vaguely, for some time. But not until Brenda put it into words did I get down to actually pondering the imponderable. And then remembered facts came back to bless and burn some of which I have already mentioned. For instance, Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne are next door neighbors, Irene's rose garden abutting on Claudette's iris beds, their husbands are doctors, they are near enough of an age to be chummy, they are certainly in the same profession, meeting the same problems. Yet they're not chummy. Why?

Well, Norma Shearer once said that the reasons stars do not get together more often is because the competition while they are working is so intense that when they leave the studio they want to relax, don't want competition of any kind. Which may explain the hyphen preserved by Claudette and Irene.

Roz Russell has frequently laughed about the "Nunnery" which is what the girls themselves call the women stars' dressing-room building on the Metro lot. I recall going there to lunch with Roz one day. A warm day, all of the doors were open and as I went up the stairs I was fascinated by the glimpses I caught of the stars—Hedy Lamarr, Margaret Sullavan, Norma Shearer and the others, each in her own cubicle, each eating from a tray, solitary and alone, like so many nuns of a strict religious order which keeps each individual incommunicado.

Roz told me that not once, to her knowledge, have any two of the girls ever got together for a cup of tea. Virginia Bruce told me that she thinks Hedy Lamarr and Roz Russell must be simply swell, but she wouldn't be really knowing because they might as well inhabit separate planets as the adjoining dressing-room suites which they do inhabit. Virginia also told me that never once has she been in the home of any

(Continued on page 69)

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HORROR MEN

They should know—these men who have

SHALL I brew you a broth of horror? Shall I put into the caldron tremors and trepidations, palpitations and panic, to make you quake and quiver, shrink and shudder? Shall I make your flesh creep, your breath stop, your teeth chatter and your hair stand on end?

Then how can I better achieve this eerie, enjoyable end than by talking with the heart-quakes of Hollywood—than by asking the men who have "supped full with horrors." Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Basil Rathbone, Lionel Atwill, to define horror for us, to tell us what horror means to them. They should know—these men who have given us "Dracula," "Frankenstein" and "The Son of Frankenstein," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "Doctor X," "The Wax Museum" and "Murders in the Zoo." They've played characters sinister and perverse, macabre and ghostly, drenched in horror and the clamminess thereof.

So I began with Basil Rathbone. I said, "What constitutes real horror to you?"

"War!" screamed Rathbone, instantly. And I mean he screamed the word at me, horribly, so that its echoes hung around the room we sat in. "Going into an attack, paralyzed with fear, knowing that if we had our own free will, not a living man of us would go! Every living man

BY

MARTHA

KERR

Have you ever wondered why people *enjoy* books and pictures that make their flesh creep and their blood run cold? Lionel Atwill explains it for you.



TALK ABOUT HORROR

given us Dracula, Frankenstein and the rest of the sinister, hair-raising clan

of us would funk it. We go because we cease to be individuals. We become a mass machine. We are dominated by mass psychology. We become a composite Thing of arms, legs, heads and wills. We move into the attack only because it is the only way out. If we do not go into the attack, if we turn back one quivering inch, we are shot down like dogs—deserters. So we are forced to go forward, not because we are brave and gallant gentlemen, but because we are in a trap.

"War is a trap, a monstrous, gigantic, inconceivably barbarous trap. And there you have it. A trap is the most horrible thing in the world. Any kind of a trap. Because in a trap you are alone, crouched there with fear. There is Death screaming at you in front. There is Death sticking his tongue out at you from behind. You go over the top because it is the only way to get out. If there were any other way, a million voices would chorus, 'I can't face it! I can't face walking over the broken bodies of my comrades, over their spilled hearts and hopes and dreams. I can't and I won't.'

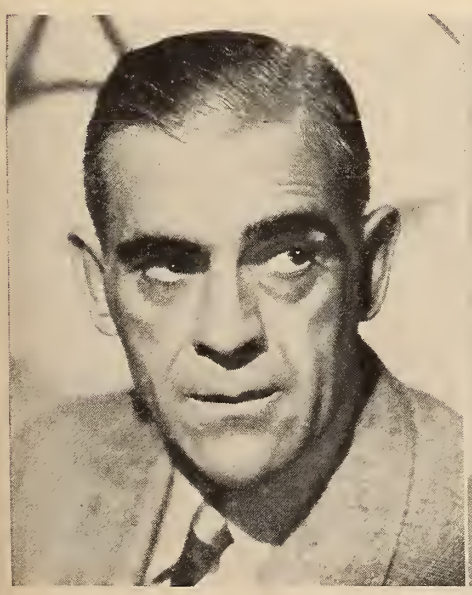
"I never stuck a bayonet into a man in my life. If I had, I would have known such horror that I would have screamed aloud and the scream would have wakened me out of the mass murder psychosis which alone preserved my reason. I would then have become an individual and would have lost my mind. I would have spent the rest of my life cutting out paper soldiers, tearing them apart, like that poor chap glimpsed in "The Little Princess." How many of him I have seen—not in pictures for the kiddies!

"War, I say, that's horror! It is a trap. In the trap a man, no longer a man, lives with Death. There is no horror like it!"

Boris Karloff faced me across the narrow confines of his portable dressing-room on the set of "Enemy Agent." His face was seamed from eye to chin. When he walked, he walked with a limp. Out of his maimed face his heart and spirit looked out, seeming to be maimed also.

Perhaps, I thought, when one walks with horror most of one's working, waking hours, one becomes twin to horror. One speaks with horror's twisted tongue, reaches out with horror's gruesome gestures, limps as horror limps, maimed and mutilated.

Mr. Karloff does not think so. Mr. Karloff says, "No, living with the macabre, as I do—I prefer to call it the macabre, not 'horror'—does not (*Continued on page* 68)



What does it do to a man to spend most of his working hours scarred, seamed, crippled or misshapen? Boris Karloff, who has done it, tells you.

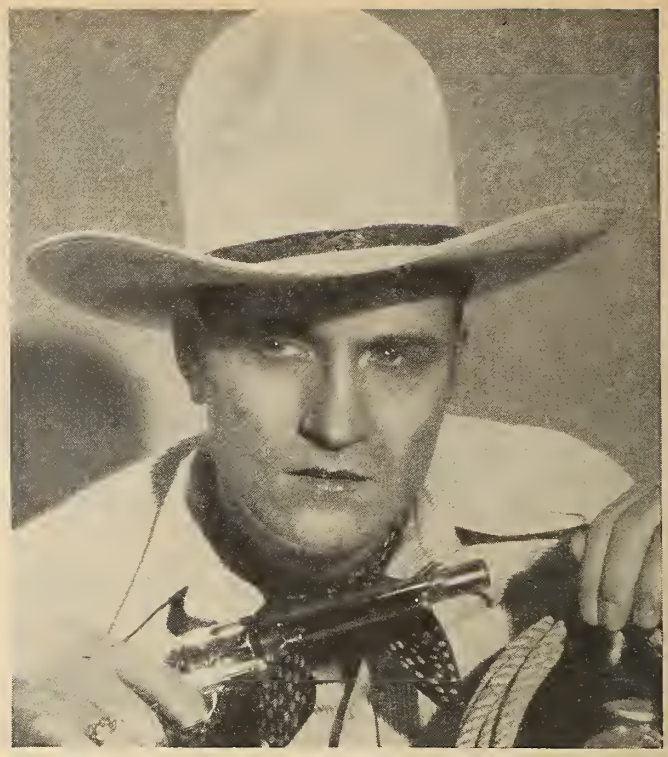


Basil Rathbone's ideas on the subject are based on the most terrifying experience he has lived through. Prepare to have your hair stand on end!



Bela Lugosi has caused more shudders and chills than any man on the stage or screen and yet there's nothing supernatural in what he knows as real horror.

THEY RIDE THE PICTURE PLAINS



Gene Autry, first and foremost, is Public Cowboy No. 1.

Believe it or not, Roy Rogers at one time wanted to be a dentist.

BY ROBERT MCILWAINE

WHEN THE box office scores were tabulated last season, it was discovered that, as a group, the cowboys and their hoss operas were "way up thar" as a group. You, the paying public, saw to that and good judgment it showed, too. For, there's no one more colorful than a cow gent, with his broad sombrero, bright neckerchief and stout boots. He spells thrills and adventure and the camera cowboy adds romance and glamor to an already daring, reckless character.

Take Gene Autry, Public Cowboy No. 1, for instance. Everybody from six to sixty shows up when Mr. Autry rides the picture plains for, besides galloping along the celluloid like a movie madman, Gene can sing. In fact, he sang his way into the movies. Way back "when," the lad warbled to the cattle on his Pa's ranch in Oklahoma. Thankless job—singin' to cows, but later on when he joined a medicine show, he was in tune while he dispensed cure-alls and patent medicines to the gullible.

It was not until 1930 that Gene became a professional singer. He landed a job on the radio out in Tulsa and was billed as "Oklahoma's Yodeling Cowboy" and four years later he was brought to the camera coast and starred in a serial called, "The Phantom Empire." Needless to say, the picture clicked and Mr. A. was all set for film fame. Champion, his world-famous horse, is almost equally famous. In fact, little Princess Elizabeth said that the thrill of her young life would arrive the day she was permitted to have a ride on Champion.

Yippee! There's no one more colorful and



Tex Ritter deserted the legal profession to become an actor.



Bill Boyd is known to his fans as "Hopalong Cassidy."

Tex Ritter, Monogram's cowboy star, deserted the legal profession to become an actor of outdoor drammers. Tex hails from Panola City, Texas, and learned to ride almost as soon as he learned to walk. As a kid, he rode the range with the best of 'em. He also learned the songs of the west.

Like his camera contemporary, Gene Autry, radio discovered this handsome six-footer who could toss off a mean ballad. Later he had a fling at Broadway and in 1936, our Mr. Ritter crashed the movies in a thriller named "Song of the Gringo." Tex is a modest lad. He simply doesn't react to praise and the day that will be *his* biggest will be the one on which he becomes owner of a cattle ranch. Meanwhile, his tangible pet idea is White Flash, his horse.

Believe it or not, Roy Rogers at one time wanted to be a dentist! And, it was only because his family met reverses that he isn't filling and yanking molars today. In 1928 he simply had to get out of school and earn a living at anything that would give him a weekly salary. It happened to be carving out soles in a shoe shop. Roy, like the other camera cowhands, had a voice and so he sang as he worked. In came a customer, out went Roy. The man had heard the lad sing and sent him off packing to—again—the radio. He warbled on a program called "Sons of the Pioneers." The group later made a personal appearance tour and it was while he appeared in the cinema capital that Roy was signed to play in a short subject, "Radio Scout."

However, it was not until two years ago that Rogers' first real movie chance came. He was put into a picture with Gene Autry and later signed to a long-term contract. You know the rest. Roy goes in heavily for outdoor sports. Golf, baseball and hunting come first and then there are occasional fishing trips.

Let's consider Cowboy William Boyd. Bill's western trail was a long and hard one. But he tramped it and to fame. He was attending school in Tulsa when both his parents died and he was left to face the world alone. He set out for the Pacific coast but only got as far as Arizona when he found himself flat broke. And so, he took a job in a sawmill. Little by little he saved enough to get to California and, when he arrived, became a movie extra. After several years of "bit" parts, Cecil B. DeMille gave him a real break, after which Bill became in demand at all the big studios.

Finally he was chosen for the role of Hoppy, in the "Hopalong Cassidy" series and now he's on easy street and very happy about it all. He's married to a pretty girl named Grace Bradley and they live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley far from the "tinsel town."

ANOTHER WHO'S tops with his fans is Cowboy Bob Steele who, from the time he was able to walk and recite, demonstrated his theatrical ability. Things started popping in Bob's life a scant two years after his birth in Portland, Oregon, on January 23rd, 1906. The little tot, scarcely old enough to play with his toes, made his stage debut at the age of two with his father and earned quite a reputation for himself. He then toured for Fanchon and Marco in a comedy sketch, and was billed with his father as the Murdock Brothers.

When he was fourteen years old, he began his screen career under the Pathé banner making "The Adventures of Bill and Bob" with his twin brother, and emerged with laurels equal to those bestowed upon stars. Some time later, he signed with the Film Booking offices and made numerous western pictures, establishing himself as a well-known "he-man" of the wide, open spaces. Since that time, Bob has been cast in about sixty productions for some of the big studios.

As might be expected when you look at Bob, he has starred in all forms of athletic prowess. He is mad about horses and is a good polo player, too. He likes to watch a polo match if he can't play in it, or a championship tennis match. Bob will tell you that he heartily dislikes strict formalities of any kind; cannot abide off-stage acting, and doesn't care for people who use four-syllable words when unnecessary.

And now you know a little better the men who ride the picture plains. A hard-working, unassuming, outdoor-loving lot—or, are we wrong?

thrilling than the camera cowboy and here are your five foremost favorites

HORROR MEN TALK ABOUT HORROR

(*Continued from page 65*)

induce in me the morbidities you may suppose. Much of the "credit" for horror should go to the make-up men of pictures, the unsung heroes of much of our "beauty" as well as much of our disfigurement. Gordon Barr, my make-up man, who wrestles with the Monster as neither Frankenstein nor his son have ever had to do, is largely responsible for the chills and fever I have given the world.

"To play a murderer, one does not have to be a murderer. Playing the macabre, living much of my life, as I certainly do, scarred, seamed, crippled or misshapen, as the case may be, does, if it does anything, arouse my imagination to an abnormal pitch. You cannot play abnormalities, disfigurements, distortions and mutilations of the flesh and brain, and just pull them out of the air. If you play a man with a third ear growing out of his forehead, you've got to think him out. You've got to invent his background. You've got to figure out his reactions to a world not composed of men with third ears.

SO that playing the characters I play does make me, possibly, more imaginative, more thoughtful than I would be if I played perfectly normal men. It is like the difference between travelling a main highway, paved, lighted, policed, and travelling a dark and jungle trail, where morasses, leprous trees, hidden ravines may trip or trap the path-finder.

"And so, I have thought on horror. I have given thought to what horror would most chillingly harrow up my soul, make my flesh creep and my hair stand on end. I say that horror is most horrible when it occurs in absolutely normal circumstances. If, for instance, you found someone's head under the sink in the kitchen where, ordinarily, you'd find a turnip—that is horror!

"To be physically repulsive and revolting to your fellow men, to walk, a pariah, among all peoples through no fault of your own, must be a bitter horror. Such a seam as I wear now, across my face, so that looking at me this way you do not see it, but turning my face suddenly, at this angle, you do see it and are smitten with a kind of terror like sickness. The cruel hideousness of Frankenstein's monster stalking a world of normal people. Anything that does not evoke the beneficent balm of pity is horror. We do not pity horror which is what makes it horror.

"Another horror is stone deafness. I really consider stone deafness the most horrible thing that could happen to me. I have listened to many people say that to them total blindness would be the Ultima Thule of horror. But stone deafness harks back to what I meant when I said that sheer horror is that which brings no pity. Blindness manifests itself and automatically demands and gets attention and sympathy. Stone deafness does not manifest itself and induces impatience and annoyance.

"I have heard a man, suddenly struck stone deaf, describe his experience. First, he senses fiery wheels going round and round in his bursting head—the whole world turning upside down. Then the curtain of absolute silence. He finds himself living in a world of puppets, making senseless, witless gesturings in his stony silence. Have you ever noticed the difference in disposition between one who is totally blind and one who is stone deaf? The blind are habitually sunny and gay and high of spirit and ready of laughter. Their pain is manifest and so is leavened and sweetened with constant attention, sweet sympathy and understanding. The deaf are liable to be petulant, morose, low of spirit, because their trouble is not sweetened with sympathy.

Mr. Karloff laughed a little. He was called to the set. He turned his seamed face toward me and we said goodbye. He said, "So you can say for me that horror in normal surroundings, and pain without pity is the real horror."

Bela Lugosi, famed Dracula of stage and screen, purveyor of more shudders, creeps and chills than any man on stage or screen, gave me his idea of horror. A more practical, everyday, utilitarian brand of horror than that expressed by Mr. Rathbone or Mr. Karloff.

Bela Lugosi said, "I have just emerged out of a period in my life, a period of such horror as neither rattling bones, ghosts that walk, vampires that arise out of their graves, Dracula himself, nor Frankenstein's monster could possibly give me. I have felt my spine melt to jelly as I read "The Beetle," "Singers of Fear," "The Turn Of The Screw," famed among horror stories, but I could read them on my death-bed now and laugh as I read, by comparison with the horror I have known.

"Horror, to me, comes not from the other world but from this one. I did not work for two years," said Mr. Lugosi with such stark simplicity that the very skeleton of Fear rattled its lean, bared bones. "During that time I had a son. My first child. Horror, to me, is what I lived through during those two years. Horror, to me, is sitting, as I sat, night and day, day and night, by the telephone, thinking, 'Now comes the call . . . now . . . now . . . *now*!" Horror, to me, is knowing that if the call did not come, there would not be food in the ice-box, nor light nor heat nor a place for my unborn baby to lay his head, nor a roof over the head of his mother. There is no agony like it.

"Horror, to me, is losing our home as we did. Our home into which I had put all of my savings. Horror, to me, is learning that you cannot influence your Destiny. Horror, to me, is the reptilian sting of the knowledge of my own stupidity, my own lack of foresight, my belief that because I had always worked, I would always work.

"I sat by the phone until I grew to the chair. I haunted, as Dracula himself could not have haunted, agents, studios, casting offices, places where Lugosi might profitably be seen, be remembered. Horror, to me, is the moving picture of myself, an actor, struggling for another chance, a contract, a week's work, a day's work, a bit, an extra job. And knowing that the more I struggled, the more frantic and therefore the more obvious my squirmings and gaspings, the more I was defeating my own ends. For horror is knowing that you won't find anybody to give you a hand when you are down. A down-and-out actor is already a ghost haunting the corridors where once he walked a star.

"At long last, you come home one day, as I came home, and your wife tells you that the call has come and the gates are opened again!

"No, I am not afraid of the supernatural. I am afraid only of the horror I have just described. Now horror, to me, concerns my baby. Horror that an automobile may pass over him when he is old enough to run about at play. Horror that a hand may snatch him from where he sleeps. Fear, of course, fear is what I am trying to say. Fear is horror. Not fear for one's self—fear for those you love better than yourself. Fear lest through your failure they may go hungry, go cold, go homeless or be hurt. Fear for those I love—that is what horror means to me."



The "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" gal, Mary Martin, makes her screen debut in "The Great Victor Herbert."

WHAT did Lionel Atwill have to say of Horror? Mr. Atwill, whose pictured eyes can be so cold, whose mouth can twist with a thin, sardonic smile which does indeed forebode the worst, said, "Paralysis would be the real horror to me. It would be pretty horrible to have an arm or a leg torn off. But you cannot feel horror without imagination and at the time of such a fatality the imagination is paralyzed, ceases to function. Pain stultifies conscious thought. Horror is more mental than physical. Therefore, when the mental processes are frozen by pain, horror is held at bay."

"But paralysis, the body inactive, the brain over-active—paralysis where there is no pain, where the body reduced to futility, the brain must grow preternaturally voracious and strong and fat on the inutile body. This, to me, constitutes horror.

"Fear of the unknown is the strongest of the human emotions. We do not fear what we know, but only what we do not know. And, perversely, we all love Fear. As all men love Death, denying it. The love of fear is why horror pictures are so overwhelmingly popular, why men and women devour murder mysteries. Any librarian will tell you that she cannot feed her customers horrors and murders fast enough. We all enjoy what I call the "safe goose pimples" that seeing horror pictures and reading murder mysteries give us. For at such times we can pull ourselves together with a snap and say 'I am really safe in the theatre,' or 'I am really snug in bed with the night light going.'

"But paralysis," said Mr. Atwill, with a rare Atwillian shudder, "is my real symbol of horror."

Now, I have brewed you a broth of real horror. Can you take it?

DO THEY DISLIKE EACH OTHER?

(Continued from page 63)

one of her many fellow feminine players.

Virginia's answer to the question is a kindly one, fair enough, too, as far as it goes. She says that the girls are not friends because they haven't time to be or rather their times-to-be don't coincide. In other words, when Hedy Lamarr is working, Virginia is not working; when Virginia is working, Hedy isn't and so on. Fair enough as far as it goes, but there *was* the day when I beheld each little star seated in her own little orbit. And there are those lone lunch hours "enjoyed" by Brenda Joyce and Linda, Brenda Marshall and Jane. No, Virginia, it isn't good enough.

So now you have it. Now you know as much as I do about whether Hollywood actresses hate each other or not. Under cross examination I would say that I don't think they hate each other. They are not enemies. They have few, if any, personal vendettas. They seldom, if ever, clash over the same man, because they seldom, if ever, come into close enough contact for such sparks to fly.

But on the other hand, I'd say that they don't love each other, either. I would say that they live, and let live, in a state of armed neutrality.

Brenda may have the answer to the question when she says it is all too big and they are afraid. Paulette may have the solution when she says that women talk too much and so they do not talk at all to each other. Intensive rivalry in a furiously competitive field may tell the story. But I am inclined to believe that a famed and brilliant male star found the answer when he said, "Women stars are never friends with other women stars because two highly charged bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time and survive!"

I vote for that solution. Imagine trying to keep up with a Loy, a Davis, a Garbo. Then imagine a Davis, a Loy, a Lombard keeping up with each other!



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Torch-singer Ethel Mermon will desert Hollywood for o while to oppear in o sparkling Broadway musicol, "Du Barry Wos o Lody."



Phil Regan is another movie nome thot will be in the show. It's o Cole Porter number so we know it'll be first-closs stuff.



Not satisfied with the ports the movie moguls hond her, Betty Grable, too, is going to try her luck with the "Du Borry" gong.

THEY MADE HER WHAT SHE IS TODAY

(*Continued from page 29*)

Class B pictures for Miss Sheridan complacently giving credit to any such commodity as oomph.

"Paramount thought I was so good," Miss Sheridan remarked ironically, "they let me work out my contract in bit parts. And when I was free as the air of any contractual entanglements on that lot, it's strange how all the dozens of screen tests I took in every studio didn't impress executives. It looked for a long time as though I just wasn't movie material. Then I was signed by Warners and I had more months to renew associations among bit players and Class B actresses.

"But they came through just in time," Ann said, and in her voice was all the remembering of how long she'd been discouraged and how often it looked like she'd never get up into the featured ranks in such productions as have premieres.

"I sure waited long enough, honey," was the way she added up her term of obscure apprenticeship.

It was "Angels With Dirty Faces," in the lead opposite Jimmy Cagney, that really altered Annie's Hollywood record. Her strangely attractive eyes that change color light up enthusiastically when she mentions Mr. Cagney.

"He was grand to me while we made that one," she said. "I was so nervous about everything, especially when busloads of tourists peeped in through the door as we rehearsed. There was one scene where I had to slap Jimmy pretty hard and I think we went over that part dozens of times before they finally shot the scene. Anyhow, I spent all day slapping him and he had a headache by the time they thought I'd gotten it right."

"I don't mind your hitting me so much as long as we get the scene right," Jimmy would tell her.

And as Miss Sheridan added, "All through the picture he'd take me off to the side and help me rehearse my part until he felt I was doing as well as I was able to."

ANNIE doesn't live in Denton, Texas, any more. But her three sisters and her mother do. And are they proud of her! Especially the older sister who sent her picture into the Paramount "Search for Beauty" Contest seven years ago, a contest which Miss Sheridan won and which took her to Hollywood. Only she was Clara Lou Sheridan until she appeared in the picture.

As Clara Lou, Annie was one of the belles at Texas North State Teachers' College for the two years she attended, gleaning educational credits that would get her a teacher's job in Dallas.

One day, the school's most beautiful redhead was up in a dance studio where she and other students took lessons. Waiting her turn, she hummed a few bars of "Mood Indigo."

"Sing that through for me!" a stranger standing nearby ordered the self-conscious college girl. Obediently she went through the whole thing in her husky, engaging voice.

"You get the job!" the stranger announced portentously. "The job" proved to be soloist with a little orchestra that played all the college dances around Texas. Miss Sheridan held it until Paramount paid her fare to California.

It's nice to have a sister who thinks you're beautiful enough to enter a contest and who obligingly sends your portrait in, especially as you wouldn't think of doing it yourself. Most winners seem to have one. Anyhow, Miss Sheridan did. While Annie was busy crooning choruses with the college band, her older sister entered her in the Paramount beauty race and Miss Sheridan was chosen from the Texas entrants.

"There were thirty of us—all beauty contest winners from all over the world, brought to Hollywood for the 'Search for Beauty' picture," Ann recalls. "We were put up at the Roosevelt Hotel and everyone of us believed we'd be stars in a few months. Only four of us were kept on after the film was completed. But the bits I was given for three years seemed to indicate they'd regretted their bargain in signing me. The roles were that bad.



Meet Ingrid Bergman, the excellent Swedish actress who made her debut in "Intermezzo!" She's in Sweden now, but we hope she returns to Hollywood soon.

"I was still so hopeful that when I finished at Paramount I thought it was merely a matter of testing at another studio to be signed up again."

Alas, Miss Sheridan had to learn the hard way. A year of what is called free-lancing, which may also break down into huge slices of payless vacations, followed for her.

"If you ask me what's the worst thing happened to me in Hollywood—that's it!" Annie admitted when alluding to the free-lancing era of her young movie life.

Then came the contract with Warners bringing more unimportant parts until somebody decided that not only was Ann Sheridan beautiful but she could act. So they teamed her with Cagney, which was a break any girl would send up thanks for. Afterwards the glamorous Ann was loaned out for "Winter Carnival," a subject about which she is quite reticent—though privately opinionated. She just mentions in passing that it didn't turn out as she planned.

"Angels Wash Their Faces" was made after that, before the oomph girl title was bestowed on Annie. And the coronation made her what she is today. She hopes everybody's satisfied. Her fans are. It took several policemen to hold the hundreds of gaping admirers in check every time she emerged from the stage door around a Broadway corner.

Watching her move along gracefully, with a veil thrown carelessly over her curly red hair; her creamy skin as smooth as gardenia petals, her eyes sparkling and her voluptuous lips parted in a smile, it is easy to see why her bosses thought they had darn good material for an oomph girl. There's a vitalic essence of youth about her, in spite of her off-hand breeziness, which some of the older movie stars would give a lot to have. She's the sort of a girl who can look beautiful and wholesomely healthy even with a bad cold.

"Have you met little Gwennie?" is usually one of the questions Ann Sheridan asks during any prolonged conversation. There's an un-cinemalike friendliness in her voice when she says it.

BACK in the girlhood days in Denton, Texas, Ann Sheridan had a chum. They played games together, told each other secrets, did their homework at one of the two houses. And later went to dances in their own group from the small town near Dallas. The other girl's name was Gwendolyn Woodford and her present address is Ann's English house in the Valley, miles beyond Hollywood.

Gwennie's official title is Secretary to Miss Sheridan but they're still inseparable friends, after sixteen years. Where Annie goes, Gwennie goes, also. She made the trip east with her famous chum, and fortunately likes the same things Ann does—dancing, especially the rhumba; swimming and, since the Sheridan pay checks became larger, shopping for new clothes. They're both dreaming about a vacation in Mexico City and they both have lots of beaux.

They used to live in a Monterey house but just before Ann started her personal appearance trip, they were moved into the English home on a hillside, a charming place that is built on the upgrade, like its owner's 1940 fortunes.

Annie goes in for simple tailored daytime clothes but splurges on her evening gowns which are eye-compelling creations along strictly glamorous lines.

When Miss Sheridan was reminded that the New York columnists had developed a ten-day habit of coupling her name romantically with Anatole Litvak, Annie laughed heartily.

"If it weren't Mr. Litvak, it would be somebody else," was all she would answer. Though a lot of bon vivants around Manhattan were loudly envious of the movie director who was, until not so long ago, married to Miriam Hopkins.

Annie can't remember her first beau, nor her first party. But, then, there were a lot of both in the Texas college years. And, if she hasn't been escorted nightly by dozens of Hollywood's famous men, it's been those occasions when Annie preferred to curl up with a good book.

MADELEINE CARROLL WANTS CHILDREN

(*Continued from page 57*)

While she's working on a picture, the English star lives in her beach house at Santa Monica. She was born near the sea, not far from Birmingham, England. Her real name is O'Carroll and as such she was known when she was a student in Birmingham University. Even there, in her first years she fought for scholastic honors only because they would give her a better chance to make money. Teaching—or whatever job she could get—was to be her tool for financial independence. She won her bachelor of arts degree and obtained a teaching position in Brighton. But the director of a Birmingham Stock company offered her a place with his troupe and, while her father protested vehemently, she deserted the schoolmarm ranks.

When Madeleine finally determined on a theatrical career, she invaded London with less than ten dollars in her purse. She ate only when she was so hungry it was an absolute necessity and made her meager funds last until she got a job. She was on top of the world, she thought, when she made fifteen dollars a week in a small role touring the provinces with a company of "The Lash."

LATER, before success came, she got odd jobs modeling. She still remembers what it was like to walk miles of London streets because she didn't have tram fare. Her first film break came when she was given a part in a film drama called "Guns of Loos," and after that came almost a half year of idling and job-hunting again. The picture when released, did not cause a stir, nor did Miss Carroll wake up after its premiere to find herself famous. Eventually she did play in the "The First Born" which Myles Mander directed and which evoked her first fan mail. From then on, her workless months were ended. One season she had four of her pictures presented in London simultaneously.

It was while Miss Carroll was a rising star in London that she met the important Philip Astley who, like many another man in the British capital, fell head over heels in love with the new favorite. They were married in an Italian village with only the townspeople as witnesses and it looked auspiciously as though the marriage would be a lifetime thing. Only Miss Carroll came to Hollywood, Captain Philip Astley stayed in London and soon came the rumors that the separation was to be made permanent.

When, or if, an annulment comes, perhaps Miss Carroll may then have decided with whom she'll have a second try at marriage. But by then, she hopes she'll be through with acting and financially equipped to meet retirement and the future with no fear that ever again will she know what it is to go hungry.

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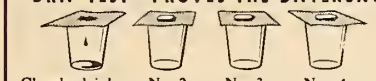
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Picture of a glamor girl in an off-guard moment. Marlene Dietrich is making her return to the screen in "Destry Rides Again," a western of all things. It looks as if the wide open spaces are a bit hard on the tootsies!

THE NEW JOAN CRAWFORD

(*Continued from page 41*)

dressing table, applying false eyelashes with the dexterity of long years of practice. "Look at these," she snorted. "Glamor! *I* could have given them a title for their articles. 'Joan Crawford Is Through Being a Glamor Girl.' I'm so fed up with glamor that some day I'm going to walk down Hollywood Boulevard to a preview with my hair in kid curlers and no make-up on, and scare the daylights out of everybody."

It seems that she and the executive powers differed as to the kind of parts she ought to play. "Glamor girls," said the Powers. "No glamor girls," said Joan.

She puts her case this way, "I'm not ungrateful for what the studio has done for me. They taught me everything I know. They've done miracles with me. But I came here when I was a baby. They put me in rompers, which was all right then. Now I'm ready for a party dress. I want to be allowed to outgrow rags-to-riches pictures. I'm sick of fairy tales, and so are the people who go to see me. I wanted stories like 'Ethan Frome' and 'Dark Victory.' People have grown past the stage where they're satisfied to be fed on milk and water. Life's too full of heartbreak, especially now. We can't close our eyes to it any longer. Put it on the screen, and it not only helps you to solve your own problems, but it gives you courage to face your own tragedies. And from the purely selfish point of view," she added grimly, "it would give me a chance to answer the who-says-Joan-Crawford-can-act school."

But the first part she fought for was in a comedy called, "The Women." The studio thought she was crazy.

"Crystal's too small for you, Joan."

"It may be small, but it can be made outstanding."

"It's unsympathetic from start to finish. Not a redeeming feature in the gal."

"Look," said Joan. "I want a good picture, that's what I want, and I want it more than anything else. I can't seem to get a prestige picture on my own. All right then, I'll sneak in on somebody else's. May I go out to see Mr. Stromberg and ask for the part?"

They shrugged. "Sure. Go ahead."

They didn't take her seriously. She was a star. Though every scene of Crystal's was unforgettably etched in acid, the role wasn't Crawford-size. True, they had used her once before with such names as Garbo and Barrymore. But that had been "Grand Hotel," an all-star picture. This was supposed to be a vehicle for Norma Shearer.

Suddenly, as news of "The Women" spread abroad—its novel theme, its brilliant lines, its fat roles—others began to clamor to get in on it. The studio soon began to wonder if they didn't have another all-star production on their hands. Or at any rate, triple-star. Maybe Joan was right.

Meantime, Joan was planted on the doorstep of the producer. She couldn't help a wry smile as she thought, "I feel as if I were on my first job. This is how I *got* my first job—by haunting producers' offices."

JOAN was cast as Crystal. Her exit line in the movie runs something like this: "There's a name for you ladies, but it isn't used in polite society—outside of a kennel." The name was appropriate to Crystal. Joan played her that way, hard as nails. She asked no sympathy for the character, and got none. "She has courage," said people who have never been Crawford enthusiasts, "even if it's the courage of desperation."

Whether the performance has helped her to regain lost ground, it's too soon to tell. The studio may have been right in its first reluctance to have her play it. The fans may not relish the sight of their Joan as a vulgar husband-thief. On the other hand, Bette Davis was launched into triumph by a Mildred as disagreeable as Joan's Crystal.

"I'm not afraid to start all over again from scratch," Joan said. "I'm not afraid of any parts but the sappy ones. So long as the bone has a scrap of meat attached, I'll grab it.

"I've never considered myself the great mogul. If you do, and then take a tumble, it's hard on you. I've had my eyes open to the danger of falling ever since I hit a spot high enough to fall from.

"I've tried not to take flattery seriously. There's plenty of it, as I don't have to tell you, on the way up—a little less on the way down. I'm human. I'm pleased when people say nice things about me. But I don't swallow sugar wholesale. I eat what's good for me, discard the rest.

"So I have no delusions of grandeur about myself. I can still sweep and clean house. I can still wash my own clothes and stick them on the windowpane to dry, if I have to." The hand that held the lipstick dropped, and her lips tightened as she added, "But I won't have to.

"I'll fight like fury. I'll be in everybody's hair. Every time I hear someone has a good picture, I'll be in there asking for a part and yelling till I get it. One actress on this lot turned down 'Susan and God,' because she didn't want to play a mother. I'll play Wally Beery's grandmother if the old lady has fire.

"And whatever I play, it'll be with my whole heart, if it's just one line. The point isn't merely to pick up my pay check on Saturday. I'm not saying the money isn't important. I'm saying the work is more important. I can't live without work. I'm not a movie star. I'm a woman with a job, and I've got to make good at that job, or else."

Since then, Joan has been assigned to the feminine lead opposite Clark Gable in "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep." She's not playing Wally Beery's grandmother nor a part overshadowed by others, but a starring role with the industry's No. 2 box office draw.

Whether she yelled till she got it, we wouldn't be knowing. Most front offices are proof against yelling. Even the contract, which still has five years to run, wouldn't wholly account for this last move. There are ways of getting round contracts. Warners tried to starve Kay Francis out by putting her into B pictures. The fact that Joan has been cast in a major production with Hollywood's top male star would indicate that the studio's faith has been strengthened by her performance in "The Women."

Will their faith be vindicated?

Joe Pasternak, that astute producer, once said: "No studio, no executive, no director ever made a star. It's Susie Doakes, paying her quarter at the window, who makes or breaks a movie star."

Which puts it squarely up to you, Susie Doakes. To you and Joan.



These ore some of the six-inch people of Lilliput in the Mox Fleischer full-length color cortoon of Swift's fomous "Gulliver's Trovels."



They monoge to moke o captive of their ship-wrecked giant visitor, but when he frightens owoy on invoding fleet, they knight him.



Gulliver has his hands full helping the little people ond bringing the romance of Princess Glory ond Prince Dovid to o hoppy ending.

THE RETURN OF ROZ

(*Continued from page 52*)

only give me some scrambled eggs and shut up," she shrieks. But somehow they seldom think of that.

Miss R. has, as she puts it, a bunch of sisters and brothers. She is inordinately proud of them. She plays herself down and them up. To hear her tell it, they're the most accomplished human beings extant. And probably she has something there.

She'd like to direct and our bet is that some day, some how, she will. She knows story values and ability at a long range. In fact, very little escapes her. She admires Bette Davis' acting and likes her tremendously personally. Spencer Tracy is her favorite actor and the attractive, unattached male in general serves as her escort. She claims that she makes more of a hit with eastern men "because they don't mind a dame evincing a few brains" than the western variety, where a gal is supposed to be ultra feminine and do a lot of languishing.

You might not like Roz—but we can't imagine *that*—yet you'd never be bored. For she has so much vitality and is so spontaneous that she's a surprise a minute. And now, Roz returns, and in a good picture, with even better ones to come.

SHE'S A REBEL

(*Continued from page 33*)

on how to run up a romance! In the first place, I've learned there's little to be gained by asking friends what they'd do. Discussing your problems, except most casually, makes for insincerity. To keep up her side of the friendship your confidante will attempt to soothe you. I make up my own mind and if I choose unwisely I'll know better next time. Besides, no one's going to be on tap all of the time to help you.

"Women chit-chat so much about a 'line.' I have no particular line with men. You don't need one. I never bother to scheme out a conversation ahead, for it'd be dreadful rather than glamorous when the pauses came. No, if a man doesn't like you as you actually are, he'll walk out when he discovers you had to pose to be good company.

"Women can get a woman into such messes, if you let them lead you around. Women have said to me at parties, 'Loretta, why don't you take that handsome man away from So-and-So? You could, you know, dear!' I am not flattered. Any female can be that sort.

I DON'T believe in the legend of love at first glance, often as it's told me. It isn't for me, at any rate. Because I have been in love, and it's not been a sudden miracle. I've grown into love. That is my way.

"And indifference will never seem clever to me. It doesn't make a man fascinating to me. If a man isn't friendly the first time we're introduced I'll never see him again long enough to stumble onto his hidden qualities.

"I still regret the one big lie I was argued into telling a man. A woman friend of mine was positive I couldn't be perfectly sincere with a man with whom I wanted to break up. He wouldn't forgive me if I were honest, she claimed. I was silly enough to believe that. So I told him I couldn't see him any more because I was in love with someone else. A line certainly failed then. For two months later, when he'd had time to find out I wasn't even going out with another man, he called me up and asked why I'd lied to him. I tried to explain. 'You evidently hadn't much confidence in me,' he said. 'I didn't deserve a lie, did I?' He was still hurt, after all my fumbling to explain. I see him occasionally and, believe me, I am still ashamed.

"I think it's foolish to proclaim, 'I'm frank and honest at any cost!' For the girl who's so proud of being frank is very liable to lose her delicacy, her femininity. That attitude makes her cold. And the one thing I don't rebel against is being a woman. It's not brilliant to forget that we were, after all, designed to be men's mates. I remember informing a man that I had faults. I must have been on a soap-box. 'Why, I'm losing faith in you!' he declared. 'Be truthful but diplomatic' has been my motto since.

"I make it plain that I expect a lasting, and certainly a mutually loyal, marriage. I don't want a fair-weather husband. I object to dictation from any man, meanwhile. I am a free agent until I'm engaged or married. I'll fall in love with a man for his faults, even though it's traditional to think only of his virtues. I do count on marrying, for a home and children are normal for any woman, regardless of whether or not she's wanted any kind of a career. But, contrary to all speculation, I'm not wasting away because I haven't a husband today!

"The reason I've been rumored engaged year after year is because reporters assume we're engaged here in Hollywood after two dates in a row.

"I won't continue to go with any man if I realize that we're becoming too intrigued and that marriage is out of the question for us. The sophisticates decree that the woman should go on being 'just friends' after an emotional breaking-off. Whoever figured that one out is a bit super-human. I know that a clean, complete break is the only climax if you can't go on to marriage.

CERTAINLY I dallied with the romantic idea of being a martyr. But the only real satisfaction I've known has come from doing my best. So long as I know I'm sincere, my life can't be ruined. Some women prefer everything smooth on top and make their lives seem so by lying. I'm not proud of my errors, but when I get up in the morning I don't have to put on a mask for the world.

"I don't agree with that proverb, 'Live today without thought of tomorrow, for it will take care of itself.' That's stupid to me, for it won't. Anyway, I have to have goals.

"I'm free-lancing now. I refused to sign another long-term contract because I know what being on continual studio call is like. My whole life was geared up like a streamline train. It was rush, rush, rush, and I'd have burned myself out if I'd kept it up. I lost friends as fast as I got acquainted because there was too little time between pictures. I had only two real trips in thirteen years, and then I had to absolutely quit and walk out in spite of legal warnings."

Loretta hopes to do three extra-good films a year henceforth, instead of twice that many on a steady grind. "I'm an awful rebel in their eyes for deciding not to work so strenuously, but dumb as it may seem I want to have more time to enjoy living!

"But why should I give advice? I don't think any girl will pay any attention to me, nor that she can profit by any experiences but her own. No, I'm not cynical. I'm simply more emotional than logical myself! She may be, too."

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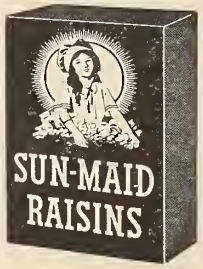
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If you have a little more patience, try the blouse at the left. The body and sleeves are knitted in one color angora wool, while the yoke and borders are crocheted in a contrasting shade of the same yarn. It's trim and yet very feminine in its soft detail.

* * *

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Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.

HEAVENLY HARD GUY

(*Continued from page 27*)

Community Playhouse. He got up in the middle of the night to haul vegetables around the big city markets. In the afternoon, during the racing season, he gunned the expensive cars of the movie stars around the vast parking lot at Santa Anita. When Bob first met Gary Cooper on the "Beau Geste" set, he said he felt like piping "Check, please." The last time they had bumped into each other was at the Santa Anita auto park.

At any rate, to tuck up a long story, Gilmor Brown, the Community Playhouse mentor, tutored him into a fair country actor, though oddly enough, he always seemed to end up wearing a muff or playing an old, old man. Under age in real life, but one foot in the grave on the stage—that was Bob. He might be there still, hiding his light under a bushel of spinach, acting by night and fertilizing by day, if the new masses hadn't got around to him, in the form of the Screen Actors Guild.

They suddenly put a ban on professional actors playing in amateur productions for no pay and Bob found himself plunked at the last minute, like Frank Merriwell, into the star's part of "Idiot's Delight." There's always a Hollywood talent scout in the Pasadena Playhouse audience, and while Bob was no Alfred Lunt or even Clark Gable doing his off-to-Buffalo, the Paramount talent hawk didn't exactly fall asleep in his chair. On the contrary, after the show he hotfooted it backstage and lured Bob with fancy talk about Paramount, Hollywood and a career in the movies. Bob was nineteen at the time.

THERE have been some high hurdles for Bob Preston to take between then and now. The first was the "truck driver" episode, when he almost poked away his chances with an angry fist. Then, when he had tamed his temper and Paramount had changed its mind, he had to take a Marathon test with enough film footage for a feature picture before they decided to give him a contract. And just as that decision arrived, he actually got a chance to go to Broadway and open in a new play. It took a lot of nerve to turn that down, but Bob did, and he thanks his lucky stars the crystal ball came out right. Because the play lasted about as long as a pork chop in Harlem, while Paramount is still open for business, and Robert Preston is Paramount's favorite son.

Cecil B. DeMille tags Bob as the best male star prospect the movies have had for many a semester. In his own opinion, Bob will take his job in "Union Pacific" as the best thing he's done to date, though he's since Beau Gested with Gary Cooper and Typhooned with Dorothy Lamour.

He's kept extensive notes in his little black book about them both, too—just to convince his old Lincoln Heights sidekicks that he's handling a man's job. For, as I said, the public opinion of Lincoln Heights still comes first.

He can tell 'em, if they get nosey, about the 110 degree days on the burning Arizona desert sands when he lugged Gary Cooper, Brian Donlevy and Ray Milland, no lightweights, around on his neck; about the sandstorm, the scorpions, the rattlesnakes, the saddle sores and all the Spartan location details of making "Beau Geste." Or he can go very thoroughly into the thirteen foot sharks fishermen were pulling out of the Catalina bay, right next to where he was doing his swimming for "Typhoon." Or the scrambling around he had to do in a tree-top forty feet or so above *terra firma* or, worst of all, his encounters with a belligerent chimpanzee, one "Skippy," who starred in the picture quite as much as Bob or Dorothy.

SKIPPY is the monk who effected a combination body-slam and haymaker on Dorothy Lamour from which she's still limping around. But he was just playing then. He really worked out on Bob, up in the tree house where Skippy knew his way around. Once, he waited until Bob was helpless sliding down on a jungle elevator they'd rigged up with vine cables. Then Skippy opened with Bob's face as a punching bag. Another time the chimp nipped Bob on the hand. "Just relax," his trainer counseled Bob sweetly. "He wants to be friends. Put your hand out again and he'll kiss it and make it well." Bob's heart moved within him and he stuck out his paw. The next minute he was yelling "Yeeeooow!" Skippy made sure that the second chaw went down to the bone.

On the high life side, the circus is about as strenuous a social program as Robert Preston cares to undertake in Hollywood as yet. The gay whirl of Movieland is still all very new to him and a little frightening. He did get to the Trocadero a night or two, as he grins, "Just to see how the other half lives." His comment afterwards was to the point: "It costs too much," said Bob.

Bob hasn't any too much money yet to toss around in the fleshpots, even if he cared to. He never sees his check. His mother takes it, gives him what he needs and plants the rest in annuities for him. He still lives with the folks, in a modest apartment. He drives the same car he always did and he hasn't half the clothes that his stand-in has.

But it isn't the money that stops him there. It's just the fact that Robert Preston looks and feels a whole lot better in a sport shirt and slacks than he does in a dinner jacket. He's not cut out for the fancy life. He's a meat and potato boy. He has one real girl, a Los Angeles school teacher, who is his sweetheart of long standing, and Bob isn't planning any changes in the romance department. His several dates with Dorothy Lamour were practically inevitable after the tragi-comic location ordeal of "Typhoon," but it's strictly a pals proposition.

Bob is a rabid football fan, he haunts the midget auto races and the baseball park, and of course, has a permanent ringside seat for the Friday night Hollywood fight cards.

The other night Bob sat there and watched two leather pushers slug it out on the canvas above him. One was a curly-headed kid, young in years but bearing the familiar scars of a long ring career. A slight shudder went through Bob Preston's big frame as he rose and trailed out of the stadium. He was thinking that, all in all, he was a mighty lucky Lincoln Heights guy, that the movies weren't so bad after all.

The curly-headed has-been prizefighter looked too much like what Bob Meservy might have been for comfort. "There, but for the grace of Hollywood . . ." muttered Bob Preston. And he meant it.

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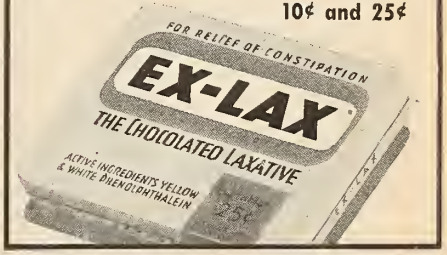


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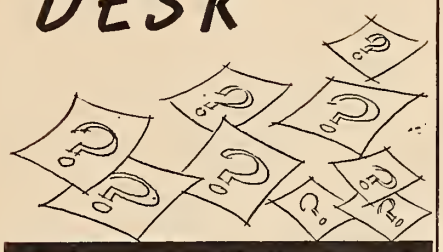
GRETA GARBO: It was Greta Gustafson's modeling a hat for a Stockholm, Sweden department store that really started things happening. When their father's death left them penniless, the Gustafson family had to get busy. Though Greta was only fourteen years old, she got a job in a millinery department—but not for long. One day her picture appeared in an ad and she was immediately signed to appear in a trade film on hats. A Swedish comedy director looking for new talent, saw the film, liked this slim, young girl and cast her in a movie called "Erick, the Tramp." During this time she was studying and doing some acting with the Dramatic School of the Royal Theatre in Stockholm and had decided she wanted to be a great actress. Circumstances kept rushing her toward her goal. Mauritz Stiller, Sweden's best director, snapped her up at this point, changed her name to Garbo and starred her in "The Atonement of Gosta Berling." Her European reputation was made! Then Hollywood stepped in. M-G-M scouts discovered her and she was immediately imported. These were the silent days so the fact that she could not speak English was no drawback. Her first American picture was "The Torrent" and then followed the pictures with John Gilbert that made her the symbol of exotic romance. The talkies arrived and everyone thought Garbo was through. But she had learned to speak English fluently in six months, and remember the excitement when "Garbo spoke" for the first time in "Anna Christie?" Now, after a long European vacation, she is making her debut as a comedienne in "Ninotchka." Naturally shy and timid, Garbo makes very few social appearances. When she does sally forth, she is seldom recognized in her shapeless felt hats and rough-tweeds. A born athlete, she is fond of sunbaths, swimming and yachting. See the review of "Ninotchka" on page 10.



EDWARD ARNOLD wanted to be an actor ever since he was a kid. His real name is Guenther Schneider and he was born in New York City on Feb. 18th, 1890 of German parents. Unfortunately, his father died before he was fifteen and he was forced to leave school and work for a living. He accepted odd jobs, such as in a jeweler's shop, sold newspapers, acted as bell-hop and finally as an oiler in the engine room at Columbia University. By this time, Edward had finally made up his mind that he wanted a career in the motion picture industry, preferably behind a camera or in some branch of the production end, and he bent all his energies toward this end. First, he became a member of the famous Ben Greet Players, graduating to plays with Maxine Elliott and Ethel Barrymore. Later he joined stock companies and, after eleven years of experience on the road and a small part in a silent picture in 1916, made his debut on Broadway in 1919 in "The Storm." While playing a roadhouse presentation of "Whistling In The Dark," he was noticed by a movie scout, who signed him to a movie contract. Edward studies his roles at home and everywhere else, often repeating his lines to himself right in the middle of someone's perfectly good conversation. He likes current novels and spends most of his spare time reading. He has traveled extensively and would like to live in Southern France. To keep fit he does nothing unusual but indulges in his favorite sports, tennis and lots of horseback riding. His performance in "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" is first-rate and something you shouldn't miss. Arnold is five feet, eleven inches from head to toe, and weighs two hundred pounds. He is married to Olive Emerson, concert soprano, and has three children from a previous marriage. You'll find a review of "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" on page 10.



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND owes her phenomenal knowledge of the technique of acting to the fact that her mother, famous in London as a dramatic coach, took her in hand at an early age and began to train her for the stage and screen. She was born in Tokio, Japan, on July 1st, 1916, of English parentage, and at the age of three years came to San Francisco, Cal., with her parents and sister, who now calls herself Joan Fontaine. After completing her education at the Los Gatos Union High School and Notre Dame Convent, Olivia turned to acting as a career. While playing the part of Puck in a school production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she got the job of understudy in Max Reinhardt's open-air production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl. Gloria Stuart, who was to play the role of Hermia, became ill and had to be recalled. That gave Olivia the opportunity to step into the role. She scored a success, toured the nation with the Reinhardt troupe and was soon screen tested by Warner Bros. for the movie version. The next thing Olivia knew, she had signed a contract. Her favorite screen roles are Hermia in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Marcia in "It's Love I'm After" and Melanie in "Gone With The Wind." Outside of acting, she is most interested in sketching, sculpting and writing. When it comes to pet aversions, she despises parsnips, cigarette smoke, snakes and cooking. She has a suppressed desire to be an author, and her favorite extravagances are spending money on shoes and stockings. Olivia is five feet, four inches in height, weighs one hundred seven pounds, has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. Her last pictures are "Gone With The Wind" and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex." You can write her in care of Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Calif. Review of "Elizabeth and Essex" on page 10.



Dear Readers:

You've been swamping us with requests for information of the leading stars appearing in ★★★ and ★★★★ pictures currently playing in your neighborhood theatres. Therefore, we have decided to change our policy and print their biographies each month. Remember that questions of general interest will be answered here as usual. If you desire a personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

we'll answer them

Virginia Hale, Seattle, Wn. Hedy Lamarr and Spencer Tracy did make a picture together called "I Take This Woman," but the reason you never saw it is because it was shelved.

Harry Greenberg, Brooklyn, N. Y. Deanna Durbin's real name is Edna Mae Durbin, and she was born in Winnipeg, Canada, on December 4th, 1922. She received her education at the Manchester Avenue school and the Bret Harte School in Los Angeles. Deanna's five feet, four inches tall, weighs one hundred twelve pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. "First Love" is her next picture.

Lois Denny, Creme, Va. We would suggest that you write Jane Withers, Sonja Henie and Richard Greene in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal., and mark your letter "personal."

Ruth Simpson, Kingston, Pa. Walter Pidgeon was born in East St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, on September 23rd, 1898. He is six feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred and ninety pounds, has black hair and grey eyes. His last picture was "Stronger Than Desire." His next will be "Nick Carter, Master Detective." You can write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

H. Hawthorne, Roxborough, Pa. Both Ben Alexander and Hale Hamilton are movie personalities, and they have appeared in pictures since 1930.

Madeleine Carr, Garfield, N. J. Ronald Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, on Feb. 9th, 1891. He is five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred fifty-eight pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes. Colman married Benita Hume, actress, in October, 1938. He will soon be seen in one of Rudyard Kipling's greatest stories, "The Light That Failed," with Ida Lupino.

Frances Rogers, New York, N. Y. Ilona Massey was born Ilona Hajmassy, the daughter of poor Hungarian peasants. At fourteen she became a seamstress, but she studied music secretly and a year later got a position in the chorus of a Budapest opera house, where she sang and danced for two years before singing a leading role. When the opportunity came her success was instantaneous. The very night she made her debut a Hollywood executive happened to be in the audience. He signed her to a movie contract and she came to America.

Helen Sharon, Springfield, Ill. Anita Louise is her real name and she was born in New York City, on January 9th, 1917. She attended Professional Children's School and the Greenwood School for Girls in Hollywood. She began her theatrical career at the age of seven and appeared in numerous New York stage plays including "Peter Ibbetson," "Gloss of Youth" and "The Marquise." Eventually, one of those everpeering talent scouts saw her and she was given her first role in "Madame Du Barry." Her hobbies are tennis, fencing and horseback riding. She is five feet, four inches tall, weighs one hundred six pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her last picture is "Reno."

Julia Breitman, Salt Lake City, Utah. Olympe Bradna is five feet, three inches tall, weighs one hundred fifteen pounds, has brown eyes and black hair. Up-to-date, she has appeared in the following pictures: "Three Cheers For Love," "College Holiday," "Last Train From Madrid," "Souls At Sea," "Stolen Heaven," "Say It In French." She will soon be seen in "Heaven On A Shoestring" and "Happy Ending," stills of which may be obtained by writing to Paramount Pictures, New York, N. Y., and enclosing ten cents for each.

Eleanor Ross, Saugerties, N. Y. You're right about Mickey Rooney's song-writing career. Up to date, he has written eight songs, one has been published, another is about to be and two more have publishers interested. Which isn't bad at all for a boy of 17, who can't read a note of music.

Hilda Ellenzweig, New York, N. Y. Basil Rathbone was born in South Africa, June 13th, 1892. He was sent to school in England and began his stage career there at the age of eleven, playing in Shakespearean roles. He came to America in 1912, became one of the foremost figures on the Broadway stage, and married Ouida Bergere, scenarist and playwright. They have one son. He is six feet, one and one-half inches tall, has black hair and hazel eyes. His last two pictures were "Sun Never Sets" and "Rio." His next will be "Tower of London." You can write him in care of Universal Pictures, Universal City, Cal.

Bessie Learos, Salt Lake City, Utah. Lynne Overman was born in Maryville, Mo., Sept. 19, 1887. He is five feet, eleven inches, has blonde hair and blue eyes and weighs one hundred and forty-two pounds.

Lois Silvers, Dayton, Ohio. The actresses who have won awards from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences since 1928 are as follows: Janet Gaynor, 1928; Mary Pickford, 1929; Norma Shearer, 1930; Marie Dressler, 1931; Helen Hayes, 1932; Katharine Hepburn, 1933; Claudette Colbert, 1934; Bette Davis, 1935; Luise Rainer, 1936; Luise Rainer, 1937; Bette Davis, 1938.

John Powers, Syracuse, N. Y. John Wayne was born Marion Michael Morrison in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26th, of Scotch-Irish descent. He was raised on a ranch in Lancaster, Calif., and attended the Glendale, California, High School and the University of Southern Calif. He earned his first dollar as a "prop" man. He got his break in pictures when Raoul Walsh saw him carrying a table onto the set, liked his looks, and told him to let his hair grow. Mr. Walsh followed through with the offer of a role in "Big Trail." He is six feet, four inches tall, weighs two hundred pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes.

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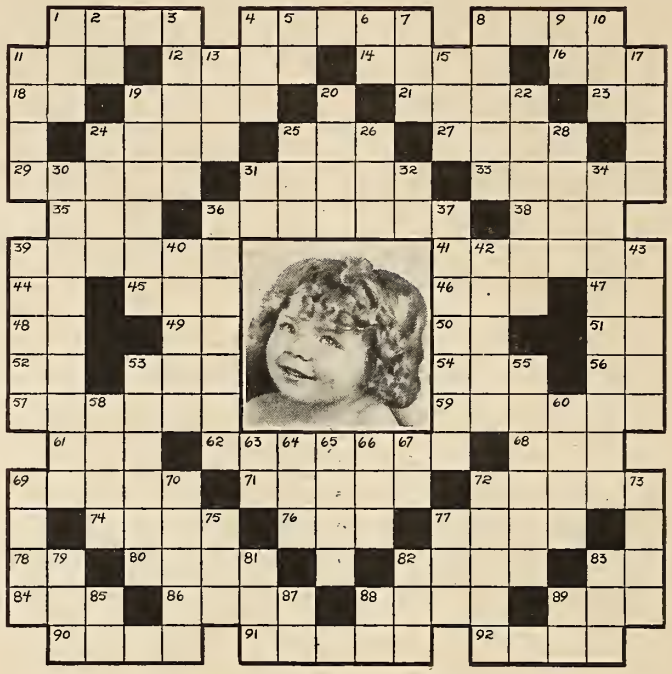
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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 81

ACROSS

1. & 4. First and last name of our star
8. Attractive
11. "--- Friend"
12. "Charlie ---- in Reno"
14. French director, Renee C----
16. "Forged ---- port"
18. He tried a come-back in "The Sheik Steps Out": in.
19. Scotch family
21. "Gentlemen of the ----s"
23. Male lead in "Mutiny on the Blackhawk": in.
24. Cape Dutch
25. Explosive
27. Impresses with reverential fear
29. A two reel picture
31. Star of "Goodbye Mr. Chips"
33. Type of preview.
35. "Riders of the Fr---ier"
36. Star of "Honolulu"
38. "Jamaica ---"
39. Loses blood
41. Away from the sea
44. Prisci--a Lane
45. ---ardo Cortez
46. Famous adventure writer and scenarist
47. Gale Sonderg--rd
48. Myrna L--
49. Band leader in "Man About Town": in.
50. Bette Davis' ex: in.
51. A player in westerns: in.
52. English character actor, Reginald--en
53. "I St---a Million"
54. Highest card
56. A famous book being filmed: "Reb--ca"
57. "When To------ Comes"
59. Sold a second time
61. "Cl---s over Europe"
62. Way a movie beginner usually acts
68. "Li---e Old New York"
69. Goodbye in French
71. Bobby -----, youthful singing star
72. To tap again
74. Anna Sten was in "----"
76. Western star, --- Maynard
77. At that time
78. Star of 35 across: in.
80. ---- Damita
82. Rhymed lines
83. English star in "Here I Am A Stranger": in.
84. --- Hunter
86. Minute
88. A small depression
89. --- West
90. The "Ecstasy" girl
91. Roland -----
92. ----Martin

DOWN

1. ---Hall of "Hurricane"
2. Lew--res
3. Spirit in French
4. What the censors do
5. "A Child Is Bo--"
6. --an Mowbray
7. Short sleep
8. Laura Hope -----
9. Annabella's husband: in.
10. "House of F---"
11. The Marx ----: abbr.
13. ---Wallis, a producer
15. Late G. Gershwin's lyricist brother
17. Bag
19. "Nick------"
20. ---- Neagle in "Nurse Edith Cavell"
22. Characteristic of old age
24. Franchot ----
25. Part of the foot
26. Sun-baked complexion
28. In "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington," Jimmy Stewart plays a ----tor
30. Where movies are made
31. The sarong girl: in.
32. "No Place--Go"
34. Star of "Bridal Suite"
36. Shuns
37. -------Barthelmess
39. Bing Crosby's famous song, "Love in -----"
40. -----macy means tact
42. "For the-----", means "for the moment"
43. What no one can do like Fred Astaire
53. Harrowing experience
55. Regard
58. What scandal can do to a star
60. To the personal consideration of: abbr.
63. Lung disease: abbr.
64. Irritate
65. What the old time two reeler villain used to do
66. The top box office players are called "The Big ---"
67. "Espionage Ag--t"
69. Against
70. Agreement
72. Gable in "G.W.T.W."
73. Gale----in "Daughters Courageous"
75. "Honeymoon in B---"
77. Fred S---e in "No Place To Go"
79. College yell
81. "Dust Be My Dest---"
82. Sow
83. ---Milland
85. Point of compass
87. Loretta--ung
88. Male star of "Eternally Yours": in.
89. Feminine star of silent days: in.

THIS STAR STUFF

(Continued from page 35)

it is a necessary part of the business of every star to try to see himself as others want to see him. I believe that I have, if I may immodestly say so, a fairly good idea of what I can do and what I cannot do. Stars are only business men, after all, selling the characters they manufacture. And it behooves the star to see to it that his 'goods' is protected in every way possible. When a picture in which I am appearing starts, I do whatever I can to help make the story as airtight, as good entertainment as it's possible to make it.

"Now, some players under contract to studios suffer occasionally because of mass production pressure. Some players must accept stories and parts unsuited to them that the quota of pictures promised the exhibitor may be fulfilled. But if you're going to have the benefit of a powerful organization behind you, you must be willing to share the studios' liabilities as well as its assets.

ALL of which leads to the problem 'to free-lance or work under contract.' If you free-lance, you pick your own plums when and as offered, when and as you see fit. The chances are that you will earn a bigger net profit making one free-lance picture a year than you could make doing six contract pictures a year. Under contract, too, you may find a quince in your lap among the plums. And there is nothing you can do about a quince but eat it. On the other hand, you may be mistaken in the nature of the fruit. I would not have chosen to make 'The Last of Mrs. Cheney,' for instance, nor would I have chosen to make 'Double Wedding.' Yet both pictures, I am told, made money. Unless the star can depend absolutely upon his own judgment, therefore, the studio contract offers safer harborage than the free-lance field.

"Any person in this business is wise to seek the best help he can get. By which I mean, the best executive at the best studio, the best agent, the best director, cameraman, the best man and woman power available. A star's personal performance is always secondary to the picture as a whole. It is therefore good business on the part of the star to raise no objections if the picture requires seven other stars in the cast with him. For if the picture is a box office smash and the star's name is connected with it, that's enough. You rather stick your chin out if you set yourself up as a Maharajah with nothing but clucks about you.

"For the rest," said Bill, "there is the tradition still in good standing that it's part of the star's business to be 'in' with the 'right people.' There is the romantic fiction which says that a star 'owes it to his studio' to dwell in marble halls, staffed with enough help to run Buckingham Palace efficiently. I should like to burst that bubble because it is a bubble, publicity-made. Many of the greatest stars live simply, on ranches in the Valley, driving small cars, getting along with a couple to 'do' for them. And I have not noticed that this moderate way of living in any way affects their status with their studios or their popularity with their public.

"Stars who live extravagantly do so because they want to, not because their studios require them to 'put up a front.'

"I have, at present, a fairly large house here in Bel Air. I have it because my parents live with me and because, at the time I leased it, I thought I wanted a large house. But I am planning now to build a house and, if and when I do, it will be a small one.

"Yes, my wardrobe is, certainly, much in excess of what it would be if I were the average, well-dressed business man. I have, I suppose, some fifty suits, a commensurate number of top coats, shoes, hats, jackets. But that is not because 'all is vanity' with me. It is because it is part of my business equipment as saws and hammers are business equipment to a carpenter. I seldom know what kind of clothes I will be called upon to wear in my next picture. If I should be called upon to play the Khan of Tartary, the studio would, then, furnish the costumes. But in any role in which I wear clothes such as the modern man might wear, under all conceivable circumstances, I must draw upon my own wardrobe. We all furnish our own trimmings and the more we go in for urbanity the more replete our wardrobes are.

"I cannot," said Bill, "squawk about this business of being a star. We who are in pictures are a very favored group of people. I have a feeling that we must not complain—there is a great good fortune involved in being a star, and darn few sacrifices. The lack of any private life, so frequently and feverishly lamented by some of us, is not particularly blighting. Such laments from the Chosen of the Cinema always remind me of the spoiled beauty who wailed, 'Oh, you're so good to me and I'm so tired of it all!' It's like being bitter about a dish of caviar.

"Still another lament in good standing is that the stars get but a fraction of what they are reputed and reported to earn. That's true. But we are still handsomely paid, when the last deduction is made. The only injustice in high taxation of the picture actor is that of the relatively brief duration of his active career as compared with other occupations and professions. But even this wail is open to question. Because it is my belief that there hasn't been time enough to find out whether the careers of talking stars are more short-lived than other careers have proved or not. All of us, in all walks of life, must ask, 'Where is the Future?' but while we're asking it, we who are stars, are comfortably housed, well-fed, equipped with most of the luxuries of life.

"No, no, not a squawk . . . not even when I say the time has come when I must decide whether a smaller return for many pictures a year is of more benefit to me than a larger return for few pictures and the incidental preservation of my youth and beauty!

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes (20th Cent.-Fox)	3★
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever (M-G-M) C	3★
Babes In Arms (M-G-M) C	3★
Bachelor Mother (RKO) C	3½★
Back Door to Heaven (Paramaunt) C	2½★
Bad Lands (RKO)	2★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower)	3½★
Beau Geste (Paramount) C	3★
Big Town Czar (Universal)	2★
Blackmail (M-G-M)	2★
Blind Alley (Columbia)	2½★
Blandie Takes a Vacation (Calumbia)	2★
Boy Friend (20th Century-Fax) C	2½★
Boys' Reformatory (Monagram)	2★
Bridal Suite (M-G-M)	2★
Broadway Serenade (M-G-M) C	2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Bride (Paramaunt)	2★
Bulldag Drummond's Secret Police (Paramount) C	2½★
Calling All Marines (Republic)	2★
Calling Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	3★
Captain Fury (United Artists) C	2½★
Career (RKO)	2★
Charlie Chan at Treasure Island (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan in Rena (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Climbing High (Gaumant British)	2½★
Clouds Over Eurape (Calumbia)	2½★
Coast Guard (Calumbia)	2★
Confessions af a Nazi Spy (Warners)	3★
*Dancing Co-ed (M-G-M)	2★
Dark Victary (Warners)	4★
Daughters Courageaus (Warners)	3★
Day the Bookies Wept, The (RKO)	2★
Death of a Champion (Paramount)	2½★
Disputed Passage (Paramount)	3★
Dodge City (Warners)	3★
Dust Be My Destiny (Warners)	2½★
Each Dawn I Die (Warners)	3★
East Side af Heaven (Universal) C	3★
Eternally Yours (United Artists)	2½★
*Elizabeth and Essex (Warners)	4★
Espionage Agent (Warners)	2½★
Everything's an Ice (RKO)	2★
Ex-Champ (Universal)	2★
Fast and Furious (M-G-M)	2★
Fifth Avenue Girl (RKO)	3★
Five Came Back (RKO)	2★
Fixer Dugan (RKO)	2★
Flight at Midnight (Republic)	2★
*Flying Deuces (RKO)	2★
Flying Irishman, The (RKO) C	2½★
Forgatten Woman, The (Universal)	2★
Four Feathers (United Artists)	3½★
Frantier Marshal (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Full Confessian (RKO)	2★
Girl and the Gambler, The (RKO)	2★
Girl from Rio (Monogram)	2★
Galden Bay (Columbia)	3★
Gaodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M) C	4★
Goad Girls Go To Paris (Columbia)	2½★
Garilla, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Gracie Allen Murder Case (Paramaunt)	2½★
Grand Jury Secrets (Paramount)	2½★
Hardys Ride High, The (M-G-M) C	3★
Hawaiian Nights (Universal)	2★
*Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence (20th Cen.-Fox)	2★
Hell's Kitchen (Warners)	2½★
Here I Am a Stranger (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Heritage of the Desert (Paramount)	2★
Hollywood Calvalcade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Honeymoon in Bali (Paramount)	3★
Hotel For Women (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Hotel Imperial (Paramount)	2★
House of Fear, The (Universal)	2★
*Housekeeper's Daughter, The (United Artists)	2★
I'm From Missouri (Paramount)	3★
Indianapolis Speedway (Warners)	2½★
In Name Only (RKO)	3½★
Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists)	3★
Invitation to Happiness (Paramount) C	3★
I Stole a Million (Universal)	3★
It Could Happen to You (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It's a Wonderful World (M-G-M)	3★
Jamaica Inn (United Artists)	3★
Jones Family in Hollywood (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Juarez (Warners)	3★
Kid From Kokomo, The (Warners)	2★
Kid From Texas, The (M-G-M)	2★
Lady and the Mob, The (Columbia)	2½★
Lady of the Tropics (M-G-M)	2★
Lady's from Kentucky, The (Paramount)	2½★
Love Affair (RKO)	3½★
Lucky Night (M-G-M)	2½★
Magnificent Fraud (Paramount)	2★
Maisie (M-G-M)	3★
Man About Town (Paramount)	3★
Man in the Iron Mask (United Artists)	3★
Man of Conquest (Republic)	3★
*Marx Bros. at the Circus (M-G-M) C	1★
Mickey, the Kid (Republic)	2★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Mikado, The (Universal) C	3★
Million Dollar Legs (Paramaunt)	2★
Miracles For Sale (M-G-M)	2½★
Missing Daughters (Calumbia)	2★
Mr. Moto in Danger (20th Century-Fox) C	2★
Mr. Moto Takes a Vacatian (20th Century-Fax) C	2★
Mr. Smith Gaes to Washington (Columbia)	4★
Mr. Wang in Chinatawn (Manogram)	2★
Mutiny on the Blackhawk (Universal)	2★
Naughty But Nice (Warners)	2★
Never Say Die (Paramount)	2★
News is Made at Night (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Ninotchka (M-G-M)	4★
North of Yukan (Columbia)	2★
Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO)	4★
Oklahama Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Old Maid, The (Warners)	4★
On Borrawed Time (M-G-M)	3★
On Dress Parade (Warners)	2★
$1,000 a Tauchdown (Poramaunt)	2★
Only Angels Have Wings (Columbia)	3★
On Trial (Warners)	2½★
On Your Taes (Warners)	2½★
Our Leading Citizen (Paramount)	2½★
Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Panama Lady (RKO)	2★
Parents an Trial (Columbia)	2★
Pride af the Blue Grass (Warners)	2½★
Quick Millians (20th Century-Fox) C	2★
Rains Come, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Range War (Paramount)	2★
Real Glory, The (United Artists)	2★
Return of the Cisco Kid, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Rio (Universal)	2½★
*Raaring Twenties, The (Warners)	3★
Rase of Washington Square (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
*Rulers of the Sea (Paramount)	3★
Secand Fiddle (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
She Married a Cap (Republic)	2★
6,000 Enemies (M-G-M)	2½★
Same Like It Hat (Paramaunt)	2★
Sarority House (RKO) C	2★
SOS—Tidal Wave (Republic)	2★
Spellbinder, The (RKO)	2★
Spirit af Culver, The (Universal) C	2½★
Stagecoach (United Artists)	4★
Stanley and Livingstane (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Maker, The (Paramount)	2½★
Stolen Life (Paramaunt)	2½★
Stop, Look and Love (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Stary of Alexander Bell (20th Century-Fax) C	3½★
Stary of Vernan and Irene Castle, The (RKO) C	3½★
Streets of New Yark (Managram)	2★
Stranger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Sun Never Sets, The (Universal)	2★
Susannah of the Maunties (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Sweepstakes Winner (Warners)	2★
Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M)	2½★
Tell No Tales (M-G-M)	2½★
These Glamaur Girls (M-G-M)	2½★
They All Come Out (M-G-M)	2½★
They Asked For It (Universal)	2★
They Made Her a Spy (RKO)	2★
They Shall Have Music (United Artists) C	3½★
Those High Grey Walls (Columbia)	2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal) C	3★
Thunder Afloat (M-G-M)	2½★
Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners)	2½★
Torchy Runs for Mayor (Warners)	2½★
Tropic Fury (Universal)	2★
20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Two Bright Boys (Universal)	2★
U-Boat 29 (Columbia)	3★
Undercover Agent (Monogram)	2★
Undercover Doctor (Paramount)	2½★
Underpup, The (Universal)	3★
Unexpected Father (Universal)	2★
Union Pacific (Paramount)	3½★
Waterfront (Warners)	2★
What a Life (Paramount)	3★
When Tomorrow Comes (Universal)	2½★
Winner Take All (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Winter Carnival (United Artists)	2½★
Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M) C	4★
Wolf Call (Monogram)	2★
Woman is the Judge, A (Columbia)	2★
Women, The (M-G-M)	3★
Women in the Wind (Warners)	2★
Wuthering Heights (United Artists)	4★
You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners)	2½★
Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox) C	3½★
Zenobia (United Artists) C	2★

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 18)

laid down that must be obeyed. It is that under no circumstances must the studio call him before ten o'clock in the morning. But the other day a matter came up which demanded Cary's immediate appearance at the studio—and it was not yet ten o'clock. So Columbia's big boss, himself, decided to take the responsibility for the call. He managed to get the actor on the wire and hastened to say, "Did I wake you up, old boy?" "Oh, no," came Grant's honeyed voice. "No, you didn't wake me up. I'm still asleep."

ANDREA'S SPARKLER

The first day of shooting on her new picture, Andrea Leeds was the center of attraction. It was the sparkler on her left hand which caused all the commotion. After the director, the players, the cameramen and the props had all ohed and ahed over the ring, Andrea said, "Gee, I didn't know it looked that good myself. That must be one dollar and twenty-five cents worth of extra good paste." The $25,000 engagement ring of Bob Howard's was safe in a bank vault, Andrea explained. "I thought I'd never want to take it off my finger after Bob put it there," she said, "but a $25,000 investment can be an awful strain on the sentiments."

MARIE, THE CAMERA FIEND

For some time Marie Wilson had worried about the fact that she didn't have a hobby since, according to all the magazine articles, every well-rounded personality has a hobby. Nick Grinde finally took pity on her and bought her a camera and our Modern Screen cameraman took pity on her and spent an afternoon showing her the fine points of photography. The next day Marie left for Palm Springs and at midnight her teacher, Jules Buck, was awakened by a long-distance call from the desert resort. It was the Wilson gal. "I don't like to bother you," she said, "but what exposure do you give clouds when there is no moonlight?"

JUNE, GARBO'S RIVAL?

Funniest romance mix-up in months was when little June Preisser was supposed to have snitched Garbo's boy friend. She was reported seeing all the cafes and night clubs with Dr. Gaylord Hauser, the diet faddist. This would have been very good publicity for June, but she was too annoyed to stop to think of any such thing when she read about her new romance in the papers. She told her studio, her friends and the columnists that the man with whom she was seen is Frey Brown, a man who looks like the good doctor. But, according to the indignant June, the resemblance stops right there for Frey has never given a second thought to his stomach.

REMEMBER, "REMEMBER?"

When picture titles are not satisfactory, the studios send memos to the various offices on the lot asking for suggestions. At Metro recently, the employees were asked to dream up a new title for the Robert Taylor-Greer Garson picture, "Remember." After everyone on the lot had sent in several suggestions, a memo arrived from the front office. The title change had been made. The picture "Remember" would now be called "Remember?" No, it wasn't a gag—that's just Hollywood!

SHIRLEY WILL BROADCAST

Shirley Temple will make her first radio coast-to-coast appearance for charity when she appears on the "Screen Guild Theatre" program the day before Christmas. Having been offered as high as $35,000 for a single air appearance, and turned down all offers to now, Shirley's air debut is considered one of greatest import here in Movietown. The "Screen Guild Theatre," as you know, is Hollywood's own radio show on which movie satellites donate their talents . . . and the sponsor of the show sets aside $10,000 a week for the building of a home for old and indigent motion picture people.

BROKEN HEARTS CLUB

Franchot Tone has just received an invitation to become honorary president of the P. O. W. club—a fraternity started by a group of students at Arizona State College at Tempe. The letter stated that P.O.W. stands for "Phooey on Women" and membership is limited to "jilted lovers only." Meetings are closed with a lusty rendition of the club theme song, "I Get Along Without You Very Well." Tone is writing the boys at Tempe that he'll accept the honor if they'll also bestow the same title upon his pal, Jackie Coogan.

SHORT SHOTS

Alice Faye lost most of her personal wardrobe when her house burned down, so the studio came to the rescue and donated enough finery to keep her in ecstacies for days . . . Don Ameche's two-month vacation away from radio and movie work is because his boss, Darryl Zanuck, was afraid he was heading for a nervous breakdown . . . Gene Autry is still the country's favorite star. He received 50,103 letters during the month of September which tops all

Solution to Puzzle on Page 75



COLT PURSE Make-up KIT

Glamour in a single lovely container . . . your favorite rouge, cream, powder, eye shadow, etc., instantly available from one source. Each in its own compartment . . . each compartment a unit of same container. Smart, fascinating, and handy. Quickly filled with tiny decorative spade. Nothing else like it for parties, dinners, dances, and sports where looking one's best is imperative . . . and carrying space at a premium. Comes in exquisite shades of green, black, white, brown, red, yellow — just indicate your preference.

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Address.....

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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN
Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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Don't mistake eczema or the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is endorsed by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 309, Northwestern Station, Dept. 309, Detroit, Mich.

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Anne Shirley and Hubby John Payne lunch at the Brown Derby, the place famous for the caricatures adorning its walls.

previous records of any star . . . Bill Powell gave Alice Marble a new leather coat, like one of his she admired, for winning the Wimbledon tennis championship, with the inscription "For being a good girl" . . . Otto Kruger gave the Mrs. a new car on their 20th wedding anniversary recently . . . Jimmy Cagney's sister, Jean, makes her movie bow in the picture "Campus Wives" . . . Mickey Rooney, who says "Babes In Arms" is his 260th picture, went to the preview of "Hollywood Cavalcade" all alone and early! And had a swell time "mugging" for the photographers before the glamor boys and girls showed up . . . Martha O'Driscoll is the newest starlet to join the build-up parade at M-G-M. And she's going the usual route—through a new Hardy family picture . . . Dolores Del Rio has some new jewelry painted with phosphorus to make it dazzle her companions under night lights . . . Tom Mix walked into the Beverly Derby the other night for a cuppa coffee and had both the tourists and newspaper reporters giving him their undivided attention.

ROMANCE NOTES

Maxie Rosenbloom announced to the press as soon as he returned from his Las Vegas elopement with Muriel Fader that he's going to settle down and be a family man from now on. Of course, that includes what he calls his "screen career" and night club ownership, and Mrs. Rosenbloom adds that he's going to learn the English language. There's a chance since she used to be a teacher . . . Judy Garland is dating Grace Hayes' son, Peter . . . Jackie Cooper is still taking Pat Stewart to night clubs and previews . . . Lew Ayres is quite smitten with the charms of Helen Gilbert . . . Olivia de Havilland seems to be concentrating on Howard Hughes . . . Mary Healy says Randolph Scott is a wonderful man, and Randolph is so far gone that he can't even talk about Mary . . . Martha Raye and Buddy Rose celebrated their first wedding anniversary at the Victor Hugo, and both say the marriage is going to last forever . . . Rochelle Hudson and her bridegroom, Hal Thompson, hold hands wherever they go . . . Walter Wanger is still the leading man in Joan Bennett's life . . . And there are those who say that Anatole Litvak and Ann Sheridan are really serious about their romance . . . The Al Jolson's celebrated their 11th wedding anniversary at the Cocoanut Grove just before she sued for divorce.

ALONG SUNSET STRIP

Stuart Erwin and June Collyer getting admiring glances from customers and curb hops at Simon's drive-in while eating a sandwich luncheon . . . Richard Dix dropping in at the redecorated Tobey's drugstore and whistling his approval at all the new changes . . . Madeleine Carroll parking in front of the Villa Nova for her frequent orgy of real Italian spaghetti . . . Edgar Bergen helping to move his office furniture into the former Kingston agency office. And across the street neighbor, Eddie Cantor, coming over to lend Bergen a hand . . . Sonja Henie, running out of agent Vic Orsatti's office, and never looking right or left as she climbs into her small coupe and whisks [illegible]

"QUIET, GRACIE!"

George Burns decided the other day that his small son wasn't as courteous as he might be. In particular, in the manner in which he took leave for school in the morning. George pointed out that he should be a little gentleman about leave-takings, and not rush off without a word of farewell. "For instance," he pointed out, "what does Daddy say when he leaves Mother?" "Quiet, Gracie," replied his son.

INGRID'S A MA!

In spite of her success in "Intermezzo," her first American picture, Ingrid Bergman is in no hurry to return to Hollywood. When she came here this last time, the Swedish star left her two-months-old daughter, Pia, at home with her husband. "At that age, babies don't miss their mothers so much," she said, "but I shall never again spend more than a few days away from her. So if I come back it will have to be when Pia's old enough to come along."



Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin at the Cafe Lamaze. Paulette's right up to the minute with her short-sleeved wrap.



The Dick Powells in a serious moment of conversation. A tricky hat Joan has there with its fur brim and striped crown!

by the Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



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MODERN SCREEN

BRUARY

10

ENTS

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Never Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist.* It may not mean anything serious. Often his opinion will be that your gums are lazy—that too many soft, creamy foods have denied them the vigorous exercise they need. He may suggest, as so many dentists do, "more work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

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(*Signed*) MARIAN BROWN
(*Mrs. Boyd Paterno Brown*)

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MOVIE REVIEWS

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

★★★ Drums Along the Mohawk

Ki Yi! The Indians are on the warpath along the Mohawk! Aside from the fact that fiercer redskins never bit the dust, they're the most decorative band of braves to date. For the superb Technicolor of this picture makes every scene a photographic delight, with the Indian sequences easily the outstanding ones.

Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda, starred in the story, are submerged in all the excitement but manage to give convincing portrayals of pioneers intent on holding their own against the wilderness. With a small band of men, women and children they clear the land and build log-cabins on the colonial frontier, only to have crops and homes burnt and pillaged by the savages in one attack after another. Claudette Colbert's characterization is sincere and Henry Fonda has a few excellent scenes, though most of his time is devoted to getting down the old flint-lock to fight the Injuns.

No expense has been spared on this super-spectacular production, and as a picture of a colorful period in American history, "Drums Along The Mohawk" is worthwhile. In the supporting cast Edna May Oliver, Eddie Collins, John Carradine and Jessie Ralph give outstanding accounts of themselves. Directed by John Ford.—*20th Century-Fox.*

(More about Claudette Colbert on page 16)



★★★ Another Thin Man

Marking the return of Bill Powell to the screen after an absence of two years, "Another Thin Man" will have considerable interest for his many fans. And the suave Powell is in tip-top form, giving a performance that is better than any he has given in former "Thin Man" stories. But the picture as a whole will disappoint many in the audience, due largely to a tangled plot which even the dexterous touch of Woody Van Dyke can't straighten out satisfactorily. There are enough murders to keep the blood-thirsty intrigued but the solutions to all the goings-on would baffle an Einstein.

However, the gayety of sleuth Carter, his wife, Myrna Loy, and their new baby—and Asta, of course—help considerably in putting over the picture and providing enough moments of entertainment to compensate for the dull plot. Myrna Loy is as attractive and competent in her role as ever. The little the baby has to do is done with obvious relish and he proves himself a real asset to the charming Carters. Another welcome addition to the cast is Otto Kruger, who has an outstanding bit as a detective who tries to outwit the hero. In the supporting cast Virginia Grey, too, gives a commendable performance and adds considerably to the picture's scenic value. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

(William Powell's biography on page 16)



★★★ First Love

Only Deanna could get away with this frank steal from the old, old folk story, "Cinderella." She even loses a glass slipper on the staircase as she flees from her prince charming at midnight. But the fanciful background is a wise choice for her transition into maturity. And she has grown up!

Miss Durbin gets her first screen kiss, has her first serious screen romance and leaves her fans with the very definite impression that she is now a young lady. When the story opens, Deanna, an orphan, is graduating from a finishing school course provided by a generous uncle. The uncle's home is one of the zaniest establishments ever pictured. Leatrice Joy (Deanna's aunt) has become deeply interested in astrology. Helen Parish (Deanna's cousin) is a rotogravure deb. Eugene Pallette is Cinderella's uncle, while Lewis Howard is the laziest scion of wealth to appear on the screen. Leave it to Deanna to straighten out this mess, and for good measure she walks off with Robert Stack, who plants the celebrated kiss.

The music is carefully chosen and her rendition of "One Fine Day" from Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" is exceptionally good. Kathleen Howard, June Story, Charles Coleman, Frank Jenks, Jack Mulhall complete the cast. Directed by Henry Koster.—*Universal.*

(Continued on page 8)

(Additional data on Robert Stack on page 16)

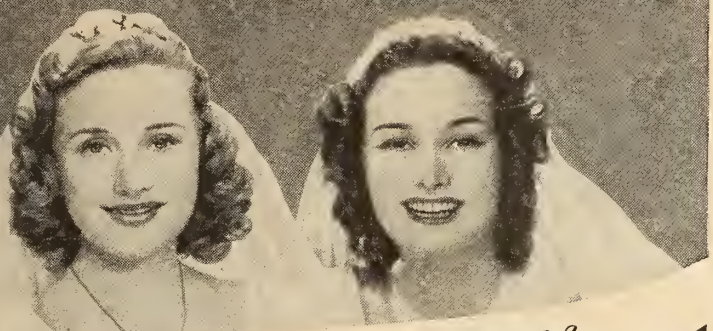


HERE COME THE BRIDES!



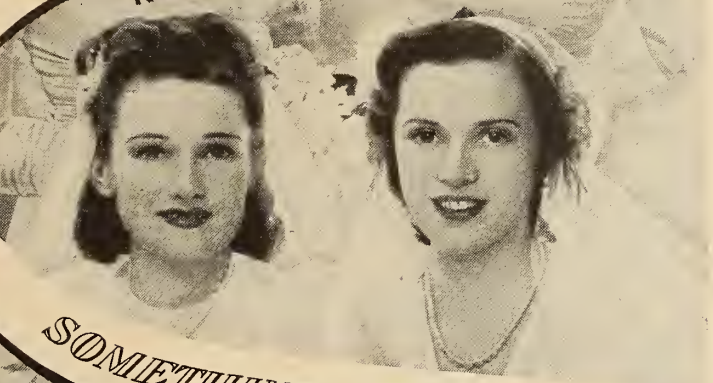
SOMETHING OLD!

The lovable cast of "Four Daughters"!



SOMETHING NEW!

New laughs, new thrills, new joys!

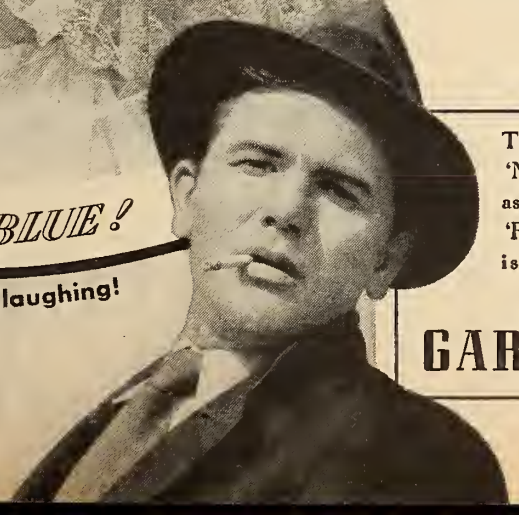


SOMETHING BORROWED!

The same gay charm of their last hit!

SOMETHING BLUE!

A tear . . . even while you're laughing!



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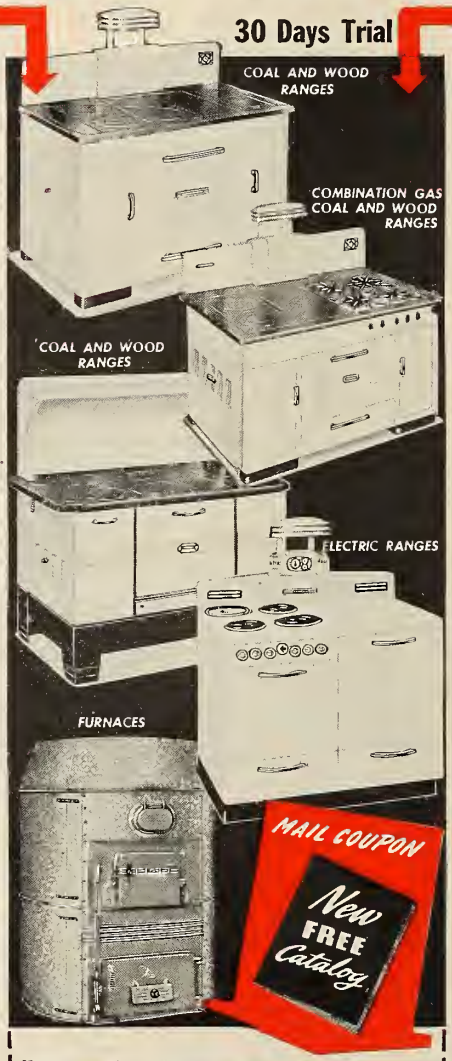
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(*Continued from page 6*)

★★★ We Are Not Alone

Paul Muni here portrays the kindly doctor in a small English village. Except for his devotion to his young son, the doctor is completely wrapped up in his work and satisfied with his lot in life—even to the philosophical acceptance of his shrewish spouse, Flora Robson. Into his quiet, hard-working world comes Jane Bryan, a penniless Austrian girl, who is destined to bring about great changes in the doctor's household. And Jane Bryan is destined, too, to surprise every member of the audience. For she gives a performance that is superb in every particular and manages to steal the honors from Paul Muni in more than one scene. In fact, Mr. Muni's tendency to over-act in several instances leaves Jane Bryan with most of the laurels in "We Are Not Alone."

Though the story is a depressing one, showing the sorrow and tragedy resulting from human beings passing judgment on one another, it is engrossing throughout. And the doctor's plea for tolerance and understanding between individuals and nations as well, is a plea for peace that everyone should hear. Beautiful performances are turned in by Flora Robson, as the neurotic wife, Raymond Severn, as the son, and Una O'Connor, as the maid. Directed by Edmund Goulding—*Warner Bros.*

★★★ The Amazing Mr. Williams

Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell are together again—but this time in a picture that really does this capable team justice. Dialogue as well as action is fast and furious, with enough laughs to keep the dourest member of the audience chuckling on his way home. Douglas is a detective in this one, but just a "cop" to his fiancée, Miss Blondell. She refuses to dignify his calling by any other name since it is this very job that keeps the two apart. Once a date is arranged, nine chances out of ten Douglas' chief will tell him to investigate a brand new murder, instead. And the one time in ten the hero manages to call for his girl-friend, the wail of the police-car siren can be heard coming around the corner —to pick up Sleuth Douglas for another job. Being a gal of action, herself, Joan manages to do some double-crossing, hoping it will result in her fiancé losing his job. It only makes the chief more concerned than ever about holding him —but her ruses provide the audience with a pack of entertaining episodes.

Donald MacBride's caricature of a dumb copper can only be described as "tops." Eddie Brophy is outstanding in a grand bit as a convict en route to the hoose-gow, while Ruth Connelly and Clarence Kolb contribute many a laugh. Directed by Alexander Hall—*Columbia.*

★★★ That's Right, You're Wrong

Kay Kyser's great radio audience will applaud this picture because Kay and members of his band are brought to the screen with all the naturalness that prevails during a broadcast. Kyser proves also that he's definite material for future movie work, and draws good support from Ginny Simms, Harry Babbitt, Sully Mason and Ish Kabibble.

Moroni Olsen, manager of a top Hollywood studio, tells his producers that he wants to hire Kay Kyser and his band for an entirely new type of motion picture. Adolph Menjou is the producer assigned to make this production the money-maker Olsen expects, and the story goes into a side-splitting travesty on the inner-workings of the movie industry. Edward Everett Horton and Hobart Cavanaugh are typical collaborating writers trying to concoct a suitable yarn for Kyser. Lucille Ball is a glamour girl; May Robson is Kyser's grandmother, and Dennis O'Keefe is the familiar fast-talking business manager.

Kay Kyser's screen test, within the picture, is one of the funniest sequences ever filmed, and had the preview audience howling. But, as on the radio, the greatest attraction is still the music which this top band does in number one style. Produced and directed by David Butler—*RKO.*

★★★ Geronimo

Here's an exceptionally interesting historical picture. If you like adventure and Indians, this will be a natural, but even if you don't, it will be a surprise, for the story of the Apache chieftain, Geronimo, is one that will hold your interest from the first reel to the last. Geronimo, if you remember the sixth grade history books, was determined to scalp every white man in the southwest, and Chief Thundercloud, in the role, makes the fierce Apache thoroughly believable and colorful. Sets are magnificent in every instance, lending an impressive background to the thrilling events—in particular some Indian fights

(*Continued on page 14*)

Lady Esther says

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Next, make exactly the same test with Lady Esther Face Powder. *And you will find not the tiniest trace of grit.* Now you'll understand why Lady Esther Face Powder never gives you that flaky, "powdered" look and why it clings so perfectly for *four full hours.*

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BY MARJORIE DEEN

English muffins have long been a favorite among morning hot breads. Toasted and served with orange marmalade, they are delicious!



Courtesy Wheat Flour Institute



BREAKFAST SPECIALS!

Start the day right with these tempting treats to make you wide-awake

THERE IS a campaign on for bigger and better breakfasts. According to the latest scientific findings, the body needs fuel to develop pep and energy for the morning's tasks and that fuel is sadly lacking unless you sit down to some appetizing, filling fare soon after arising.

Of course, you should not bolt your food, either, because then it is harmful rather than helpful. Everyone in the family will have to get up a bit earlier to carry out this plan successfully, but it will be well worth doing. Old and young alike will feel the better for having a breakfast that is no longer of the sketchy, taken-on-the-run variety.

Six days of the week most housewives will wish to carry on this campaign with the help of the simplest sort of menus. At this time of year these would feature such things as pineapple juice, citrus fruits and stewed dried fruits, bowls of steaming hot cereal, eggs in various styles and with different accompaniments, toasts and the more easily made varieties of biscuits and muffins. But on Sunday, with more time both for preparation and enjoyment, there is a golden opportunity to add something delightfully different to the meal.

Chances are this would be one of the special homemade hot breads, for nothing can equal these in popularity. For example, you might try your hand at making English Muffins, which are fast becoming an American favorite. Toasted, they are tops, especially when accompanied by orange marmalade. The dough for these muffins is made like any yeast dough, but they are unusual in that they are not baked but are cooked on a griddle on top of the stove.

Two other griddle favorites, waffles and hot cakes, also rank high among breakfast specials. Made with buttermilk, the latter are particularly light and tempting. A trial will convince you that the rather novel way of combining ingredients in our waffle recipe turns out a very superior product. You will note two ideas for varying the waffles, too. But at breakfast there can be no change from the rule that hot cakes and waffles alike must be accompanied by plenty of butter (melted if you choose) and syrup.

Don't forget, too, that week-day or Sunday, the fragrance of coffee from the kitchen will ever be the most popular alarm clock in the nation. But it must be fresh coffee, freshly made coffee, strong, clear, perfect coffee to be a worthy beverage for the better breakfasts you're going to serve.

ENGLISH MUFFINS

1 cup milk, scalded
3 tablespoons shortening
1½ teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cake compressed yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
1 egg
4 cups sifted flour

Scald milk, pour it over butter, salt and sugar. Stir until butter has melted then cool to lukewarm. Soften yeast in water; stir into cooled milk mixture. Add egg and 2 cups of the flour. Stir until thoroughly blended then add remaining flour and knead on lightly floured board until smooth and elastic. Cover on board and let rise until double in bulk (about 1½ hours.) Punch down the dough, knead lightly and roll out to ¼ inch in thickness. Cut in rounds with large, floured cookie cutter. Cover and let rise again, as before, until light and double in bulk—approximately ¾ hour. Bake slowly on hot, ungreased griddle or frying pan. Have griddle hot when muffins are first placed on it then reduce heat so that muffins will brown slowly—turning muffins when browned on under side. Allow 7-8 minutes baking time for each side. If allowed to brown in less time than this, the inside of the muffins will not be sufficiently well cooked.

BUTTERMILK GRIDDLE CAKES

1 cup flour
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 egg
1¼ cups buttermilk, approximately
2 tablespoons melted butter

Sift flour, measure. Add soda, salt and sugar and sift again. Beat the egg, combine with half the buttermilk, add to flour mixture. Beat vigorously. When smooth, slowly add remaining buttermilk (more or less) to make a thin batter, stirring constantly while adding, to avoid lumps. Stir in melted butter. Bake on hot griddle.

GOLDEN WAFFLES

2 cups sifted flour*
3 teaspoons baking powder
3 eggs, separated
1 tablespoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup butter, melted
1½ cups milk

Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder and sift again. Separate eggs. Place whites and yolks in separate bowls. Add sugar, salt and cooled, melted butter to the yolks. With rotary beater whip whites to a stiff froth. Using the same beater whip yolk mixture thoroughly. Add flour mixture to yolk mixture alternately with the milk, beating well after each addition. Fold in egg whites. Bake in pre-heated waffle iron to a golden brown.

HAM WAFFLES: Add ½ cup ground, boiled ham to the batter just before folding in the egg whites.

BACON WAFFLES: Omit salt. Cook 8 slices of bacon until crisp. Chop fine. Add bacon to batter just before folding in egg whites. Substitute bacon drippings for half of the shortening.

**Cake flour recommended for a more delicate texture.*

Sunday breakfast will seem a special feast indeed when a rich coffee cake—such as the following one—appears on the table. Here you have a yeast-raised dough combined with a delightful filling for results that are richly satisfying. The texture and, for that matter, the mixing methods are somewhat on the "different" side—certain therefore to intrigue the more ambitious cooks among you!

HUNGARIAN COFFEE CAKE

Dough:

2½ cups sifted flour
¾ cup butter
2 whole eggs, beaten
1 egg yolk, beaten
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 yeast cake
2 tablespoons lukewarm milk

Filling:

½ pound nut meats, ground*
4 tablespoons milk
4 tablespoons butter
½ cup sugar
grated rind of 1 lemon
¼ cup seedless raisins
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon vanilla**

Dough:

Sift the flour, measure. Add the butter and cut it into the flour, with pastry blender or two knives, until evenly distributed. Add the egg yolk to the 2 whole eggs—reserving the white of the 1 egg for later use. Beat eggs thoroughly, add sugar and salt. Add yeast cake which has been dissolved in the lukewarm milk. Add this mixture to the flour. Knead until smooth and elastic on lightly floured board. Cover and allow to stand on board in warm room until double in bulk—approximately 3 hours. Punch down dough, knead lightly and roll out into a rectangular sheet the thickness of a knife blade. Spread with the filling (made as described below), roll up as for jelly roll. Place in lightly greased baking pan, cover and let rise again for an hour. Brush surface with egg white, sprinkle with a little granulated sugar and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 45 minutes.

Filling:

Grind the nut meats. Warm the milk, melt the butter in it. Add sugar and grated rind. Rinse raisins in boiling water, drain and chop. Combine raisins with ground nuts, add milk mixture, the cinnamon and vanilla.** Stir until blended. Use as filling.

**Brazil nuts or almonds recommended.*
***The substitution of one tablespoon of rum for the vanilla in the filling is recommended for a delightful flavor.*

SEEIN' DOUBLE



Millions of women know that tattle-tale gray hasn't a chance—when the *golden* Fels-Naptha bar tackles the wash. They know it's the liveliest, busiest dirt-chaser that ever swished in a tub. But did you know this . . . ?



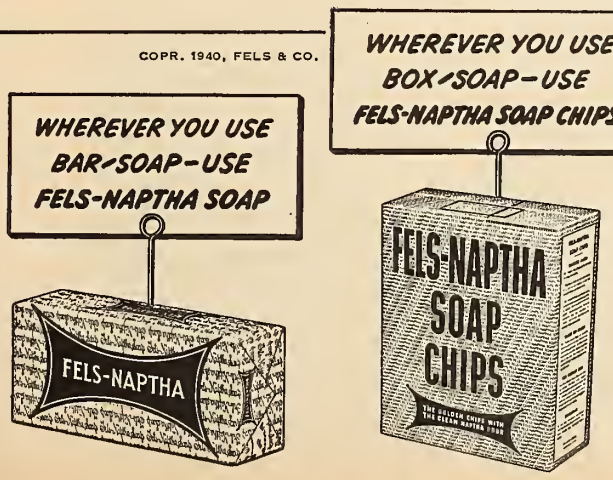
You can now get Fels-Naptha in chip form, too! Huskier chips that work wonders just like the grand *golden* bar! Chips specially made to whisk *all* the dirt out of clothes—to banish tattle-tale gray! Now at last . . .



You can get Fels-Naptha's *extra* help any and every way you wash! For in the chips as well as in the bar, you get richer, *golden* soap combined with that wonderful dirt-loosener, *naptha!* Use the bar for bar-soap jobs. See how quickly it hustles out dirt—without hard rubbing! See how gorgeously white and sweet it gets your clothes. And . . .

Wherever you've been using box-soap, put the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips to work. They speed washing machines because they're HUSKIER—not puffed-up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they give oodles of rich suds because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder. So try Golden Chips or Golden Bar—and banish tattle-tale gray.

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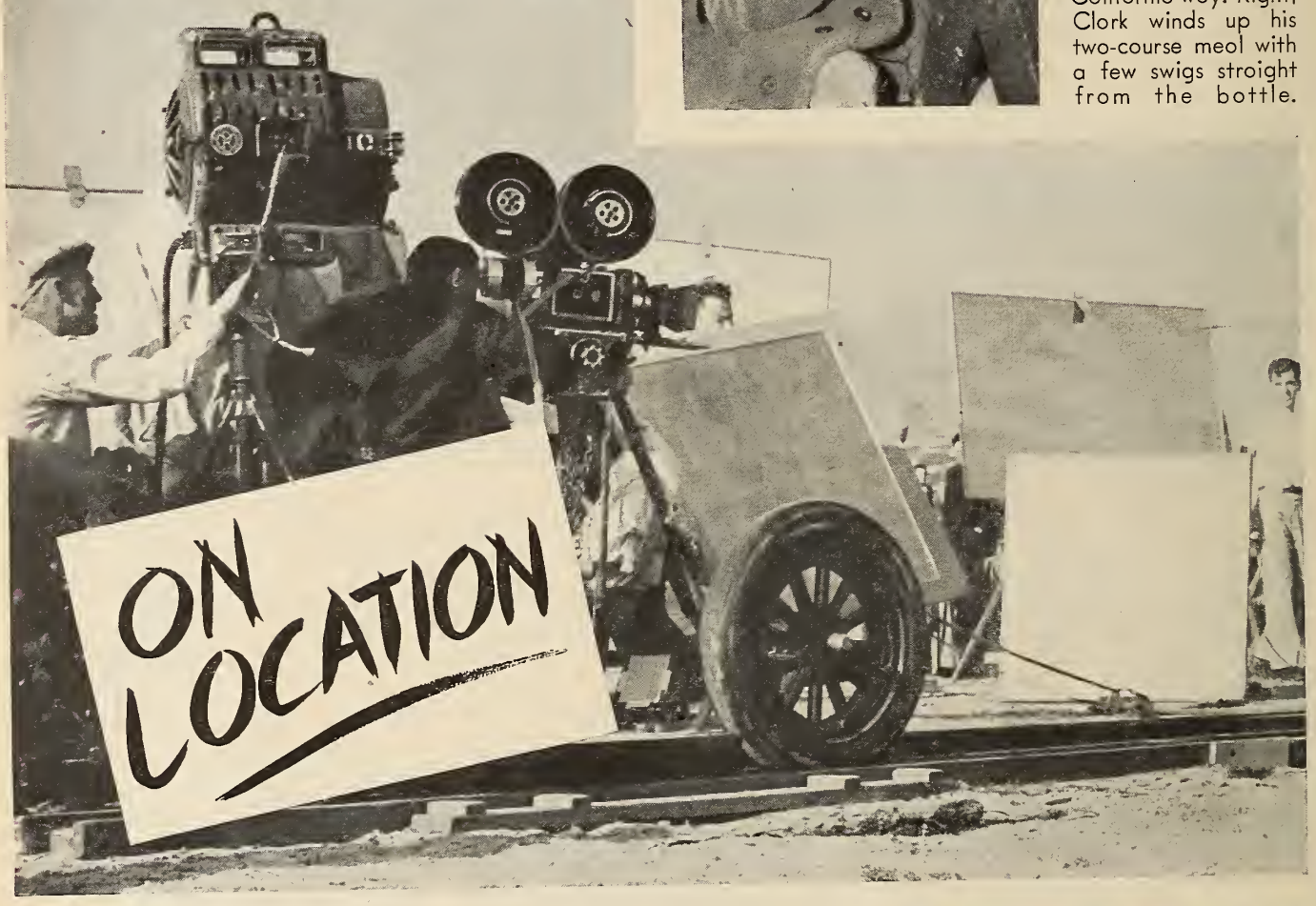
BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA—BAR OR CHIPS

They'll be thieves and killers on the screen, but the cast of M. G. M.'s new penal colony drama are nice folks when they relax



Shooting hos token the compony to Pismo Beoch, two hundred miles north of Hollywood. Left, Clork Goble teors into his "hom on white."

They raise their desperodoes on milk out Colifornio woy. Right, Clork winds up his two-course meol with a few swigs stroight from the bottle.

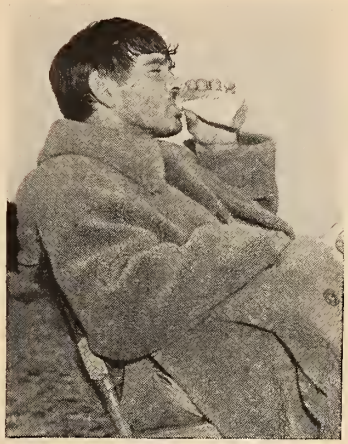


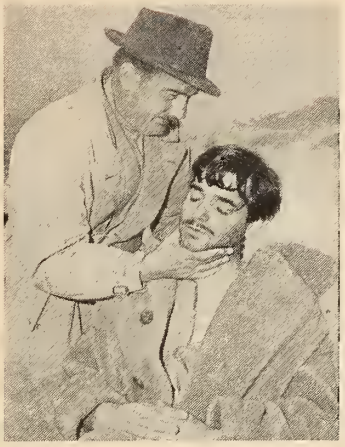


Villogers turned out en mosse to greet their fomous guests. Here o youthful notive ignores Joon Crowford ond tells Clark o thing or two.

Joon's costume is the cheopest she hos ever worn in o picture. From top to toe ond from skin out, her entire wordrobe cost $13.89.





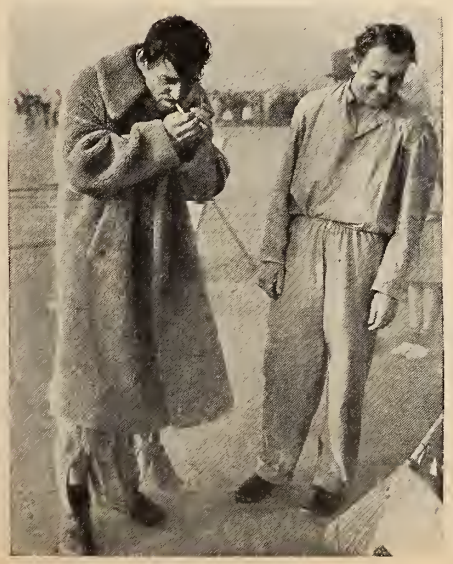


Paul Lukas warms up for his part as a wife-slayer while Clark peacefully dozes.

Bristly-chinned and shaggy-haired, Mr. G. squints at the sun and awaits Director Borzage's call.







As a convict runaway, Gable wears shredded pants and a mocking smile. He is so unlovely, even his companion looks away.

A muddy tractor provides Clark with some fun. It was stamped "General Purpose" but was never meant to be a he-man's plaything.



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

that battle experts call magnificent.

Andy Devine has a role that suits him to a T—that of a scout whose friendliness and cheerfulness keeps William Henry's heart from breaking. Henry has been sent to serve with his father's regiment which is gunning for Geronimo. The father, Ralph Morgan, professes no interest in son Henry, but what he lacks in filial affection is made up by Devine and Preston Foster, a hard-boiled captain. All the men are excellent in their roles, and another particularly commendable performance is that of Gene Lockhart. Ellen Drew and Marjorie Gateson look effective but add very little of importance to the story. Directed by Paul Sloan—*Paramount.*

★★★ Daytime Wife

In "Daytime Wife", Tyrone Power is the young husband who forgets his wedding anniversary, his wife's birthday and every other day of importance. His wife, Linda Darnell, decides to find out who or what is making her hubby so thoughtless, and the resulting events turn the picture into sparkling entertainment.

Linda goes into a huddle with Binnie Barnes, a divorcee with a sense of humor, and together they hit upon the idea that Tyrone's secretary is the reason for all the trouble. Linda gets herself a job as secretary in the office of a man who happens to do business with her husband, and soon finds out what goes on between a boss and his secretary. She saves her marriage from the rocks, but not until poor Tyrone has paid and paid for all his mistakes.

The cast is exceptionally well chosen with names like Warren William, Wendy Barrie, Joan Davis, Joan Valerie, Mildred Gover and Leonid Kinskey giving very good support to the top players. Linda Darnell and Tyrone Power handle their comedy lines with ease, and provide many refreshing scenes that spell good entertainment for any fan. Directed by Gregory Ratoff—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Too Busy to Work

Another in the Jones family series—but what a wallop this one packs! Even those who have been wont to scorn the antics of the Joneses will find this picturization of their activities thoroughly entertaining. For one thing, the studio got wise to itself and gave the family a real story. And for another, they added Joan Davis to the cast. Davis is at her best—and need we say more?

The plot concerns Papa Prouty Jones' awakening to the fact that a family man ought to give some time to the family. If you'll remember, the pater was elected mayor of Maryville, and when this picture opens he's devoting all his time to civic duties and letting his drug business and home-life go to pot. Mother Byington Jones shows him a thing or two by taking up extra-curricular activities herself and letting home, sweet home take care of itself. The children are left to their own devices and into this situation comes country cousin Joan Davis to make things even more hectic. Jed Prouty and Spring Byington give their best performances and the various young Joneses do themselves proud. And to repeat—there's Joan Davis! Directed by Otto Brower—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Blondie Brings Up Baby

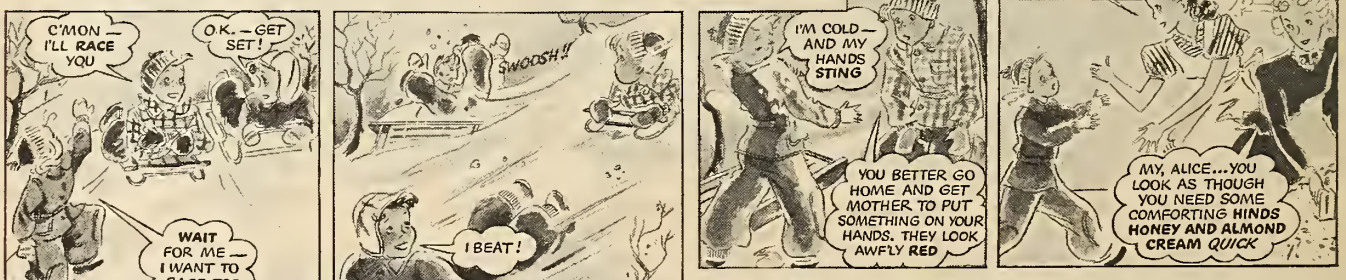
This is Baby Dumpling's picture with Daisy, the pooch, stealing quite a few scenes, too. And Baby's dead-pan friend, little Alvin, donates his share of the laughs. The story is pleasing, and followers of the daily comic strip will applaud the picture as one of the best in the "Blondie" series.

Blondie is the victim of a book salesman who assures her that Baby Dumpling is a child genius, according to the computation of his set of educational books. So Blondie hustles Baby off to school to develop the genius' mind. The first afternoon, Baby Dumpling comes home from school with a blackeye, which just about breaks up the Bumpstead household. Then Daisy gets picked up by the city dog pound. When Dagwood gets into one of his wild scraps with his boss, the Bumpsteads' happy home looks pretty dismal, but all turns out well and the result is a rib-tickling show.

Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake as Blondie and Dagwood continue their former good work, but it is the children and the dog who deserve top mention

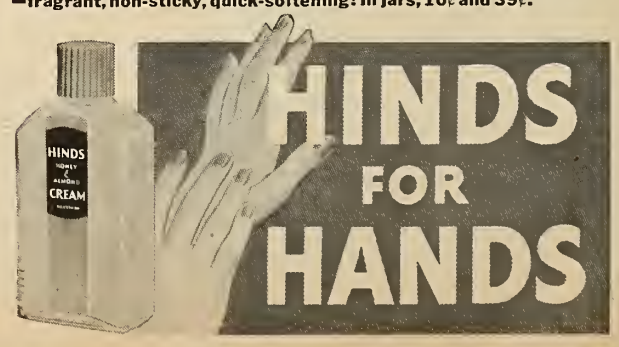
Honey says "CHILDREN'S CHAPPED HANDS NEED REAL SOOTHING COMFORT"

BEAUTY ADVISOR



SOFT, ROMANTIC HANDS FOR YOU

HARD-WORKING hands need a fine, extra-creamy lotion. And Hinds is just that—extra-creamy, extra-softening! It coaxes back the soft, thrilling look that dish water, harsh cleaners, snow, and wind take away. Quick comfort for chapping and chafing—quick loveliness for your work-abused hands! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream contains vitamins A and D. $1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. At toilet goods counters . . . **NEW! Hinds Hand Cream —fragrant, non-sticky, quick-softening! In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.**



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BURNS AND ALLEN
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E.S.T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station.

Chapping • Dryness
Rough skin, elbows, arms
Weathered skin
Hangnails • Calloused heels
Powder base • Body-rub
After-shaving lotion

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this time. Jonathan Hale as Mr. Dithers, Roy Gordon, Peggy Ann Garner and Robert Middlemass contribute good support. Directed by Frank Strayer—*Columbia.*

★★ Reno

This story of the building of the "biggest little city" is good dramatic entertainment, particularly for the fans of Richard Dix. Historic events are carefully worked into the life of a man important in the growth of Reno. The supporting cast, which includes Gail Patrick, Anita Louise, Laura Hope Crews, Paul Cavanagh and Hobart Cavanaugh, contributes much to the general interest in the development of this very famous western town.

Richard Dix comes to Reno as a struggling young lawyer, bent on making a name for himself in fighting the battles of the huge mining interests then booming in Nevada. When the mines run out, Reno is left deserted and it is Lawyer Dix who turns the place into a thriving community again when he discovers a law which allows a quick divorce. Gail Patrick, his wife, is also ambitious. Her dreams are centered on society, however, and the divorce law is a boomerang that splits the home of the man who had severed so many other homes.

The story of "Reno" is told simply, with the plot never swerving from the quiet mood created in the first scenes. Directed by John Farrow—*RKO.*

★★ Tower of London

Here's a grim and grisly picture, if ever there was one. Some of the chillers of the Lugosi-Karloff school may be more lurid, but "Tower of London" will make your hair stand on end and the cold sweat break out just as surely—for you'll suddenly realize that all the gruesome goings-on which are unwinding there on the screen, actually happened!

It's the story of Richard III of England, known as "Crookback" Richard to his pals. Torture and murder were to him what oatmeal was to his people—just an everyday occurrence. The King rode rough-shod over everything and every person who stood in his way to power—including his own flesh and blood. Basil Rathbone, portraying the ruthless Richard, gives a superb performance. Ian Hunter, in the role of King Edward VI, gives a sincere and believable characterization. Boris Karloff is right in there, too, with a role that must have made him shudder, himself. He's the crippled, bald-headed chief executioner by vocation, and Rathbone's stooge in the little leisure time allotted him. Barbara O'Neil, Vincent Price, Ernest Cossart and Nan Grey deserve special mention. Outstanding throughout this picture is the wealth of pageantry and beauty in the background, and remarkable, too, is the fact that the story clings as closely as possible to actual history. Directed by Rowland V. Lee—*Universal.*

★★ Beware Spooks

There isn't much plot to "Beware Spooks," but there's more than the average allotment of laughs and Joe E. Brown gives his fans a better-than-average dose of his talents.

Joe is a rookie cop who gets into more trouble than his superior police officers can understand. He's the son of a late member of the force highly respected by all for his courage and ability, but for

(Continued on page 73)

Don't label yourself all winter long—



Underarms always perspire — even in Winter! To avoid offending, make a daily habit of MUM!

NO MATTER how cold it is outdoors, it's *Summer* under your arms. For underarms can, and do, perspire all year 'round. In winter as in summer, you need Mum!

Don't be deceived because you see no visible moisture. Chances of offending others . . . of being tagged as "unattractive"—are often actually *worse* in winter, for then indoor living and warmer clothes make penetrating odors cling.

So don't label yourself . . . don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor.

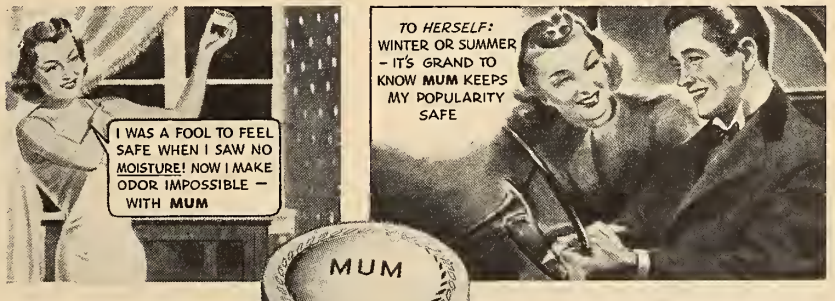
More women use Mum than any other deodorant . . . in summer and in *winter,* too. You'll find Mum . . .

SO QUICK! In 30 seconds you're through, yet you're *completely protected.*

SO SAFE! Mum holds the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. And Mum never irritates your skin.

SO SURE! You can *rely* on the protection of a daily dab of Mum. And Mum doesn't stop perspiration itself (one reason why thousands of *men* have the Mum habit, too!) Get Mum at your druggist's today.

WOOLENS ARE A TRAP FOR ODOR! PLAY SAFE



Important to You—

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Appear

SLIMMER

. . . at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE . . . and wear dresses *sizes smaller?* That is just what the Thynmold *Perforated* Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES *Smoothed Out* INSTANTLY!

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat . . . the thickness of waist . . . the width of hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Quickly CORRECT YOUR FIGURE FAULTS

BEFORE . . . A Bulging Reflection in Your Ordinary Girdle



AFTER . . . Sizes Smaller . . . No Bulges . . . in Thynmold!



Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate . . . its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Send for free illustrated folder

Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 222, 358 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....



Questions answered, curiosity satisfied—write us



ROBERT STACK was well qualified to give Deanna Durbin her initial screen kiss in "First Love," having spent six years in Paris observing the continental technique. True, he was only eleven when he left France, but Bob always learned things fast and has proved that many times. This potential Gable was born in Los Angeles on January 13, 1919 and it was to that city that the Stacks returned after their stay abroad. Bob completed his education right there in the shadow of the great movie studios and then entered the University of Southern California. Although he is too young to have made many memories, he does recall those days as the happiest in his life. This, despite the fact that most of the time he was burning with the ambition to be an actor. When he was almost twenty he left U. S. C. and entered a Hollywood dramatic school. Six months later, a prowling talent scout dropped in on a class, took a quick look, and Bob, a little bewildered, wound up with a long-term contract between his trembling fingers. Besides being great screen material, handsome Mr. S. is an athlete of no trifling talent. He spends several evenings a week at the studio gymnasium boxing with his trainer and we are told he handles the gloves skillfully. Other sports in which he excels are skeet shooting and swimming. When it's good literature he's after, Shakespeare is the man who fills the bill. Bob is also a versatile musician and does justice to the saxophone and clarinet. However, he admits the superiority of Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller, his favorites in the realm of swing. For the awards of finest actor and actress, he picks Spencer Tracy and Helen Hayes. Bob is six feet, one inch tall, has blue eyes and blonde hair and weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds. You can write him in care of Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. For a review of "First Love," turn to page 6.

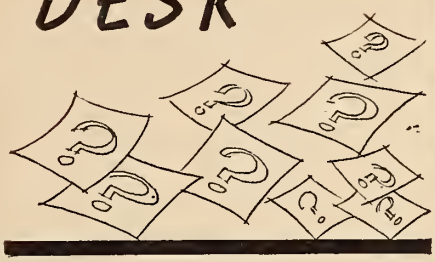


CLAUDETTE COLBERT: A combination of beauty, personality and histrionic ability is extremely rare—and so is a person like Claudette who was lavishly endowed with just that. She was born Lily Chauchion on September 13, 1905, in the city of the Eiffel Tower and Champs Elysées. Her family had no connections with, and little interest in, the theatrical world, but Claudette was a film fan at an early age. One of her favorite tricks was to fill her room with pictures of famous stars of the day and—to save time and trouble—she blissfully autographed them herself. Even then she dreamed of being as successful as the people who looked out of the photographs, yet it is doubtful that she ever guessed how completely her hopes would be realized. She was just thirteen years old when her parents bade Paris farewell and brought Claudette and her brother, Charles, to these shores and it was here that she completed her education. Some years later, at a tea party, she met Anne Westcott, the playwright, and jokingly suggested that she be given a part in Miss Westcott's new show, "The Wild Westcotts." The author obliged and was rewarded with a perfect portrayal of one of her characters. When the play closed, Claudette called upon producer Brock Pemberton, invented some impressive stories about her experience, and talked herself into the leading role in "The Marionette Man." Thus, a few months after her debut, she was an established star and it was as such that she came to Hollywood. This beautiful French girl was once married to Norman Foster, the director. They were divorced and in December, 1935, she married Dr. Joel Pressman. She plays tennis, rides horseback and loves to watch football games and boxing matches. Claudette can be reached at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, Hollywood, Cal. A review of her latest picture, "Drums Along The Mohawk," appears on page 6.



WILLIAM POWELL is as popular with his co-workers as with his fans and many in both groups gave three cheers and a whoop when they learned he was returning to the screen after a long illness. Bill is forty-seven years old and a product of Pittsburgh, Pa. He was schooled in Pittsburgh, and in Kansas City where the family moved following his grammar school graduation. His father was a fairly well-to-do public accountant who was not kindly disposed toward the acting profession. When Bill suggested that he finance him through a New York dramatic school, Mr. Powell, Sr., politely turned him down. Perceiving that there was nothing to be gained from that source, he set out to earn the money himself and began by securing a job with the Home Telephone Company at $50 per month. He shortly realized that at that rate he'd never get out of Kansas City and, remembering a wealthy aunt back in Sharon, Pa., sat down and wrote her a twenty-three-page letter that added up to a plea for $1411. She replied immediately and sent him $700 which she considered quite sufficient. It took him thirteen years to repay the loan. In New York he discovered he was not exactly the casting directors' delight and when it was offered him, happily accepted the role of the villain in John Barrymore's movie version of "Sherlock Holmes." He's been eating regularly ever since. Bill is an ardent baseball fan, reads biographies and popular fiction, and enjoys a good game of tennis. He says his favorite food is strawberry shortcake—the third helping. He is a bachelor today but has been married twice—the first time to a non-professional, the second time to Carole Lombard. He has a son by his first wife. He's six feet tall, has brown hair and eyes and weighs one hundred sixty pounds. Address him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. "Another Thin Man," his newest vehicle, is reviewed on page 6.

DESK



for a personal reply

Clarabel Gerhardt, Long Branch, N. J. Jackie Cooper is his real name and he was born in Los Angeles, Cal., on Sept. 15th, 1922. He weighs one hundred forty-five pounds, is five feet, nine inches tall, has brown curly hair and hazel eyes. His last picture was "What A Life," and his next will be "Seventeen," Booth Tarkington's famous novel of youth. You can write him in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Walter Bedick, Bronxville, N. Y. Walter Connolly is married to Nedda Harrigan, popular stage actress. His most recent picture is "The Great Victor Herbert," in which he has the name role.

Rosalind Dix, Nashville, Tenn. No doubt, you will be pleased to hear that Tony Martin has just completed his role in the romantic musical comedy, "Music In My Heart." You can write him at Columbia Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Shirley Levin, Rochester, N. Y. Jerome Cowan has been going from one strong part to another. Veteran of stock, vaudeville and the Broadway stage, he has performed in leading roles opposite many celebrated footlight stars. He most recently appeared in "The Old Maid," "There's Always A Woman" and "East Side of Heaven." His next picture will be "Framed."

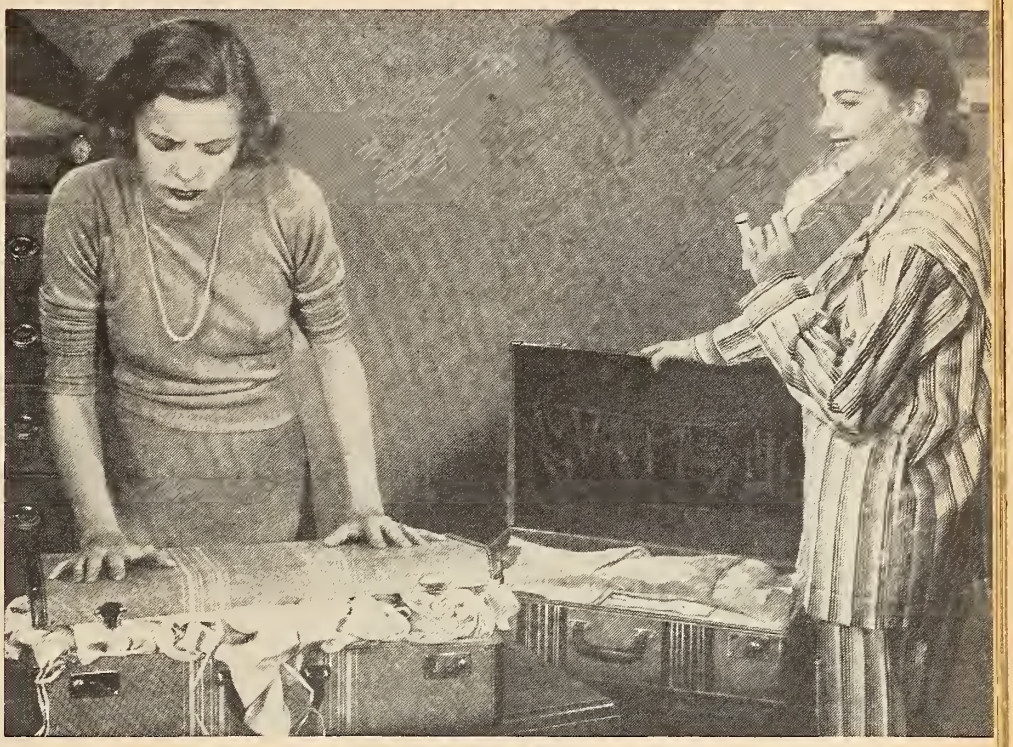
Ray Silver, Baltimore, Md. In studio language, an "inky" is an incandescent lamp.

Doris Hines, Winnipeg, Manitoba. The girl you have in mind is Helene Whitney, the daughter of the socially prominent Granville Roland Fortesques. Her big chance came while she was playing in a "home talent" production of "The Women" at a Nevada dude ranch. There she was noticed by a movie scout who was enroute East to find someone to play the role of "Fleur de Lys" in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Half an hour later, she agreed to go to Hollywood for a test with the understanding that if it proved favorable, she would get the role. Result was that she got the role along with a long-term contract. You can write her at RKO Radio, Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Readers:

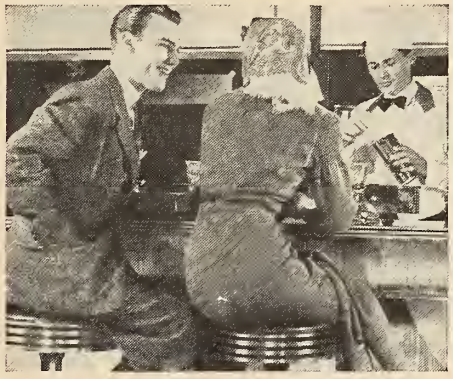
You've been swamping us with requests for information on the leading stars appearing in ★★★ and ★★★★ pictures currently playing in your neighborhood theatres. Therefore, we have decided to change our policy and print their biographies each month. Remember that questions of general interest will be answered here as usual. If you desire a personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

...ever pack a suitcase?



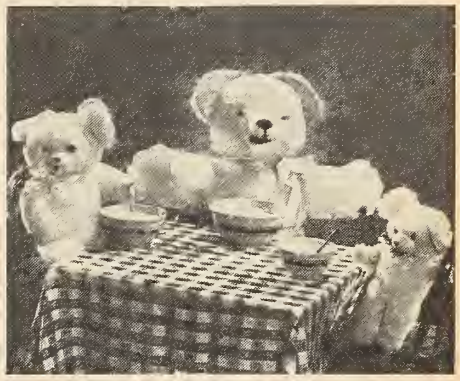
How much more you can get in a suitcase if things are folded nicely than if they're wadded up and tossed in! And this same principle makes a Kotex* sanitary napkin less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers...

Kotex has a soft, carefully *folded* center (with more material where you need it... less in the non-effective portions of the pad). So naturally—it's less bulky! Less apt to chafe, too... for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton before it's wrapped in gauze!



Why be self-conscious! With Kotex your secret is safe! Pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make embarrassing, telltale outlines...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

And—for complete peace of mind—remember this. Between the soft folds of Kotex there's a moisture-resistant panel! A special safeguard... newly developed by the Kotex Laboratories!



Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! Super—Regular—Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers... flat, tapered ends... and moisture-resistant "safety panels". *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS

PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY

COMPARE ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS



"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

THRILLINGLY ON THE SCREEN! Those stirring days of minstrels and river boats...when a great and stormy love put America's joys and sorrows to music and gave us the songs we took to our hearts forever!



SWANEE RIVER

The Story of Stephen C. Foster, the Great American Troubadour

with

DON AMECHE • ANDREA LEEDS • AL JOLSON

and

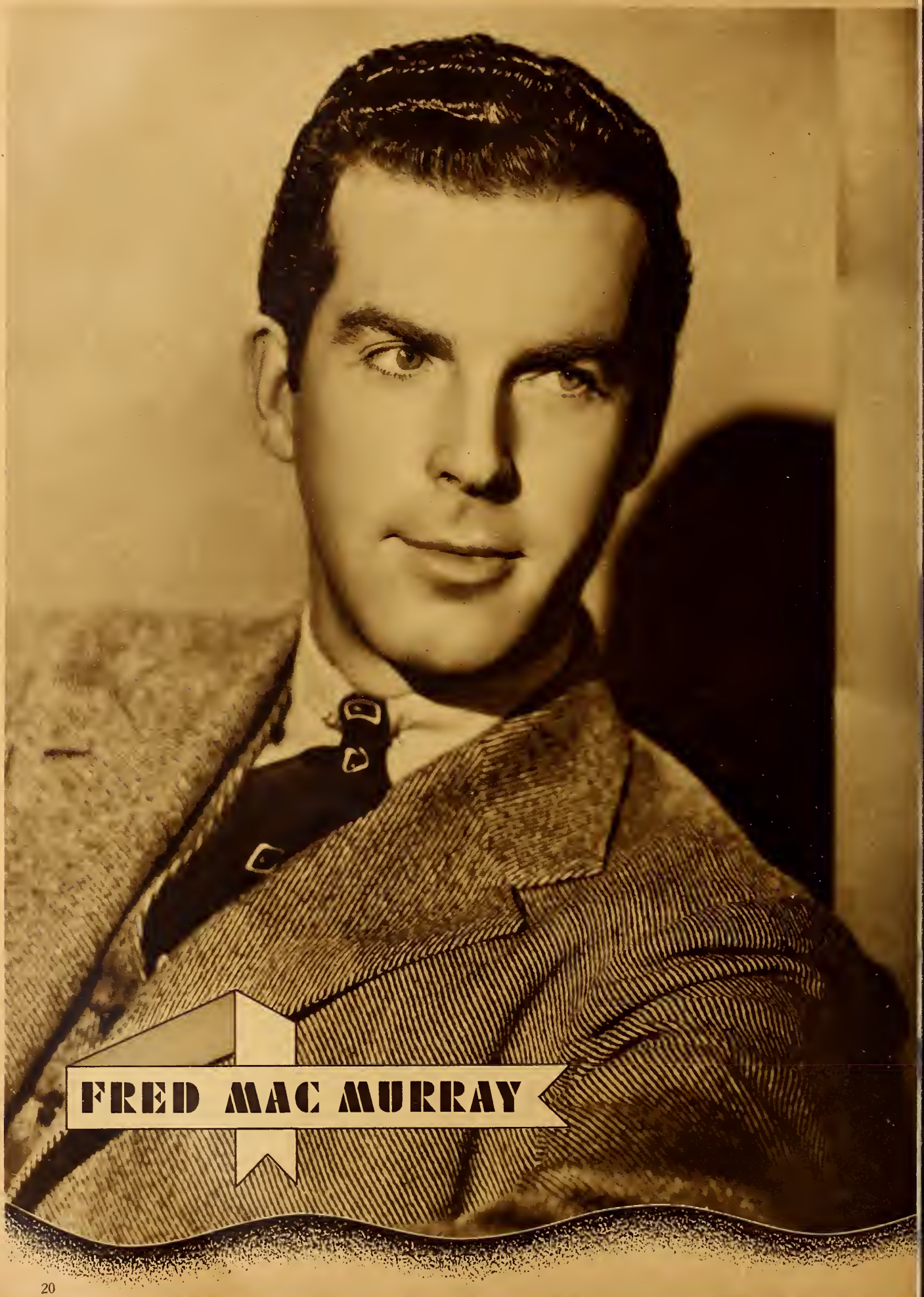
FELIX BRESSART • CHICK CHANDLER
RUSSELL HICKS • GEORGE REED
and HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD • Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by John Taintor Foote and Philip Dunne

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture


1940
ILONA MASSEY


FRED MAC MURRAY


JOAN FONTAINE


RICHARD GREENE


LANA TURNER


IDA LUPINO

BAD GIRL—  GOOD GUY—GREAT PICTURE!!!

Only Mitchell ("Man About Town") Leisen could direct a scene like this.

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"



"All you women are alike—anything to upset a guy."

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"



"Know why you've looked at me the way you have, danced with me the way you have, kissed me the way you have? . . . because you're in love with me."

"That's no way for a good guy to talk to a bad girl."

Only Preston ("Strictly Dishonorable") Sturges could write a scene like this.

Only Barbara ("Union Pacific") Stanwyck and Fred ("Honeymoon in Bali") MacMurray could bring you such a love story!



Barbara Stanwyck • Fred MacMurray in

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

Slick as "Honeymoon in Bali"... Explosive as "Midnight"... Romantic as "Love Affair"

with **BEULAH BONDI**

Elizabeth Patterson • Sterling Holloway • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

Original Screen Play by Preston Sturges

Of Course,

IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE!!







RUMORS CLOSE IN ON

THEY SAY that Nelson isn't what he used to be; that he is suddenly a new person, with a new future ahead of him. Then, in the next breath, they say that there must be some sinister reason why he has given up a $6500-a-week radio contract. They say that he is giving up his concert tours, too—"to save his voice." They say that he is secretly getting ready to give up *everything* else, to accept that offer from the Metropolitan. It's none of their business, but they say that his marriage isn't working out. At the same time, they say that the Eddys are building a honeymoon mansion that will dwarf anything in sight. They say that, after making two pictures without Jeanette MacDonald, he is pretty unhappy about being co-starred with her again.

All of these rumors can't be true. There are contradictions among them. But which are true, and which are false? There is only one person who can tell us and he's willing.

"What about the new Nelson Eddy?" Quizzically, Nelson echoes the question. He takes another sip of coffee, which, with some white toast, is his entire lunch, because this is a singing day. Then, with a self-derisive grin, he answers, "When I first heard the rumors, I said, 'Uh-huh. People will have their little wisecracks.' When I kept on hearing them, I said, 'Gangway! I've got to find out what I've been doing that I don't know about!'

"I hustled myself to the nearest projection room and had them run off 'Balalaika.' I sat there and squirmed. 'Why, in the name of heaven, did you do that in that scene?' I kept saying to myself. 'You should have done this. When will you ever learn?'

"But the more the picture got around, the more the rumors seemed to grow. That didn't just baffle me; it floored me. I started cornering people I could depend on for a straight answer, and saying, 'You've got to let me in on the secret. I've got to know. How am I "a new Eddy?" ' My best friends couldn't tell me. They said, 'You tell us.' The only difference anybody could see was that I was 'freer and easier' than I had ever been before. I haven't figured out if that makes me a new man or not. Between you and me, I doubt it."

He helps himself to a half-slice of toast and a reflective pause. "So I'm 'freer and easier.' I'll tell you one answer. In 'Balalaika,' I wore some pants that wouldn't split if I bent over. Don't think that didn't make a difference! Some of the musical comedy uniforms I've had to wear have been brutal. Pants so tight I couldn't sit down without courting catastrophe. Coats so wasp-waisted I couldn't take a deep breath without having sixteen buttons pop off. Collars so high I had to hold my chin just one way—up, at a forty-five degree angle. People said Eddy was stiff. And how Eddy was stiff!

"In 'Balalaika,' I wore Cossack clothes, which were designed for comfort. I relaxed a little. I forgot to worry for the first time since I came to Hollywood. I stopped knocking myself out, trying to act. I had three and a half days off in three months—and I put on ten pounds. I was that relaxed. I don't know. Maybe that makes me a new Eddy."

But the question is: Can he stay relaxed?

"I certainly hope so," Nelson Eddy says. "I've been in pictures four and a half years. I've picked up that much experience. And it ought to begin to show. I ought to stop being self-conscious one of these years.

"When I came to Hollywood, I didn't know the first thing about acting. I'd never done any. I didn't know how to time lines. I didn't know how to make gestures talk for me. I didn't know what a camera angle was. I had to be told how to do everything, except sing. I was awkward; I was stiff; and, most of all, I was self-conscious. In short, I was bad. Not that I'm good now. But, at least, I'm beginning to look Dat Ol' Debbil Camera in the eye without taking a bath in nervous perspiration. I don't scare so easily now. I've got a little experience behind me.

"Jeanette used to stagger me. She never seemed to do anything wrong. Nobody had to tell her what to do, or how to do it. She knew. I used to wonder if it was feminine instinct that told her. Now I know it was experience. She had had practice, not only in the movies but on Broadway before that.

"I'VE NEVER told this before, but I used to go through the tortures of the damned. I couldn't sleep at night for worrying about the next day's scenes, about certain lines of dialogue that might throw me, if certain bits of action didn't. I dreaded getting up in the morning, because once I was up, the agony was just that much nearer. Every time I was called in front of the camera, I had a sinking sensation. Was this the time I wasn't going to be able to make the grade? I had to drive myself every inch of the way.

"I couldn't tell, when I did something for the camera, whether I was putting it over or not. I had to take somebody else's word for it. That was where the radio program was a big help. The talking part of the program, I mean. Every time I sang, the announcer would whip up thirty seconds of applause, which sounded good but didn't mean a thing. If I had said, 'I demand thirty seconds more of applause,' I could have had it. When I did skits, things were different. The audience reacted of its own accord, or it didn't react at all. That was an education."

These days Nelson Eddy, the ex-introvert, is really getting a bang out of life—including marriage. There's no doubt about that, either. A man having trouble at home couldn't grin the way Mrs. Ann Franklin Eddy's husband does.

He won't talk about his marriage. "What do you want to do? Make me self-conscious at home?" he demands. "Ann is not an actress, so the less publicity she has, the happier she'll be. And I'm out to make her happy."

He isn't so reticent about his reasons for dropping out of radio. "I saw the story that I had tossed a contract



EDDY!

So Nelson takes time out to set you straight on the things people are saying about him

BY JAMES REID

Nelson Eddy has always been self-conscious and evasive with interviewers. This time with gossip buzzing in his ears, he really "opens up" and surprises Modern Screen with scoop after scoop!



for $6500 a week into the wastebasket. That was as pretty a flight of fancy as I've ever read about anybody. But, apparently, some people have taken it seriously. They're arguing about whether I've lost my head or my voice.

"I'm not at liberty to tell what salary the contract called for, but it wasn't $6500. And, just to keep the record straight, I'd better add that *that* wasn't why I decided to go off the air. The reasons are very simple. They're even logical.

"I told you a few moments ago that, during the three months 'Balalaika' was in the making, I had exactly three and a half days off. That was because I had a Sunday radio program. I had to work week-ends, when everybody else was having fun. I didn't give up just my Sundays. I had to work up new song numbers for every broadcast. That meant practising for two hours straight, three nights a week, after I got home from the studio. Friday night, and again on Sunday, (*Continued on page* 64)



Left, Linda Darnell at the age of twelve, before glamorization set in. Next, a scene from "Daytime Wife," in which Linda has the enviable role of Tyrone Power's leading lady. Right, a natural beauty, Linda knew most of the Hollywood make-up tricks long before she ever went there.

HOLLYWOOD

DESTINATION-HOLLYWOOD

From the cradle up, Linda Darnell was trained for the place she holds today

BY RUTH HARDY

TO THE folks in her home town, Dallas, Texas, Linda's triumph was neither unexpected nor startling. Indeed, they would have been surprised if she had failed. They know that since the day she was born, Linda Darnell has been diligently groomed for exactly the place she holds today. They know, too, that the real triumph belongs not so much to Linda herself as to her mother who charted the girl's course before her birth and guided the child to its ultimate fulfillment. With natural beauty and such indefatigable training, Linda's career was inevitable.

Four and a half months before the première of "Hotel For Women," Linda Darnell was a studious and serious-minded little sophomore in Sunset High School, in Dallas. Her sudden and phenomenal success in one picture does involve a great factor of luck, but it is luck backed up by unrelenting hard work and some disappointment and delay. It was not a case of opportunity striking once and finding her ready to take advantage. Rather, it was a case of her knocking at the door of opportunity time after time until, after such repeated onslaughts, the door must of necessity have opened.

Linda, christened Monetta and so still known to her home folks, was sixteen on last October 16. She was born in 1923, according to Dallas school records. Thus she was only fifteen when she triumphed in Hollywood in "Hotel For Women." The studio is going to great lengths to publicize her as eighteen, and Linda's precocious appearance fully supports their statements. Time was, however, when an actress changed her age only to snip a few years off as she approached middle age, and there were no restrictions on youth. Loretta Young, for example, was playing leads at fourteen. But since the advent of the Hay's code, the younger teens are considered suitable only for callow calf-love of the Andy Hardy variety. Deanna Durbin, at sixteen, met young love for the first time on the screen. Linda, too mature in appearance and manner for adolescent roles, fits visually into more sophisticated parts and has had her age stretched by the studio.

An ambitious mother, who twenty years ago had battered at the Hollywood gates and returned in defeat to her home in Dallas, destined little Linda for the theatrical career she had missed at the cradle. As an amateur, the child was before the public from the age of three. Every influence in her life was directed toward the goal of motion picture stardom. She appeared in nearly every "kiddie show," dance recital and amateur play in and around Dallas. Every possible talent search or contest was a challenge for Mrs.



Being co-captain of her high school pep squad helped Linda lose self-consciousness about public appearances.



About four months after Linda left Sunset High, she made a triumphal return to Dallas with the premiere of "Hotel For Women." Her grandma, left, and dad and mother, right, were mighty proud!

Darnell to test her beautiful daughter. Many times she failed, or came in second, but once she won, and that was enough.

Linda's outstanding trait is her amazing poise and common sense for one so young. She was friendly, met people easily and was well liked at school but was not spectacularly popular. She hadn't time to be. When most girls were busy with movie matinees and dates, Linda was studying diction, dancing and make-up. Every night of her life from Linda's babyhood, Mrs. Darnell gave her daughter special complexion care. The girl was a natural beauty but Hollywood, they knew, improves on nature, and many of Hollywood's tricks had been mastered by Linda before she ever saw California. A comparison of her photographs of two years ago and of last spring shows that much of her glamorization took place before movie make-up artists had a chance to work their magic.

Despite her looks, however, Linda won only second place in the school beauty contest last spring. She was beaten when a boys' club supported another girl, and the contest became actually a competition in popularity rather than beauty. Mrs. Darnell discouraged dates for Linda and she seldom had time for school parties, although she did have a crush on the reigning football hero. Now, however, eight months later, Linda is the heroine of the student body and the pretty contest winner is a stenographer in a Dallas business office.

Linda, with her two sisters and one brother, grew up in Oak Cliff, a suburb of Dallas, in a modest white frame cottage at 715 Hollywood Street —a prophetic name. Mr. Darnell was and still retains his position as a clerk in the Dallas postoffice. Shy and retiring, he is proud of his actress daughter, but (*Continued on page 75*)





Mickey enjoys Judy Garland's company because she is sincere.

Bored with the romantic field, Mickey says he has temporarily retired.

CONFESSIONS



Between takes, Mickey is the life-of-the-party! On extreme left, June Preisser and Jackie Cooper; right, Ann Rutherford and Judy Garland.

The lucky number this time is Kay Stewart, who gurgles with delight as she dines with Mickey. He picks the fashionable restaurants because they have the best bands.

BY ELISABETH FRENCH

The very private affairs of a man who knows his way around—Mickey Rooney

MICKEY ROONEY, erstwhile reputed ladies' man and night club habitué, is a homebody now. A year ago Mickey was rumored by Hollywood gossipers to be the menace of the minors. They say he covered more territory than Cesar Romero or David Niven, even though his allowance was only $15 a week.

But that was last year. Now even the columnists are content to leave Mickey on his San Fernando ranch with his ducks and his flowers. And when he does venture into a restaurant it's with a gang of "the fellows." Lady-killing is out.

"I don't know where I ever got that reputation," Mickey sighed with dignity in his portable dressing-room between scenes of "Young Mr. Edison." "Gosh, I haven't time to give much thought to girls."

He really hasn't had time. You can't accomplish what Mickey has during the past year and be a playboy, too. According to the latest poll, Mickey is now Number One at the box-office. And his talents have multiplied to the point where developing them is a full-time job. He has made four trips East for personal appearances; he's made radio appearances, composed songs and an opera, collaborated on a new Andy Hardy story that he hopes the studio will buy, learned to shoot in the seventies at golf, polished up his manners, practised singing and piano-playing, perfected his imitations, and improved his acting immeasurably in each picture.

He even carries a ball around in his hand now, and squeezes it to develop the muscles in his arms. You can see how completely girls have been crowded out.

In New York after one of his personal appearances, when a pretty nineteen-year-old admirer suggested that they go out for a sandwich and he had to refuse, he went back to the hotel and sat up in bed writing a song, "I Can't Afford to Fall in Love." He didn't mean money, of course—just the innumerable activities that consume his time and almost completely banish feminine society from his world.

"But what do you do when you're not working?" I asked.

"Oh—stay home and think," he replied. Then added hastily, "I like to go to the fights on Friday nights, and to football games. I swim in my pool and play golf every day I'm not working. And I'm interested in horses.

"I have a gang over at the house all the time. All fellows. I can have more fun with fellows. I don't make a habit of going about with picture people. I go with non-professionals, kids I went to high school with or that I've met in various ways since. Picture people are always on the make for something—they go around with you for your name and not for friendship."

He admitted that non-professionals sometimes go with you for your name, too, but still they're the best bet. Mickey's closest friends are his stand-in, a young Hollywood clothing merchant, the musical director of "Babes in Arms," a football player at the University of Southern California, and others not related to the social racket of the picture business. His now-neglected girl friends, too, are chosen from outside the studio.

"I LIKE a girl who's sincere," Mickey declared, his chin stuck out challengingly, "one who sincerely likes *me*, and not my name. I haven't found one yet," he added, with a slightly bitter smile.

When Judy Garland's name was mentioned, he groaned. "Judy is a very sincere girl," he said patiently, but as one who has been tried too far. "When she likes you, you know it's genuine. I have a lot of fun when I'm with Judy. "But," he shrugged, "there's just nothing there!"

"As for other girls in pictures—well, I'm kind of young. And most girls who are coming along in pictures are sort of—well, no man, if he has any brains, likes to go out with a girl who thinks she's better than he is. He shouldn't think he's better than she is, either. It should be a fifty-fifty proposition. But at least (*Continued on page 82*)

OF A LADY-KILLER

BRIAN AHERNE



He married Joan Fontaine August 20, 1939. It was a first marriage for both.

DON AMECHE



Wed his boyhood sweetheart, Honore Prendergast, in 1932. Has three sons.

ANNABELLA



Ty Power is her fourth husband. She has a daughter, 9, by an earlier marriage.

JEAN ARTHUR



Became Mrs. Frank J. Ross, Jr., June 11, 1932. A previous marriage annulled.

JOAN BENNETT



Divorced from John Fox and Gene Markey. Two girls, one by each.

INGRID BERGMAN



She is happily married to Peter Lindstrom, a practicing physician in Sweden.

HUMPHREY BOGART



Mayo Methot is wife No. 3. Divorced from Mary Phillips and actress, Helen Menken.

CHARLES BOYER



Met Pat Paterson in November, 1933 and married her three months later.

Allen, Gracie
Saw George Burns backstage at a theatre, became his stooge and married him in 1927. Two adopted children—Ronnie, four; Sandra, seven.

Arlen, Richard
Has a son, six, by Jobyna Ralston and a daughter by his first wife.

Arnold, Edward
Olive Emerson is his second wife. They have three grown children.

Atwill, Lionel
Formerly married to Elsie Mackay of Australia and since June, 1930, to Mrs. Louise MacArthur. Has a son, nineteen, by his first wife.

Auer, Mischa
He is the devoted husband of non-professional Norma Tillman. They have two children, a son, aged six, and an adopted baby daughter.

Bainter, Fay
Has been married for over seventeen years to Lt. Commander Reginald Venable of the U. S. Navy (retired). They have a fifteen-year-old son.

Bancroft, George
Will celebrate his 24th anniversary on May 30th next. One daughter.

Bari, Lynn
Surprise merger with agent Walter Kane occurred on March 8, 1939.

Barnes, Binnie
Divorced Samuel Joseph, London antique dealer, October 16, 1936.

Barrymore, John
Separated from fourth wife, Elaine Barrie. His first was Katherine Corri Harris; second, authoress Blanche Oelrichs; third, Dolores Costello. Three children—one by his second wife and two by his third.

Barrymore, Lionel
His second wife, Irene Fenwick, died in 1936; they were wed in 1923.

Barthelmess, Richard
After his divorce from Mary Hay, he married Mrs. Jessica Sargeant of New York City. His daughter, Mary, is his child by his first wife.

Baxter, Warner
Winifred Bryson, his second wife, was formerly his leading lady.

Beery, Wallace
Fifteen years of marriage to Rita Gilman ended in divorce last year. Wally is legal guardian of their adopted daughter, Carol Ann, eight.

Bellamy, Ralph
Catherine Willard was on the London stage before becoming his wife.

Benchley, Robert
A single marriage, to Gertrude Darling of Worcester, Massachusetts. Date, June 6, 1914. Children: Nathaniel Goddard and Robert Gale.

Benny, Jack
January 12, 1927, was the red letter day in Jack's life, marking his marriage to Mary Livingstone. Joan Naomi, five, is their adopted child.

MATRIMONIAL SCOREBOARD

FRED ASTAIRE



Socialite divorcee, Phyllis Potter, became his bride in 1933. They have one child.

GENE AUTRY



Wife Ina May Spivey is as real a westerner as Gene. She was born in Oklahoma.

LEW AYRES



Parted from Ginger Rogers whom he wed in 1934. Was once married to Lola Lane.

CONSTANCE BENNETT



Separated from third husband, Marquis de la Coudraye. One son—adopted.

VIRGINIA BRUCE



Wed J. Walter Ruben in 1937. Has a daughter by first husband, John Gilbert.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Ex-wife of Norman Foster. Present wife of Hollywood physician, Joel Pressman.

RONALD COLMAN



Eloped with actress, Benita Hume. It was his second attempt, her first.

JOAN CRAWFORD



Two unsuccessful marriages. First to D. Fairbanks, Jr.; second to F. Tone.

Blondell, Joan
Former husband, cameraman George Barnes. Son Norman born in 1934. Present husband, Dick Powell. Daughter Ellen born June 30, 1938.

Bolger, Ray
Has been a husband for eleven years and still likes his wife's folks.

Boyd, Bill
Divorced from first and second wives; now Grace Bradley has the title.

Brent, George
Score three marriages for him. The first was over before he was nineteen. The second, to Ruth Chatterton, ended in divorce in 1934. The third, to Australian Constance Worth, was annulled in 1937.

Brook, Clive
Married Mildred Evalyn, actress, September 6, 1921. Two children.

Brown, John Mack
Mrs. Brown is a former southern belle. Two youngsters for them.

Brown, Tom
He and Natalie Draper called it quits last year; were wed in 1937.

Burke, Billie
Married Florenz Ziegfeld after a whirlwind courtship, and was widowed in 1933. Her daughter, Patricia, was married in June of 1939.

Burnette, Smiley
His wife is the former Dallas McDonald. One daughter, adopted.

Burns, George
Has a life contract with Gracie Allen; he's both husband and coach.

Burns, Robert
Married to his secretary, Harriet Foster. Their daughter will be one year old March 25. A son by his first wife is now seventeen.

Butterworth, Charles
Divorced from Ethel Sutherland whom he wed in 1932, a year before his arrival in Hollywood. Has since carefully eluded matrimony.

Byington, Spring
The ex-wife of a Mr. Chandler and the mother of two grown daughters.

Cabot, Bruce
His marriage to Actress Adrienne Ames came to an end in April, 1937.

Cagney, James
Billie Vernon was his vaudeville partner before becoming his wife.

Campbell, Louise
Has been Mrs. MacMahon since December 26, 1938; a first for both.

Cantor, Eddie
Still the husband of Ida (Tobias) and father of the five Cantor girls.

Carlson, Richard
A single marriage. His wife is Mona Mayfield, a non-professional.

Carradine, John
Wed Ardanelle Cosner in 1935 and has a boy, three. Also adopted his wife's son by a previous marriage. (*Continued on page 89*)

MOVIE STARS have long wrung their hands and wept on the public's shoulder over their chief problem—inaccurate reports. The frequently uttered statements that Hollywood and marriage are incompatible, that four out of every five unions end in the divorce courts, they regard as absolute slander. And with justification. The truth is that better than 60% of the stars have had only a single marriage and are still living with their first mates; 13% have had one divorce and are now unmarried. 21% have been married twice, and only the remaining 6% three times or more. It would seem that in this case at least, Hollywood has been misunderstood.

THE BUSIEST LADY IN TOWN



Ten-year-old Shirley Temple has more

SHIRLEY settled back in the depths of a couch so wide that her legs stuck out straight from under her crisp pink dress. "I like interviews," she observed. "I like to answer questions. Sometimes they stump me though, like when they ask who's your favorite actor and actress."

There's an interesting difference between the Shirley of nine and the Shirley of ten. A year ago she took her world for granted. Now she's beginning to explore it. A year ago, responsibility was for adults. Now she's beginning to assume it herself. A year ago you wouldn't have interviewed Shirley. You'd have talked to her mother or to Miss Klamt, her teacher, or you'd have watched her at work and play on the set. She'd have been ready to greet you, to answer a question or two politely, if briefly, and to escape the moment she conveniently could.

Now, far from showing any inclination to flee, she planked herself down on the couch in her bungalow living-room, and declared that she liked interviews. More, she proved herself an invaluable aide. Neither forward nor backward, she made her own apt contributions as they were called for, and subsided when they weren't.

To say that she's growing up at ten sounds a little silly. But this much is true. She's left her babyhood behind her. She's beginning to glimpse horizons beyond the magic that rings one's earliest years. With the instinct of every healthy child, she's reaching for realities. She's not growing up yet, but she's showing the first symptoms.

For instance, she's increasingly aware of herself as an individual. When she went to Honolulu this year, crowds, bearing leis, gathered at the dock to welcome her. This was as it had always been. Honolulu, where she's spent so many happy holidays, regards Shirley as its own and she returns the compliment. Heretofore, as she traveled down the gangplank on the shoulder of some stalwart, she has always sung by request "The Good Ship Lollypop." This year she said to her mother, "I'd rather walk down and I'd rather not sing." There's never been anything grandstand



On the set, when Shirley isn't carrying on her milk fund campaign, you'll catch her whipping up a little knitting.

things "on the fire" than any five adults—and, what's more, she does them up brown!

about her. As a younger child, she simply did as she was asked. Now, growing conscious of an inner reluctance for the limelight, she begins to assert the right to be true to herself.

She's always had tact, if tact is an innate gift for putting yourself in the other fellow's place. She was only seven, when she was asked one day to pose for a picture with a newspaper man. It was all in the day's work to Shirley, but the representative of the press, more accustomed to giving than getting publicity, flushed and squirmed and didn't know what to do with his hands. She sensed his discomfort. Looking up at him, she inquired, "Know any riddles?" and broke the ice.

Now she's learning to apply tact to her own dilemmas. She was lunching with her mother at a small restaurant in Honolulu. A group of Japanese children, picnicking nearby, got wind of her presence and lined up outside the restaurant. With the restraint of their race, they made no demonstration as Shirley came out, didn't even break ranks, just stood there smiling. Then, as if at the click of a switch, they chorused, "Please sing one of your songs for us, Shirley."

BY IDA ZEITLIN

"Pooh," said Shirley. "You've heard me sing lots of times. I'd like to hear you sing."

Radio thrillers are her passion, the more bloodcurdling the better. Having been surrounded virtually from the cradle by movie personalities, they fail to impress her. She stands in no awe of Darryl Zanuck. But the manager of the Lone Ranger broadcast walks apart in glory. So when she heard that Orson Welles was coming to call, she did nip-ups. He's been the man of her heart since the night he brought the Martians winging to earth.

Her first concern on meeting him was to reassure him. Lifting worshipful eyes, she said, "Your radio program didn't scare me. I heard lots like that. Only it was pretty exciting. It made me even not listen to Charlie McCarthy."

Later, they played croquet together, a game at which Shirley excels. But she played poorly that day. She had to play poorly. She couldn't give her fabulous guest the golden crown or the Kohinoor diamond he deserved, so she gave him the only gift within her power—she made sure he beat her.

She still plays with dolls. In fact, her preoccupation with them is a rather recent affair, almost wholly practical. "No, I don't pretend they're my children. They're just dolls to me. It's no fun to love them, like my pets, because they can't love back, and it's no fun to talk to them like people, because they can't answer back. They're just interesting to put clothes on and take 'em off again."

She's reached the stage where she'd rather keep house than play house. She empties ash trays faster than you can use them. She runs her own small vacuum over the rugs. She loves to cook.

"But the only time I can usually get any cooking in is Saturday. Other days I have to listen to my radio programs, but Saturdays I go down and help Katy. Last week I made these steaks for dinner. I took one of those pounders to break up all the little fibres, then I put 'em in flour, then I put 'em in egg, then I put 'em in b— what did I put 'em in then, mom?" (*Mom,* be it noted, not the *mommy* of a year ago.)

"Breadcrumbs," said Mrs. Temple.

Shirley chuckled. "I was going to say birdseed. Then I put 'em in the frying pan, then I turned 'em over and that's all. Except eat 'em. I gen'rally make about eight or nine on account of the boys." She twitched at the skirt of her doll who was showing too much leg. "They've got such healthy appetites, bless them," she added absently.

One of the studio staff came in to remind her that she had a letter to write.

"I know, but I'm not very anxious."

"I thought you liked to write letters." (*Cont'd on page 79*)



In "The Blue Bird," their search for the bird of happiness takes Shirley, as Mytyl, and Johnny Russell, as her brother Tyltyl, into the Realm of the Past. They enjoy a reunion with Grandpa Al Shean and Granny Cecilia Loftus.

Nancy Kelly's clothes are typical of those bought—and paid for—by Hollywood's younger set. Nancy purchases six evening dresses a season and signs a $75 to $100 check for each. The gown, below, is made of white slipper satin, trimmed with pearls.

Youth, even the high-salaried kind, can still be practical. Nancy proves it by choosing this eye-stopping evening ensemble for her own wardrobe. Sans jacket, it's a lowcut princess gown and appears to be a completely different costume.

Somali leopard coats are priced from $595 to $995. Shoes, for her winter outfits, include one pair for walking, $10; two pairs for tailored suits and frocks, $14 each; suede pumps, $12; shoes for dark dresses, $14; and evening sandals, $10.





FASHION$ AND FIGURE$

It's easy to dress like a screen star — when you earn a screen star's salary

NOWHERE IN the world is the per capita expenditure for finery so huge as in Hollywood. To the great majority of stars, clothes are their stock in trade and their yearly budget is, in most cases, determined by the position they must maintain. Allowing for the usual exceptions, the average feminine movie-careerist spends upwards of $10,000 a year for her wardrobe, with the fashion leaders paying that much and more for their furs and jewels, alone.

In this latter group are Joan Bennett who owns, among other furs, a white fox cape costing $1,750; Dolores del Rio, the proud possessor of a silver fox coat you could have, too—if you had $2,000; Claudette Colbert who does her strutting in a full-length ermine evening coat valued at $1,800; and, taking first place for furs, Virginia Bruce, the lady whose chinchilla wrap is said to represent an outlay of $25,000. The wardrobes of these women consist of a substantial number of sports clothes—worn only for sports, afternoon ensembles, dinner gowns and evening clothes, and they pay anywhere from $200 to $600 for an original model. Their hats are creations of Lilly Daché, John-Frederic and Schiaparelli and, though the price range may start at $35, actually the sky's the limit.

Though there is a small fortune hanging in almost every Hollywood closet and shoebag, the stars do have certain pet economies which are difficult to reconcile with their not insignificant incomes. For example, Nancy Kelly confides that she always buys several pairs of hose of a single shade. Then, if one stocking in each of two pairs meets with an accident, the whole ones are put together and a perfect pair emerges. This little trick is easier to understand when you consider that Nancy's daytime hose cost $2 and those she wears for evening, $3 or more.

The Kelly lass also shoots holes into the belief that a dress or hat is tagged for the junk heap after a single appearance on Hollywood Boulevard. She wears her clothes not only more than one time—but more than one season.



Sports numbers like the one on the left cost $45. Nancy's dressier daytime dresses vary from $50 to $75, and her handbags average $10 apiece. She spends as much as $16.50 a pair for long afternoon and evening gloves, and around $5 a pair for her shorter ones.

On the right is a russet-colored featherweight suede frock you may duplicate for $50. Lacing on front of shirt is carried out on the crown of the hat, backs of the gloves, and on a matching bag. Nancy's hats — she has five a season—run from $15 to $20 apiece.



Even at home Nancy must be ready to greet photographers and interviewers. Her ensemble, pictured here, costs about $60, combines navy and white silk pajamas with a satin-lined white flannel robe. Add $10 for the moccasins.

FASHION$ AND FIGURE$



Ty spends over $3,000 yearly for his suits alone. An assortment of two dozen, at close to $135 each, keeps him stylishly dressed.



Tyrone rarely buys more than three hats a year and spends about $10 for each. Coat, a $200 item, is one of five purchased annually.



Sweaters are a hobby with him. He adds twenty a year to his already large collection; pays $5 for polo shirts and up to $50 for imported Cashmeres.



He favors plain dark lounging robes and usually buys about two a season. In wool or silk they cost approximately $50, but the terry ones are less.



Ty pays $20 for a formal shirt and uses five a year. Six dozen sport and business suit shirts range from $6 to $25 apiece. Tails, shown right, cost about $185.

WHILE HOLLYWOOD generously provides picture clothes for the feminine players, no such favor is shown the male star. It's his personal finery you see on the screen, except when special costumes are required. Therefore, it is not unusual for an actor to have a large enough wardrobe to outfit five men—about twenty suits, ten coats, a dozen hats and seventy-five ties.

Like the feminine stars, the male leads find themselves the focal point of national attention for masculine fashions. As a result, the average star's wardrobe, taking Tyrone Power as an example, costs in the neighborhood of $7,000 a year. Offhand this seems an exorbitant figure, but remember that every picture requires a different wardrobe, since any keen-eyed fan would immediately spot a "repeat performance."

THE HUMAN SIDE OF A MENACE

Miriam Hopkins is one screen villainess who is not afraid of being typed!

A LITTLE matter of paying the rent made Miriam Hopkins turn from a water lily to a writer. She was impersonating one of the fair flowers in a revue, and when the show folded, had to attack a new field.

"I was broke and about to be dispossessed from my apartment," she explains. "I wrote two short stories and sent them to Miss Elisabeth Marbury. She was the best known literary agent of the time. She read the stories, liked them and asked me to lunch at her home at 13 Sutton Place, New York.

"Miss Marbury asked me what else I had written and about my plans. I told her I hoped that I was an actress but that I was out of a job and needed money. Could she sell the stories? She thought she could and she would see about a job in the theater.

"As we lunched in that lovely paneled dining-room with its view of the East River and the Queensborough Bridge, I said, 'Miss Marbury, some day I shall own this house.'"

It was in the living-room at 13 Sutton Place that Miriam Hopkins and I talked. She bought the house in 1933. The dining-room has not been changed. The walls are paneled in pine from France. The drawing-room is as it was, the walls covered in a bird chintz and framed in pine. A piece of the same chintz hangs in the Boston Art Museum. Those rooms fit Miriam Hopkins. They show her determination, her belief that only the best pays, her fastidiousness and her sense of discrimination.

"I want to keep this house for I always want to live in New York for a part of every year. I have a house in California and a lot of pictures and furniture travel from coast to coast. There is a Renoir painting that I particularly love and a red chair. In this way I manage to have my cake and eat it, too. I want possessions but I won't be tied down or live a regular life. I can't imagine anything worse than three meals a day at the same hour every day. It may be a strange way to live but it is right for me.

"Last winter Dolores Rel Rio invited me to dine. I explained that if I accepted I would be late, as I was to broadcast that evening. She said that didn't matter.

"On that broadcast I was acting as mistress of ceremonies. I introduced the speaker, a man who had just returned from Europe and was an authority on foreign affairs. We discussed the program just before it was time for us to go on the air, and decided to alter the script so that the interview might have more pep. He noted some suggestions on the margin of my copy. From these I was to form the questions. When we got before the microphone we found, to our horror, that there was only one script, and we had to share it. I am near-sighted and he is far-sighted! It was an ordeal. I was nervous and so exhausted that at the end of the hour I couldn't think of going straight to the party. He and I went to a nearby restaurant for a cup of coffee to give me time to recover.

"I became so interested in asking questions about the foreign situation that I forgot time. When I remembered, I insisted that he go with me. He was in business clothes but he came along. He had a wonderful time. He and Charlie Chaplin talked of Chaplin's new picture, "The Dictator." Later, he made it possible for Charlie to get information in Washington as to how far he could or could not go in portraying this ticklish role.

"That is the way I enjoy doing things. It is much easier in Hollywood these days than it used to be. When I first went there, we had little social life. It was all very formal. We went to picture openings, formal parties and played bridge. The night before I came East, the Maxwell Andersons (he wrote "Winterset"), the Kurt Weils (I adore his music) and the Bruno Franks came for dinner. We wore sweaters and slacks and ate around the swimming pool. They stayed until two in the morning and I was terribly flattered for the Andersons seldom go out."

Miriam has amazing physical (*Continued on page 83*)

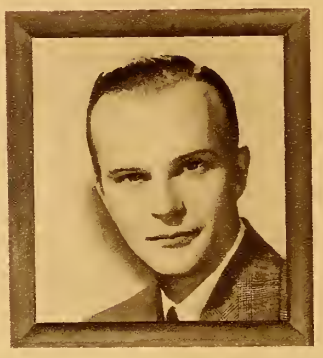
BY MARY MARCH



"A good woman is lovely in a drawing-room, but for seven reels she is a frightful bore," says Miriam.



David Niven is tall, blond and extremely well built, on effect emphasized by an excellent tailor. He rides, ploys tournament golf ond is Hollywood's number one expert on skis. Right now, he's covering the field but don't let thot fool you. He's 30, and oll he's woiting for is The Girl.



Mrs. Bergen once tried to convince her son there wasn't o living to be mode in ventriloquism. If Edgor can't live on $500,000 then she was right, for thot's the sum which pours in annually. By marrying, he could save about $100,000 in toxes, but won't economize thot woy.



George Brent, 35, is the Cinema City Casonova. He claims to like aloneness, yet has deserted his solitude often enough to have his nome significantly coupled with L. Young, G. Gorbo, A. Louise and others. In between, he found time for three unsuccessful morriages.



The question is—what has this guy Stewart got? He's long-legged with a sort of charming owkwardness, ond he hos o greot deal of boyish appeol without being immoture. The ladies know him os a swell dancer, o witty conversationalist ond o mon who knows his woy oround.



Cesor Romero, 32, is another of the film city's bachelors who spreods his attention around. He has squired Loretta Young, Joon Crowford and Sonjo Henie, but he evidently likes his independence. He rents two opartments in Hollywood—one for himself, the other for his porents.





Rosalind Russell has had thirty-one years of spinsterhaod and thinks maybe enough's enough. She awns her home, hates to be called "Toots," is a paor golfer, but a good talker. Outstanding peculiarity: strict vegetarianism. Says Roz, "I think it's wrong and unhealthy ta live alane."



At 27, Sanja Henie is said to carry over $3,000,000 in insurance. Her staggering income allows her ta indulge a love for diamonds, but it may encourage aspiring males to know that she dislikes champagne, saves a good part of her earnings and is a shrewd business woman.



Being a mother by adoption doesn't keep Loretta Young fram dates. She has scads of them, but dadges proposals. A sense af humor, naturalness and intelligence are the traits she looks for in men. Loretta is 27, was married once—to Grant Withers —and was divorced in 1930.

SHOPPING FOR MATES

A preview of the 1940 entries in the Matrimonial Sweepstakes

SO MANY choice plums fell from the Celibate tree in 1939 that these stars have become conspicuous for their state of single blessedness. All have fabulous incomes and are rated the town's prize catches.

Not pictured, but also eligible for the marital leap as we go to press, are Greta Garbo, 33, whose name has been linked romantically with the late John Gilbert, George Brent, two noted directors, master musician Leopold Stokowski, and Hollywood's current diet expert, Dr. Gaylord Hauser; Miriam Hopkins, 37, three-times divorcee, and mother of an adopted son; Bette Davis, 31, recently divorced from Harmon Nelson; Greer Garson, who is 25 and has never been married; Jeffrey Lynn, 31, and Richard Greene, 25, who have yet to relinquish bachelorhood; William Powell, 47, who was once the husband of Carole Lombard, and Dennis O'Keefe, 27.



Make no mistakes about Olivia de Havilland. The yaung lady has stuff—enough wit and intelligence to last her all of her life. But we're told she's extremely hard to get. At 23, Livvy earns about $1500 a week, has never been engaged nor has she ever fallen seriously in love.



Ambitious Romeas can prepare themselves for a jalt. Ann Sheridan, foremost expanent of sex appeal, is about as attainable as a Garbo. Her love life is currently edited by a doting studio and her bosses propose ta keep her single. They last rejected a Los Angeles medico.

BY ROBERT MCILWAINE



EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL

Bob Young didn't get his breaks because he was easy to handle—for he wasn't!

SOMEHOW THOSE private life specialists have reported him all cock-eyed. Robert Young may be the most normal, the most agreeable husband in Hollywood—but he certainly is no phlegmatic soul, indifferent to the dares of life. Nor is he dull as ditchwater, as most of the pretty pieces run up on him have left you thinking. He just has everything under control, finally.

They didn't give him his crack at movie acting because he was a steady and well-planned young man. He wasn't. The only reason he has such a good disposition is because it keeps him at M-G-M. He, too, stumbled upon the solid and indisputable fact that you do better when you holler less and beam amiably practically all of the time.

You don't hear him called hard to handle. But he will admit he once behaved quite differently than he has since success set in. Getting the breaks changed him.

It wasn't fun to be around him when he was a nobody. He was neither calm nor a nice conformist. Talk about your temperament! Bob was egotistical and moody and expected people to give in to his ideas because he was naturally right. If they didn't, he had no qualms about bawling them out.

"If anyone ever started out obnoxious and stubborn, I did," Bob said. "Even as a young kid, I got tired of my paper route, so I picked a corner and tried to get rich selling papers in my own original manner. I chose a spot where five streets came together and the commuters' street cars stopped. I didn't realize the drugstore was popular and that the commuters bought their papers there. I just stood and yelled at the top of my lungs, not only one come-on catch phrase, but half the front page. The druggist squawked. I moved across the street. Then the neighbors complained about my noise. The only commuter who ever demonstrated any loyalty was an old duck who'd try to hit me on top of the head with a wad of tobacco."

Now, he's commended as the ideal, safe and sane husband because he married his high school sweetheart and has two cute children. But until he rated big picture pay, Bob actually was in a continuous financial muddle.

"I couldn't make money at all," the wise investor of today confessed frankly. "I gave up my paper-selling and was the bane of the neighbors' existences because I pestered them with stain removers and all the stuff newspapers give kids for running themselves ragged.

"I built up to some terrific let-downs in high school. I wondered where I was headed for and used to envy kids that had a definite aim. I wanted to be interested in something so desperately. My elder brother, who was in the army, was our sole support. There was my mother and another brother who worked as an extra in pictures. I got a job as an extra at Sennett's one summer vacation. I was unimpressed but it gave me a hunch I'd like acting. So I went out for the school plays the next fall.

"I was," grinned Bob, "very hammy. I was the 'big star' and was heartily disliked. I was the objectionable type of stickler for detail. I would pout at rehearsals. I took myself very seriously. Our senior class play, I remember, was an opera. I had to be urged into it because opera was a little beneath my dignity. I sang horribly. I was so self-assured that when a cue came for me to enter from behind some profile trees, I was downstairs eating a piece of pie. A tubby girl was alone on the stage waiting for me. She became so frightened she just stood there and developed a paroxysm of tears. Our audience took this for an emotional peak or something and tore the joint to pieces with applause for her, when I rushed on!

"From my experience, I count on luck one hundred per cent, when it comes to a theatrical career. After I left school, I met a woman who was a dramatic instructor. She put me on the right road—the Playhouse in Pasadena. She was entirely responsible for my becoming an actor."

IT WAS not, as the regulation Robert Young legend has it, his wife who egged him on toward that career. They met, incidentally, when he was a snooty freshman, and he had little use for her. It was puppy love—in reverse. She was annoyed at anyone who put on airs and that was what Bob was best at during his school years.

"One day I offered to treat her to a soda," Bob reminisced. "At the counter I discovered I hadn't enough change. She slipped some into my pocket so I wouldn't be embarrassed. That sold me on her." Yet they didn't go together from then on. They ran into each other occasionally for years.

"I was in plays over at Pasadena for four years. Through the Playhouse, three of us one day got a chance to try out for a little repertory company. They guaranteed fifteen weeks. I was the lucky one of the three. We played in high school auditoriums and travelled in autos. I was very thrilled and was getting paid for acting for the first time.

"Well," continued Bob, "when I ended that tour I paid off my friends and the dentist and wasn't even back where I started because I had no job at all. So I went home. Back to Boyle Heights, over by the Los Angeles River, a hefty skip from Hollywood. Came the great starvation period. I made the rounds of the agents, who were tougher to crack than the studios. One of them finally gave me a letter to Warners' casting director. (*Continued on page 88*)



Left, Bob with Florence Rice in a scene from his latest picture, "Miracles For Sale." He is now making "Northwest Passage," a pre-Revolutionary drama, with Spencer Tracy.



Bob and his missus met when he was just a "snooty" high school freshman who annoyed her with his airs. They saw each other only occasionally for several years. Then they fell in love.

JANICE LOGAN

HANDS TO HOLD

BY CAROL CARTER

Your dreams of beauty

IN THE Far East, a woman's hand is the symbol of love and good luck, believed to hold the power of enchantment. We of the Western world may be a bit less romantic and more practical about it, but to us, too, a graceful, expressive, well-groomed hand talks louder of charm and poise and personality or the utter lack of them than any mere words can shout.

Hollywood, which sets the standards for most of us, is fully aware of the importance of lovely hands, and girls out there spend loads of time, money and energy training, grooming and beautifying their hands. It isn't just by accident that Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers, Greta Garbo, Isa Miranda, Janice Logan and all the rest have such exquisite hands that almost every man in the audience would give a king's ransom to hold them. Those girls on the camera coast know a thing or three about exercises, care and grooming that we more or less private citizens might practice with profit.

First of all, have you given much thought lately to the way you wash your hands? While it is true that hand skin is tougher than that which covers the rest of you, repeated washing is pretty devastating to the natural oils that skin needs to keep it soft and smooth and clear looking. Hands should always be washed in warm—never hot—water and a mild soap. A firm, medium bristled brush will help you to keep them fresh and immaculate looking and will not injure hands if you take certain other precautions.

Always dry your hands thoroughly, pushing back the cuticle with every stroke and working from the fingertips back toward the wrists. Follow



Nails should be filed toward the center to smooth, medium ovals.

Push back cuticle with a bit of cuticle softener twice daily.

to the finger-tips can be a reality if you'll follow closely the way of the stars

the drying immediately with your favorite cream or lotion, again pushing back the cuticle and massaging up from the finger-tips. Creams and lotions not only soften, but protect your skin against sudden changes of temperature, overly dry houses and damp outside air.

If your hands already are rough and chapped, wash them as seldom as you respectably can, cleanse them frequently with a good cream or lotion and, every night after massaging them with a particularly rich emollient, put on a pair of those inexpensive, soft white cotton gloves especially made for the purpose. The gloves help keep the cream not only on your hands but off the bed linens.

Keep an orange stick near your hand brush, soap and lotion, so that you can clean under each nail tip and push back the cuticle every time you put your hands into water. You'll find this practise not only makes your weekly manicure much simpler, but also gives your hands that constantly well-groomed look. Stains on your hands sometimes need a special remover. Usually, though, if you'll give them a double scrubbing, followed by a double creaming, with the possible addition of a tomato or lemon rubbed over the discolored areas, you'll have very little worry on that score. A cake or bit of ground pumice stone always comes in handy for rough places on finger-tips and beside the nail edges. There are special bleaches for discolored hands, too. Most lotions contain a mild, safe quantity. Cucumber, lemon or buttermilk creams are also mildly whitening.

Hands need a lot of exercise and massage to keep them graceful and supple. There is nothing quite so pathetic and unlovely as tense, tight, nervous hands on an otherwise attractive girl. Try to keep yours open and relaxed and break them of short, choppy, unrestful gestures. Keep them still when you're out among people. Save the mannerisms and gesticulations till some time in front of your own mirror. You may be astonished to discover that they aren't nearly as devastating as you'd thought they were. In these days of stress and hurry and high-powered tension, nothing so charms a man and puts him in a receptive mood more quickly than quiet, graceful, restful hands—and the poise that inevitably accompanies them.

Hand massage should be a part of your daily routine. While you're drying them, massage your wrists and fingers as if you were putting on a tight pair of new kid gloves. That's an excellent motion to slim and supple your hands, too. Always begin at the fingers and massage back toward wrists and elbows. Open and close your hands as often as you think of it during the day and evening, bending the fingers backward as far as they'll go.

IMAGINE you have water all over your hands, then try to shake it off—not too hard, just gently. Pulling on a towel or tough piece of paper as if it were taffy is another good exercise. Pretend for a few minutes that you're wringing out clothes dripping with water. Use a piece of paper or a heavy old towel for this one. It's a grand exercise for suppling the hands. It also firms the muscles of your upper arms.

Wrinkled hands can be warded off for literally years if you'll devote ten or fifteen minutes daily to massaging, twisting and otherwise stimulating the circulation in them. Of course, always use a cream with massage. Otherwise you'll stretch and irritate the skin and do a lot more harm than good. It is remarkable how much can be done toward reshaping stubby fingers, too, if you're really in earnest and willing to keep everlastingly at it. If you will take the thumb and forefinger of one hand and pull and press the fingers of the other constantly, as often as you think of it, in time you actually can narrow the tips to a certain extent.

Remember your arms, too. What's the use of having alabaster-like hands if all the loveliness stops at the wrists! It's like a beautifully made-up face on top of a dirty neck. Arms should have their daily brushing too, all the way up to the shoulders, followed by a kneading massage with your favorite cream or lotion. Top off the massage with a rub-down of alcohol or cologne whenever you can. That helps to keep the flesh firm and speedily revives neglected muscles.

Of course you know how important it is to keep elbows soft and immaculately clean. Why is it that so many girls seem to think that just because they can't see their own elbows that nobody else is going to? You'd be surprised how many girls have lost good dates because the stag line approached from the rear and caught a glimpse of their unsightly elbows! Every day—at least once—scrub those elbows of yours with a medium to soft brush and a rich warm soap lather. Dry them well, then massage in some extra rich cream or lotion, whichever you like best. You'll get a grateful response from even the most recalcitrant pair of elbows, and you'll look and feel like a different person.

Do you ever bite your finger nails? We sincerely hope not. The causes seem to be many and varied. It may be nervousness, self-consciousness, just plain carelessness in correcting a childish habit, or some other evidence of insufficient poise. Whatever the cause, though, there is one remedy which, simple as it may sound, almost always succeeds. That is a perfect manicure. Devote extra time and care to making your nails as enchantingly beautiful as you know how, keep this up faithfully in spite of even repeated setbacks and we'll wager that, before very long, pride in your new found beauty will overcome your erstwhile slovenly habit. Think this over too, next time that you're tempted: it takes at least six weeks to grow a nice, long, correctly shaped nail—often longer. Isn't that enough said about that?

As for your manicure itself, by all means have one at least once a week, and touch up your nails between times as often as necessary. Fine, smooth, well-groomed hands give you a poise and self-confidence that nothing else can replace. Keep a little kit of manicuring tools always ready. You'll need an emery board, orange wood stick, cotton and a pair of nail scissors (for extreme cases of unruly cuticle and hang-nails only). Have on hand a supply of oily polish remover, cuticle remover, cuticle oil, a special nail softener, several shades of polish, either liquid, cream or powder, a bit of powdered pumice, nail bleach, (*Continued on page 69*)



Buff nails in one direction only to strengthen and smooth them.



Liquid polish must be applied quickly with long, bold strokes.



Creams and lotions are especially important in wintry weather.

When you meet Jane Bryan face to face, you are in for a real surprise!

WHEN JANE was playing in "Marked Woman," "The Sisters," and the others, I wasn't the slightest bit interested in her. She had a pet turtle named Ulysses, I'd heard, and a duck and three younger brothers with plain, down-to-earth American names, Billy, Jimmy and Don. Although there may be writers who can be "colorful" about such things, I'm not one of them. She didn't even look like a movie star—not the kind I've been born and raised with.

"The Old Maid" didn't change my mind. In spite of Bette Davis' saying, "Watch that girl!," in spite of the fact that she gave a vital, robust performance, in spite of the appreciation she rated from fans and critics, I still wasn't interested. A healthy, enthusiastic child, I thought, who happened to fit into a part cut to her measurements.

Then it was announced that she was to play opposite Muni in "We Are Not Alone." I said, "Such a piece of miscasting has never been heard of before. How can that bouncing Miss play the wronged, wan little dancer in the poignant Hilton tale? Might as well have cast Gable as Mr. Chips."

One day I was lunching in the Green Room on the Warner lot. Across from me sat a pale, young woman. I said, "Who is that?"

My companion answered, "Why, that's Janie Bryan."

"Nonsense." I said rudely, "It is not."

But it was. And then and there I made silent apology to Jane. "You dope," I said to myself, "just because you've been raised on Dietrichs and Swansons and Crawfords and other lilies so gilded you can't tell whether they're lilies or onions, you're not excused for being put off the track by this normal looking youngster!"

Jane deceived me because she isn't the type for leg art, bathing suit layouts and burning captions. Jane deceived me because she is not "lithe and lissome" like Lamarr, being a mere five feet four inches in height. She has the added decoys of a rather round and freckled face, clear but unseductive gray eyes, and nondescript American colored hair. So, just because she looks and behaves like any young girl, I'd been blind to the rare jewels in that homespun little case.

Anyway, I asked for a luncheon date with Jane. A few days later we met, again in The Green Room. Jane said, "I'm going to order some exotic scrambled eggs and bacon."

Before the luncheon was over, I realized that that order, given with a twinkle in the eye, was a little key to the character and personality of Jane. Because no one ever thought of "exotic" scrambled eggs until Jane thought of them and likewise no one ever thought of a movie star like Jane until Jane thought of it. I not only realized that Jane has a most amusing and maturely informed mind, but also that she is a rebel in our ranks. She has beauty—not the orchid beauty of some of our shiningest stars, but a wood violet beauty, wood violets which smell sweet long after orchids are sere at the edges.

Jane is a stark and simple fact in truth. Take her Past—twenty-one years of it—not a headline in it. Not a single desperate grief. Not a single unhappy love affair. No under-privileged years which might have carved premature maturity upon an immature heart. Why, she even has a mother *and* a father, not to mention a perfectly good home. Movie stars don't have mothers *and* fathers. They just have mothers. Beginning with the sisters Talmadge up to the present day of the sisters Lane, movie-star fathers are definitely not. Jane's father is a lawyer who has certainly not retreated from the scene.

Then there are those three younger brothers who treat Jane exactly as all younger brothers treat a sister. No worse, perhaps, certainly no better. When I asked Jane whether they were keen about her career, see all her pictures and ask for her autograph, she said, "If there is a soft-ball game on and one of my pictures is showing on the same night, where do *you* think they go?" The tone of her voice said, "If you have younger brothers of your own, you *know* where they go."

HAVING THESE brothers may explain why Jane is largely indifferent to clothes. It's what a girl does that gives her a score with kid brothers, not the way she's dolled up, fergoshsake. Jane says, "Even now, when I do get a quickie yen to buy some clothes, I come out of the shop with books, records, archery sets and not a sock to my name."

Jane was born here in Hollywood. I don't recall any other star who was actually born in Hollywood. Otherwise, the things Jane told me about her childhood were much as I had feared. She did own a turtle named Ulysses. She still owns a turtle. She also owns a bull-frog, a duck and, in place of football pennants and dance favors from the Cccoanut Grove and such, several rattler's skins and

Hollywood-born Jane Bryan was "discovered" while she was studying in Jean Muir's Workshop.



The role of the wan, pathetic dancer opposite Paul Muni in "We Are Not Alone" was Jane's real test.



She's everything that a glamour girl isn't and all that a great actress should be

Suggest she remove her freckles and Jane says, "I won't. I like them." Suggest she dress up more, she says, "I'm comfortable the way I am."



PRYIN' INTO Bryan

BY GLADYS HALL

bird nests adorn her boudoir. Recently her maid left her saying, "Them things give me the heebeejeebees! You need Frank Buck to tidy up for you, Miss Jane, I do declare!" Jane isn't tidy. Not only does her flair for Zoölogy manifest itself on shelves and walls but also books and records and scribblings make goulash of her floor.

She spent most of her time, when she was a youngster, clipping up and down the sidewalks in a car made out of wooden grocery boxes. She hated dolls. She was, and is, mortally afraid of groups of people. Jane can talk the tin ears off any one individual. But let there be two or three individuals and Jane does a shrinkage-into-her-shell which would give any psychiatrist a Roman holiday. When she was very small and her mother would ask her to say a how-de-do to visitors, Jane would stand on one fat, little leg, like a pelican, make an awful face, point to the guests and scream, "Monkeys!" Cute, wasn't it? (Her mother still doesn't think this was funny!)

Her most delightful memory is of going to Auntie Coontz's house down the street. Not only was Auntie Coontz's house a refuge in any sidewalk storm but also Auntie Coontz had a walnut tree in the front yard and the most enchanting habit of scooping out the walnut shells and filling them with tiny presents for a tiny Jane. Janie was enchanted, for this was fairytale stuff. Like all little realists, she loves fairytale stuff and even now "presents in just store boxes" seem pretty flat after Auntie Coontz's walnut shells. Note to any admirer who might want to present Jane with a diamond tiara or a limousine: Wrap gift in walnut shell.

Well, Jane went to public school and hated it. Her family took her out of public school and placed her in private school and she hated that. "Not because I hated to study," explains Jane, "but because I hated groups of people." The first time she was ever on the stage was when she was attending the Third Street School and was in the class play. She says, "I was a Snowball and I had to dance. I went clopping around out there and Mother was in the back row of the auditorium and kept flagging me and yelling, 'Here I am! Here I am!'"

Later on, Jane appeared in a couple of Shakespearean productions, also school plays. For one, she didn't have time to put the hem on her costume so that straggly threads were hanging all around, and for the other, she sewed up the legs of the pajamas (*Continued on page 84*)



Jane's too busy to step out much these days, but it's Eddie Albert whose ties she likes to straighten.

The first round in Allan Jones' peculiar come-back fight was won when he appeared in "Honeymoon in Bali."



The second round is "The Great Victor Herbert." With Allan in this scene are Judith Barrett and Mary Martin.



GROOMED FOR OBLIVION

BY MAY MANN

WHEN ALLAN JONES co-starred with Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly" and was widely acclaimed, even by Nelson Eddy's fans, stardom and a brilliant career seemed assured. His voice, good looks and screen personality had passed the severest test and the entire country was humming the "Donkey's Serenade." It was unthinkable that, overnight, Allan Jones, with his long-term contract, would be put upon the shelf, there to remain idle for eighteen months.

Yet that's exactly what happened. Allan was mystified and so was Hollywood. Studios usually rush stars who click at the box office into new pictures, but Allan drew only a mediocre part in "Everybody Sing." This was no successor to his dashing, cavalierish role in "The Firefly." After that there were no assignments.

Months passed by and Hollywood began whispering. The gossip columns did more—they printed that Allan Jones was washed up because of temperament. Others said that he had been too good in "Firefly," that Nelson Eddy, as senior star on the same lot, had to have his interests protected. Perhaps Mr. Eddy, unwittingly or no, was the stumbling block in Allan's career. Or was it Allan himself who had incurred the wrath of certain producers when he at first flatly refused to play a secondary role, after his major success with MacDonald? Perhaps he was being punished. Hollywood buzzed, but did Hollywood know?

After a year, Allan seemed resigned to what was obviously fate. He opened the Bel Air Riding Stables with Robert Young, and apparently turned his back on pictures. He worked from morning to night, either at the stables or on a tractor, plowing and improving his property and lots in Brentwood.

But early last summer, when Allan had despaired of ever coming back into his own, or had ceased to care particularly, the dark cloud that had been hanging over him suddenly lifted and revealed a silver lining. Overnight Allan rebounded to the top, with a new contract at a new studio, a popular radio program and a concert tour in the offing. Once more his future looked promising.

Nevertheless, Hollywood began speculating. Could Allan come back? Could he regain popularity after such a long absence? Why had he been out of pictures so long? How had his morale weathered the travail of watching his career pass into oblivion? Had he come through with chin up, shoulders back, his spirits high, his ambition fresh?

All this I contemplated as I turned in at the Joneses' drive one afternoon and happened, luckily, to find the family at home.

Irene Hervey, his slim and pretty wife, led me through the attractive living-room out to Allan's den. Here I saw a fireplace, a small bar, cozy chairs and wide sun windows which faced spreading lawns. From the window I could see a gaping hole in the earth where Allan had been excavating with his tractor. Eventually, I was told, the excavation would be a swimming pool.

To Irene, I mentioned a few of the things that had been running through my mind. I asked her if Allan would be sensitive about the subject. Hollywood stars, usually, love to speak in terms of success, but rarely in terms of failure. Irene reassured me.

"No one really knows just how much that boy suffered all those long months while he was idle," Irene confided. "I never felt so sorry for anyone in my life. Allan didn't know what to do with himself. He was hurt and puzzled by it all. I was in ill health at the time, and he tried to keep his problems to himself. Sometimes I'd wake up in the night and find him gone. He'd be pacing up and down the garden, frequently until dawn.

"Each morning Allan would rise early, a habit he formed when he worked on the six a.m. crews in a coal mine in Pennsylvania. He felt that he must be up and doing whether there was anything to be done or not.

"After breakfast he'd go off to the studio singing. Then he'd come home early and take me for a long drive. He asked permission to take a trip to Hawaii, but the studio told him to stand by ready for a call.

"All the while I noticed that (*Continued on page 66*)

The case of Allan Jones, who hit the top and then was shelved for 18 months!

CHARTING THE STARS

SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	COLOR EYES	COLOR HAIR	EDUCATION
Aherne, Brian	Aherne, Brian deLacy	Worcester-shire, England	May 2, 1902	6'2"	186	Blue	Brown	Malvern College
Albert, Eddie	Heimberger, Edward Albert	Rock Island, Illinois	April 22, 1908	5'11"	160	Blue	Brown	University of Minnesota
Allen, Gracie	Allen, Grace	San Fran-cisco, Calif.	July 26, 1902	5'0"	102	Brown	Black	Public School
Ameche, Don	Amici, Dom-inick Felix	Kenosha, Wisconsin	May 31, 1910	6'0"	170	Hazel	Brown	Four Universities
Annabella	Charpentier, Suzanne	Paris, France	July 14, 1912	5'4"	116	Brown	Blonde	A College in Paris
Arlen, Richard	Van Matti-more, Rich. S.	Charlottes-ville, Virginia	Sept. 1, 1900	5'11"	150	Blue	Brown	St. Thomas College
Arnold, Edward	Schneider, Guenther	New York, New York	Feb. 18, 1890	5'11"	200	Grey	Brown	Public School
Arthur, Jean	Greene, Gladys	New York, New York	Oct. 17, 1908	5'3"	110	Blue	Brown	High School
Astaire, Fred	Austerlitz, Frederick	Omaha, Nebraska	Nov. 26, 1900	5'9"	140	Brown	Brown	Private Schools
Astor, Mary	Langhanke, Lucille	Quincy, Illinois	May 3, 1906	5'5"	120	Brown	Auburn	Kenwood Loring School
Atwill, Lionel	Atwill, Lionel	Croydon, England	March 1, 1885	5'10½"	172	Grey	Brown	Mercer's Sch., London
Auer, Mischa	Ounskowski, Mischa	St. Peters-burgh, Russia	Nov. 17, 1905	6'2"	165	Brown	Brown	Ethical Cul. School, N. Y.
Autry, Gene	Autry, Gene	Tioga, Texas	Sept. 29, 1907	6'0"	165	Blue	Brown	High School
Ayres, Lew	Ayer, Fred-erick Lewis	Minneapolis, Minnesota	Dec. 28, 1908	5'9"	150	Blue	Brown	University of Arizona
Bainter, Fay	Bainter, Fay	Los Angeles, California	Dec. 7, 1892	5'5"	112	Brown	Brown	High School
Baker, Bob	Weed, Leland T.	Forest City, Iowa	Nov. 8, 1914	6'0"	180	Grey	Sandy	High School
Ball, Lucille	Ball, Lucille	Butte, Montana	Aug. 6, 1911	5'6½"	120	Blue	Blonde	Musical Inst. of Chautauqua
Bancroft, George	Bancroft, George	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Sept. 30, 1882	6'2"	195	Brown	Brown	Annapolis Na-val Academy
Bari, Lynn	Bitzer, Marjorie	Roanoke, Virginia	Dec. 18, 1920	5'3½"	110	Hazel	Brown	Private Schools
Barnes, Binnie	Enoyce, Gittell	London, England	Mar. 25, 1908	5'6"	122	Hazel	Titian	Public School
Barrett, Judith	Kelly, Lucille	Arlington, Texas	Feb. 2, 1914	5'2½"	107	Brown	Brown	Public School
Barrie, Wendy	Jenkins, Margaret W.	Hong Kong, China	Apr. 18, 1913	5'5"	118	Blue	Gold	Private Schools
Barrymore, John	Blythe, John	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Feb. 15, 1882	5'10"	150	Grey	Grey	Private Schools

(Continued on page 96)

Doin' the town with Jules Buck and his candid camera flashes



Ronald Colman and Wife Benita Hume, getting set for a drive. They'll celebrate two years of marital bliss on September 30, 1940.



Actress-singer Shirley Ross, looking a bit startled, is snapped at the Cocoanut Grove with Hubby Ken Dolan, who is a well-known ten per center (agent to you).



Bob Hope (note initialed cufflinks) amusing Mrs. MacMurray, who adds a new note of chic with a camellia at the back of her head.



Lunching at the La Conga, velvet topped Anne Shirley and Husband John Payne. 'Tis rumored he will soon become a band leader.



We, too, would give our undivided attention, as Thomas Mitchell does, to newcomer Helene Whitney. Helene makes her first screen appearance in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."



Arleen Whelan with her number one beau, Alex D'Arcy. Her hat is a match to the lining of her sleeves and pocket of her dress.



One of the tallest women in filmland, Mrs. Milland obviously enjoys dancing with Ray; Mr. M. seems to feel the same way about it.



Those on-again, off-again romancers—lawyer Greg Bautzer and the comely Lana Turner—dining at the Victor Hugo. Lana's sporting one of those cute collegiate "sharpie" hats.



He beats his own set of drums and would like to be a band leader, so Jackie Cooper takes Pat Stewart to hear another leader strut his stuff.



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess are pleased about something. The pearls she is wearing were an anniversary gift from Dick.



Diamond clips fasten Mary Healy's net backed capelet. Evidently Franchot Tone approves of Mary as a dining and wining partner, for they're a frequent twosome.



Multi-millionaire Harold Lloyd, his wife and daughters, Gloria and Margaret, attend a preview. Mrs. Lloyd, the former Mildred Davis, was once Harold's leading lady.



"I only have eyes for you" is what Pat O'Brien tells Mrs. Pat at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Those jewels also express Pat's admiration.



Maureen O'Sullivan at the Brown Derby with Hubby John Farrow, who besides being an up and coming film director, authored that best-seller, "Damien, the Leper."



Brian Aherne flashing a polka dot bow tie at the Lamaze, and Wife Joan Fontaine in a silver fox toque and lace-trimmed crepe dress.



"Orchids to you," says Edward G. to Mrs. Robinson; or is it something on the serious side that Art Collector Eddie is discussing?



"Gesundheit, Billy Gilbert!" say Olivia de Havilland and Edgar Bergen. Livvy attends a Sunday night radio broadcast wearing a pair of very tricky gold turban clips.



Preview-minded producer J. Walter Reuben and his spouse, mink-coated Virginia Bruce, who believes in head-lighting the velvet bow.



Jon Hall takes Wife Frances Langford dancing at the Cocoanut Grove. The husky-voiced singer still favors the upswept hair-do.



Supping at the Beverly Wilshire are Peter Lorre, Judith Barrett, Beverly Roberts and Billy Seymour. Billy is the gentleman from whom most of the stars buy their jewels.



The Louis Haywards go previewing, he in a hounds-tooth checked coat; Ida Lupino in a quilted dress, jeweled clip and gold earrings.



What the well-dressed movie cowboy wears when dancing. The Gene Autrys must be celebrating, for they rarely go steppin'.

ERA

...best bibs and tuckers ... to play ... "Rigoletto"

HOLLYWOOD:—There was a great commotion in front of the Shrine Auditorium. It was the opening night of a week of performances by the San Francisco Opera Company. Lily Pons and Lawrence Tibbett were going to sing the leading roles in the opera "Rigoletto" and the whole town was sure to turn out for the gala occasion.

The fans had figured this out and were lined up outside the entrance, impatiently waiting. To them, what went on within the large auditorium was of small consequence. Their show was on the outside and they knew it would have a star-studded cast.

After several false alarms, there was an excited shriek from the crowd as Jeanette MacDonald and Hubby Gene Raymond arrived. Jeanette's waist-length sable jacket with a little-girl collar topped a midnight blue crepe, form-fitting gown with a front slit skirt. She carried a metallic brocade evening bag and a velvet pouch that held her opera glasses. Gene looked very handsome in his top hat and tails.

Another whoop from the fans announced Nelson Eddy and his wife, Ann. Over her black velvet gown with its white chiffon bodice, Ann wore a jaunty ermine jacket with exaggerated shoulders, three-quarter sleeves and four trim pockets. Nelson Eddy wore a white crepe scarf tied ascot style in the neck of his double-breasted overcoat.

Next to make their appearance were Adolphe Menjou and his lovely wife, Verree Teasdale. Her knee-length wrap of ermine was lined with black satin to match her gown. An orchid corsage was pinned to her shoulder. Adolphe's evening costume was, as usual, meticulously complete even to white gloves.

A wild shout of "Irene Dunne!" rang out and Irene and her husband, Dr. Griffin, came into view. Her floor-length, red wool coat had a decolleté draped bodice and a corseleted midriff. Her gown was white satin with a very deep, scalloped border of chiffon embroidered with gold bullion. Her only jewelry was a diamond floral pin which she wore on her coat.

Designer Adrian and his bride, Janet Gaynor, followed. She wore a velvet wrap with moulded bodice, full skirt, and sleeves with little capes. Gold and jeweled encrusted embroidery in a large bow motif adorned the front of the bodice. She carried a tiny mink muff that had a velvet ruffle around its opening.

Then the fans spotted Spencer Tracy and his wife. Mrs. Tracy's taffeta gown was vertically striped with black, gold and several of the violet shades. Her knee-length cape was ermine.

Soon the show on the outside was over, the fans disappeared for a few hours and the crystal clear notes of Lily Pons and the deep, rich voice of Lawrence Tibbett held the stage.



Gene Raymond and song-bird, Jeanette MacDonald.



Dr. Francis Griffin and wife, Irene Dunne.



Galli-Curci, Ann Franklin Eddy and Nelson Eddy.



The Adolphe Menjous—she's Verree Teasdale, you know.



Newlyweds, Janet Gaynor and Designer Adrian.



The Spencer Tracys on opening night of the opera.

Good News for the readers of Modern Screen





LIVE WIRES

Jeffrey Lynn and Bill Lundigan were chuckling over their morning's work as they lunched together in the commissary. They had had to make one scene together eight times. "And what's so funny about that?" asked Pat O'Brien. "Bet you were driving the director crazy by not being able to act your parts right." "That's right, we were," laughed the boys. "We're both corpses in the scene and he didn't like the way we played dead."

$2.50, PLEASE!

Asked about the lack of romance in her life, Eleanor Powell explained with the simple statement "No time." It's a fact that she spends every waking hour either at the studio or practicing new steps in her rumpus-room at home. The other night, though, she accepted a date with Jimmy Stewart and determined to spend the evening with nary a thought of careers. Since they both love spaghetti, a small Italian restaurant was chosen for dinner. Before the second course, Eleanor asked to borrow a pencil and began marking up the squares in the red-checkered cloth. "Please excuse me," she said to Jimmy, "but I've just been struck with a wonderful idea. A checker-board dance! See, the steps will go like this in the various squares." Jimmy was willing to excuse her, but the horrified waiter wasn't. "That'll cost you $2.50, madam," he said sternly. Patrons were amazed to see Eleanor fold up the table-cloth after dinner, tuck it under her arm and nonchalantly leave with her escort.



STUFFED HEAD

Robert Montgomery overheard two extras on the set discussing a certain leading man's toupee. "Why, you'd never know it wasn't his own hair," said one of them. "It's such a swell job of—say, what do you call it?" His companion didn't know the word, either, so Montgomery helped them out. "It's a swell job," he said, "of taxidermy."

OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND

When Merle Oberon appeared in the Silver Theatre production of "Last Crossing," there was a genuine nostalgic note throughout her performance as she played the part of an actress going home to England. Tears filled her eyes every time she rehearsed the passage, "There's nothing to tell about England that you haven't already read. It's foggy, green and utterly lovely." And you can discount those rumors about the star's divorce from Alexander Korda. Merle's looking forward to the time when she and her husband can settle down in England to spend the rest of their days together.



WHO'S BOSS HERE?

Jeanette MacDonald's Skye terrier, Sissie, has a very unfeminine trait. She can't stand silly hats. Whenever one of the star's friends arrives, the pooch sets up a wail—the volume depending on how screwy the lady's chapeau happens to be. The reception accorded her mistress' hats is the same. "Rather than distress Sissie," Jeanette laughs, "I grab for my hat before my latch-key."

Our tireless reporter, Lois Svensrud, brings you the latest movie chatter

MISCHA'S LANDSCAPING

The Auers are deep in plans for that new home which they're planning to build in the San Fernando Valley—adjoining the property of the Clark Gables. "The house will be a rambling, comfortable sort of place," says Mischa. "And I'm going to build a race-track all around it. All my life I've wanted to live in the middle of a race-track."



A CUTE LITTLE DISH

Myrna Loy, wearing a brand new turban of green feathers, appeared at the commissary for lunch with Bill Powell. She waited expectantly for Bill to say something nice about the hat, since he was obviously intrigued by it. "Well," Myrna finally queried, "how do you feel about it?" Powell considered a moment, then said, "I feel strangely as if I'm going to peel those feathers off like an artichoke and dip them in Hollandaise."



WHY, CONRAD!

At the Silver Theatre radio rehearsal, Carole Lombard and Conrad Nagel were deep in a discussion while waiting their turns for rehearsal. Eavesdropping resulted in the discovery that the conversation was about citrus fruit culture. Both Carole and Conrad had definite ideas on the best ways to cultivate crops of oranges and lemons. The discussion finally got so heated that Carole said, "Well, before we get into a fight over this, I'll admit that maybe you're right. After all, we have only four acres of citrus trees on our place." Nagel looked shamefaced. "That's decent of you," he said, "because I'll have to confess that on my place at Malibu I have only one orange tree."

THE NEW GARBO

Undoubtedly, Dr. Gaylord Hauser is influencing more than Greta Garbo's diet. She has suddenly become clothes conscious, with Irene, favorite designer of the stars, turning out a wardrobe that would make Mrs. Harrison Williams' mouth water. Most interesting item in it is a formal evening gown—which, believe it or not, is the first one in the Garbo personal wardrobe. To prove beyond any doubt that there's a new feminine Garbo, she appeared at a department-store jewelry counter the other day and asked to see lapel gadgets. The flustered sales girl asked if the Silent One had any particular type in mind and the answer was, "No. Just so they're silly. You know, like bugs and bird-cages."



SLAVE TO HABIT

Don Ameche was told in no uncertain terms by his studio that he must take a vacation of at least two months. Two whole months sounded grand to Don, and he began looking around for a place to spend it. New York was out, since he had just recently been there. Northern California had lost its charms for him and the boat trip to Honolulu wasn't appealing. So after a week in Palm Springs, Don returned home. Every morning he called the studio—to find out when he could come back to work!



SNOOTY PUP

Anne Shirley and John Payne find that home is again a place of peace, since they traded their streamlined dachschund for a fat and placid cocker spaniel. The dachshund, sent them by a fan, was a bit on the experimental side. No matter who came to the house, friend or foe, the pooch would take a tentative nip at them. It got so that when the doorbell rang, Anne and Johnny would get out the mercurochrome before opening the door. When the dog made a pass at Anne's ankle one evening, the Paynes decided the time for parting had come. They traded dogs with friends in the country and have learned that the dachshund is lovable as a lamb in its new home. "Obviously," says John, "it didn't care for the movie crowd."

NO STATEMENT

Ann Sothern met Mickey Rooney the other day on the studio lot and stopped him to say that she had named her Yorkshire Terrier puppy "Mickey" because the dog looked so much like him. "Why, thanks, Miss Sothern," said Mickey, "but I can't make any statement at this time—not until my lawyer's seen your pooch."



LONESOME LIVVY

Olivia de Havilland has suddenly turned bachelor girl. Now that sister Joan is married, she's told her mother there is no need for her to stay in Hollywood just to watch over Olivia. So Mrs. Fontaine is spending most of her time in Saratoga with her husband, with only an occasional trip south to check up on Livvy's housekeeping. Olivia's keeping the same house that she had with Joan and her mother—a modest, pretty place in a neighborhood far removed from the Hollywood haunts. She is having a fine time being independent, but somehow finds herself at least twice a week at the Ahernes because "it's so much like home."





HOPE THEY WERE NUMBERED!

Carol Ann, Wallace Beery's eight-year-old pride and joy, accompanied him to a recent radio rehearsal. She was underfoot so much that Wally said, "Look, everybody around here has to work, so why don't you keep my script for me when I'm not using it?" Carol Ann was delighted and feeling very important until she and her father started up the stairs to the stage, three minutes before the broadcast. Half-way up, she stumbled and the script scattered like a snowfall down the steps. Three ushers, the show's director and the star scrambled around on hands and knees and rescued the pages just in the nick of time.

BRENDA'S JOYS

Brenda Joyce is the despair of her studio. Movie stars, you know, are supposed to do exciting things and be seen at the right places so the word will get around that they're truly glamour girls. But Brenda's acting just like she did when she was a college girl. "Sorority dances and teas take up most of my leisure time," Brenda told us. "Every Sunday, of course, Owen and I do just as we always have. We take the car to the foot of a hiking trail somewhere around Los Angeles, and spend the whole day clambering over mountains. I don't suppose it does sound interesting to a lot of people," she admitted, "but then, hangovers have never sounded interesting to me." Owen Ward, incidentally, is the University of Southern California student who was Brenda's "steady" during campus days.

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA

If there's one thing Margaret Sullavan detests, it's giving up time for fittings. So when she was called in for a consultation with Adrian over her clothes for "Shop Around The Corner," Maggie made up her mind she wouldn't okay any of his ideas. Instead, she'd save time and temper by assembling her wardrobe on Hollywood Boulevard that afternoon. She tore from one shop to another on the boulevard, then found that she would have to come back the next day and shop some more. By evening, completely worn out, she had an ensemble that suited her. Next morning, Maggie triumphantly appeared on the set in her new outfit and was met by the director's amazed, "Has Adrian lost his mind?" Poor Maggie crept off the set and made a bee-line for Adrian's department.



A RAFT OF ROMANCE

Most interesting romance around town is the Shearer-Raft one. Both stars vehemently denied that they were even friends a few weeks ago, but now are seen together constantly. Norma's appearance at Hedy Lamarr's birthday party, with Raft as her escort, caused considerable speculation. This event has been followed by an almost nightly dinner date or night club jaunt. No doubt that Norma's fallen under the influence of the dashing Raft, for she's affecting a gay caballero touch in her wardrobe, even to tasselled toreador hats.

THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOLE

You can look for Ann Sheridan becoming Mrs. Anatole Litvak one of these days. Though Ann says she is determined to live alone and like it for awhile, she doesn't deny that eventually Mr. L. may change her mind. There are no romances rumored for his "ex," Miriam Hopkins, now on location for "Virginia City." With the number of pictures lined up by the Warner Brothers for her, it's doubtful whether she could squeeze a date into the schedule.

DIDJA KNOW

That Jane Withers very seldom gets recognized by autograph fans these days because she's changed so much while growing up . . . That Edgar Bergen's hobby is whittling out new dummies, but that he's never yet been successful at making any that surpass Charlie McCarthy or Mortimer Snerd . . . That Marlene Dietrich's husband, Rudolph Seiber, has followed Marlene's lead and taken out United States citizenship papers . . . That Steffi Duna, who is always cast as a Spanish dancer, was really born in Hungary . . . That Hedy Lamarr's feet are much larger than Garbo's . . . That Spencer Tracy is still talking about the time he met Henry Ford . . . That Bill Powell hops off for a South American vacation in the spring . . . That Charlie Chaplin's picture will take at least another eight months to finish, and Walt Disney's "Bambi" will take a year and a half more . . . That the younger generation has voted Judy Garland's taffy pull during the Holiday season as the best party of the year . . . That Bette Davis still wants to do a New York stage play, in spite of her compromise with Warners on her forthcoming movies . . . That the swimming pool at the Gable-Lombard ranch is a rustic ole swimmin' hole instead of the usual streamlined Hollywood model?

GINGER GETS A SCOLDING

When the "Primrose Path" company was on location at Carmel-By-The-Sea, Ginger Rogers and several of the cast wandered into Whitney's for a malted milk. Mr. Whitney himself was dishing up the malts that afternoon and, rushing to serve all the unexpected customers, he upset a full glassful into Ginger's lap. The shock brought some hot words to Ginger's lips, which were promptly followed by an apology and reassurance to Mr. Whitney that she knew he couldn't help it. "That's all right, girlie," he said, "but I bet you'd be ashamed if Ginger Rogers had come in with these people and heard you." Ginger hung her brunette head and admitted that she would indeed have been ashamed.

SHORT SHOTS

Gracie Allen is very busy these days with her newest hobby. She's taking hula lessons . . . The town is raising eyebrows in surprise at the sudden change in Peter Lorre. He's suddenly become interested in night clubs, Palm Springs relaxation activities and preview showings of the new pictures . . . Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney have made a commercial recording of the new tune "Oceans Apart," music and lyrics by Rooney and Sidney Miller . . . Brian Aherne gave his new bride, Joan Fontaine, a complete set of golfing equipment for her birthday . . . Buster Keaton made such a big hit in "Hollywood Cavalcade" that he's been signed to do a talkie version of some of his former silent hits . . . Roz Russell has been having a lot of fun turning the tables on interviewers who visit the "His Girl Friday" sets. She takes pad and pencil in hand and asks questions faster than the invaders can work. . . . Slapsy Maxie celebrated the second anniversary of his cafe opening with a party, the proceeds of which went to the Children's Hospital . . . Sonja Henie has learned to drive her own car since coming back from her summer in Norway . . . The reason you're hearing Jean Arthur on so many radio broadcasts these days is because she finally conquered her fear of the mike . . . Freddie Bartholomew had to learn to smoke a pipe for "Swiss Family Robinson," and was he sick . . . Fred Astaire turned down an offer to do a dancing picture with Ginger Rogers because he wants to go back to Broadway for a season . . . Joan Crawford wears rubber tights in her new picture because she spends so much time submerged in swamps.

CONCERT TOURS

Jeanette MacDonald starts another concert tour after the first of the year. This time she will skip the small towns and concentrate on the larger places, with Dallas, Texas, the first stop. Nelson Eddy leaves on his tour about the same time, but they've mapped their trips so they won't be within 250 miles of each other at any time. Nope, there's no feud between the two—just an agreement that business will be better for both of them this way.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

Sonja Henie's newest boy-friend is Clayton Moore, formerly a Chicago trapeze artist but now playing in "Pago Pago." Clayton was once Lupe Velez' boy-friend—but that was before he became a client of agent Vic Orsatti. All of Orsatti's clients have been giving Sonja the grand rush, as witness the recent Allen Curtis romance. Vic's selling point to prospective male customers is "Become a client of mine, and I'll introduce you to Sonja Henie."

RENO-BOUND

With Edna Best Reno-bound, the wedding bells aren't far off for Herbert Marshall and Lee Russell. Edna Best and agent Nat Wolff are just as busy with their honeymoon plans, too. Incidentally, on this last trip to Hollywood, the English actress brought Sara Lynn Marshall, Bart Marshall's six-year-old daughter. Sara Lynn's fragile pink and white beauty looks like definite movie material, though her mother has no idea of letting her step in front of a camera. She says she has enough worries now, with her eighteen-year-old twin sons ready to go to war at any minute, without having her daughter in the movies!

AT FARMER'S MARKET

Eugene Pallette, one of the market's best customers, ordering from nearly every shop in the place for one of his famous dinners . . . Director and Mrs. Frank Borzage debating over whether to have spinach or brussels sprouts for dinner, then deciding on artichokes. . . . Taylor's sausage stand doing a sell-out business because Stu Erwin told his pals about wife June Collyer's new recipe for sausage dressing in the holiday turkeys . . . Hedy Lamarr, with an ice-cream cone in one hand, pointing out her preferences at a fruits and vegetable stand.

VERSATILE BELA

When Bela Lugosi had a call from the Walt Disney studios the other day, he proceeded over there considerably perplexed about what kind of role the cartoonist had dreamed up for him. The actor was met by Disney and Leopold Stokowski. "Mr. Stokowski will direct his orchestra in music symbolizing the eruption of a volcano," Disney explained, "and will you please interpret the volcano?" Lugosi admitted it was something of a shock to be called on for anything of this nature, but, being of the old school, he launched into the assignment. So successful was his interpretation that moving pictures were taken of him. These will later be used as models by the Disney artists when drawing the erupting volcano for the animated cartoon. "Guess I'm one actor," said Lugosi, when it was all over, "who doesn't have to worry about being typed."

NOTHING IF NOT FRANK

Mischa Auer has announced the perfect formula for seeing the opera. "Miss the first act," he says, "see the second, then retire to the lobby for a cigarette and forget to go back." The actor made his announcement in the lobby of the Philharmonic on opening night of the opera season, to an aghast crowd of movie stars who had grimly determined to "do the opera." When the bell rang for the third act, Mischa found that he wasn't the only man left in the lobby. Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom was at his elbow. "I told my mother and the wife to go in without me," he said, and lowering his voice added, "Confidentially, it steenks."

BED-RIDDEN BAKER

Frances Langford, Ken Murray and Kenny Baker made a decided hit when they appeared together at the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles. Their act was a great success, going over without a hitch until the Sunday matinee—which starts at 11:00 a. m. Kenny Baker came on, all smiles, then stopped dead. He couldn't remember a line! After an awkward pause, Frances managed to edge up to him and whisper a word. The audience was tittering by this time, but ended up by laughing with Kenny when he explained, "Gee, I haven't been up this early on Sunday morning for ten years. Guess I'm here in the body, but the spirit's still in bed."

THAT'S RIGHT, JUDY!

Judy Garland is really doing the night-spots lately. Lind Hayes, Grace Hayes' son, is the current escort, but the list of Judy's dates during the last two months could fill a book. When asked about the sudden social activities, Judy said, "Well, gee, when a girl gets a new mink coat, there's no sense in keeping it at home, is there?"

MYRNA, THE HOUSEWIFE

When Myrna Loy was called by her studio the other morning to come in for a wardrobe fitting, the star completely awed them with her surprise reply. "I can't come for about an hour and a half," she said. "I'm putting up marmalade." And very special marmalade it was, too, she explained, because the oranges were the first crop from the Hornblows' own trees. One thing you can be very sure of—Myrna's agricultural pursuits are the truth and the whole truth, s'help her! She says since her childhood days on a farm, nothing's made her so completely happy as bringing in her own crop of vegetables or fruit—even if a whole new crop of freckles is included, it's still worth it.

FAIR ENOUGH

Latest news from the Tyrone Power home is that Ty's taking French lessons, though not from his wife. And Annabella's taking daily golf lessons from a professional. Seems the two have struck a bargain—Tyrone will go in for culture if the little woman will become more interested in sports. "Annabella calls it compromise," says Tyrone, "but no matter how you look at it, two hours a day with a French teacher is the Supreme Sacrifice." And he means it!

BEAUTIFUL RICHARD

No doubt about the serious intentions of Richard Greene and Virginia Field. The two have been inquiring around town about architects and interior decorators and spending Sunday afternoons looking at lots. Virginia modelled some gowns at a charity luncheon the other day and certainly stole the show with her radiant appearance. Accused of being in love, Virginia said, "Certainly, I'm in love with Dick. Very much indeed. But I hope he'll grow up and lose his looks."

MAUREEN O'HARA

Maureen O'Hara, the beauteous Irish lass who is in "Hunchback of Notre Dame," has led a very quiet life since coming to Hollywood. With her mother, she has lived at the Garden of Allah, and their chief diversions of an evening have been a movie or a bridge game with their next-door neighbors, the Charles Laughtons. Hollywood parties or movie stars have been nothing in Maureen's life, for she'd rather sit and write letters to George Brown, the Englishman whom she married just before heading for Hollywood. But now news comes that there'll be an annulment of the marriage in the very near future. The line, gentlemen, forms to the right. However, it had better be told right now—Maureen's a jiu-jitsu expert, having studied that fine art for two years. *(Continued on page 74)*

Hedy Lamarr, with velvet band in flowing hair, looks like a little girl playing hostess at her birthday party. And that's just what she is! Hubby Gene Markey gave the party in the Florentine Room of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. Hedy's wearing a cover-up model of black satin with a basque jacket buttoned snugly up the front. Myrna Loy, one of the guests, looks mighty perky with that curled feather tied to her hair with a small velvet bow. It matches her pink satin gown.

Below, George Raft and Norma Shearer were also at the Lamarr party. Yes, he's been escorting her about ever since she returned to Hollywood after her New York illness. The severity of her quaint, heavy black satin gown is broken by the novel use of the white fringed scarf.







Loretta Young is getting a big kick out of George Burns' showing off his skill as a jockey in the hobby horse race at the Cocoanut Grove. Guests are invited to race and champagne is given as a prize. It didn't faze Georgie that he wasn't dressed in dinner clothes. He stepped right up, cigar in mouth, grabbed his steed and away he went. That rooter in the center is Irene Dunne's husband. Loretta's very chic in a white crepe with a shirred bodice, and long scarf draped from one shoulder. Like so many of the stars, she's wearing her costume jewelry even with evening clothes. P.S. No, George didn't win the prize.

Right, we have a trio that would grace any table, Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper and Annabella. They all stepped out together for a bit of frolicking after a recent preview.



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Menjou THE MAGNIFICENT

Dealing with the third and most interesting phase of Adolphe's amazing career

BY JOHN FRANCHEY

THE magnificent Menjou is in fine fettle these days. Fresh from a comeback campaign, he sits serenely atop his private Olympus and catapults smoke rings, round and elegant. If you ask him, life is not only real and earnest, as Mr. Longfellow insisted, but even wonderful. Mr. Menjou ought to know.

Exactly twenty-eight years have slipped into limbo since he first reported on the Vitagraph lot, and he is still in pictures. But going strong. Stronger than ever, in fact.

Considerable Scotch has gone down the hatch since those days. For one thing, almost three generations of actors have come and gone since he first cavorted before the cameras, long before anyone had ever dreamed up a sound track. In fact, Menjou, himself, has had three careers in Hollywood—those of Menjou the meek; Menjou the mellowing; and Menjou the magnificent.

It is Part III of the Life and Times of Adolphe Menjou that delights its hero the most. And for good reasons. He was never more in demand by the studios than he is today. He was never better box office. He was never more popular with the critics.

Before his latest comeback there was a period of inactivity. He turned free lance. No takers for a while. Then a part or two here and there—but not enough elbow room. Finally Columbia offered him the role of the wistful, well-on-his-way fight promoter, Tom Moody, in "Golden Boy." He won rave notices.

Next, R. K. O. paired him up with music man Kay Kyser to provide some of his sophisticated high jinks in "That's Right—You're Wrong." He injected so many red corpuscles into the picture, so much rare jest and merriment, that the studio was quick to show its gratitude. They awarded him the dream part in Clemence Dane's famous opus, "A Bill of Divorcement," the identical part which so delighted John Barrymore.

Small wonder that today Menjou can sit back and philosophize over the yesterdays when he was not crowding John Barrymore for the honor of being the actor's actor.

"It was not always thus," he admits cheerfully, as he sees to a handkerchief that is protruding an eighth of an inch too much from his handsome gray, pin-striped lounge suit.

What he is referring to is his acknowledged position somewhere near the top of the list of the ten best-dressed men in the world.

Then he will launch out and limn for you, with anything but self pity, that period of his life known as the "salad days." Such a strange design for living you never saw. He started out to be a soldier and zoomed through Culver Military Academy. Then he traipsed off to Cornell University where he planned to become a mechanical engineering wizard. Here the drama virus got into his system and he began appearing in campus theatricals. He even wrote for the collegiate stage.

By the time he said good-bye to Cornell, he had lost all interest in blue prints and engineering. Unabashed at leaving science to shift for itself, he hied himself to Cleveland after a heart-breaking sojourn in New York, bagged a berth with a local stock company and played everything in the "legit" repertoire except Little Eva. He did so well that eventually Vitagraph lured him onto its payroll.

"Ah, me, those were the days," Menjou recollects. "That was long before Al Jolson and sound, long before the days of fabulous salaries and long-term contracts."

"Longer than you care to remember?" an interviewer ventures. "That's where you're wrong. I happen to be one individual who's fifty and sold on it. I was nowhere up to form at forty. And at thirty I must have been impossible."

Well, to get back to the story, he managed in time to appear in a whole string of Paramount triumphs such as "The Amazons," "The Valentine Girl" with Marguerite Clark, "The Kiss" with Owen Moore, and "The Moth" with Norma Talmadge.

The war interrupted his campaign to become Public Screen Idol Number One. He enlisted, was sent to Italy with the ambulance corps and became a captain in due time, serving through the French-American drive at St. Mihiel. (*Continued on page* 62)



Verree Teasdale is a wife par excellence; she even shores her husband's enthusiasm for clothes.



"Shall we give it to Daddy? . . . Look—look, Daddy loves it! He'll take it all, if you don't eat it up quick!"...

Silly, eh? That's what a baby thinks, too.

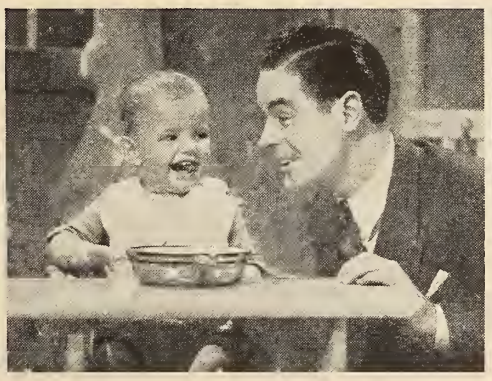
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EX-LAX MOVIES

The Taming of Tommy the Terrible



TOMMY: I won't! I won't take that awful medicine! I can't get it down!

MOTHER: All right, young man. I think I know something that you *will* like!



TOMMY: M-m-m! Gee whiz, Mom, that's a cinch to take. It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: Yes, its name is Ex-Lax and it's not only good—it's good for you!



TOMMY: Whoopee! That Ex-Lax made me feel fine . . . You'll never have to force me to take that!

MOTHER: Right! From now on, Dad and I are going to use Ex-Lax, too!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



(Continued from page 60)

His company, moved by his eloquence produced "Good-bye, Bill," a smash hit with the bored doughboys.

He returned home, tried a spot of producing, and threw up his hands. He resumed acting, tossed off a few minor parts with the old Menjou élan, and then got himself an audition with Charlie Chaplin. From this rendezvous he emerged as an important player in "The Woman of Paris." The picture made him.

Came fame; came fortune. The Menjou weekly stipend shot up to something like $7,000 per week. He was going like sixty when the Gods-That-Be suddenly blew cold. Paramount, his masters, wouldn't renew his contract. Not at that fabulous figure, at any rate. In something of a huff, he went abroad.

Over in France he made a picture. But Paris is not Hollywood in more ways than one—and among the differences is the salary item. Then, too, he had become philosophic. He caught a liner back.

THE studios didn't exactly grab him in a hurry. All washed up, the wise guys said. And it looked as if they were right—until the idea came to him to visit the late Irving Thalberg. The M.G.M. magnifico listened to a potent argument.

"I'm still good box-office, I tell you," Menjou pounded home. "And I'm doing my best work."

Thalberg, always the inspired prophet, shoved a contract across the desk.

Menjou did not disappoint him. With a splash he was back. He fairly outdid himself. A flawless performance in "The Front Page," and he had recovered his former place in the sun. Fan mail poured in on him.

"Phenomenal is the word for Menjou," a syndicate columnist reported to his readers. "The new Menjou is even better than the former model."

There was a veritable tornado of activity climaxed by "Stage Door." And then a slump. The old bugaboo began to stalk abroad: "Is Menjou through?" For a while there was at least enough evidence to make a case for the cynics. Until "Golden Boy." And the appearance of still another Menjou—Menjou the Magnificent.

At fifty, Adolphe Menjou is in the enviable position of a man looking for new worlds to conquer. Smooth, hard, and polished as only chromium is polished, he is the screen's most debonair and sophisticated citizen. So sophisticated and so debonair that he'll even discuss his age with you.

Is he miserably unhappy because he's slipping into the fifties? Don't be silly! He never felt better in his life. And as for wishing he were young again—not a chance.

"Nowadays the sudden rocketing to fame of a young movie star isn't anything on which a hard-boiled betting commissioner would wager even a modest bet. The odds are a hundred to one that the thing won't last."

What makes him so ecstatic about this latest phase of his life and his art is the spectacular success he has made of his marriage with Verree Teasdale.

Two other marriages did not work out and ended up in the divorce courts. This one is an idyll.

He attributes it all to the fact that he and his wife have practically identical tastes. Both are omnivorous readers. Both love to travel. They enjoy the same people, appreciate the same brand of humor.

"We're born under the same star," is how Miss Teasdale explains it. "I never did hold with people who insist that a married couple, in order to be ideally mated, must be poles apart."

The Menjous live in a lordly house (of course) surrounded by sixty-five acres of rolling countryside.

"When Verree is working," Adolphe confides, "the house runs itself."

It would have to. The master is fabulously busy. When he isn't acting or reading scripts or just plain reading, he's relaxing on a golf course.

Now and then, just to show he keeps his feet on the ground, Menjou will



A portrait of a rakish-looking straw chewer — Burgess Meredith in a character pose from "Of Mice and Men." Though there is nothing of the "glamour boy" about Burgess with his unshapely nose, unruly hair, and lack of height, he is one of our best actors. He has a sincerity and warmth of personality that demand attention.

3 FREE TRIPS TO HOLLYWOOD!

3 LUCKY GIRLS WILL WIN FREE TRIPS TO MOVIELAND! 51 OTHER PRIZES! YOU MAY WIN ONE!

JOAN BLONDELL
Star of
"AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS"
A Columbia Picture



OFFERED BY

"Perfume of the Stars"

THIS SUMMER . . . three girls will see Hollywood as few ever see it! One of them might be you!

They'll go behind scenes on the great sound stages! They'll meet the Stars and be photographed with them! They'll see film hits in the making! Every moment crowded with thrills!

Beauty and Talent Not Essential YOU May Be A "Movie-Type"!

The winners will be guests of PERFUME OF THE STARS—with all expenses paid for a *full two-week vacation*. They'll speed to California on a luxurious streamliner with meals and berth paid for. Their ten-day stay will be at beautiful Roosevelt Hotel in the heart of Hollywood.

In addition, Fourth Prize will be one year's tuition and room at Defiance College in Defiance, Ohio. Next 50 Winners will receive beautifully designed De Vilbiss Perfume Atomizers filled with PERFUME OF THE STARS. 54 prizes in all!

When you wear PERFUME OF THE STARS you immediately win something . . . a new loveliness! *Joan Blondell* and *Franciska Gaal* Perfumes are two fragrances so delicate and different, they accent your personality and charm. Worth trying . . . definitely!

10c

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TEN-CENT STORES

IF YOUR TEN-CENT STORE CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, MAIL COUPON

So Easy! Simple Contest Rules On Back of Each Card

How to Enter: GO TO YOUR NEAREST TEN-CENT STORE and ask for either *Joan Blondell* or *Franciska Gaal* Perfume. Answer the few questions about yourself on the card attached to each bottle. Send the card, or facsimile, together with your snapshot or photo as directed. That's all. Nothing to compose. Nothing to name. Nothing else to do. Entries must be postmarked not later than May 1st, 1940. Winners announced June 1st. Send in your entry *now!*



4TH PRIZE: One Year's Tuition and Room Paid For at



DEFIANCE COLLEGE

Fully recognized college located in Defiance, Ohio. It has a record of 94% placements for its graduates for the past 10 years.

NEXT 50 PRIZES: Lovely and Useful Beautifully Designed



DE VILBISS PERFUME ATOMIZERS

You'll be proud of this modern, nationally known atomizer filled with 1 oz. of PERFUME OF THE STARS in choice of two types.

Act now! The back of PERFUME OF THE STARS Card is your entry blank. Send in as many as you wish. But send them before midnight MAY 1ST.

VISIT YOUR TEN-CENT STORE AT ONCE! IT MAY WIN YOU ANY ONE OF THE 54 PRIZES!

WARREN-SMITH CO., DEPT. 8-B, DEFIANCE, OHIO

Please send me..... bottles of PERFUME OF THE STARS mounted on Entry Cards. Check choice: ☐ *Joan Blondell* ☐ *Franciska Gaal*. I enclose 10c for each.

Name.....

Address.....

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THAT STAYS ON

Swim, eat, smoke, kiss—Don Juan Lipstick stays on! It's the beauty find of the year. Thousands of women everywhere are changing to it because . . . while it stays and stays on your lips, it does not dry them . . . it's made of only the purest ingredients . . . its consistency is firm—not greasy . . . its colors are constant, remaining the same when applied to the lips. And the colors are the most delightful hues you've ever seen in a lipstick!

Most smart stores in the United States and Canada now carry Don Juan. In a striking black and white plastic cameo container at $1.00. Refills, 60c. Trial Size 10c. Rouge to match $1.00.



Don Juan

THE LIPSTICK THAT STAYS ON

VALDOR NEW YORK

(Continued from page 62)

regale friends with tales of those troublous days when he first came to New York. He found the city so cold and so jobless, he had to live in a thirty-cent room in the Mills Hotel!

It was from that modest address that he departed to take a job as a hired hand on Vincent Astor's estate.

"The Menjou of the bucolic days was a sight to behold," he volleys in a torrent of self-ridicule. "Imagine me weeding a garden or milking a cow!"

Clothes are one of his major weaknesses, which is only natural for a contender for the title of the world's best-dressed man. He leans toward striped suits, white shirts and polka-dot ties. No extremes for Menjou. He avoids flashy colors, hates people who wear country clothes in the city, would rather die than be caught incorrectly attired. A Hollywood tailor looks after his wardrobe, every bit of it.

His hobby is stamp-collecting. He has one of the niftiest collections in the country. It's worth something like $25,000.

On the cultural side, he's not highbrow although he's anything but a yokel. He speaks assorted languages. In pictures he's spoken English, Spanish, German, French, Italian, Swedish, Russian and even bits of Japanese and Arabic.

He loves the realistic technique in picture-making, has nothing but contempt for unreal situations which he knows the fans will scoff at, and loathes mugged and what he calls "exaggerated theatricalism." He adores Hepburn's acting.

Despite the fact that he's the screen's most bland, blasé and man-of-the-world character, in real life he's actually a softie, a rank sentimentalist.

WHAT he loves more than acting, stamp-collecting, golfing and reading put together, is playing with the Menjou moppet, Peter Adolphe, aged three, a scion by adoption.

This same Peter Adolphe knows nothing more fascinating under the sun than his sire's mustache.

Once the little shaver got hold of some mascara and made himself a mustache, not so handsome as his father's perhaps though a trifle more sinister. Mostly Menjou pere roared when he heard the story. There was no mistaking his delight. As the twig is bent, so grows the tree. By that token this democracy seems to be sheltering another magnificent Menjou, scheduled for release sometime around 1960. It's a happy thought, at the very least.

RUMORS CLOSE IN ON EDDY!

(Continued from page 27)

we had to do some heavy rehearsing.

"The new contract would have kept me on the radio throughout the making of this present picture. I'd have been right back on the same old treadmill. I figured out that all work and no play was liable to make Nelson a very dull husband. No contract was worth missing a home-life. Not when I wanted a home-life."

This doesn't sound as if Nelson has lost his head. It's a cinch that he hasn't lost his voice. We have just come from the recording studio, where he has been singing "Stout-Hearted Men" as he has never sung it before. (Be forewarned: It will be one of the high spots of "New Moon.")

HE pushes aside his plate and cup for elbow room, and leans forward. "As soon as I finish this picture, I'll be going on another tour. I'll give thirty concerts in thirty different cities. That," he adds pointedly, "is the usual quota.

"There will be just one change. I've already written ahead that, this time, no seats are to be sold on stages. Watch the wisecracks pop when people see stages empty that were filled with overflow customers before. 'Uh-huh. Eddy must be slipping. He doesn't seem to be drawing the crowds this year, the way he did last.'

"On every seat that's sold, I get a certain percentage. I lose by banning the bleachers. But I can give better concerts. The acoustics will be better. And I won't have to be self-conscious, singing with my back to part of the audience, or wondering when that candid-camera fiend in the front row is going to pounce out after another quick close-up.

"You can ignore any rumors that I'm 'saving my voice.' I've got only so many notes in me. And I'm going to get them out while I can."

Dr. Lippe, his voice coach, who is lunching with us, volunteers with quiet assurance, "Nelson's voice is good for twenty years more."

That being settled, we bring up the point that Nelson will soon be settled in a new house.

"Oh, yes, the new house. It has thirty-four rooms. Don't laugh. That's the story I'm stuck with. I was under the impression that it had ten rooms. But a columnist reports having seen it 'and it has thirty-four rooms.' So there you are. Last night I was figuring up. Counting the bathrooms, every closet, the service porch, and that alcove in the dining-room—well, it has thirty-four rooms, all right.

"I hear, too, that it's a showplace. I had the idea that it was a Williamsburg Colonial, tucked away behind some trees at the deadest end of a dead-end street in Brentwood Heights. But maybe I'm wrong. Seriously, it's small, small enough to find a buyer, if we ever change our minds about it. My studio, for example, has room for the piano, one chair and nothing else. If two people are in the room at the same time, one of them has to sit on the attic stairs, which lead up out of it.

"I didn't think I wanted to build. Ann talked me into it; said I'd get a kick out of it. At first I was like the new father who doesn't want anything to do with the baby. Now I'm like the same father, after he begins to see something of himself in the infant. I can't keep hands off.

"There's another funny thing. We made a soil test a few months back and tossed some vegetable seeds on the property, to see how they would do. The corn came up this high!" He reaches far into the air, half-rising out of his chair to illustrate. "For years, my father has been writing me about his garden, raving about it. I didn't think I'd inherited any of his passion for green groceries. But I was wrong. It's beginning to crop out in me finally, believe it or not."

Is the new house a tip-off that the rumor that he is aching to get out of the movies and into the Metropolitan isn't so?

"The new house is a tip-off that I intend to have a home of my own, somewhere. I don't want to get out of the movies. Not with the going as good as it is. Especially now that I'm beginning to enjoy the work. I'm hoping I can last about three more years, before my hair starts falling out, my midriff starts filling out, and I have two chins instead of one.

"Long after those things happen, I'll still have time to be a romantic juvenile in opera. Operatic juveniles are usually forty-five at least.

"I have a three-way standing offer in my desk from the Metropolitan for a whole season, for as many performances in one season as I'd like to give, or for one performance in any opera of my choosing. But I'd be sticking my neck out to sing there, right now, for even one performance. Singing at the Metropolitan is no cinch. I found that out when I gave a concert there on my last tour. I wondered how that first note was going to get out of my throat, with my heart in the way. An operatic role is ten times more difficult than a concert. I know. I sang in Philadelphia opera for seven years.

"Another thing. On the stage of the Met, I might sing to forty thousand people in one season. On the screen, I can sing to sixty or eighty million people in one picture. That means something to me.

"I'd get less money at the Met than I'm getting here, but that isn't what is holding me back. If I wanted to go, I'd go. I want to sing there some day. To 'make the Met' is the big ambition of every singer. But before I take that offer, I want to be able to join some small touring opera company for a year, at $50 a week, or nothing a week, to practise up on those roles. I don't want to go into them cold."

THE hands of the commissary clock point toward one. He has to get back to work. And how is his alleged feud with Jeanette MacDonald coming along?

"I hope you're not like that reporter who came out here from the East when we were making 'Sweethearts,' all hot and bothered about checking the rumors. I kidded them and he took down everything I said. Then he sat around to watch us make a scene.

"As Fate would have it, it so happened that that scene called on us to stage a battle royal. He went back home and reported that the rumors were true, no matter what either Jeanette or I said. With his own eyes, he had seen us fighting. And did I treat Jeanette mean! When I saw the story, I took the time and trouble to write a letter, kidding him for not believing that our fight was in the script and asking him to see the picture. Then they cut the scene out! That reporter still believes what he saw.

"I don't know why the wishful thinkers insist that Jeanette and I hate the sight of each other. We don't. Honest. We didn't ask to be separated for a year. We don't decide what pictures we should do, or shouldn't do. The studio decides that. Why, we'd be fools to feud, when working together in harmony is bread and butter to both of us.

"I enjoyed making 'Balalaika.' But after working with strangers, I'm all pepped up about being back with Jeanette and the gang, where they call a spade a spade and an actor a so-and-so. It's really lots of fun to be 'home.' "





"Eyes of Romance"

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NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter—sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved.

Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*



New WINX Mascara, flexible cake, will not break.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

Your lips look youthful, moist... *the appeal men can't resist!* 4 tempting colors. Non-drying. STAYS ON FOR HOURS. Raspberry shade is fascinating with Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Try it! At 10¢ stores, *today!*



MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

GROOMED FOR OBLIVION

(*Continued from page 48*)

Allan became more and more restless. He started to ignore invitations. One incident in particular remains vivid in my memory. Allan and I had attended a premiere with the Robert Montgomerys and had been accosted by a group of autograph fans. One of them immediately found himself in difficulties and obviously couldn't make up his mind as to which autograph to get first. His pal, wasting no time, shoved him in the general direction of Montgomery saying, 'That other guy isn't in pictures any more.' Of course he meant Allan. We tried to laugh it off, but the damage had been done.

THEN Allan bought the Bel Air Stables with Bob Young and I became a "stable widow." He'd leave home every morning at dawn to get over to his stables. You'd imagine those horses couldn't get along without him. But I was happy for Allan, because I saw that when he was working he was more like himself, whistling and singing."

At this moment Allan, himself, entered the room. A tall, slender, immaculate figure in white slacks and a light blue sports shirt open at the throat.

"You should have seen me a few minutes ago," he said, seating himself in a red leather chair, surveying through the window the result of his day's toil. "I looked like a day laborer."

"When I began digging that pool, it didn't look as though I would be busy at a studio," he continued. "So now I have to finish it on my days off."

That gave me my opening. "Are you making just one picture or are you under a long-term contract now?" I asked.

"Under contract, you bet. Eh, honey?" Allan replied, glancing happily at Irene. "I've got the best contract I've ever had. It's with Paramount. I make three pictures a year, with star or co-star billing. I have a say in selection of my pictures, with one off-the-lot-picture a year, if I should choose.

"I've got a fine radio offer and I'm going on concert tour for three months right after the first of the year. I'm already booked solid for thirty cities and towns. Right now I'm making 'The Great Victor Herbert,' a picture any singing star would give his eye-tooth to get. I'll sing all of the favorite Victor Herbert songs. I'll say I've got a contract!"

"How do you explain your current activity after having been off the screen for so long?" I asked.

"To be truthful, my run of bad luck was as much a puzzle to me as it may have been to everyone else. The studio kept telling me there'd be a new picture ready for me. But after six months I knew the cards were stacked against me. There was nothing I could do.

"I was drawing a very big salary each week and doing absolutely nothing for it. Now that would be all right for some people. But in this business, if you don't keep right on going, the public changes or forgets you and you're done for. Once you're out, you have to start all over again and make a come-back. That's what I've just done in 'Honeymoon in Bali' with Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll.

"I had a contract that netted me $100,000 for the months that I was out of pictures. I offered to sell it to the studio for half, since it was apparent that they didn't have a picture for me. But they refused. Finally I offered to buy it at a reasonable figure—anything so I could be free to accept other offers. But again I was refused.

"Of course I put up a big fight when they cast me in a small picture after 'Firefly.' It didn't seem fair. I was deserving of more. I'd proven my ability and the public had liked the picture. But for some unexplainable reason they offered me a mediocre role, one that I felt would disappoint the new following I had acquired. I balked and swore I wouldn't make it, but I finally did. Of course I got myself in bad with the front office. And they decided that one studio can't groom two singing stars for similar productions at the same time. At least that was what I was told.

"Through the grapevine of studio gossip, I heard that it was Nelson Eddy who was keeping me from good roles at M-G-M. But that was not completely true. Nelson and I are friends, and he seemed as anxious about my continued success as I was, whenever we met. But there was nothing he could do personally one way or the other.

"I hung about the studio a good deal at the beginning of my enforced vacation, but finally it became embarrassing with everyone asking me why I wasn't working. I decided to stay away.



These two romantics are Sonja Henie and Robert Cummings. They appear together in the new Henie film, "Everything Happens at Night."

"It didn't seem possible that all of this was happening to me. But it was. I was down-hearted because, for the first time in my life, I couldn't find a solution for my problem. I've always been resourceful. I had to be to become a singer. I got my start by working double shifts in a coal mine, saved $1500 and enrolled in music school. I won a couple of scholarships and later I wanted to continue my studies in Europe. I had no money, nor did my parents. Finally I hit upon a plan. I presented myself in a concert in my home town at Scranton, Pennsylvania, and the house was a sell-out. I netted over a thousand dollars.

"But think as I would for many sleepless nights, there was no solution to this enforced screen layoff. I didn't want to become morose, beaten and lose my initiative, as I've seen other fellows out here do. So I said, 'Allan, my boy, you'll have to find a new interest until your contract is up. You'll have to forget pictures whether you want to or not!'

"I've always been interested in horses. There were some stables in Bel Air where a few of us kept our horses. One day Bob Young and I got to talking about the run-down condition of the place. We inquired and found that it had been up for sale for a long time. It didn't take very much capital to swing the deal, so we bought it and converted the stables into up-to-date quarters.

"The work of re-conditioning the place gave me a new interest. I had something I could do. I was no longer one of the 'unemployed.' I had a job. And what a job it was, cleaning up. I supervised razing the old stalls, building new ones, and I not only bossed the job, but got right in there and worked as hard as anyone I employed.

NOW we've fifty horses there. Our friends board theirs with us. We have eighteen of our own, some of which we rent to people who want to ride. In three months we had the Bel Air Stables on a paying basis. Each evening we gave an exhibition for sightseers through a tie-up with a local bus company.

"My new work built up my optimism. It kept my weight down. I kept in good physical condition. The time slipped by and I was actually surprised when my agent reported that my contract with M-G-M had finally expired. At last I was free to make a test for Warner Brothers for 'The Desert Song.' But during these long months, they had signed another singer. Paramount made me an offer. We got together and I found myself with a grand contract.

"Personal appearances and concert tours are the best possible breaks an actor can get. I'll have the opportunity of meeting the people face to face, singing for them the songs they want me to sing. Nelson Eddy acknowledges the importance of his concert tours. Jeanette MacDonald's was so successful this past year, she intends to make them annually. I expect to be on tour for three months leaving sometime in January.

"Will Irene accompany you, or will she remain in Hollywood?" I asked.

"Irene has a double career of her own," Allan replied with a smile. "She's under contract at home with John Allan Jones, Jr., our two-year-old son, and Gail, (Irene's daughter by a first marriage) our nine-year-old daughter. She also signed with Universal for three pictures a year, but I think she will find time to join me for some of the tour."

And that's how Allan summed up the situation. It was a trying period in his life as well as his career. But once more his future is assured and he's happy.

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FREE Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (52)

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MANY thin, rundown, nervous men and women who had tried several other tonics without apparent results — who could hardly look at food, slept poorly and were always tired and jittery—report gains of 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks, wonderful new pep, fine appetite, sound sleep, steady nerves through simply taking these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

The reason is simple. Scientists have discovered that great numbers of people are skinny, puny, tired and nervous only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

But now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically made, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So it's easy to see how, with their aid, so many almost hopeless people have easily put on the naturally attractive pounds they so long wished for—have gained new strength, new pep, new friends and new joy in life.

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Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you have wished for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

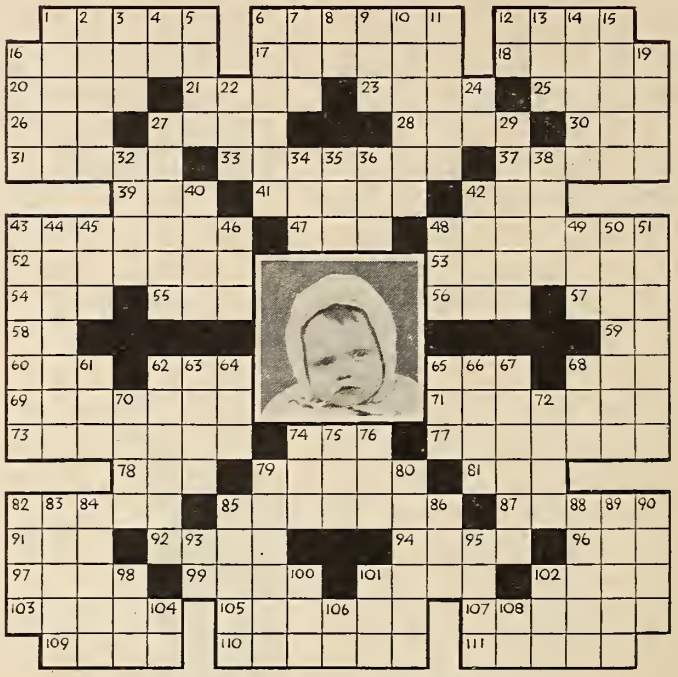
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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 81

ACROSS

1 & 6. First and last name of star pictured
12. He starred in "The ----ing Twenties"
16. Actor in 12 across
17. Our star's first film: "Penny ------"
18. Co-star of "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex"
20. Talented RKO starlet
21. Twisted
23. Chinese money of account
25. Famous personality in "Hotel for Women"
26. Busy insect
27. The Marx brothers form one
28. Stepped
30. Even: poet.
31. Attempt
33. Character actor in "On Your Toes"
37. Wash lightly
39. "---ther Rat and a Baby"
41. Charlie McCarthy's pal
42. Coal scuttle
43. Girl in "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew"
47. Slippery fish
48. Star of "Thunder Afloat"
52. One to whom property is transferred
53. Asserts
54. Color of our star's hair
55. Our star was in "Public ---my"
56. Gene Autry's singing rival
57. Small island
58. Sun god
59. Musical note
60. Feminine lead in "Years Without Days"
62. Poem
65. Age
68. Tiny screen role
69. "------- Mr. Chips"
71. She stars in "Destry Rides Again"
73. Commander
74. Sour comedian in "The Star Maker"
77. Leaps
78. Assist
79. Opposite 1 across in "Boy Meets Girl"
81. Irene Dare's producer: ---Lesser
82. Male lead in "Kid Nightingale"
85. Heroine in "Green Hell"
87. Ronald Reagan's lovely fiancee
91. Beverage
92. Close
94. What any woman does over Baby Sandy
96. Room in a harem
97. Gold
99. Similar
101. Exclamation to attract attention
102. Birthmonth of our star
103. Brilliant success
105. Star of "The Bluebird"
107. Entertains
109. See unexpectedly
110. Sinks
111. Husband of Ann Sothern

DOWN

1. Singer in "Honeymoon in Bali"
2. Silent star: ----- Ayres
3. She is soon to be teamed with W. C. Fields
4. Our star was Bottom in "Midsumm-- Night's Dream"
5. A topnotch film player
6. Star of "In Name Only"
7. C - Grant
8. Army medico in "The Real Glory"; init.
9. Featured comic in "At the Circus"
10. The head of a magazine
11. Crave
12. Concerning
13. Mineral
14. Star of "Man from Montreal"
15. Flowers
16. Stan Laurel's partner
19. Opposite our star in "Oklahoma Kid"
22. Accessory in costume films
24. Mickey R--ney
27. Star of "Day-time Wife"
29. Comically
32. Capable
34. Holland commune
35. "That Certain ---"
36. Salt
38. Inactive
40. Greer Garson's father in "Remember"
42. Nimbus
43. Mixture
44. Star of "Broadway Melody of 1940"
45. Cover
46. Visualize
48. Theme of our star's "The Fighting Sixty-ninth"
49. Turkish magistrate
50. 1 across was in "------- Zero"
51. Lands
61. Bow
62. With our star in "Angels with Dirty Faces"
63. Colored
64. Ever: poet.
65. Printing measures
66. Knocks
67. Slender pointed shafts
68. Comedian ---Blue
70. College official
72. Lovely delicate flower
74. Girl in "Tower of London"
75. Sea eagle
76. 1 across was in "Each Dawn I ---"
79. She has an epic fight with 71 across
80. Engraves
82. One of "Four Wives"
83. Star of "Hollywood Cavalcade"
84. Shouts
85. Temptations
86. Part of the foot
88. Disney's animated cartoon character
89. Husband of Sylvia Sidney
90. Negative votes
93. Swedish comedian
95. ---- Kiam, Hollywood designer
98. Kind of dance
100. Australian bird
101. Lofty mountain
102. Pitcher
104. Bet--Field
106. Afternoon
108. Central state: abbr.

HANDS TO HOLD

(Continued from page 45)

nail white, a buffer and, by all means, a constant supply of your favorite hand cream or lotion. This last is a "must" if you'd have lovely hands, especially at this time of year.

And speaking of winter, you outdoor girls who skate, ski or golf all year round—and even you indoor damsels who find ordinary frequent washing too much for your delicate hand skin—have you ever tried an oil manicure? It's grand for restoring that smooth firm look of natural loveliness so important to both hands and nails.

Here's how you go about it: first, remove all old polish with cotton dipped in regular polish remover or one of those convenient little specially prepared pads that come already moistened in boxes. (And don't forget the little crevices around your cuticle. An orangewood stick, wrapped in cotton and dipped in remover will take care of those.)

SECOND, file and shape your nails with an emery board. If they're tough and strong, use a fine grooved file, but if they're brittle or broken, this may be too harsh for them. A medium long oval is the only shape that's correct for most of us. The ancient Chinese loved long talon-shaped nails, thought they were a mark of leisured aristocracy and all that. But we live in a practical, scientific world where talons belong to hawks and other birds of prey—not on pretty girls' fingers. Always file from the corners toward the center, and steer clear of the cuticle at the outer edges. Nails left just a tiny bit long at the corners will be stronger and much less apt to break than those filed right down to the cuticle.

Third, have a little bowl of warm oil ready. (You can heat it by placing the bottle in a pan of hot water for a few minutes.) Soak your fingers in this for at least ten minutes. The oil will not only smooth your nails for the time being, it will also nourish them and make them stronger and more resilient. Fourth, scrub with a soft brush and warm soap suds as in any other manicure.

Fifth, after the scrubbing, with a cotton-tipped orangewood stick dipped in cuticle remover, push back all old cuticle. Work the stick gently around the nail edges to loosen and remove stubborn dirt under the nail tips. Don't cut cuticle unless it's exceptionally rough and heavy. Sixth, a bit of powdered pumice stone moistened with nail bleach will smooth calloused skin beside the nails.

Seventh, apply nail white under the free edges and scrub your fingers again. Eighth, a good buffing now will help to smooth thick, ridged nails. If they are thin and brittle, buff gently to stimulate and strengthen them. Always buff in one direction only. Ninth, you're ready for

STAR ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped, self-oddressed envelope today for o new list of Hallywoad stars with their correct studio oddresses. It is o convenient size to handle or keep in o scrop-book. To receive a list, all yau hove to do is write ta us and osk for it, enclosing o lorge, self-addressed ond stamped envelape. Don't forget that last item, os na request con be complied with atherwise. Pleose send requests to Infarmotion Desk, Madern Screen, 149 Madisan Ave., New Yark, N.Y.

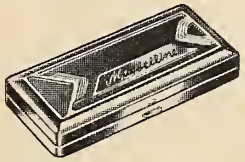


KEY YOUR

Eye Make-Up

TO THE NEW FASHIONS

New dress colors, hat designs, hair do's—all conspire to draw more attention to your eyes. So it's no wonder Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are an important part of the Fashion picture. Sweeping glamour for your lashes . . . expressive eyebrows . . . soft, shimmering eyelids, and look—there's the stunning effect you want! It's so easy with Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow. These safe, world-famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are—and always will be—your assurance of beauty that's smart and in good taste. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Insist on the genuine—*Maybelline*.



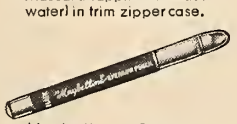
Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in handsome gold-covered vanity, 75c.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in trim zipper case.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in distinctive pastel box.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebraw Pencil, finely painted.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

THE EYES OF FASHION

by *Maybelline*

For alluring mystery under your most devastating hat, make your eyelashes look long, dark, thick—with Maybelline Mascara. For blondes or titian type, Brown or Blue. For brunettes, Black or Blue.

Eyebrows should be tapered to trim perfection with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil—Brown or Black. If you're youthful and daring, use Blue for eyelid liner!

Accent the depth and color of your eyes with Maybelline Eye Shadow. Choose from six exquisite shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. A shade in harmony with your costume is smartly flattering.

Maybelline Eye Make-up is "Fashion-right" for daytime or evening. It's never obvious and your eyes look far lovelier!

DAY AND NIGHT I WAS WRACKED WITH PAIN!



THE AFFLICTION OF THOUSANDS!

Simple Piles may sound like a light thing, but they are an awful agony.

They make your every move a torment. They even hurt or itch while you are sitting or lying down. The torture drags you down and makes you look old and worn.

Both men and women suffer from simple Piles. But, during pregnancy and after childbirth, *women* especially are subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

AH! WHAT COMFORT!

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

TRY IT FREE!

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polish now. If it's liquid you're using, quick, bold strokes should be your aim, one down the middle first, then one on either side.

Tenth, remove excess polish with the blunt end of your orange stick—wipe off a thin tip with your thumb or a tissue, and allow nails to dry thoroughly. A colorless polish base, applied before and after liquid polish, will help protect brittle nails and add lustre too. After they're entirely dry, cold water run over the nails will also help "set" the polish and make it last longer.

LAST in order, but almost first in importance this time of year, massage your hands and wrists with your favorite cream or lotion, working it in with a rotary motion from finger tips upward till every vestige has been absorbed. This not only softens and whitens the skin, but supples and relaxes your hands. If you'll repeat this little ceremony every morning and night, and touch up your nails between manicures whenever they show the slightest wear, you'll take a big step toward perpetual grace and beauty. For, when you know you look your best, grace, poise and self-confidence become a real part of you.

Nowadays more and more manufacturers are making nail polishes that harmonize with lip and cheek rouges. This is as it should be. Let all your make-up blend becomingly, and consider your costume colors too. Subtle, pastel shades are much smarter with daytime clothes, while all those brilliantly beautiful deep colors are gorgeous with evening things. If you are wearing any of the browns, beiges, muted greens or slate blues so popular this year, a dull, coppery pink or red polish will be stunning. If plaids or navy blues are your favorites, wear neutral pale or bright red polish, according to whether you're the quiet or the daring type, also depending upon the formality of the occasion. If you love greys, wines, purples or blue-greens—a subtle, bluish-red polish will look marvelous. And if you're all dressed up in one of those clarion-clear true colors that Paris is so enthusiastic about for evening—such as cyclamen pink, violet, bright grey, white or black, wear one of the more brilliant bluish reds. You'll be the belle of the ball.

Oval nails should show a thin tip and a half moon to match. Round nails look prettiest when polished the entire length, leaving just a hair-line at each side for "slimth." Spade-shaped nails need tiny half moons and accentuated curves at the tip, and square nails can be made to look more graceful if the curves at both ends are exaggerated. But never be ashamed of the shape of your hands. The way they were made is right for you. Firm fingers with squarish nails may not be your ideal—but they indicate the executive type of hand and you should be proud to own them.

A slender, finely molded hand with tapering nails is aristocratic and "ladylike," so accent it with all the care it deserves. An extravagantly slender hand with narrow nails that grow to exaggerated points is exotic and exciting and can wear startling shades of polish effectively. Short, stubby fingers, thick at the base with wide, short nails, indicate much creative ability. So, far from hiding them, you should be doubly proud. Polish them from end to end as we advised for round nails, keep them immaculately smooth and clean and let the world see them for what they are. Tapering fingers with nails narrowing out to long ovals are the mark of artistic talent. Like as not if you have this type, you'll know instinctively how to show them off to best advantage. Such hands can be excitingly dramatic.

IF you have freckles, a scar or conspicuous veins in your hands, cover them with some of those marvelous foundation creams or cover-mark preparations. If you have damp, perspiring hands, a bit of powder will often help—or a daily massage with cologne or alcohol may improve the situation. If this condition persists to an annoying degree, better see your doctor as it may indicate a nervous or other systemic disorder.

There, we hope we've been able to add a lot to the loveliness of your hands this winter. If you will spend a few minutes each day and half an hour once a week on the care we've outlined here, we're sure and convinced that your own two hands will soon become the kind that every woman loves to look at and every man will love to hold.

It's becoming so easy to keep lovely on a limited income that we sometimes wonder what else these ingenious cos-

Modern Screen made its selectians of the year's mavie highlights in the January issue. Now it wants to know what you, the readers, have chosen. The results of this questionnaire will be published in an early issue. Fill in the coupon below and send it to Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

1. Best actor .....
2. Best actress .....
3. Most handsome man an the screen .....
4. Most beautiful girl on the screen .....
5. Most pramising newcomer (male) .....
6. Most pramising newcomer (female) .....
7. Biggest scene-stealer (male) .....
8. Biggest scene-stealer (female) .....
9. My favorite child actor .....
10. My favorite child actress .....
11. Best-dressed man on the screen .....
12. Best-dressed woman an the screen .....
13. My favarite cawboy star .....
14. Best movie I saw in 1939 .....
15. Warst movie I saw in 1939 .....

My name is .....

Address .....
(City) (State)

meticians can possibly think up. But their ideas seem inexhaustible. Those slick little compact-sized plastic boxes filled with pads saturated in liquid nail polish remover—fifteen to a box for just one thin dime—are one of our favorite innovations. No waste, no spill, and one pad removes a complete manicure. Each pad is, in fact, practically a nail beauty treatment in itself, for not only does it remove old polish in a whisk, it also softens and lubricates both nail and cuticle and helps to prevent peeling and cracking.

Easy, quick, neat and economical we call it! These little prepared pads are not drying, either. They're also grand to carry in your purse, as the screw-top container won't spill anywhere. And did we tell you they're daintily perfumed besides?

●

Cutting your cuticle can be both dangerous and messy. In the first place you're likely to get a serious infection. And in the second place, though your nails may look smooth for a day, as sure as you're a foot high, on the second day rough, ragged cuticle edges will again plague your best efforts. But why be old fashioned? There's a new safe, more simple way which smart girls everywhere are using. Just dip an orangewood stick wound in cotton into a certain new liquid cuticle softener and, beginning at the center of each nail, work forward, pushing the cuticle gently back. Now, soak your fingers for a few seconds in warm water, and simply wipe off all the old, dead cuticle with a clean, dry towel. It's as easy as all that.

We're awfully enthusiastic about a certain clear, golden-colored skin lotion that we've been using lately. It really is different. Not only does it flow freely, but it contains not a drop of gummy or starchy substances to make your skin feel sticky or "gooey." This lotion helps to protect the natural loveliness of your skin and counteracts the drying effects of winter weather, over-heated houses, and frequent washing. It is excellent to smooth rough, chapped hands and faces and to overcome redness, overgrown cuticle and such things.

This lotion acts quickly to dissolve sticky perspiration, dirt, soap and foreign matter too—then it leaves an emollient film to smooth and protect the skin. Not being heavy, it spreads rapidly into every little crack and crevice and dries quickly, which saves you time and rubbing. It always leaves your skin feeling refreshed and satiny too. Many girls like this lotion as a make-up foundation, because it takes face powder so beautifully.

● ● ●

Would you like to try it? We'll be happy to send a generous trial sized bottle if you'll fill in and mail the coupon below. Do you want to know the names of the cuticle remover and the nail polish remover pads? Just say the word and we'll send them.

Carol Carter
Modern Screen Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me the free sample of skin and hand lotion.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

THIS OFFER NOT GOOD AFTER 60 DAYS



"Hot time in the old town tonight, eh?... milk flowing like champagne. I dunno, though—these big parties kind of get me down. The place gets hot—and confetti gets in your pants . . ."



"That's right—give 'em a blast on your horn! Maybe they'll ask us what we'll have, and we can say how about a little soft, satiny Johnson's Baby Powder... Hoo-onk! ... Pretty sour. And look at your fingering! Terrible."



"Now watch the old maestro. TOOOOOOT! There, how's that? Right in the groove, I'd say. We'll have a rubdown with that downy, velvety-cool Johnson's, and then on with the dance, let joy be unconfined!"



"Where's the baby that doesn't go for Johnson's? That slippery, extra-fine talc sure helps to put the skids under prickly heat and chafes! Johnson's doesn't cost much either."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

ROCHELLE HUDSON
lovely screen star



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Men adore enchantingly fragrant, youthfully soft lips. FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK will instantly give your lips a magic flame of temptation... a seductive, alluring glow that men can't resist! An exclusive, water-repellent film gives satin-smooth protection and seals the vibrant color to your lips. You will never know how lovely you can be until you try this remarkable lipstick...in special shades that blend with all the new costume colors!

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• MEDIUM • RASPBERRY • LIGHT •
• ORCHID • FLAME • FASHION PINK •

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Send me 5 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks, and handy pack of Lipstick Tissues; enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin) for mailing cost.

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10¢ and 25¢
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TRICKY TOPPERS



No. 129—Warmth, neatness and femininity have made this long-sleeved cardigan a winter classic. The zipper, neck border and embroidery are in bright colors.

No. 2835—The evening sweater, below, is made of a soft, silky chenille yarn. Wear it with either a full, flowing skirt or a slim, slinky one and you'll love yourself!

YOU who "make your own" are the lucky ones this season! There's nothing smarter than the knitted tricks that are topping everything from the heaviest of ski pants to the sheerest of billowing chiffons.

The Tyrolean sweater, pictured above, is ideal for winter sporting, for its zippered front makes it fit very snugly. Made of white or bright colored wool, it has a "three-dimensional," crocheted, many-colored floral trim running down the front panel. You'll find this topper a gay little aid if you aim to be queen of your skating rink, ski train or snow-shoe brigade!

If it's an evening outfit you're needing, the low, square-necked slip-on to the left is the ticket for you. Made of a soft, silky chenille yarn with a lastex thread run through on the wrong side, it luxuriously moulds your figure. Though the pattern looks very complicated and professional to your admirers, it is a combination of two of the simplest stitches. But that's your secret—they'll think you're a genius!

* * *

All you have to do to receive absolutely free directions for knitting either or both of these gems of the sweater world is to fill in and send us the coupon below.



ANN WILLS, Modern Screen
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:
Knitting directions for No. 129 .....
Knitting directions for No. 2835. . ...
I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State.....
Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

some reason just can't use his head to advantage. The smartest thing he does is marry cute Mary Carlisle, who is a perfect team-mate for the Brown antics. And Mary has a grand time of it, helping Joe prove to the police department that he can capture the criminals.

Solution of a couple of murders puts Joe in first place, however, with both his bride and the police, and the intervening action where he chases the murderer through a seaside resort spook house is hilarious comedy. There are plenty of good gags and dialogue, and the entire cast helps the comedian remain the favorite of countless fans. Supporting players are Marc Lawrence, Clarence Kolb, Don Beddoe and George J. Lewis. Directed by Edward Sedgwick—*Columbia.*

★★ The Secret of Dr. Kildare

"The Secret of Dr. Kildare" hits the stride established by the first picture of this series and maintains the pace throughout. Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres as Doctors Gillespie and Kildare are so familiar with their roles that their team-work is pleasingly natural.

This time, young Dr. Kildare meets a society deb who has been behaving very strangely. Her father begs him to solve the mystery, and Kildare, realizing that Dr. Gillespie is much too exhausted from heavy research work, takes the case in spite of his cantankerous objections. Of course, Kildare learns what makes the girl act in such a manner and wins back the affections of Dr. Gillespie—but not until he's worked pretty hard at entertaining the audience.

In supporting roles, Helen Gilbert is quite adequate as the debutante, Laraine Day is the same nifty little nurse and Alma Kruger continues her good-natured arguments with Barrymore. Also spotted to advantage are Lionel Atwill, Nat Pendleton, Sara Haden, Samuel S. Hinds, Emma Dunn and Marie Blake. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★ Allegheny Uprising

This picture is good factual information about the immediate years before the American Revolution, but is shy on entertainment value. It concerns the efforts of the settlers in the Allegheny valley to prevent the English and their allies from trading ammunition and liquor with the Indians, thus causing continual danger to the white settlers who are trying to develop the new country.

Claire Trevor and John Wayne try hard to inject some drama and interest into their characters, but they're too busy hopping on horses and driving the Indians away to get very far with their romance.

Claire Trevor looks quite appealing placed alongside the dozens of husky pioneers, but her usual ability is lost in the haze of muddled story. The Britishers in the audience may disapprove of the stuffed-shirt portrayal of their early American armies, but George Sanders, as usual, is very capable as the dull officer. Brian Donlevy sinks his teeth into another villainous role, with other good work by Wilfred Lawson, Robert Barrat, John F. Hamilton and Moroni Olsen. Directed by William A. Seiter—*RKO.*



Did you ever hear of the Girl who slept her way to Loveliness and Romance? . . . . well, I did and here's how



At bedtime . . . she cleanses her skin hygienically with Woodbury Germ-free Cold Cream—leaving on a thin film to soften, invigorate . . . work for beauty and perhaps for romance . . . **while she sleeps!**

By JANET PARKER
Woodbury Beauty Consultant

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Use Woodbury for ordinary cleansing, of course. But to get its extra benefits, leave on a thin film when you go to bed. Get it today! Only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

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3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM
CLEANSES safely
Smooths as it LUBRICATES
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FREE Powder For Brunettes

A new, ravishing shade of face powder for brunettes called Egyptian has just been produced by TAYTON'S—the famous quality cosmetic house. To quickly introduce TAYTON'S Egyptian to brunettes everywhere, free samples are mailed on request. Try this glamorous powder. See how it brings out your hidden skin beauty with its glamorous rose undertone. TAYTON'S Egyptian contains a wonderful new improvement that increases clinging power many times. Sifting through silk makes this powder super-fine, producing the true no-shine, no-cake effect. At 10c stores, drug stores everywhere. For free sample of TAYTON'S Egyptian and 5 other newest shades merely send post card to TAYTON'S, Room 3332, Kansas City, Mo.

Tayton's
Powder—Lipstick—Cream

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

NAME YOUR OWN FIGURE

"A woman always has the right to change her mind and her figure," says Mae West. So now when corsets are all the rage, La West has decided she will have none of them for herself. Instead, she has reduced her weight to one hundred and twenty pounds flat and intends to stay that way. You'll see for yourself how uncurvaceous but still beauteous she is when "The Farmer's Daughter and the Travelling Salesman," in which she's co-starred with W. C. Fields—of all things—is released. Diet did it, girls. Mae doesn't believe in exercise for anything but the will-power. Just give the glassy eye to anything smacking of starch, she says, and you can name your own figure.

GINGER'S A BRUNETTE

Ginger Rogers is being accused of "going Garbo" on Hollywood. She seldom appears at night-spots and when she does, her time is spent playing hide-and-seek with the cameramen. Rogers' reason is that she doesn't want to be photographed in her new brunette tresses until the release of her current picture. Miss R. seems to have forgotten that this isn't the first time she's been a brunette. On that Honolulu trip, she landed in a black wig—hoping to hoax the island camera-sleuths. But she needn't have bothered. The boys recognized her all right. But since she had refused to give an interview when the boat docked, they decided to leave the young lady strictly to herself, blonde or brunette. Imagine Ginger's surprise not to have even a notice of her leave-taking get a word in the papers!

ROMANCE NOTES

Now that Helen Gilbert's divorce from musician Mischa Bakaleinikoff is final, she is expected to marry Lew Ayres when and if he ever decides to divorce Ginger Rogers . . . Bubbles and Wayne Morris invited members of the "Brother Rat and a Baby" cast over for a wind-up-the-picture party. Then they announced that the party was really in honor of the engagement of Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan . . . Loretta Young is spending a lot of her evenings with Bob Riskin . . . Lana Turner still dates Greg Bautzer quite often, but she's stepping out with Bill Hunt and Tom Brown, too . . . Lucille Fairbanks, Doug, Sr.'s niece who's now the white hope of Warner Bros., is smitten with Bill Lundigan . . . Ilona Massey and Producer Sam Katz are so very much in love that wedding bells are predicted that soon . . . Mary Healy is giving more dates to Ken Murray than to any other of her dozens of admiring suitors . . . Rudy Vallee is back in town and giving the film lovelies the annual whirl . . . Brenda Marshall and William "Golden Boy" Holden like to go dancing at the Cocoanut Grove—but t'aint serious, because Brenda's married . . . Alex Morison, brother of Patricia, is dating Jean Cagney, sister of Jimmy.

ALONG SUNSET STRIP

Garbo running lickety-cut for her "town car" with Modern Screen's photog, Jules Buck, hot on her trail . . . Virginia Bruce in the back seat of her chauffeured limousine peeking out to watch the fans who are craning their necks to get a good look at her . . . Peter Lorre double parked in front of his tailor's shop while the tailor runs back for a sample of some new material that Lorre wants made into an overcoat . . . J. Farrell MacDonald downing a nutburger at a drive-in, then ordering another one before leaving—just to take along with him . . . Bing Crosby and a couple of the little Crosbys disappearing into the Crosby building where the old man has an office . . . Lana Turner in an open roadster, her red locks flying in the breeze.

FREE MOVIES

Nancy Kelly may be pining for Edmond O'Brien, but she's pining in the company of Ken Murray, Cesar Romero, Lee Bowman and Howard Hughes. Hughes really has the inside track, though. He's the only one with a private projection room and since Nancy hates crowded movie-houses, she's catching up on all the late pictures.

DESSERT FIRST

We don't know if this is a tip on how to be glamorous, girls, but we do know it to be a fact. Hedy Lamarr eats most of her meals backwards. It's not at all unusual to see the lovely Lamarr come into the Derby at dinner time and order a dish of ice cream or a healthy slab of apple pie à la mode as a starter.

ANDY'S SPINACH

Overheard before a recent Jack Benny broadcast: Mrs. Andy Devine pleading with Jack to fix things so Andy won't have to grow another beard for his role in the Paramount picture, "Buck Benny Rides Again."

THE COMFORTS OF HOME

When Edward G. Robinson appeared on the set for the first day's shooting of "Dr. Ehrlich," he was being closely followed by two studio workmen bearing a huge leather chair. The chair, said Eddie in explanation, was his favorite one from home so he just decided to have it brought along. "All the comforts of home, you know," he said blissfully, preparing to sink into the chair. But he wasn't quick enough. Director Dieterle had got there first. After the director, every member of the cast had to try the chair. We visited the set a few days later, and the actor confided he was taking his chair home that night. "I miss it so much," he sighed. Robinson's make-up for this role is something to see. Undoubtedly it is famous Perc Westmore's best make-up job to date, for the actor is scarcely recognizable. However, Perc had something of a blow when Eddie first looked at his new face in a mirror. "I may look like Dr. Ehrlich to you," said the actor, "but I look like the spittin' image of Paul Muni to me." They don't come finer, Eddie!

DESTINATION—HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 29*)

he will not follow his family to California except for occasional visits.

"It's real nice about Monetta," he explains, "but I'll 'batch' in Dallas for a while. In ten more years, I'll be eligible for a $100-a-month pension. Too many things can happen in ten years and I'd rather keep my job and be able to support my family in case Monetta tires of the movies. I'm fifty-one years old and in ten years, I'd be an old man without a way of making a living.

THOUGH she was a child entertainer during her early years, it was not until she was thirteen that Linda got her first job as a professional. The Texas Centennial sent out a call for models. They were to be known as Texanitas and, attired in picturesque Mexican costumes, were to pose in endless publicity photographs to exploit the Dallas World's Fair. On the morning of the try-out, hundreds of Dallas girls answered the call of Bill Langley, chief photographer for the Fair. Several dozen were chosen—among them, Linda.

"Monetta was actually too young," Bill Langley now explains. "She was only thirteen and too thin, but her face was photogenic and she had a remarkable knack for modeling. I was dubious, but some of the other fellows insisted we accept her because of her facial beauty and we padded her figure to make it more mature. Soon we were using her more than any other model because of her rare talent for posing. She became the outstanding model of 1937.

After the summer's work, Linda pursued her professional studies more strenuously than ever. She studied dramatics and played in Little Theatre productions. She studied dancing and understudied the Virginia Self Mignonettes, a line of professional dancers trained by the Dallas dancing teacher. Here again Linda's immaturity thwarted her desire to be a "regular" in the chorus line, but she substituted when needed and was promised that this year she could be a permanent member of the group.

"Little did we realize then that Monetta this year would be in Hollywood," Miss Self laughed.

It is probable that, if finances had been available, Linda and her mother would have started westward to try Hollywood long before. But that being impractical on a postman's salary, they did the next best thing and tried every local opportunity for experience.

Dick Parker, one of Linda's champions in the Exposition press department and formerly a Hollywood press agent, was now writing scenarios for screen advertising. Remembering her good work at the Fair, he introduced her to the casting director. Both groaned when they heard the verdict, "Too young."

(*Continued on page 76*)

INFORMATION DESK,
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your up-to-date chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

"Don't let daddy lick me again!"



An old, old problem solved in an up-to-date way.



1. MOTHER: Oh, John, why don't you let him alone? He's only a child.
FATHER: Well, *somebody* has to make him listen to reason.



2. MOTHER: That's the first time I ever heard of a hairbrush being called "reason"!
FATHER: Look! Let's settle this right now. He needs that *stuff* and he's going to take it whether he likes the taste or not!



3. MOTHER: That's right, Mr. Know-it-all—get him all upset and leave it for me to straighten him out.
FATHER: Aw, don't get yourself in a stew!



4. MOTHER: I'm *not!* All I know is that Millie Bliss used to jam a bad-tasting laxative down her boy until her doctor put a stop to it. He said it could do more harm than good!
FATHER: Then what laxative *can* we give him?



5. MOTHER: The one Millie uses—not an "adult" laxative, but one made *only* for children...Fletcher's Castoria. It's mild, yet effective. It's SAFE, and Millie's boy *loves* its taste!
FATHER: O.K. I'll get a bottle. But boy, he better like it!



6. MOTHER: Would you believe it, John? I never saw a spoonful of medicine disappear so fast!
FATHER: I wouldn't have believed it if I didn't have my glasses on. I guess this Fletcher's Castoria is OKAY!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

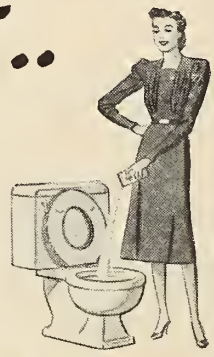
The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children



STYLES CHANGE

• When Sani-Flush was introduced, 28 years ago, dresses hung low, and hair was piled high. This odorless chemical compound freed women of a disagreeable task. It took all the work and muss out of cleaning toilets.

But...



• Although many things have changed, Sani-Flush has not. It is still the easiest and best known way to keep toilets clean and sanitary. Use it twice a week. Cannot injure plumbing connections. (Also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) *See directions on the can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

FREE CLUB PIN CATALOG

300 SMART DESIGNS!

Knit your group closer together with pins or rings. Bastian has been the leading maker for 45 years. Write today for our Free, new 1940 catalog.

30c $1.40

BASTIAN BROS. CO. Dept. 52, Rochester, N. Y.

CORNS and CALLOUSES Quickly removed with MOSCO

The stainless, easy-to-use corn salve... you "just rub it on." No knife, plasters, cloths or soaking. Results guaranteed or money back. Get a jar today. At druggists. 30c, 50c sizes.

FREE SAMPLE!

Poste coupon on postol. Print name and address.

The Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y. Send free sample to:

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City_____ State_____ M12-40

"Don't be silly," Dick exclaimed. "That's what they said at the Exposition but she became the best model we had. Some day she'll be a Hollywood star, and you'd better use her while you can. This girl's got something!"

So she was put to work, but where now she earns $750 a week before the camera, she posed then for one dollar an hour. During the next eighteen months, Linda appeared in over two hundred movie shorts, advertising automobiles, soft drinks, cookstoves, furniture or whatever came to hand. As a result, when she went to Hollywood, she was already camerawise and free of the self-consciousness that defeats many novices.

TEXAS, especially Dallas, has given many stars to Hollywood. Movie talent scouts, sleuthing for new faces over the country, mark this region as a port of call. A year ago, Ivan Kahn, talent scout for Twentieth Century-Fox, paid a visit to Dallas and announced through the newspapers that he was prepared to interview potential actors. Linda, now in the habit of trying for everything, answered the call. Kahn was impressed but, like her other discoverers had been, was dubious about her age. Nevertheless, he sent her to the coast for a screen test. Linda was accustomed now to the inevitable answer.

"You'll have to grow up," they told her. "Go back home and when you're older, try again."

And so Linda returned to school. Her disappointment was keen, and when she came back she gave all her attention, for the moment, to her books. Despite missing eight weeks of school by the trip, she made the scholastic honor roll.

On her return, she found a subtle difference in her classmates. Some regarded her with awe and asked for her autograph which she obligingly and unassumingly gave them. On the other hand, others of the girls were jealous and catty, but it never fazed Linda. Her remarkable poise stood her in good stead. She continued to experiment with make-up and dress, and she dared to be different from the others. At one of the rare school parties she attended, Linda arrived in evening dress and found all the others in sports clothes.

"She's trying to go Hollywood on us," some of the girls gossiped. But Linda ignored them and had a good time.

She became co-captain of the school pep squad not only because of her interest in school activities but also because she realized that the more experience she had before the public, even leading cheers before a grandstand full of shrieking football fans, the more she would gain in discarding all self-consciousness for her career.

When the first Gateway-to-Hollywood contest came along, Linda, by habit, entered. Another girl won the elimination bout but audience reaction to Linda's appearance was so enthusiastic the judges recommended that she be sent along to the finals. She tied with another girl in the district meet and so, for the second time, she found herself en route to Hollywood. But in the national finals, too, she was to come in only second. RKO, sponsoring the contest, took a three months' option on her services, off salary, as runner-up and told her to return to Dallas until they needed her.

Regardless of the disappointments that came her way, Linda's poise carried her through. With small hope of anything developing from the option, but with no trace of bitterness at her second failure, she returned to her classes and to her screen work at the advertising agency. She worked harder than ever at her preparations for eventual success. Her two visits to Hollywood had enlarged her vision of the possibilities of theatrical make-up, and in her enthusiasm, she went too far. She shaved her forehead into a widow's peak and rouged her mouth like Joan Crawford's, not from vanity but to experiment. Hollywood has since corrected her mistakes and simplified her glamorization.

Meanwhile, events of which she was unaware were shaping her destiny. The publicity she had received in Hollywood in the "Gateway" contest had reminded Twentieth Century-Fox of their previous interest in the girl. Quietly investigating her status, they determined on the strategy of saying nothing until her RKO option expired on April 4th.

The night of the expiration, Linda was at home studying, trying to forget that this night marked the end of another opportunity. Suddenly the phone rang. It was American Airlines.

"We have a ticket to Hollywood for you," the agent announced. "What plane are you taking?"

"There's some mistake," Linda objected, suspecting a practical joke from some school mate. "I'm not going anywhere."

Thirty minutes later the phone rang



Virginia Weidler challenges Gene Reynolds to a game—but not without a referee! These three became friends during the filming of "Bad Little Angel!"

again. "Hollywood calling. Leave tonight and be here to sign a contract tomorrow," she was instructed. Two hours later she was in the plane, breathless and pinching herself to make sure she was not dreaming. Her third call to Hollywood. Something *had* to happen this time.

In Hollywood there began the period of waiting around that falls to the lot of every newcomer. Away from the guidance of her mother for the first time, she was lonely and blue and so Undine resigned her job in Dallas and left for California to be with her little sister. Soon she was before the camera in "Hotel For Women." As soon it was known definitely that she was to stay, Mrs. Darnell packed up the two youngest children and "Weedy," Linda's pet rooster, and followed.

One hundred and thirty-three days after her departure, Linda was back in Dallas again, but for a different reason this time—a triumphant home-coming. Attired in the wardrobe she wore in "Hotel For Women," with which the studio had presented her for good luck, she was to make personal appearances with her first picture. Relatives from three states were brought to Dallas to welcome the most distinguished member of their clan. Among the group was her seventy-four-year-old grandmother, who, when she viewed her granddaughter's picture, was viewing the first movie she had ever seen.

DALLAS turned out en masse for the local girl who'd made good. She was presented with a plaque by the Mayor in front of the City Hall. There were parades and dinners, and throughout the three-day stay, her suite in the Baker Hotel was a reception room for the hundreds of friends who wanted to see her again in person. No longer were there quips about "going Hollywood." No longer was there cattiness or jealousy. Linda was the heroine of the hour. There were former schoolmates to see, and the pep squad from Sunset High, the crew from the advertising agency to thank.

Each day, over 1,000 people called at the suite. In two days she received 3,800 letters, 2,000 wires and 150 bouquets of flowers. There was still no trace of affectation on her return. She was the same unassuming, pretty Monetta who could take success as calmly as she had taken failure. But whereas she had boarded the plane with only her parents and brother and sisters to say goodbye, the crowd which waved her farewell after her brief visit in August filled the Union Station and overflowed to the street.

On the outskirts of the station crowd was a genial little fellow who had come to catch a glimpse of her. He had tried each day to see her at the hotel but each time had been crowded out. He knew now he wouldn't have the opportunity to say hello, but he just wanted to see her and notice the change. Suddenly, as Linda boarded the train and turned to wave goodbye, she caught a glimpse of his face.

"Bill!" she cried and dashed off the platform to make her way to the edge of the crowd. There she planted a kiss on his cheek. "Isn't it wonderful, Bill? You always said I could do it."

And Bill Langley, remembering the little lanky model at the Exposition, grinned with pride.

And this time she's staying—with loads of plans for her rolling along. Her second picture was "Daytime Wife," with Tyrone Power. Don't think her Dallas pals didn't get a kick out of that!



"LOVE is your friend when your HANDS are endearingly soft," says Nancy Kelly* (20th Century-Fox Star)

*Nancy Kelly and Joel McCrea in the 20th Century-Fox hit "He Married His Wife". Her hands are delightful! Cultivate romantic softness in your hands with Jergens Lotion.

Your Hands need not get wretchedly rough and chapped. How other girls help prevent this . . .

You'll *hardly know your hands* after just a few applications of Jergens Lotion—they're so much lovelier! More desirably soft to touch. Jergens supplies beautifying moisture most girls' hand skin needs, especially in winter. Gives your skin the benefit of 2 fine ingredients many doctors use to help harsh skin to satin-smoothness. Regular use helps prevent sad roughness and chapping. No stickiness! Easy to apply after every handwashing. No wonder more women use Jergens than any other lotion. Have romantic, smooth "Hollywood" hands. Start now to use this famous Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00, at beauty counters everywhere. Get Jergens Lotion today, sure.



CUPID'S HINT

Rough, red hands are so disillusioning! Jergens Lotion furnishes beauty-giving softening moisture for your skin.

JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

New—for satin-smooth complexion—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Vitamin blend helps against dull dry skin. Try it! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



FREE!. . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. *Mail this coupon today to:* The Andrew Jergens Co., 3712 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

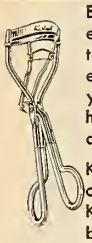
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Every smart girl con possess that wide-eyed, limpid laveliness that adds sa much to charm. The secret is KURLASH, the dainty eyelash curler. It curls back lashes from your eyes in a half-minute jiffy — minus heat, casmetics or practice. Makes eyes appear brighter, larger, lavelier. $1.00

KURLENE, the scientific oily-base cream, keeps campany with Kurlash! Straked on lashes and brows, to enhance their dark luxuriant beauty. $.50



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Write Jane Heath, Dept. C-2, for generous trial tube of Kurlene (send 10c in coin or stamps). Receive *free* chart analysis of your eyes and how to make the most of them.

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Color: Eyes_____ Hair_____ Skin_____



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GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE....
then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.
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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Adventures af Sherlock Halmes (20th Cent.-Fox)	3★
Allegheny Uprising (RKO)	2★
*Amazing Mr. Williams, The (Columbia)	3★
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever (M-G-M) C	3★
Anather Thin Man (M-G-M)	3★
Babes In Arms (M-G-M) C	3★
Bachelor Mather (RKO) C	3½★
Bad Lands (RKO)	2★
Beachcamber, The (Mayflawer)	3½★
Beau Geste (Paramaunt) C	3★
Beware Spoaks (Columbia)	2★
Blackmail (M-G-M)	2★
Blind Alley (Columbia)	2½★
*Blondie Brings Up Baby (Calumbia)	2★
Blondie Takes a Vacatian (Calumbia)	2★
Bay Friend (20th Century-Fax) C	2½★
Bridal Suite (M-G-M)	2★
Bulldag Drummond's Bride (Paramaunt)	2★
Call a Messenger (Universal)	2½★
Calling All Marines (Republic)	2★
Captain Fury (United Artists) C	2½★
Career (RKO)	2★
Cat and the Canary, The (Paramaunt)	3½★
Charlie Chan at Treasure Island (20th Century-Fax)	2★
Charlie Chan in Reno (20th Century-Fax) C	2½★
Clouds Over Europe (Calumbia)	2½★
Coast Guard (Columbia)	2★
Confessions of a Nazi Spy (Warners)	3★
Dancing Co-ed (M-G-M)	2½★
Daughters Caurageous (Warners)	3★
Day the Boakies Wept, The (RKO)	2★
Day-time Wife (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Death of a Champian (Paramaunt)	2½★
Disputed Passage (Paramaunt)	3★
Drums Along the Mohawk (20th Century-Fax)	3★
Dust Be My Destiny (Warners)	2½★
Each Dawn I Die (Warners)	3★
Elizabeth and Essex (Warners)	4★
Escape, The (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Espionage Agent (Warners)	2½★
Eternally Yours (United Artists)	2½★
Everything's on Ice (RKO)	2★
Ex-Champ (Universal)	2★
Fast and Furious (M-G-M)	2★
Fifth Avenue Girl (RKO)	3★
First Love (Universal)	3★
Five Came Back (RKO)	2★
Flight at Midnight (Republic)	2★
Flying Deuces (RKO)	2★
Forgotten Woman, The (Universal)	2★
Four Feathers (United Artists)	3½★
Frontier Marshal (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Full Confession (RKO)	2★
*Geronimo (Paramount)	3★
Girl and the Gambler, The (RKO)	2★
Girl from Rio (Monogram)	2★
Galden Boy (Columbia)	3★
Goodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M) C	4★
Gaod Girls Go To Paris (Columbia)	2½★
Gorilla, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Gracie Allen Murder Case (Paramaunt)	2½★
Grand Jury Secrets (Paramaunt)	2½★
Hawaiian Nights (Universal)	2★
Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence (20th Cen.-Fox)	2★
Hell's Kitchen (Warners)	2½★
Here I Am a Stranger (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Hollywood Cavalcade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Honeymoon in Bali (Paramaunt)	3★
Hotel For Women (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Hotel Imperial (Paramaunt)	2★
House of Fear, The (Universal)	2★
Housekeeper's Daughter, The (United Artists)	2★
Indianapolis Speedway (Warners)	2½★
In Name Only (RKO)	3½★
Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists)	3★
Invitation to Happiness (Paramount) C	3★
Irish Luck (Monogram)	2½★
I Stole a Million (Universal)	3★
It Could Happen to You (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It's a Wonderful World (M-G-M)	3★
Jamaica Inn (Paramount)	3★
Jones Family in Hollywood (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Juarez (Warners)	3★
Kid From Kokomo, The (Warners)	2★
Kid From Texas, The (M-G-M)	2★
Kid Nightingale (Warners)	2★
Lady of the Tropics (M-G-M)	2★
Little Accident (Universal)	2½★
Lucky Night (M-G-M)	2½★
Magnificent Fraud (Paramount)	2★
Main Street Lawyer (Republic)	2½★
Maisie (M-G-M)	3★
Man About Town (Paramount)	3★
Man in the Iran Mask (United Artists)	3★
Man of Conquest (Republic)	3★
Marx Bros. at the Circus (M-G-M) C	2½★
Mickey, the Kid (Republic)	2★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Mikado, The (Universal) C	3★
Million Dallar Legs (Paramaunt)	2★
Miracles For Sale (M-G-M)	2½★
Missing Daughters (Calumbia)	2★
Missing Evidence (Universal)	3★
Mr. Mato Takes a Vacatian (20th Century-Fox) C	2★
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Ca.-mbia)	4★
Mr. Wong in Chinatawn (Manogram)	2★
Mutiny an the Blackhawk (Universal)	2★
Naughty But Nice (Warners)	2★
Never Say Die (Paramaunt)	2★
News is Made at Night (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Ninatchka (M-G-M)	4★
No Place To Ga (Warners)	2★
North af Yukon (Calumbia)	2★
Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO)	4★
Oklahama Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Old Maid, The (Warners)	4★
On Borrawed Time (M-G-M)	3★
On Dress Parade (Warners)	2★
One Haur to Live (Universal)	2★
$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramaunt)	2★
Only Angels Have Wings (Calumbia)	3★
On Your Toes (Warners)	2½★
Our Leading Citizen (Paramaunt)	2½★
*Our Neighbars—The Carters (Paramaunt)	1★
Pack Up Yaur Traubles (20th Century-Fax)	2½★
Panama Lady (RKO)	2★
Parents on Trial (Calumbia)	2★
Pride af the Blue Grass (Warners)	2½★
Quick Millions (20th Century-Fax) C	2★
Rains Came, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Range War (Paramount)	2★
Real Glory, The (United Artists)	2★
*Rena (Universal)	2★
Rio (Universal)	2½★
Roaring Twenties, The (Warners)	3★
Rose of Washington Square (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Rulers of the Sea (Paramount)	3½★
Sabotage (Republic)	2½★
Second Fiddle (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
*Secret of Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	2★
She Married a Cop (Republic)	2★
6,000 Enemies (M-G-M)	2½★
Smashing the Money Ring (Warners)	2½★
Some Like it Hot (Paramount)	2★
SOS—Tidal Wave (Republic)	2★
Spellbinder, The (RKO)	2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal) C	2½★
Stagecoach (United Artists)	4★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Maker, The (Paramount)	2½★
Stolen Life (Paramount)	2½★
Stop, Look and Love (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Sun Never Sets, The (Universal)	2★
Susannah of the Mounties (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Sweepstakes Winner (Warners)	2★
Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M) C	2½★
Tell No Tales (M-G-M)	2½★
That's Right, Yau're Wrong (RKO) C	3★
These Glamour Girls (M-G-M)	2½★
They All Come Out (M-G-M)	2½★
They Asked For It (Universal)	2★
They Shall Have Music (United Artists) C	3½★
Thase High Grey Walls (Columbia)	2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal) C	3★
Three Sons (RKO)	3★
Thunder Afloat (M-G-M)	2½★
*Too Busy To Work (20th Century-Fox) C	2★
Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners)	2½★
Torchy Runs for Mayor (Warners)	2½★
*Tower of Londan (Universal)	2★
Trapic Fury (Universal)	2★
20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Two Bright Boys (Universal)	2★
U-Boat 29 (Columbia)	3★
Undercover Dactor (Paramount)	2½★
Underpup, The (Universal)	3★
Unexpected Father (Universal)	2★
Union Pacific (Paramount)	3½★
Waterfront (Warners)	2★
We Are Not Alone (Warners)	3★
What a Life (Paramount)	3★
When Tomorrow Comes (Universal)	2½★
Winter Carnival (United Artists)	2½★
Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M) C	4★
Wolf Call (Monagram)	2★
Woman Is the Judge, A (Columbia)	2★
Women, The (M-G-M)	3★
Wuthering Heights (United Artists)	4★
You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners)	2½★
Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox) C	3½★

THE BUSIEST LADY IN TOWN

(Continued from page 35)

Shirley scented cajolery here. She threw him a level glance as she slid off the couch. "Do *you?*" she inquired very coldly

Her position has brought her into contact with all sorts of conditions and people. She has met them equably, the prominent and the obscure. But only those within her close circle have meant much to her. Now she's begun to be interested in people as such. She sizes them up. She's making her first tentative forays into the confusing field of human nature. Like the rest of us, she seeks the kindred spirit behind the face. Her sense of fun, for example, is marked, and when she finds an answering spark in the other fellow's eyes, all barriers are down. She found it in Secretary Morgenthau, with whom she recently spent a lively afternoon in Washington.

"Thank you for one of the best days I've ever had. I mean that with all my heart," he said so gravely as to make Shirley pause.

"Hm," she reflected. "Too bad you don't live in California. We'd cheer you up if you did."

Her milk fund, taking its name from the circumstance that the funds are kept in a milk bottle, was started by her mother. But Shirley has come to know the children at the camp and day nursery to which the money goes, and has made the project her own, taking responsibility for her share of the work in earnest.

When she was officially inducted into the police department, people on the lot besieged her for badges. "All right," she said, "but you have to pay ten cents to the milk fund for the badge and a nickel fine if you forget to wear it." She collects the nickels and dimes religiously and hands them over to Miss Klamt, who puts them into an envelope which Shirley takes home and empties into the milk bottle. She keeps an eye peeled for offenders and is learning how to deal with their dodges. "There's one trick I caught on to," she explained. "If they forget their badge, I'm afraid they loan it to one another, and they all look the same so you can't tell the difference. Guess



After "doing his duty" in France, Charles Boyer returned to Hollywood. His wife, Pat Paterson, was with him.

DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION



Let the Famous Medicated Cream That's Aided Thousands . . . Help Clear Up Your Complexion

A POOR COMPLEXION can cheat you of a lot of life's fun!...Don't try to "cover up" a skin that's rough-looking or marred by externally caused blemishes! All too often you're only making those very flaws you wish to hide worse!

Do as thousands of beauty-wise modern women are doing today. Let *Noxzema,* the dainty, snow-white *Medicated* Skin Cream help restore your natural, healthy skin beauty.

Works 24 hours a day

Here's a medicated cream that can work 24 hours of every day to help improve your complexion...For Noxzema is not only an effective *Night Cream*—it's a splendid *Powder Base,* too. Day and night it works for your skin—helping reduce enlarged pores with its mild astringents . . . aiding in softening coarse, rough skin...soothing irritated skin... helping heal up externally caused blemishes.

How to use—Massage your face and neck with Noxzema each night—it's *greaseless*—a real pleasure to use! In the morning rinse your face thoroughly in cold water and apply a thin film as a base for make-up. You'll find it a grand day-long protective foundation.

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Thousands of letters tell what an effective Beauty Aid Noxzema is. These are typical...

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"I used to be troubled with *Large Pores,* but the regular use of Noxzema has helped correct this condition. I also find my skin much whiter and smoother."—*Mrs. James H. Donnell, Thomasville, N. C.*

"I tried Noxzema on my *hands,* which were cracked and chapped. The relief was astonishing and the cracks healed up in no time. Next I tried it as a *Powder Base*—and it's really amazing how much longer my make-up stays on."—*Mrs. E. Rosenau, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

*externally caused

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Check shade wanted:
☐ Blonde to Medium Brown ☐ Dark Brown to Black

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Print Your Name and Address

I'll have to have names printed on 'em.

"Sometimes my pets help out, too. Rony, my pony, worked in a picture and gave his money to the milk fund. So did Chingching. She was really the star of 'Stowaway.' We had a little trouble with her, though. She has to eat at five o'clock positively or she pouts. You wouldn't think a dog could tell the time, but Ching can. I don't know if she tells it by the clock or her stomach, but sure enough, when five o'clock comes around and Ching doesn't get her dinner, she hides under a chair and pouts. It's all in a good cause though, for the milk fund."

SHE seems more casual about her own finances. Christmas and birthday gifts form her principal item of expenditure, and on these she's inclined to go overboard. Having set her heart on a certain pin for her mother's Christmas gift, she went into conference with her business manager, who is also her father, and watched with interest as he juggled figures on paper. "Well, Shirley, it'll take you exactly six months and a half to work it out," he said.

"Couldn't we make a deal?" she suggested. So they made a deal about whose details Shirley is vague. "You see, Dad and I are really partners in crime. We don't have any papers or IOU's or anything. Sometimes when I get my next week's allowance and there's nothing special to do with it, I give it to him to save for a rainy day—rainy Christmas I guess you'd call it. But most of the time it just kind of goes by."

With two big brothers to roughhouse her and the children of her parents' friends to play with, Shirley has always taken boys for granted, as a necessary adjunct to a satisfactory game of G-men.

Boys have now acquired a new value. Her mother allowed her to accept an invitation to a party given by a dancing class to which some of her friends belonged. "You have little dance tickets," Shirley explained, "and you have to write down the boys' names who want to dance with you, and they write down yours. But I wasn't used to it, so I got mixed up and put some of the names on the wrong line, so they all came at once. I didn't know what to do, so I just said, 'Well, the first one that comes can dance.'

"Then one time this lady, she was kind of in charge, said take the fourth partner in front of you. So we all walked down and took the fourth partner in front of us, and once I got a real fat boy and then I got a great, big, tall boy, and we all had to laugh, it was so funny the way he had to bend over to hold me. And are they strict, though! My goodness! If the boy sits on the right side instead of the left side, or vice versa, I don't remember which, does he get called down! It's supposed to teach you dancing manners. I like it. I was only a guest this time, but next term mom's going to let me be a member."

Her friend, Mary Lou, has a brother of fourteen whom Shirley considers a wit. "He gets more funnier all the time."

"Just funnier, Shirley."

"Just funnier," agreed Shirley, preoccupied. "Teasier, too. He's even teasier than my brother. But he's got a girl friend now, so we can tease him."

Mary Lou is Shirley's stand-in and bosom companion, her co-giggler, her arch-ally, her paragon, and would be, if Shirley could manage it, a Siamese twin. She comes to stay for a week at a time, and the day after she leaves, Shirley starts her campaign. "When's Mary Lou coming back again?"

WHEN Mary Lou gets a pair of shorts, Shirley gives her mother no peace till she has a pair like them. She has ordered birthstone rings for their next birthdays. "Mary Lou's birthstone's a pearl, and mine's a diamond. So she's going to have a pearl between two diamonds and I'm going to have a diamond between two pearls. So they'll be nearly just the same.

"Why we're such good friends is because we like each other, I guess, and we have lots of fun with guns and dolls and badminton and jacks. Jacks have come in an awful lot lately," she offered helpfully. "Of course her mother wants to have her, too. You know how it is when you've got a little girl, but gosh! When's Mary Lou coming back again, mom? I miss her so."

Shirley's latest screen success is "The Blue Bird," a Technicolor portrayal of Maeterlinck's classic fantasy of the search of two dissatisfied and selfish children for the bird of happiness. It's half way between a childhood and adolescence role for Shirley and, needless to say, she takes it right in stride.



Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen and Mortimer Snerd all "moustached" up for sleuthing in their new picture, "Charlie McCarthy, Detective."

She was having three children to lunch at her studio bungalow this day, during the filming of "The Blue Bird." It was a special occasion, for Mrs. Temple had business elsewhere, and Shirley was to be hostess, Miss Klamt assisting.

"Now don't get silly," was her mother's parting admonition. "Giggle if you must, but don't whoop."

"Well, I'll try to hold myself down." She shot a severe glance at her teacher. "I don't know if I can hold Klammy down, though."

PRESENTLY the guests arrived. There was a girl a little older than Shirley, another somewhat younger, and a boy of five, all speechless with excitement and wonder.

They were introduced. "Hello," said Shirley. "I'm hungry, aren't you?"

There was a moment's silence, then the older girl gasped, "Please excuse us for being tongue-tied, but we're all so thrilled."

Shirley couldn't quite cope with that one. The boy, whose eyes had never left her, advanced a step. "Are you a rabbit?"

"Why? Would you like me to be one?"

"The man up there said you're a rabbit and live under the house."

"Well, that's only sometimes," she assured him comfortably and took his hand. "Come on. I'll show you where I have school. Then we'll decide what we'll have to eat."

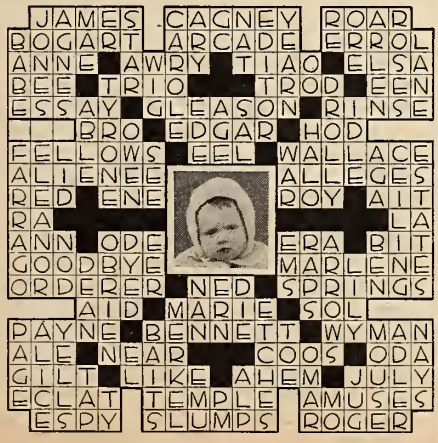
From the schoolroom a few minutes later came sounds which by the overcritical might have been described as whoops, but which we will call giggles. Then, single file, four Indian braves stalked back, hands shading eyes.

"This is Big Chief Bestypuss, this is Big Chief Talkumfast, this is Little Chief Squidgeumup, and I'm Big Chief Betterfeedum," said Shirley. "Let's see, Klammy, I think you better be an Indian, too. You can be Big Chief Usefulclam. Now I'll order lunch."

Usefulclam suggested that the children might like to order their own lunch. "No, I asked 'em. They mostly want to be surprised." She had picked up the phone. "This is Shirley. I'd like to order lunch for five Indians—yes," she giggled, "four papooses and Klammy. Five yellow tomato juices and, let's see, five lamb chops and five peas and carrots and five milks. Klammy's going to drink milk too, it's good for her. Then we'll have five floating swans and some cookies and I guess that's all."

I left them at their meal. Shirley's eye glinted as she gave me her hand. "G'by, Big Chief Writeeumupgood," she suggested blandly.

Solution to Puzzle on page 68



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You Probably Have The Very Medications You Need For This Clinic-Tested Plan That

CUT SICKNESS FROM COLDS 54%

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So why not give it a thorough trial. What a blessing if *your* children's sickness and time lost due to colds were cut in half this winter, just as in these clinical tests on 2,650 children! Of course Vicks Plan may not do as much in your case. On the other hand, it may do even more. But certainly a Plan so thoroughly tested is worth a trial.

Always keep stocked up with both Va-tro-nol and VapoRub—look in the packages for full details of Vicks Plan—and be sure to follow this simple home guide that helps you face colds with more confidence.



How to Use Va-tro-nol and VapoRub Essential Parts of Vicks Plan



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Mothers everywhere have confidence in this quick simple treatment to help keep many colds from developing. At the first sneeze, sniffle, or sign of nasal irritation, put a few drops of Vicks VA-TRO-NOL up each nostril. It is a *specialized* medication, expressly designed for the nasal passages—where most colds start. You can *feel* the tingle as it goes to work, stimulating Nature's defenses to *prevent* colds from developing—to throw them off in their early stages.

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This *external* poultice-vapor treatment is famous for swiftly relieving discomforts of a developed cold—clogged-up breathing passages, coughing, phlegm, muscular soreness and tightness. You simply massage Vicks VAPORUB on throat, chest, and back at bedtime—there's no dosing. VapoRub works *2 ways at once*—stimulating like a poultice, and giving off vapors that are breathed into the air passages—bringing comfort and inviting restful sleep.

VICKS VAPORUB

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Please send me.....tubes of Willems Eyebrow Balm. I enclose 10c for each. (Canada 15c.)

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CONFESSIONS OF A LADY-KILLER

(*Continued from page 31*)

she shouldn't feel superior. And that's how they all feel. That's why I don't go around with picture people."

Mickey still lives with his mother and stepfather on a big place they bought in San Fernando Valley, where he raises ducks, flowers, tomatoes and horses. A year ago he used to think living with his Mom was somewhat of a handicap. "But lately I've decided I like it pretty well," he said cheerfully. "We have a beautiful place out there. Naturally, she doesn't spoil me," he replied rather sharply to my query. "I wouldn't admire her very much if she did, would I? No, I'm thankful to say that I haven't a stage mother. Never have had. All that I've done and that I am, I owe to my mother."

MICKEY'S father, vaudevillian Joe Yule, is now nearly a fixture on the Metro lot. He and Mickey's mother, though separated, have always had their son's welfare at heart, and now it frequently happens that both parents, with their present mates, congregate at Mickey's house—just two big happy families, with Mickey in the middle.

Mickey's mother still puts him on an allowance, but the ante has been raised to $30 a week. "The rest goes into a trust fund, dear," explained Mickey. "I've had a trust fund for years now, and every cent goes in it."

Nor does he sling money around the way he used to when he had a smaller salary and a $15 allowance. His wardrobe is modest. "No more than any other fellow has," he insists. The famous valet has been banished. And now when he and a gang of the fellows go to a restaurant or night club, Mickey no longer pays the check for the crowd, as he used to. An adviser argued, "Why do you let them leave you with the check? Always let them pay their share and they'll think a lot more highly of you for it." Now that's just what he does.

Mickey's taste in restaurants is still expensive. He likes the Cocoanut Grove, the Beverly Wilshire Florentine Room, and all the other high-priced and fashionable places, but that's because they have the best bands. Mickey is a swing-addict, and his choice of a restaurant depends entirely on who is playing there. Like most modern boys of his age, he has a library of a few hundred swing records, with the name and life history of each member of each band at his tongue's tip. And, like the others, he'd rather listen than dance—a new trend that makes it easier to dispense with girls.

A lot of Mickey's attention this year has been given to improving his deportment. His life had always been so full of more pressing things that he never slowed down long enough to consider the fine points of table manners, of meeting people graciously, of being, well, suave.

He used to be almost rude to people who were introduced to him. Now he is polite to the point of gallantry. He hangs up your coat, offers you cigarettes and ice cream cones, puts you at your ease when you spill them, comes through with a kindly compliment at the proper moment, is vigilantly modest about himself, and forgets no small attention. There is nothing to mar his new polish, except possibly a too thinly veiled impatience and an air of authority not usual to his nineteen years. His breaches of conduct, the reputation he once had for swaggering and showing off in public, were chiefly bravado to cover up his feeling of uncertainty while, with the spotlight so definitely on him, he floundered and groped and learned.

One of his former girl friends related that when they went out to dinner Mickey grandly refused to let her talk directly to the waiter, but insisted that she give the order through him, in the Emily Post manner. Mickey denies this, and points out that all sorts of ridiculous, untrue things are said about him.

"It burns me up, but what can I do?" he said a little cynically. "Just laugh it off, that's all."

In spite of his attempt to be a lady-killer, Mickey is tremendously well-liked by men. The consensus of opinion among photographers, press agents, producers, and just people, is that he is a swell kid and a regular guy.

"I don't believe in playing when you're young," he stated amazingly. "I believe you should work when you're young, keep your nose to the grindstone and accomplish something, so that later on you can play. Then when I'm twenty-eight or twenty-nine, if I want to get married, I can give my wife everything she wants. And I'll have made enough money so I'll have time to play.

"Most people waste their youth playing, and then when they're older they have to work to survive.

A LOT of actors take the crazy attitude that the industry could never get on without them. I don't feel that way. I know there's always someone better than you are, and always someone to take your place. You have to keep plugging and improving, to stay there. You learn something new each year—that's what makes it so exciting to be a part of this business.

"My great ambition is to be a director," he continued. "I'm working toward that all of the time, and hope I'll be able to accomplish it within three years. After all, I've been in show business eighteen years. I should know something about it. I don't say that in an egotistical way," he put in hastily. "Just stating a fact. I don't want to start with a feature picture. I'd like to direct one of those crime shorts they make on this lot. That would be a big thrill for me.

"You have to start at the bottom," he concluded with undeniable wisdom. "If you want to understand the end of the book, you must read the beginning."

That's the hard-working, far-seeing philosophy—plus a million-dollar personality, an irresistible face, and a brilliant talent—that goes to make the Number One Star of the year. Or, as the studio likes to call him, "The Man of the Hour."

Who's *really* who in Hollywood society? Don't miss "Socially Yours" in the March MODERN SCREEN

THE HUMAN SIDE OF A MENACE

(*Continued from page 39*)

and intellectual vitality. She can do, and does do, a dozen things at once. On the afternoon that we talked, she saw a representative from a large manufacturer about a proposed radio program, tried on hats from John-Frederics, made arrangements for redecorating a room in her New York house, jotted down Hollywood stories that she thought of for a Broadway columnist who wanted help on a new book, talked of her return to the screen and made plans for her adopted son, Michael.

"'The Old Maid' was my first picture in two years. I like working for Warner Brothers because they do courageous pictures. They don't tailor the picture to fit the star.

"Pictures today must be more than a boy and a girl in an airplane. Pictures have to be well motivated and they must have clearly defined characters. I don't care what sort of character I play if she is well-written. My friends ask me if I am not afraid of being typed after Becky Sharp, Temple Drake and Delia Lovell. I am not afraid. They may all be lady villains but I don't honestly believe there is such a thing as an unsympathetic character if the author shows why the woman acts as she does.

OF course, the Hays office stopped us from being too bad! The 'Story of Temple Drake' is the best picture I ever made. There was talk of reissuing it but it couldn't get by the censors. Even 'Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' was cut before it could be shown. Others of my pictures which can not be re-released are 'Barbary Coast' and 'Design for Living.' I don't believe in censorship but on the other hand I don't think it is really any of the actor's business. The producer knows best.

"My next picture will be 'Virginia City,' a story of the famous mining town of the 1860's. I have the role of a dance hall girl in this one. I really like costume pictures. For some reason I act better when I wear dresses of another era. I am less Miriam Hopkins and more the character. It is awfully hard for me to differentiate between a modern character and myself. But when I put on the gowns of another century they reflect in my emotions, my thought and the way I act.

"It really is funny. Every picture I have mentioned has been one where my character was not all 'sugar and spice and everything nice.' But say what you please, these characters are more interesting on the stage or screen than the conventionally good woman. A good woman is lovely in the drawing-room but for seven reels or three acts she is a frightful bore."

The telephone interrupted Miss Hopkins and this "good woman" was left with her dish of tea. It was Mademoiselle, Michael's nurse, calling from Hollywood. Had Miss Hopkins' plans changed? They had not. The girl who likes to portray a many-sided woman on the screen would definitely be home on Monday to take charge of son Michael.

"He is seven now and too big for a nurse. I am sending him to the Desert School at Tucson. He is young for boarding school but it seems the best plan for this year. I have three more pictures to make and it is very difficult

Voted "most likely to be the First Bride" . . . Lovely Jo Caldwell

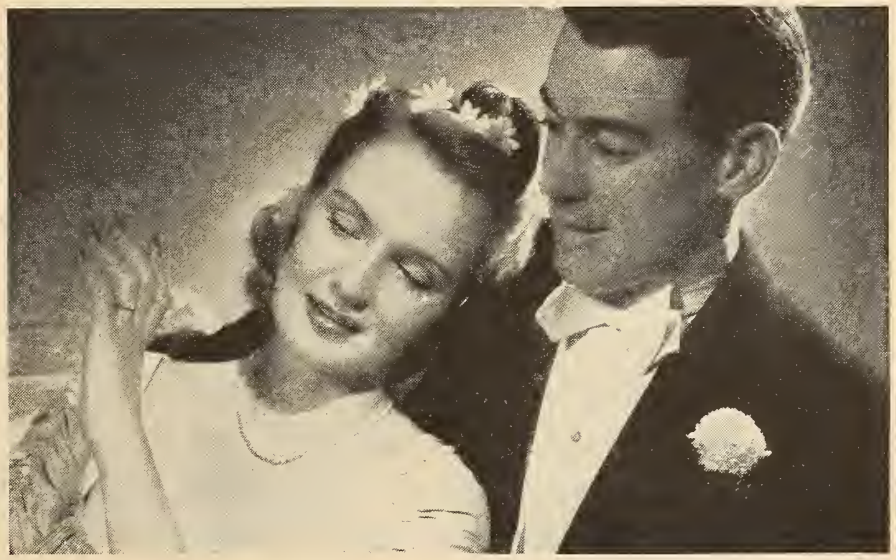
University of Pennsylvania senior, makes up to romance with the Woodbury Powder shade especially created to match her skin. There's one for you, too!



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Saturday Night at Philadelphia's Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. "It's wicked what night lighting does to a girl's beauty, if her face powder is lifeless," says this co-ed. "For my coloring, 'Champagne' is the most glowing shade. Many of my friends found their shade affinities, too."



Courtship Couch at the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority. "If you have to turn lights low to 'save your face' from a man's eyes, it's time you made up to romance with Woodbury Powder," says Jo. The clear romantic shades of this famous face powder blend with your natural coloring. More flattering, too, because Woodbury Powder has germ-free purity . . . a definite aid against unalluring Shiny Nose. Test them *at our expense!*



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Mar-O-Oil contains no free alkali, no harsh chemicals, therefore cannot dry out the hair, no matter how frequently used. *Does more than wash away surface dirt.* Its cleansing oils go to the very base of the hair shaft and gently flush away dirt, waste, loose dandruff flakes.

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to keep a child simple and unaffected in the glamorous atmosphere of Hollywood. It is so easy to give him too much. Michael went to a private school in Beverly Hills. Then last year I sent him to public school. That was better, but even so he gets exaggerated ideas.

"One day he came home and asked if he could have a servant. He argued that one of his playmates had two and he wanted one so that he could boss him around. That may seem funny to you but it was an awful blow to his mother. I said there weren't such things as servants. I reasoned that Mademoiselle worked for us but we didn't boss her around. Until he is older, I want him with a group of children his own age, all of whom are definitely living under a strict regime and getting bossed—not doing the bossing.

Will Miriam Hopkins return to New York and the theatre? Yes, definitely yes. "After my three pictures I want to come east and do a play. My house here is rented until the fall of 1940 but then I shall come back and, I hope, do a play. I tried out 'Wine of Our Choice' last winter but I did not come into New York. It was a Theatre Guild play, written by S. N. Behrman, one of my best friends. We played in Pittsburgh to packed houses. But I didn't think that meant anything. A moving picture actress on the road in a play is really making a series of personal appearances. It does not necessarily mean that the play is good or that she is good in it.

"So I told Beri that I didn't think I was right for the play and he agreed to let me out of the cast. But I shall try again next year. I am reading plays continuously. It used to be that plays were sent to Hollywood actresses from New York. But now so many of the best playwrights are on the Coast that I receive more plays to read out there than I do here.

"However, nothing is definite. I don't want it to be. I told you that I never want to know just what I am going to do tomorrow, much less next year. But I think of New York as home and I want Michael with me. So before long he and I and my red chair and the Renoir lady in blue will be back in New York. Or—we might go to Bali. I have always wanted to go to Bali. Haven't you?"

PRYIN' INTO BRYAN

(*Continued from page 47*)

she was wearing for her role as Touchstone in "As You Like It."

But add it all together and what have you got? An average American childhood in an average American home. On the surface, yes. So, as I say, it was not until I failed to recognize that pale, driven woman in the Green Room as Jane, not until Jane ordered "exotic" scrambled eggs and bacon, that I perked up my ears, aware that the "average child" is far from being average, that she may have been born and raised in Hollywood, but that her spirit's home is some strange hinterland, such as Auntie Coontz's walnut tree.

As if reading my thoughts (Jane has an uncanny way of reading your thoughts, incidentally), she said, "It's just that I am a rebel, I suppose."

I asked, "In what ways?"

"In most ways. I don't change. I don't adapt. I stay as I am. I seem to grow into the people I play, and then I come right back to my own immovable self.



Poulette Goddord models o dinner dress from her personol wardrobe. Inspired by o fencing costume, it's onother proof thot often the simplest clothes ore the smartest. The deeply-hemmed, full skirt is of white starched cotton with a shodow design. The trim little long-sleeved bodice is of block silk jersey, with storched white cuffs ond zippered wrists.

I didn't want to go into pictures, you know. When the Warner Brothers' casting director saw me in 'Green Grow the Lilacs' at Jean Muir's Workshop and offered me a contract, I said, 'I don't want to do pictures. Let's not talk about it.' I wanted to go on the stage. I still do. I was never a movie fan. I didn't go to the movies when I was a kid except on Saturdays when it rained and there was a good serial playing.

"I don't know where I got the idea of going on the stage. Not at home, certainly. I didn't do any of the things I read that other girls who wanted to go on the stage did when they were kids. I didn't strike poses in front of mirrors. I didn't come down to breakfast as Cleopatra one morning and Cinderella the next morning. The boys would have seen to *that,* in any case.

"I had parts in school plays but no more than other girls. When I graduated from high school, however, I knew that the time had come. The family expected me to go to college. I said 'I will not go to college. I want to learn to be an actress. Where can I learn?' No one knew. Then Mother read an advertisement in the paper about Jean Muir's Workshop in Los Angeles. You know what happened after that.

"I finally signed the contract because I got to thinking that it would be fun to be financially independent at seventeen and because I could finance myself on the stage with money I made in pictures. Now that I'm in them, I like pictures. I'm learning a lot. It's not apple polishing to say that you couldn't work with Bette Davis and Paul Muni without learning a lot. It's a swell interlude, but it is an interlude!

"I still don't want to be a glamour girl. I don't want to be a 'well-known star.' A well-known star gets mobbed in public and if I got mobbed in public it would scare the daylights out of me. I won't pose for leg art. I'm not in pictures for my figure. I won't dye my hair. If anyone should ask me to remove my freckles I'd say, 'I won't, I like them.' When they tell me I should dress up more, I say, 'No, I'm comfortable the way I am.' I make myself up, do my own hair, my own nails—when they get done.

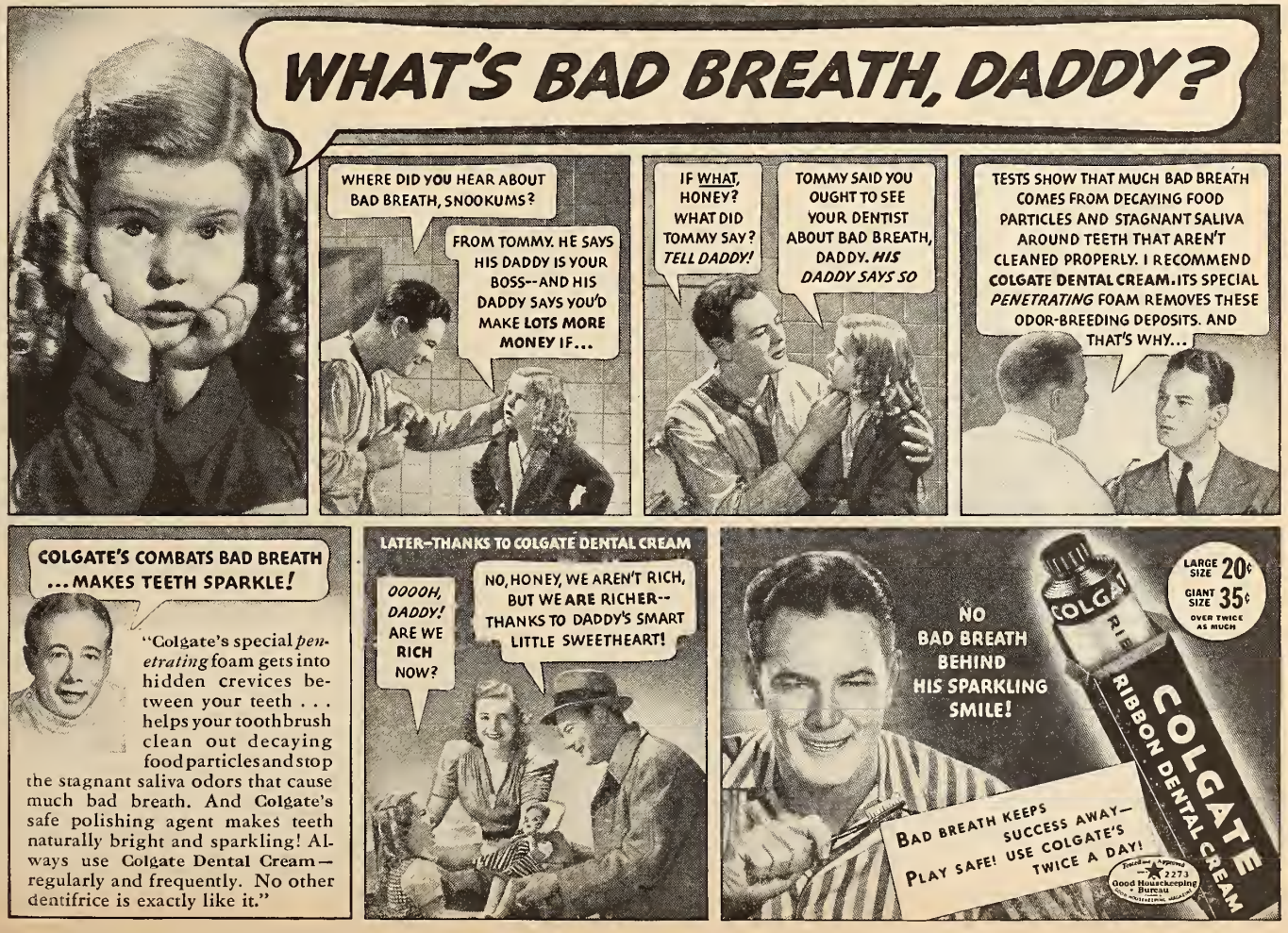
"I won't have 'studio romances.' Not that I'm in love with anyone now," Jane was continuing. "It's not that. But I have a great respect for love and when it does happen to me I won't want to think that I kicked it around, like a cheap toy, for self-exploitation. When love and marriage come to me, they're going to be my own affair. Of course, I still say that I'll give up my career for marriage when I really fall in love. But I can't even think about it now."

I thought, she can't "even think about it now," because she hasn't enough "left over" to think about it with. When she finished Lennie's death scene in "We Are Not Alone," she fainted dead away. During the whole six weeks she was making that picture, she never went out once, not once. She'd go home, fall up the stairs and into bed, saying, "Don't speak to me, don't even ask me to eat, just leave me alone, please."

"I don't like show," said Jane, our luncheon concluded. "I don't like conspicuousness. If by some fluke I should ever become important, I'd get more and more inconspicuous. My clothes would get plainer and plainer. My car would get smaller and darker. I probably wouldn't go out at all. I just want to be real, to be me, however simple and plain and 'average' being me may be. If that's being a rebel, then put me down as one."



Believe it or not, you're soon going to see "Gone With the Wind." Ann Rutherford plays Scarlett's sister, Careen, in the movie of the famous novel.



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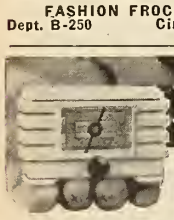
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A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



Rome(r)o

Don't you think we've all been taking Cesar Romero's fine acting too much for granted?

I have seen him in so many varied roles and he has always turned in a perfect performance. I have become so accustomed to this that I just sit back complacently and expect him to portray a man about town, a very polished scoundrel, an uncouth greasy Mexican or a westerner with equal versatility.

I go to see a picture in which the star has been "lauded to the skies" and come away remembering Cesar Romero's performance. So I began wondering if there were not many like myself, who have been taking him too much for granted, not realizing that the pictures we have liked best and remembered longest were the ones in which Romero did another fine bit of work.—Edwina Erhardt, Kansas City, Mo.

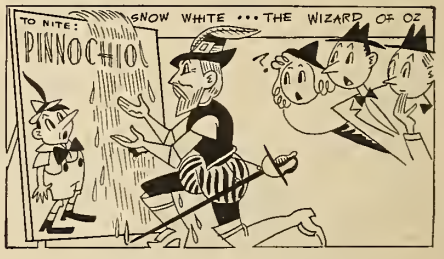
Believe It Or Not

Producers have been struggling vainly for years to find some expensive formula to substitute for the one primary picture requirement—namely, a good story. But to date there simply isn't any such animal. Lavish sets won't do the trick, fashion parades won't, and most emphatically neither will merely the appearance of some glamour personality. So what? I suggest the careful consideration of stories, whether those stories were written by a big name or some unknown. Just recall to mind "It Happened One Night," which wasn't even taken from a best-seller. It was a picture made from a run-of-the-mill magazine yarn entitled "Night Bus." But did it wham the box-office? Oh DID it! Then there was "Goodbye Mr. Chips," a tender little tale of an aging schoolmaster. And you've seen what it did, too. There has been such a long list of costly flops and so very few really worthy pictures that the object lesson is too plain to ignore. Stories, and only stories are what a production stands or falls by, Mr. Hollywood Producer, believe it or not!—C. I. Dunlop, Vancouver, Can.

"Figuratively" Speaking

Jean Parker, in my opinion, has the most beautiful shape in Hollywood, but does she have to show it quite so much?

Rare indeed are pictures of her fully clothed in an outfit that isn't skin tight. Even in her movies, her too form-fitting clothes makes one conscious of her figure rather than her fine acting ability. Bathing beauty pictures are all right in their place, but I am sure that Miss Parker must own some dresses, too.—Patricia Cavanaugh, Duluth, Minn.



Young In Heart

Had youth-seeking Ponce de Leon lived today, he need not have been disappointed in his quest! Thanks to the movies, particularly such delightful ones as "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and even more recently, "The Wizard of Oz," he might have ever so enjoyably recaptured his youth without forfeiting the comfort and wisdom of age. For we grownups were all youngsters again at these two wonderfully young frolics, with that mental fountain of youth as near as our neighborhood movie emporium, which places the latter in the invaluable service of rejuvenating audiences in the "modern screen" manner!

Thus, unashamed, I admit I'm looking forward to "Pinocchio" just as much as

So you've just left a movie and are bursting to tell the world about it! Fans, take pen and paper and speak your piece! Was it the best one you've ever seen? Was it the poorest you've ever sat through? Did some newcomer give you the thrill of "discovering a star?" Was it a supporting role of a veteran that entranced you? All the fans in the country are curious to know what you're thinking. You have your favorites and pet peeves and so have they. They'll argue with you, but that's the fun! Then, too, there's the chance of winning a $1.00 prize awarded each month to ten writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Send your letter or poem to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Ten fans win prizes each month for frank and lively letters! Have you tried?

the kiddies are, and I'm grateful to those producers who know grownups relish fairy tales of youth so magically recaptured for us via the "Wizard of Oz" manner.—Mrs. U. A. Stone, B'klyn, N. Y.

Listen, Hollywood

We're worried! We may appear restless, critical and unappreciative of Hollywood's efforts to please us, but We, the People, have a gnawing worry for our futures, due to war clouds nearing our own horizons. If Hollywood will give us something to think about, something to tease our minds, make us forget these worries for just a few hours, we'll be grateful!

We like murder mysteries again, we're ripe for "continued pictures" using plenty of plot and conflict. Comedies not too silly are good. And, couldn't you please run a series of shorts, contest-fashion, with something for us to "guess about," giving theatre tickets away as prizes?

And please go easy on the war pictures. Help us keep our emotions on an even keel. For, after all, We, the People, are pretty dependent on Hollywood for emotional styles as well as other kinds.—Mary Dee Meritt, Camp Bullis, Texas..

Jimmy—Take a Bow

James Stewart gave me the surprise of my life in "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington." I have never particularly admired his acting, thought it rather listless and indifferent, and it was my impression that his portrayals were rather good pictures of himself. But in this film his work is superior, something to "rave" about. He manifested acting ability of the highest order; in fact I think he deserves the Academy Award (and I saw "Goodbye Mr. Chips"). The entire cast of "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" was splendid, but Jimmy's portrayal was outstandingly fine, something "especially special."—Ann C. Kath, Cinn., Ohio.



Match-Makers, Ahoy!

Women are natural born match-makers and I'm no exception. I want the people I love above everything, to be happily married. This leads me to be forever matching them up, yet I cannot recall one case where they married my choice.

For instance there were Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, simply made for each other, and what happened? For two full years I tried to marry Nelson Eddy to my superb Jeanette, and what happened?

Now I have a brand new worry. It's that tow-headed Mickey Rooney I've loved since his portrayal of Puck. Why can't the brat go on playing baseball and have a yardful of dogs and ducks to love? Oh, no, he's got to grow up. I saw this in "Babes in Arms" where he simply bowled me over with his gigantic capacity to love things—and of course girls. Oh well, I may as well out with it. Why doesn't Mickey give Judy his music pin in real life, give it to her for keeps?—Esther L. Nelson, Abilene, Texas.

Counseling Loy

Open letter to Myrna Loy:

You've been my favorite movie star for years, even before you became "Mrs. Thin Man." To me you've always been "The Lady With Her Wits About Her." I guess that's why I squirm so when I see you cast in pictures where you have to go completely berserk. Miss Loy, your fans think you're a little out of your element when you're cast as a flighty young woman, weeping, stewing, waving your arms and throwing fits in a picture. I hope the producers realize this too. Your fans like you gay and witty, but you're not the type to go ga-ga on us. You've usually been the lady who's calm, cool, possessed. It gives us other gals something to aim for. Maybe that's why I'm glad your next picture is to be another "Mrs. Thin Man." Imagine Nora having hysterics!—Mrs. Jasper Robb, Rapid City, S. D.

Tyrone vs. Garfield

The other day my friends and I had

I DON'T WANT LOVE TO PASS ME BY...

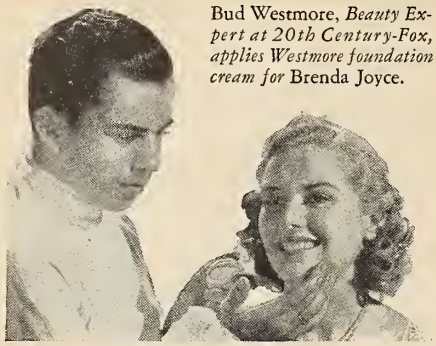
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a heated argument over our respective movie heroes.

Said she:
"Garfield is dark and dusty and crude;
His face is too swarthy, his manners are rude;
His appeal is as garish as the midsummer sun—
Now I'll take Tyrone—boy! he is the one!
With the face of an angel, so shining and bright,
His manners so courtly, so smooth, and so right;
He's built like Adonis—so hard and so lean,
Begorrah, he'd thrill most any colleen!"

To which I replied:
"So—he's dark and dusty and crude—says you!
Well, Ty's a fudge sundae, just sickening with goo.
Sure, Garfield's the sun, while the moon is Tyrone,
Which reflects the sun's light, having none of its own!
If Power's an angel, it's John with fools tread,
Who'll rush in to waken the hearts Ty's left dead!
—Mrs. Miriam Wood, Merchantville, N. J.

Three Cheers

Until "Full Confession" and Joseph Calleia, I was getting a strange picture of the priesthood from the movie followers of fine actor Spencer Tracy. Did you, too, imagine that all priests had tousled hair, Irish maps, and impudent nicknames like Tim, Jim, Mike and Joe? These brawny fellows resorted to fists in every pinch, yet never lost their sunny dispositions. They talked a slang jargon with a gangster twist.

Now, I have seen another kind of priest, thanks to the flame and subtlety, the grace and fanaticism, of Joseph Calleia's "Father Loma." In his great scenes he was superb as he invariably is in any part. But in those tender moments with his frisky pup he reached closer to the heart and soul of his character than any of his predecessors.

Every year versatile Calleia's genius for making poignant, moving men out of lay figures is seen anew. He is equalled by few actors and surpassed by none. At least four times he has deserved an "Oscar" for his supporting roles. This time, too, he offers a tremendous challenge, but as a star.—Virginia Coffman, Oakland, Cal.

EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL

(Continued from page 43)

I got the brush off. He suggested that I go to the Pasadena Playhouse. 'I was there four years and I need money now!' I exclaimed with little diplomacy.

"I told you I believe in luck. Well, here's how I got my Metro contract. Maurice Ankrum, a splendid actor, was taken to Paramount by Nat Goldstone, a new agent. Goldstone happened to say he needed a juvenile. Ankrum put on a rave about me. Later, Ankrum phoned and tipped me off as to how to proceed. 'Don't be in when this agent calls you,' he said. Goldstone was frantic when I wasn't in several times. Finally, I made an appointment with him. He liked me, bought me a new suit to wear to the studios, got me a test at Paramount and I was offered a stock contract at $75 a week. He wouldn't let me take it.

"He brought me out to Metro one afternoon at five. The casting director said, 'We can't give him a test; they're too expensive. But they're testing two new girls, Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley, for a role in Marion Davies' next picture. He can go down and see if he can play Leslie Howard to them if he wants to.'

"Well, I stepped in with the girls and stood there, dumbfounded by the chalk marks, like a wooden Indian. After it was over, the test director said, 'Say, would you stay tonight and stooge in another test I've got to make of some society girl?' Funny, there was my luck again. The girl was so bad that he was irritated into focusing on me rather than her and wound up by finally directing *me*."

One week later, the agent called Bob and told him to meet him at Metro. When he arrived he was handed a nineteen-page thing, full of whereases and to-wits, and told to sign it. He had never seen a contract before.

"I didn't react," he said. "I just went totally blank." But that night he dated his one-time sweetheart.

Even marriage didn't automatically transform him into the staid citizen he is supposed to be, according to the typical Young write-ups. When he'd been married a year, he decided to buy a house in Beverly Hills. "When I recall the gall I had. I'd had my option taken up for another year but I was facing a twelve-week layoff without pay. I argued the studio into advancing me $5,000 on my future salary, as the down payment on the house. I got a first mortgage from a bank, and the people I bought it from took a second. It was ego and blind faith." Now he owns a ranch and has this town place up for sale.

"Yep, I've been lucky, because some folks are dogged by bad breaks and things go wrong all their lives. I studied acting, yes; but if I hadn't had those breaks, the preparation would have done no good. Half the time I resolve to march up to the front office and do my share of kicking for better roles. 'All right,' I say to myself, 'I'll be a ham! I'll barge up there and scream my brains out for the parts I'd like.' Then I remember the fellows outside the studio gates. I consider how lucky I've been, and don't say a word."

At present, Bob is portraying a grand role in "Northwest Passage" with Spencer Tracy. It is a story of pre-Revolutionary days, when Maine was still a frontier. Bob, as Langdon Towne, is a young romantic who is expelled from Harvard and then develops into a stalwart character as a member of the Indian-fighting Rogers' Rangers.

An exceedingly alive, exceedingly human guy, this Bob Young. He may have been too temperamental once, but his acquired self-knowledge and the sense of humor he's developed prove what sort he is today.

Want the lowdown on Deanna Durbin's exciting romance?
Read MODERN SCREEN for March

MATRIMONIAL SCOREBOARD

(*Continued from page 33*)

Corrillo, Leo
Married to Edith Shakespeare and has an adopted daughter, nineteen.

Carroll, Madeleine
Divorce rumors notwithstanding, she's still the wife of Captain Philip Astley, an English officer whom she wed in 1932.

Corver, Lynne
She's married to Nicholas Nayfack, film executive. Her only "ex" is Dr. R. C. McClung of Birmingham, Alabama.

Chaplin, Chorles
Paulette Goddard is the third Mrs. Chaplin. They were reportedly married aboard his yacht in June of 1934. His first wife was Mildred Harris, and his second, Lita Grey, who at the time of divorce was given custody of their two sons.

Cloire, Ino
Starred in a rapid-fire elopement on March 17, 1939, when she married William R. Wallace, San Francisco attorney. Her two previous husbands were James Whitake, a Chicago newspaperman, and the late John Gilbert.

Connolly, Wolter
One marriage—to Nedda Harrigan of the Broadway stage. Has a daughter, fifteen.

Cooper, Gory
Since December, 1933, has been married to Veronica Balfe, social registerite who appeared in motion pictures under the name of Sandra Shaw. They have one child, a daughter, born Sept. 15, 1937.

Crisp, Donold
Lives simply, with wife Jane Murfin, a scenario writer.

Crosby, Bing
Four times a father—Gary, aged seven, twins Phillip and Dennis, five, and Lindsay, two. Bing's wife is Dixie Lee.

Cummings, Robert
He's married to Vivian Janis, former Ziegfeld Follies beauty. Date: February 27, 1935.

Curtis, Alon
He and Priscilla Lawson are in the process of calling it quits.

Darrieux, Donielle
Has been Mme. Henri Decoin for the past four years. Her husband is a French director and playwright.

Dorro, Frankie
Married to Aloha Wray, actress.

Davis, Bette
Was divorced from Harmon O. Nelson on January 20, 1939.

Davis, Jaan
Her manager teamed her with Si Wills and they were married five months after they met. One daughter, Beverly, six years old.

Dee, Frances
None more happily wedded. She's the wife of Joel McCrea, and the mother of two sons, one five and the other four.

Del Rio, Dolores
Married Jaime del Rio in 1921 and divorced him in 1928. Her second husband is Cedric Gibbons, art director for a major studio.

Devine, Andy
Was married in 1933 to Dorothy Irene House . . . has two sons of his own and is the friend of every youngster within five miles of his ranch in Van Nuys.

Dicksan, Glorio
Keeps house for Perc Westmore, Hollywood's famous make-up artist. They were married on June 20, 1938.

Dietrich, Marlene
Rudolph Sieber, German film director, is the lucky man. Their only child, Maria, was born in 1925.

Dix, Richard
Divorced his first wife, Winifred Coe, in 1933 and married his secretary, Virginia Webster, in 1934. Children: twin sons by his present wife, and a daughter by his first.

Donot, Robert
Has a wife, two sons and a daughter and lives in Hampstead, England.

Danlevy, Brion
Followed the civil ceremony with a religious one when he married Marjorie Lane in December of 1936. It was his second leap.

Dauglos, Melvyn
The husband of Helen Gahagan, Broadway stage star. Two children by his present wife and one by a previous marriage.

Drew, Ellen
But two men in her life; Fred Wallace, her husband, and their small son, Skipper.

Dunne, Irene
One marriage—to Dr. Francis Griffin. Missy, christened Mary Frances, is their daughter by adoption.

Dvorok, Ann
Film director Leslie Fenton is the head



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Eddy, Nelsan
A year-old marriage to Mrs. Ann Franklin. The date, January 18, 1939. Mrs. Eddy is the former wife of screen director, Sidney Franklin, and has a son in his fifteenth year.

Eilers, Sally
Hoot Gibson became a memory in August, 1933. She married Harry Joe Brown a month later, and they have a five-year-old son.

Ellisan, James
Actress Grace Durkin said the word in April, 1937.

Eriksan, Leif
Fell in love with Frances Farmer and lost no time getting married.

Erwin, Stuart
The beauteous June Collyer retired from the screen when she married the comedian. They have a son, seven, and a daughter, four.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.
On April 22, 1939, he stepped to the altar with the very social Mrs. Mary Lee Epling Hartford. It was a second marriage for both. The first Mrs. F. was Joan Crawford.

Farmer, Frances
See Leif Erikson.

Farrell, Glenda
One marriage which didn't take. Tommy, her eleven-year-old son, attends a Hollywood military academy.

Faye, Alice
Still married to Tony Martin. They've had a second anniversary.

Fazenda, Louise
The wife of Hal Wallis, motion picture executive. Their son, Brent, will be six on April 10th.

Fields, W. C.
One unhappy marriage. One grown son.

Fitzgerald, Geraldine
Her husband is Edward Lindsay-Hogg; he writes songs and breeds horses.

Flynn, Errol
Became the husband of Lili Damita June 19, 1935.

Fonda, Henry
Divorced from Margaret Sullavan in 1933; married socialite Frances Seymour Brokaw in 1936. Their daughter was born December 22, 1937; step-daughter is eight years old.

Fontaine, Joan
See Brian Aherne.

Foran, Dick
Married Ruth Hollingsworth on June 7, 1937. Two sons.

Foster, Preston
The husband of Gertrude Warren, a non-professional, and the father of a year-old daughter by adoption.

Francis, Kay
Was successively married to William Gaston, John Meehan, F. Dwight Francis and Kenneth MacKenna.

Furness, Betty
Band leader Johnny Green has been making music for her since Nov. 26, 1937.

Gaal, Franciska
Her husband, Dr. Francis Dajkovich relinquished his practice in Budapest to be with her in Hollywood.

Gable, Clark
Less than a month after his divorce from Rhea Langham, came his long-awaited marriage to Carole Lombard. The date: March 29, 1939. His first mate was Josephine Dillon, Hollywood dramatic coach. Carole is the ex-wife of William Powell. They were divorced in 1933.

Garfield, John
He and the former Roberta Mann wanted a baby and couldn't afford one, so they went to Hollywood. Now they have a daughter whose name is Catherine.

Gargan, William
Autographing checks for a lass named Pat. They have two sons, Leslie and Barrie.

Gaynor, Janet
Eloped with Gilbert Adrian, fashion designer, on August 14, 1939. Her only other matrimonial venture was in 1929 when she wed Lydell Peck, a San Francisco attorney. They were divorced in 1933.

George, Gladys
Divorced from Edward H. Fowler, millionaire paper manufacturer. Married to actor, Leonard Penn.

Gleason, James
With Lucille Webster, has created Hollywood's Number One Phenomenon. They've been married since 1906! Son Russell is an actor, too.

Goddard, Paulette
At sixteen, wedded Edgar James, son of a wealthy lumberman. When they were divorced in 1932, she reportedly received his best wishes and $100,000 to boot. At



Meet the Allan Jones family—nine-year-old Gail, two-year-old Jackie, Papa Allan and Mama Irene Hervey. The little girl is Irene's by a former marriage.

present she is Mrs. Charles Chaplin.

Gorcey, Leo
Proving a fellow can't be a kid forever, this Dead Ender married Katherine Marvis on May 19th, 1939.

Grable, Betty
Her divorce from Jackie Coogan will be final in September, 1940.

Gront, Cory
Married briefly to Virginia Cherrill.

Gravet, Fernand
His big romance was—and is—Jeanne Renard, French star, who answers also to the name of Mme. Gravet.

Grey, Non
After a romance of more than a year, she became Mrs. Jackie Westrope on May 4, 1939. Her husband is a nationally known jockey.

Gurie, Sigrid
On August 6, 1939, married Dr. Laurence C. Spangard. Her first husband was Thomas W. Stewart, a leather goods salesman.

Hole, Alon
His union with Gretchen Hartman has been blessed with two children.

Holey, Jock
His vaudeville partner, Florence McFadden, thought he was so funny she married him. They have two youngsters.

Hardwicke, Sir Cedric
Appeared with Helena Pickard in one of his stage plays and married her shortly afterwards.

Hordy, Oliver
Divorced from Myrtle Lee in 1937.

Hoyword, Louis
Staved off wedding bells for three years; wanted to achieve stardom before he tied the knot. Married Ida Lupino November 17, 1938.

Hoyworth, Rito
Matrimonial score: One marriage, to Eddie C. Judson.

Herbert, Hugh
Was married in his vaudeville days; still has the same wife.

Hersholt, Jeon
Uninterruptedly married for more than twenty-five years to Via Anderson, thereby setting good example for son Alan and his actress-bride, Osa Massen.

Hervey, Irene
Has been married for the past four years to Allan Jones. They have a son, two. Irene's daughter by her first marriage has been legally adopted by Allan.

Hiller, Wendy
Her husband is Ronald Gow; their daughter is exactly one year old.

Hodges, Joy
Became Mrs. Gilbert Doorly last September. Hubby is assistant managing editor of Omaha World-Herald.

Holden, Fay
Married early and permanently to David Clyde.

Holt, Jack
Divorced from Margaret Wood, St. Paul socialite. Two children: actor, Tim Holt, who is married to Virginia Ashcroft, and a daughter, Elizabeth.

Hope, Bob
His wife is Dolores Reade; she sings and stooges for him in his personal appearances. They have an adopted daughter, Linda, and expect to adopt a two-year-old brother for her.

Hopkins, Miriom
Recently divorced from Anatole Litvak. There were two previous marriages—to Brandon Peters and the late Austin Parker. Ten-year-old Michael is her son by adoption.

Howord, Leslie
Married to Ruth Martin and has two children, a son and daughter.

Hudson, Rochelle
Has been Mrs. Hal Thompson since August 16, 1939. Her husband is a sequence director at the Walt Disney studios.

Hume, Benita
See Ronald Colman.

Hunter, Ian
His wife is Casha Pringle, well-known English actress. Two boys.

Huston, Walter
Nan Sutherland became his third wife in November, 1931. His only son is a writer.

Jenkins, Allen
Married since 1933. One child.

Jolson, Al
Ruby Keeler was his third matrimonial misfortune; she filed suit for divorce last October. Their adopted son, Al, Jr., is nearing five, and will probably live with his ma.

Jones, Allon
Divorced in July, 1936, his wife winning custody of their son, then six. A few days later, married Irene Hervey, and on January 14, 1938, he and Irene had a son of their own.

Jones, Buck
His marriage to Odelle Osborne was performed under a circus tent in August, 1915. One grown daughter, Maxine.

Jory, Victor
Was married eleven years ago to Jean Inness, actress. They have a daughter, nine.

Karloff, Boris
His second marriage is faring much better than his first.

Keeler, Ruby
See Al Jolson.

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Kibbee, Guy
Married to a non-professional. Two young children.

Korjus, Miliza
Her most appreciative listeners are an audience of two—husband, Kuno Foelsch, and their four-year-old daughter.

Kruger, Otta
Chalk up nearly twenty years of wedded bliss for him and Susan MacNamany.

Lahr, Bert
A tragic marriage ended in a 1933 divorce.

Lake, Arthur
Married to Patricia Van Cleve, singer.

Lamarr, Hedy
Eloped with Gene Markey, movie producer, on March 4, 1939. It was a second marriage for both. Hedy's first husband was Fritz Mandl, millionaire munitions manufacturer, and Joan Bennett was Gene's first wife.

Lamour, Dorothy
Conflicting careers caused divorce from orchestra leader, Herbie Kay, on May 2, 1939.

Lane, Lola
Ex-frau of Lew Ayres and Alexander Hall.

Laughton, Charles
Married to the well-known English actress, Elsa Lanchester.

Lederer, Francis
A girl in Prague preceded Margo as Mrs. Lederer.

Leeds, Andrea
Bob Howard, sportsman, won her on October 25, 1939.

Leigh, Vivien
Awaiting divorce from Leigh Holman, a London barrister. They have one daughter, Suzanne, aged six.

Litel, John
One marriage, to a non-professional.

Livingston, Robert
Married to Dorothy Gee.

Lockwood, Margaret
Executive position in the British Iron and Steel Corporation keeps Rupert Leon away from his lovely wife.

Lorre, Peter
Married Cecilie Lvovsky in June, 1934.

Loy, Myrna
Married to producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., since June 27, 1936. It was her first and his second.

Lugosi, Bela
Twice wed. Present wife is Lillian Arch.

Lukas, Paul
Grizella Benes is his second wife.

Lupino, Ida
See Louis Hayward.



Andrea Leeds was 26 and Bob Howard 23 when they became Mr. and Mrs.

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Lys, Lya
Has been married and divorced and prefers not to talk about it.

MacDonald, Jeanette
Became the wife of Gene Raymond on June 16, 1937.

MacLane, Barton
One marriage, one divorce for him.

MacMurray, Fred
He's married to Lillian Lamont, a former show girl. Their date with the preacher was on June 20, 1936.

March, Fredric
His wife's name is a familiar one to Broadway theatre-goers; it's Florence Eldridge. They were married in the fall of 1936 and have two children—Penny and Tony, both adopted.

Marshall, Brenda
Her three-year-old son stems from real theatrical stock. His dad is the prominent stage star, Richard Gaines.

Marshall, Herbert
Divorced from Mollie Maitland and separated from his second wife, Edna Best, whom he married in 1928. One daughter, born May 25, 1933.

Martin, Mary
Her heart belongs to Larry, her eight-year-old son. His father is Ben J. Hageman, whom Mary married when she was in her early teens.

Marx Bros.
Harpo brought starlet Susan Fleming into the family in September, 1936. Groucho made his vows in 1920, and Chico is the father of a grown-up miss.

Massey, Ilona
Divorced before she came to America.

Massey, Raymond
Two divorces—from Peggy Fremantle and Adrienne Allen—now married to Mrs. Wm. D. Whitney. Children: A sixteen-year-old son by his first wife, and a daughter, six, and another son, two, by his second.

McCrea, Joel
See Frances Dee.

McHugh, Frank
Married to Mrs. Dorothy Spencer. Three children, Michael, Peter and Susan.

McLaglen, Victor
Has a daughter, Sheila, sixteen, and a son, Andrew, eighteen—a student at the University of Virginia. He married early in his career and has the same wife still. She's Edna Lamont, a non-professional.

Menjou, Adolphe
Two marriages, one divorce. Present wife—Verree Teasdale, who, with him, adopted Peter Adolphe on Sept. 28, 1937.

Meredith, Burgess
His first marriage to Helen Derby of Montclair, N. J., ended in divorce, as did his second, to the wealthy young actress, Margaret Perry.

Merkel, Una
Her husband is Engineer Ronald Burla.

Milland, Ray
In 1931 married Muriel Webber of Hollywood.

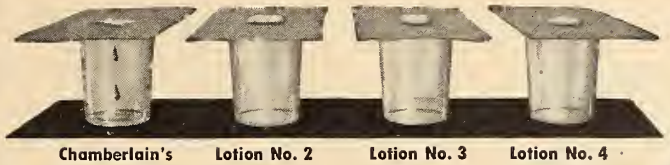
Miranda, Isa
New bridegroom is named Alfred Guarini.

Mitchell, Thomas
Has a daughter, 21, by his first wife from whom he is divorced. Married to Rachel Hartzell, well-known stage star.

Montgomery, Robert
He was married to Elizabeth Allen on April 14, 1928. They lost their first child in 1931. Now have Betty, six, and Robert, three.

Moore, Constance
On April 29, 1939, eloped to Yuma with Johnny Maschio, Hollywood agent.

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Morgan, Frank
Married Alma Muller almost a quarter of a century ago. They have a son, George, 22.

Morris, Chester
Off-again, on-again separation rumors were brought to a climax when Suzanne Kilbourn sued for divorce. They have two children, Cynthia and Brooks.

Morris, Wayne
His wife is the former Leonora (Bubbles) Schinasi, tobacco heiress. They were married January 8, 1939.

Mowbray, Alan
Married a Chicago girl named Lorraine Carpenter and has a daughter, eight, and a son, five.

Muni, Paul
His wife, the former Bella Finkel, became Mrs. Muni on May 8, 1921.

Murphy, George
Married his dancing partner, Juliette Johnson, December 28, 1926.

Nagel, Anne
Widow of Ross Alexander.

Nolan, Lloyd
Wrote "finis" to his bachelorhood in 1932.

Norris, Edward
The ex-husband of Ann Sheridan. She was his third wife.

Oakie, Jack
Denies divorce rumors. Has been married to Venita Varden since March 22, 1936.

Oberon, Merle
Became Mrs. Alexander Korda on June 5, 1939.

O'Brien, George
Marguerite Churchill retired from the screen to keep house for him. Their first child died in 1932. They now have two.

O'Brien, Pat
Because he had proposed to five girls before he met Eloise Taylor, it took him three years to persuade her to marry him. They have three children by adoption—Mavourneen, five, Sean, two, and Christopher, one.

O'Hara, Maureen
Married a technical adviser in the Mayflower Motion Picture Company before she sailed for America.

O'Keefe, Dennis
His ex-wife is Louise Stanley.

Oliver, Edna May
Long-ago union with D. W. Pratt was a mistake.

Olivier, Laurence
They say his marriage to actress Jill Esmond is about to end.

O'Sullivan, Maureen
Her husband is screen writer John W. Farrow. Their son was born June 1, 1939.



The Murphys said, "I do" in New York's Little Church Around the Corner.



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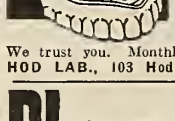
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Page, Gale
Secured an October divorce from Frederick Tritschler of Chicago. They have one son, five.

Parker, Cecilia
Married Dick Baldwin, actor, June 2, 1938.

Parker, Jean
It was love at first sight for Jean and newspaperman, George E. MacDonald. They were wed March 1, 1936. Divorce suit pending.

Patrick, Gail
She's Mrs. Robert Cobb, wife of the Hollywood restaurateur. The date: December 16, 1936.

Payne, Jahn
Was introduced to Anne Shirley at a cocktail party, proposed within a week, and married her one month later on August 22, 1937. His gift to her on their second anniversary was an eighty-carat topaz.

Pendletan, Nat
His first wife died when their daughter was born. His second marriage, which lasted seven years, was recently called off.

Pidgeon, Walter
Separated from, but on good terms with, Ruth Walker, whom he married in 1931. Has one daughter by his first wife who died in childbirth in 1921.

Pitts, Zazu
Had a child by her first husband, Tom Gallery; also adopted son of the late Barbara LaMarr. Now married to Edward Woodall, tennis expert.

Powell, Dick
Divorced from Mildred Maund; married to Joan Blondell.

Powell, William
A pre-Hollywood marriage to Eileen Wilson and a subsequent divorce. On June 26, 1931, a second marriage—to Carole Lombard from whom he was divorced in 1933. One son, William D., by his first wife.

Power, Tyrone
See Annabella.

Price, Vincent
His wife is Edith Barrett, granddaughter of the famous actor, Laurence Barrett. They were married on April 23, 1938.

Prouty, Jed
Married long and happily to Miriam Murray, silent screen star.

Quinn, Anthony
One marriage, to Katherine DeMille.

Raft, George
His frequently predicted divorce from Grace Mulrooney and marriage to Virginia Peine, former Chicago heiress, still indefinite. One son, married.

Rainer, Luise
Her turbulent marriage to playwright Clifford Odets is still in operation.

Rains, Claude
Three divorces—from actress Isabel Jeans, Marie Hemingway and Beatrice Thompson. His present wife is Frances Propper and they have a two-year-old daughter.

Raymand, Gene
See Jeanette MacDonald.

Randall, Jack
Began annulment proceedings exactly three months after his marriage to Louise Stanley, ex-wife of Dennis O'Keefe.

Rathbone, Basil
During his first screen engagement met and married Ouida Bergere, celebrated scenarist and playwright. An earlier London marriage to Ethel Marian Forman ended in divorce. His baby girl was adopted. One son, by his first wife, Rodion, 23, is an Oxford graduate and a newlywed.

(*Continued on page 97*)

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(*Continued from page 49*)

SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR	EDUCATION
Barrymore, Lionel	Lionel Blythe	Philadelphia, Pa.	Apr. 28, 1878	6′ 0″	155	Blue	Grey	Private Schools
Barthelmess, Richard	Richard Barthelmess	New York, N. Y.	May 9, 1897	5′ 9″	150	Brown	Brown	Trinity College
Bartholomew, Fred	Fred Bartholomew	London, England	Mar. 28, 1924	5′ 6″	115	Brown	Brown	Private Schools
Baxter, Warner	Warner Baxter	Columbus, Ohio	Mar. 29, 1893	5′ 10¾″	150	Brown	Brown	High School
Beery, Wallace	Wallace Beery	Kansas City, Mo.	Apr. 1, 1889	6′ 1″	189	Hazel	Brown	Chase School
Bellamy, Ralph	Ralph Bellamy	Chicago, Ill.	June 17, 1905	6′ ½″	189	Blue	Brown	High School
Benchley, Robert	Robert Benchley	Worcester, Mass.	Sept. 15, 1889	5′ 7″	160	Brown	Brown	Harvard University
Bennett, Constance	Constance Bennett	New York, N. Y.	Oct. 22, 1905	5′ 4″	110	Blue	Blonde	Private Schools
Bennett, Joan	Joan Bennett	Palisades, N. J.	Feb. 27, 1910	5′ 3″	110	Blue	Blonde	Private Schools
Benny, Jack	Benny Kubelsky	Chicago, Ill.	Feb. 14, 1895	5′ 9″	150	Blue	Brown	Public School
Bergen, Edgar	Edgar Berggren	Chicago, Ill.	Feb. 16, 1903	5′ 8″	135	Blue	Blonde	Northwestern Univ.
Bergman, Ingrid	Ingrid Bergman	Stockholm, Sweden	Aug. 22, 1917	5′ 6″	120	Hazel	Blonde	Lyceum for Flickor
Blondell, Joan	Rose Blondell	New York, N. Y.	Aug. 30, 1909	5′ 4″	120	Grey	Blonde	Public School
Bogart, Humphrey	Humphrey Bogart	New York, N. Y.	Dec. 25, 1900	5′ 11″	150	Brown	Black	Andover Academy
Boland, Mary	Mary Boland	Detroit, Mich.	Jan. 28, 1880	5′ 4″	125	Blue	Blonde	Sacred Heart Convent
Boles, John	John Boles	Greenville, Texas	Oct. 27, 1900	6′ 1″	185	Blue	Brown	University of Texas
Bolger, Ray	Raymond Bolger	Boston, Mass.	Jan. 10, 1903	5′ 10½″	135	Blue	Brown	High School
Boyd, William	William Boyd	Cambridge, Ohio	June 5, 1898	6′ 0″	180	Blue	Blonde	High School
Boyer, Charles	Charles Boyer	Figeac, France	Aug. 28, 1899	5′ 9″	150	Brown	Brown	Sorbonne Lyceum
Bradna, Olympe	Olympe Bradna	Paris, France	Aug. 12, 1920	5′ 3″	115	Brown	Black	Private Tutors
Brent, George	George Nolan	Dublin, Ireland	Mar. 15, 1904	6′ 1″	170	Hazel	Black	University of Dublin
Brice, Fanny	Fannie Borach	New York, N. Y.	Oct. 29, 1891	5′ 7″	135	Green	Brown	Public School
Brook, Clive	Clive Brook	London, England	June 1, 1891	5′ 11″	149	Grey	Brown	Private Schools
Brooks, Phyllis	Phyllis Sciler	Boise, Idaho	July 18, 1914	5′ 6″	118	Brown	Blonde	Private Schools
Brown, Joe E.	Joseph Evan Brown	Holgate, Ohio	July 28, 1892	5′ 7½″	149	Blue	Brown	Public School
Brown, John Mack	John Mack Brown	Dothan, Alabama	Sept. 1, 1904	6′ 1″	165	Brown	Black	University of Alabama
Brown, Tom	Thomas Brown	New York, N. Y.	Jan. 6, 1913	5′ 10½″	162	Blue	Brown	Private School
Bruce, Virginia	Virginia Helen Briggs	Minneapolis, Minn.	Sept. 29, 1910	5′ 6″	130	Blue	Blonde	High School
Bryan, Jane	Jane O'Brien	Hollywood, Calif.	June 11, 1918	5′ 3″	113	Grey	Brown	High School
Burke, Billie	Ethelbert Burke	Washington, D. C.	Aug. 7, 1885	5′ 3″	118	Blue	Red	Private Schools
Burnette, Smiley	Lester Burnette	Summum, Ill.	Mar. 18, 1911	6′ 0″	225	Brown	Brown	High School
Burns, Bob	Robert Burns	Van Buren, Ark.	Aug. 2, 1896	6′ 2″	201	Blue	Brown	University of Arkansas
Burns, George	Nathan Birnbaum	New York, N. Y.	Mar. 22, 1900	5′ 9″	151	Grey	Brown	Public School
Butterworth, Charles	Charles Butterworth	South Bend, Ind.	July 26, 1899	5′ 7″	145	Blue	Brown	Notre Dame University
Byington, Spring	Spring Byington	Denver, Colorado	Oct. 17, 1892	5′ 3″	120	Grey	Blonde	High School
Byrd, Ralph	Ralph Byrd	Dayton, Ohio	Apr. 22, 1909	6′ 1″	180	Brown	Black	High School
Cabot, Bruce	Jacques de Bujac	Carlsbad, N. M.	Apr. 20, 1904	6′ 1½″	180	Grey	Brown	Univ. of New Mexico
Cagney, James	James Cagney	New York, N. Y.	July 17, 1904	5′ 8½″	150	Brown	Red	Columbia University
Campbell, Louise	Louise Weisbecker	Chicago, Ill.	May 30, 1915	5′ 4″	105	Hazel	Brown	Northwestern Univ.
Cantor, Eddie	Isidore Iskowitz	New York, N. Y.	Jan. 31, 1893	5′ 7″	135	Brown	Black	Public School
Carlson, Richard	Richard Carlson	Albert Lee, Minn.	Apr. 29, 1912	6′ 0″	170	Hazel	Brown	Univ. of Minnesota
Carradine, John	Richmond Carradine	New York, N. Y.	Feb. 5, 1906	6′ 1″	150	Green	Black	Private Schools
Carrillo, Leo	Leo Carrillo	Los Angeles, Calif.	Aug. 6, 1899	5′ 10″	178	Brown	Black	Loyola University
Carroll, Madeleine	Madeleine Carroll	W. Bromwich, Eng.	Feb. 26, 1908	5′ 4″	115	Blue	Blonde	Birmingham Univ.
Carver, Lynne	Virginia Sampson	Lexington, Ky.	Sept. 13, 1909	5′ 6″	119	Grey	Auburn	Private Schools
Chandler, Chick	Fehmer Chandler	Kingston, N. Y.	Jan. 18, 1905	5′ 9″	140	Green	Brown	Military School
Chaplin, Charles	Charles Chaplin	London, England	Apr. 16, 1889	5′ 6″	130	Brown	Grey	Public Schools
Chester, Hally	Harold Repatsky	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Mar. 6, 1921	5′ 4″	128	Grey	Blonde	High School
Claire, Ina	Ina Claire Fagan	Washington, D. C.	Oct. 15, 1892	5′ 6″	120	Hazel	Blonde	Holy Cross Academy
Colbert, Claudette	Lily Chauchion	Paris, France	Sept. 13, 1905	5′ 5″	103	Brown	Black	High School
Colman, Ronald	Ronald Colman	Richmond, Surrey, Eng.	Feb. 9, 1891	5′ 11″	158	Brown	Brown	Hadley School
Connolly, Walter	Walter Connolly	Cincinnati, Ohio	Apr. 8, 1888	5′ 9″	190	Brown	Brown	University of Dublin
Cooper, Gary	Frank J. Cooper	Helena, Mont.	May 7, 1901	6′ 2″	175	Blue	Brown	Iowa College
Cooper, Jackie	Jack Cooper	Los Angeles, Calif.	Sept. 15, 1922	5′ 9″	145	Hazel	Brown	Private Tutors
Crawford, Joan	Lucille LeSueur Cassin	San Antonio, Tex.	Mar. 23, 1908	5′ 4″	130	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Cromwell, Richard	Roy Radabaugh	Los Angeles, Calif.	Jan. 8, 1910	5′ 10″	148	Blue	Brown	High School
Crosby, Bing	Harry Lillis Crosby	Tacoma, Wash.	May 2, 1904	5′ 9″	165	Blue	Brown	Gonzaga College
Cummings, Robert	Charles Cummings	Joplin, Missouri	June 9, 1910	6′ 1″	178	Blue	Brown	Carnegie Tech
Curtis, Dick	Richard Dye	Newport, Ky.	May 11, 1902	6′ 3″	204	Blue	Brown	High School
Dale, Virginia	Virginia Paxton	Charlotte, N. C.	Nov. 8, 1921	5′ 3″	110	Blue	Blonde	High School
Darnell, Linda	Monetta Darnell	Dallas, Texas	Oct. 16, 1923	5′ 5″	109	Brown	Brown	High School
Darrieux, Danielle	Danielle Darrieux	Bordeaux, France	May 1, 1917	5′ 5″	118	Hazel	Brown	High School
Darro, Frankie	Frank Johnson	Chicago, Ill.	Dec. 22, 1917	5′ 3″	114	Brown	Brown	Lawlor's School
Davis, Bette	Ruth Elizabeth Davis	Lowell, Mass.	Apr. 5, 1908	5′ 3″	108	Blue	Blonde	Cushing Academy
Day, Laraine	Loraine Johnson	Roosevelt, Utah	Oct. 13, 1919	5′ 5″	112	Blue	Brown	High School
Dee, Frances	Frances Dee	Los Angeles, Calif.	Nov. 26, 1907	5′ 3″	108	Blue	Brown	University of Chicago
DeHavilland, Olivia	Olivia DeHavilland	Tokyo, Japan	July 1, 1916	5′ 4″	107	Brown	Brown	Notre Dame Convent
Del Rio, Dolores	Lolita Dolores Martinez	Durango, Mexico	Aug. 3, 1905	5′ 3½″	115	Black	Black	St. Joseph's Convent
Devine, Andy	Andrew Devine	Flagstaff, Arizona	Oct. 7, 1905	6′ 2″	245	Blue	Brown	Arizona State College
Dickson, Gloria	Thais Dickeson	Pocatello, Idaho	Aug. 13, 1917	5′ 4″	113	Grey	Blonde	High School

(*Continued on page 98*)

(Continued from page 95)

Raye, Martha
On May 30th, 1937, eloped with Buddy Westmore and divorced him September 28, 1938. Ten days later married David Rose, Hollywood composer.

Read, Barbara
Divorced from William Paul, artist.

Rice, Florence
A youthful marriage to Sidney Smith ended abruptly. Has been married to actor, Robert Wilcox, since March, 1939.

Ritz Bros.
Jimmy, husband of Ruth Hilliard, radio singer; Al, married to Annette Nelson; Harry's young wife, Charlotte Greenfield, died of pneumonia last October.

Robinson, Edward G.
Married to Gladys Lloyd, former stage star, and has adopted her daughter. Their own son, Manny, is six.

Rabsan, May
Was made a widow twice, a grandmother several times.

Rogers, Ginger
Was married at sixteen to a vaudeville actor named Jack Culpepper. She divorced him in 1931 and married Lew Ayres on November 14, 1934.

Ross, Shirley
Has been married to radio agent, Ken Dolan, since September 18, 1938.

Ruggles, Charles
Two marriages; two divorces.

Scott, Randalph
Separated from Mariana DuPont Somerville, wealthy divorcee.

Schildkraut, Joseph
His wife is Marie McKay, a non-professional.

Shearer, Norma
Widow of Irving Thalberg. Two children, Irving, Jr., nine, and Katharine, four.

Sheridan, Ann
See Edward Norris.

Shirley, Anne
See John Payne.

Sidney, Sylvia
Now Mrs. Luther Adler; formerly Mrs. Bennett Cerf. Son born last October.

Singletan, Penny
On November 22, 1939, after two years of marriage, filed suit for divorce from dentist, Lawrence Scroggs Singleton.

Sothern, Ann
Band leader Roger Pryor is Ann's husband. They were wed in 1936 and have a twelve-year-old adopted son.

Stanwyck, Barbara
Divorced from Frank Fay and married to Robert Taylor. Has an adopted son, Dion, seven.

Starrett, Charles
Married in his senior year at Dartmouth to Mary McKinnon. Has nine-year-old twin sons.

Stone, Lewis
Lives a very normal, happy life with his third wife, the former Hazel Woof. Two daughters by his first wife, both in their twenties and married.

Stuart, Gloria
Her experimental marriage to Gordon Newell ended in divorce. Married writer Arthur Sheekman in 1934. They have a three-year-old daughter, Sylvia.

Sullavan, Margaret
The wife of Leland Hayward, actors' agent, and ex-wife of Henry Fonda and director William Wyler. Two daughters.

Talbot, Lyle
Has been married to Marguerite Cramer for a great many years.

Tamiroff, Akim
One marriage, to Tamara Shayne.

Taylor, Robert
See Barbara Stanwyck.

Tone, Franchot
See Joan Crawford.

Toomey, Regis
His wife is actress, J. Katheryn Scott.

Tracy, Lee
Eloped with Helen Thomas on July 21, 1938.

Tracy, Spencer
His marriage to Louise Treadwell dates back to July 28, 1923. Two children, Johnny, thirteen, and Susy, five.

Trevor, Claire
Became the wife of radio producer, Clark Andrews, in July, 1938.

Twelvetrees, Helen
Married and divorced twice. Has a six-year-old son by her second marriage.

Wayne, John
Lives in a Hollywood apartment with his Venezuelan wife, two sons and a daughter.

Weissmuller, Johnny
Divorced from Bobbe Arnst in 1931 and from Lupe Velez in 1939. Married Beryl Scott, San Francisco society girl, on August 20, 1939.

West, Mae
Was reportedly married to Frank Wallace, vaudeville entertainer.

Wheeler, Bert
Three marriages, two divorces. Present wife, Sally Haines.

William, Warren
Following a five-year engagement, he married Helen Nelson in 1923. She's still his one and only.

Winninger, Charles
Separated but not divorced from Blanche Ring.

Wray, Fay
Her marriage of ten years, to John Monk Saunders, ended in divorce in 1938. One daughter, three.

Wyman, Jane
Married and divorced from a millionaire named Myron Futterman.

Young, Loretta
At seventeen, eloped with Grant Withers; at eighteen, divorced. One adopted daughter.

Young, Robert
Married to Elizabeth Henderson. They have two daughters.

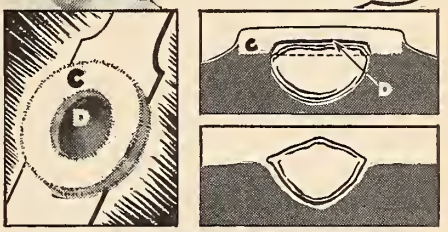
Young, Roland
Seeking divorce from Marjorie Kummer. They were married for eighteen years.

Zorina, Vera
Her husband is George Balanchine, head of the American Ballet.

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Now you can remove corns easily, scientifically. Just put a Blue-Jay plaster over the corn. Felt pad (C) relieves pain quickly by removing pressure. Special medicated formula (D) acts on the corn, gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. You have wonderful relief! Then, simply by avoiding pressure and friction which caused your corns you can prevent their coming back. Follow the example of millions who have gotten rid of corns this easy way. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25c for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

FASTER than Quinine

To relieve distress of COLDS PROMPTLY and effectively, take

Salicon TWELVE TABLETS **25c**

NO Acetanilid, NO Acetphenetidin, NO Quinine, NO Habit Forming Drugs

STOP CHAPPING

with regular use of . . .

ITALIAN BALM



1. Safeguards skin beauty against chapping, dryness from in-door heat, hard water, housework.

2. Contains costliest ingredients used in any of the most popular advertised brands of lotion.

3. Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry the skin. Leaves no stickiness.

4. Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Priced—10c, 20c, 35c, 60c, $1.00 a bottle.

OVER 90 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

(*Continued from page 96*)

SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR	EDUCATION
Dietrich, Marlene	Maria Van Losch	Berlin, Germany	Dec. 27, 1904	5′ 5″	120	Blue	Gold	Private Schools
Dix, Richard	Ernest Brimmer	St. Paul, Minn.	July 18, 1895	6′ 0″	180	Brown	Brown	Northwestern Univ.
Donat, Robert	Robert Donat	Manchester, England	Mar. 18, 1905	6′ 0″	165	Brown	Auburn	Private Schools
Donlevy, Brian	Brian Waldo Donlevy	Portadown, Ireland	Feb. 9, 1905	6′ 0″	190	Blue	Brown	St. John's Academy
Douglas, Melvyn	Melvyn E. Hesselberg	Macon, Georgia	Apr. 5, 1901	6′ 1½″	180	Brown	Blonde	High School
Draper, Paul	Paul Draper	Florence, Italy	Oct. 25, 1909	5′ 11″	190	Blue	Red	Brooklyn Institute
Drew, Ellen	Terry Ray	Kansas City, Mo.	Nov. 23, 1915	5′ 3½″	110	Grey	Brown	High School
Duncan, Charles	Charles Duncan	Louisville, Ky.	Mar. 12, 1920	5′ 6″	128	Blue	Blonde	High School
Dunne, Irene	Irene Dunne	Louisville, Ky.	July 14, 1904	5′ 4″	115	Grey	Brown	Private Schools
Durbin, Deanna	Edna Mae Durbin	Winnipeg, Canada	Dec. 4, 1922	5′ 3½″	112	Blue	Brown	Studio School
Ebsen, Buddy	Christian R. Ebsen	Orlando, Florida	Apr. 2, 1904	6′ 2″	174	Brown	Brown	University of Florida
Eddy, Nelson	Nelson Eddy	Providence, R. I.	June 29, 1901	6′ 0″	173	Blue	Blonde	Normal School
Eilers, Sally	Sally Eilers	New York, N. Y.	Dec. 11, 1908	5′ 3″	110	Brown	Auburn	High School
Ellison, James	James Ellison Smith	Guthrie Center, Iowa	May 4, 1910	6′ 3″	170	Blue	Brown	High School
Erikson, Leif	William Anderson	Alameda, Calif.	Oct. 27, 1914	6′ 3½″	195	Blue	Brown	Univ. of California
Ernest, George	George Ruud Hjorth	Pittsfield, Mass.	Nov. 20, 1921	4′ 8″	86	Blue	Blonde	High School
Erwin, Stuart	Stuart Erwin	Squaw Valley, Calif.	Feb. 14, 1902	5′ 9″	165	Grey	Brown	Univ. of California
Fairbanks, Douglas Jr.	Douglas Fairbanks	New York, N. Y.	Dec. 9, 1907	6′ 1″	170	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Farmer, Frances	Frances Farmer	Seattle, Wash.	Sept. 19, 1914	5′ 6″	124	Hazel	Blonde	Univ. of Washington
Faye, Alice	Alice Leppert	New York, N. Y.	May 5, 1915	5′ 5″	112	Blue	Blonde	High School
Fazenda, Louise	Louise Fazenda	Lafayette, Ind.	June 17, 1895	5′ 9″	125	Blue	Blonde	High School
Fellows, Edith	Edith Fellows	Boston, Mass.	May 20, 1926	4′ 10″	80	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Field, Betty	Elizabeth Field	Boston, Mass.	Feb. 8, 1918	5′ 5″	110	Grey	Brown	High School
Field, Virginia	Margaret Field	London, England	Nov. 4, 1917	5′ 5″	109	Blue	Blonde	Private Schools
Fields, W. C.	Claude W. Dunkenfield	Philadelphia, Pa.	Feb. 10, 1879	5′ 8″	180	Blue	Blonde	Public School
Fitzgerald, Geraldine	Geraldine Fitzgerald	Dublin, Ireland	Sept. 18, 1914	5′ 3½″	112	Green	Auburn	Convent
Flynn, Errol	Errol Flynn	Antrim, Ireland	June 20, 1909	6′ 2″	180	Brown	Brown	St. Paul's School
Fonda, Henry	Henry Fonda	Grand Island, Neb.	May 16, 1908	6′ 1″	170	Blue	Black	Univ. of Minnesota
Fontaine, Joan	Joan DeHavilland	Tokio, Japan	Oct. 22, 1917	5′ 3¾″	110	Hazel	Blonde	Private Schools
Foran, Dick	John Nicholas Foran	Flemington, N. J.	June 8, 1910	6′ 2½″	205	Blue	Red	Princeton University
Foster, Preston	Preston Foster	Ocean City, N. J.	Oct. 24, 1902	6′ 2″	200	Blue	Brown	High School
Francis, Kay	Katherine Gibbs	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Jan. 13, 1905	5′ 5″	112	Brown	Brown	Private Schools
Gaal, Franciska	Fanny Zilverstitch	Budapest, Hungary	Feb. 1, 1904	5′ 3″	115	Brown	Auburn	High School
Gable, Clark	William Clark Gable	Cadiz, Ohio	Feb. 1, 1901	6′ 1″	190	Grey	Brown	University of Akron
Garbo, Greta	Margaret Gustafson	Stockholm, Sweden	Sept. 18, 1906	5′ 6″	125	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Garfield, John	Jules Garfinkle	New York, N. Y.	Mar. 4, 1913	5′ 9″	193	Brown	Brown	High School
Gargan, William	William Gargan	Brooklyn, N. Y.	July 17, 1905	6′ 0″	170	Blue	Brown	High School
Garland, Judy	Judy Gumm	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Jan. 10, 1923	5′ 3″	110	Brown	Brown	High School
Garson, Greer	Greer Garson	County Down, Ireland	Sept. 20, 1914	5′ 5″	112	Green	Red	London University
Gaynor, Janet	Laura Gainor	Philadelphia, Pa.	Oct. 6, 1906	5′ 0″	100	Brown	Red	High School
George, Gladys	Gladys Claire	Hatton, Maine	Sept. 13, 1903	5′ 3″	115	Hazel	Blonde	Private School
Gleason, James	James Gleason	New York, N. Y.	May 23, 1886	5′ 10″	140	Blue	Brown	Public School
Gleason, Russell	Russell Gleason	Portland, Oregon	Feb. 6, 1908	6′ 0″	155	Blue	Brown	Berkeley College
Goddard, Paulette	Pauline Levy	Great Neck, N. Y.	June 3, 1911	5′ 4″	110	Blue	Brown	High School
Gorcey, David	David Gorcey	New York, N. Y.	Feb. 6, 1921	5′ 5″	130	Hazel	Brown	Private Schools
Grable, Betty	Betty Grable	St. Louis, Mo.	Dec. 18, 1916	5′ 3″	106	Blue	Blonde	High School
Grant, Cary	Archibald A. Leach	Bristol, England	Jan. 18, 1909	6′ 1″	172	Brown	Black	Fairfield Academy
Granville, Bonita	Bonita Granville	New York, N. Y.	Feb. 2, 1923	5′ 0″	102	Blue	Blonde	High School
Gravet, Fernand	Fernand Martens	Brussels, Belgium	Dec. 25, 1908	5′ 11″	145	Brown	Brown	St. Paul's School
Greene, Richard	Richard Greene	Plymouth, England	Aug. 24, 1914	6′ 0″	170	Grey	Brown	Card. Vaughn School
Grey, Nan	Eschol Miller	Houston, Texas	July 25, 1918	5′ 5″	115	Blue	Blonde	High School
Grey, Virginia	Virginia Grey	Hollywood, Calif.	Mar. 22, 1916	5′ 5″	117	Blue	Blonde	High School
Gurie, Sigrid	Sigrid Gurie Haukelid	Brooklyn, N. Y.	May 18, 1915	5′ 5″	110	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Gwynne, Anne	Marguerite G. Trice	Waco, Texas	Dec. 10, 1918	5′ 5″	117	Hazel	Red	Stephens College
Hale, Alan	Alan McKahn	Washington, D. C.	Feb. 10, 1892	6′ 2″	210	Blue	Blonde	High School
Hall, Jon	Charles Hall Locker	Fresno, Calif.	Feb. 26, 1913	6′ 2″	195	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Hardwicke, Sir Cedric	Sir Cedric Hardwicke	Stowbridge, England	Feb. 19, 1893	5′ 11″	199	Grey	Brown	Private Schools
Hardy, Oliver	Oliver Hardy	Atlanta, Ga.	Jan. 18, 1892	6′ 1″	284	Brown	Black	University of Georgia
Hayward, Louis	Charles Louis Hayward	Johannesburg, So. Afr.	Mar. 19, 1909	5′ 11″	154	Blue	Brown	St. Sauver College
Hayward, Susan	Edythe Marrener	Brooklyn, N. Y.	July 16, 1919	5′ 3″	108	Hazel	Red	High School
Hayworth, Rita	Margarita Cansino	New York, N. Y.	Oct. 17, 1918	5′ 6″	120	Brown	Brown	Private Schools
Heifetz, Jascha	Jascha Heifetz	Vilna, Poland	Feb. 2, 1901	5′ 10″	158	Brown	Brown	Private Tutors
Henie, Sonja	Sonja Henie	Oslo, Norway	Apr. 8, 1913	5′ 2″	110	Brown	Blonde	Private Schools
Henry, William	William Henry	Los Angeles, Calif.	Nov. 19, 1906	5′ 11″	155	Blue	Brown	High School
Herbert, Hugh	Hugh Herbert	Binghamton, N. Y.	Aug. 10, 1887	5′ 8½″	170	Blue	Brown	Cornell University
Hersholt, Jean	Jean Hersholt	Copenhagen, Den.	July 12, 1886	5′ 11″	185	Brown	Brown	College of Copenhagen
Hervey, Irene	Irene Herwick	Los Angeles, Calif.	July 11, 1910	5′ 4″	110	Hazel	Brown	High School
Hiller, Wendy	Wendy Hiller	Stockport, Eng.	Aug. 15, 1912	5′ 7″	112	Grey	Brown	Winceley House School
Hinds, Samuel S.	Samuel S. Hinds	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Apr. 4. 1875	5′ 11″	150	Grey	Grey	Harvard University

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA ON THE REMAINING PERSONALITIES WILL APPEAR IN THE MARCH ISSUE

Printed in the U. S. A. by the Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

HARRY JUST LAUGHED WHEN WE MET UNDER THE MISTLETOE



HE WASN'T SHY—NOT HARRY! HE SIMPLY DIDN'T WANT TO KISS ME, AND EVERY-ONE AT THE PARTY KNEW IT. BUT SEE HOW I TURNED THE TABLES ON HIM!

"IT WAS HARRY'S SISTER—(SHE HAS THE MOST GORGEOUS BLONDE HAIR)—WHO TIPPED ME OFF TO WHAT WAS WRONG . . . WITH ME!"





"THAT NIGHT I really won Harry!"



"NEXT WEEK, at the club dance, Harry danced all evening with me"





Important

...IS YOUR BLONDE HAIR TURNING DARK?

STAY blonde and stay *attractive* with Marchand's. Thousands of beautiful women — many of your friends — have found this the ideal method of offsetting the darkening of blonde hair.

Marchand's GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Used by America's Smartest Women



GET MARCHAND'S TODAY... HAVE LOVELY HAIR TOMORROW

(At all drug or department stores, or, if unobtainable, mail coupon)

TO: THE CHARLES MARCHAND CO.
745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send, postage prepaid, regular 4 fl. oz. bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I enclose 50¢ (stamps or money order).

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

(PLEASE PRINT) MM-240



At left—ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. James Callis, North Carolina farmer, shows Miss Agnes Williams—from a near-by farm—a tobacco plant in flower, from the fine crop he has raised by U. S. Government methods.

"UNCLE SAM'S

new ideas helped make tobacco better than ever

..and Luckies bought the top-notch grades!" says Luther Herring, 12 years a buyer!

Q. "You say Uncle Sam helped tobacco farmers?"

MR. HERRING: "Yes. Even though crops vary with weather, U. S. Government methods have made tobacco better than ever during the past few years."

Q. "And Luckies get this better tobacco?"

MR. H: "Luckies buy the finer grades, and always did."

Q. "That's a strong statement."

MR. H: "Well, I see first hand that they buy the prettier lots of tobacco on the warehouse floor. In fact, that's why Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite with independent tobacco men. And that's why I've smoked them myself for 21 years."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find they're easy on your throat—because the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. You'll also find out why—

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—
IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1



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WHY CARY GRANT IS HARD TO GET

MODERN SCREEN

ARCH

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

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FEB 13 1940
PERIODICAL DIVISION



ATINA
RLIN

"More pleasure, more smoking... all in one grand, mild cigarette... Camel!"

MRS. MALCOLM E. McALPIN
SOCIALLY PROMINENT SPORTSWOMAN



Above, Mrs. Malcolm E. McAlpin wearing the colorful braided wool jacket. A great lover of winter sports—and *distinctly* an expert—Mrs. McAlpin is a familiar figure in Sun Valley. And in her own New Jersey country home, "Benalpin," she leads an active life year'round. Ice-skating, bob-sledding, swimming—she enjoys them all.

"After hours of fun outdoors," she says, "I love to sit back comfortably—smoking Camels. I get *more pleasure* out of Camel's cool, delicate taste. And with Camels, I never tire of smoking. They're slower-burning, you know — *so much milder*. As for any effect upon my throat, there simply isn't any—with Camels!"

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



A few of the many distinguished women who prefer the cigarette of slow-burning costlier tobaccos — Camel

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia* • MRS. ALEXANDER BLACK, *Los Angeles*
MRS. GAIL BORDEN, *Chicago* • MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, Jr., *Philadelphia*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2ND, *Boston* • MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3RD, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CURTENIUS GILLETTE, Jr., *New York*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. NICHOLAS GRIFFITH PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore* • MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, Jr., *Chicago*
MRS. KILIAEN M. VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

MORE MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



• *Very young and very feminine—a crisp navy taffeta pinafore frock with white organdy guimpe.*

Her Pinafore Frock said "Linger" but her Lovely Smile added "For Keeps"!



Your smile is your own priceless "exclusive"— Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

A DRESS straight out of Vogue or a hat from Harper's glamorous pages can give a girl the proper start. But there's nothing like a lovely smile to complete the journey—straight into a man's heart.

For not even a "sixth sense" in style can win for the girl who lets her smile become dull and lifeless . . . who doesn't take proper care of her teeth and gums . . . who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf out of her book—and profit from it! For your smile is *you*—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink" —*see your dentist!* It may mean nothing serious—but find out. Very likely, his verdict will be that your gums need exercise—need the chewing that soft foods deny them. Like many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

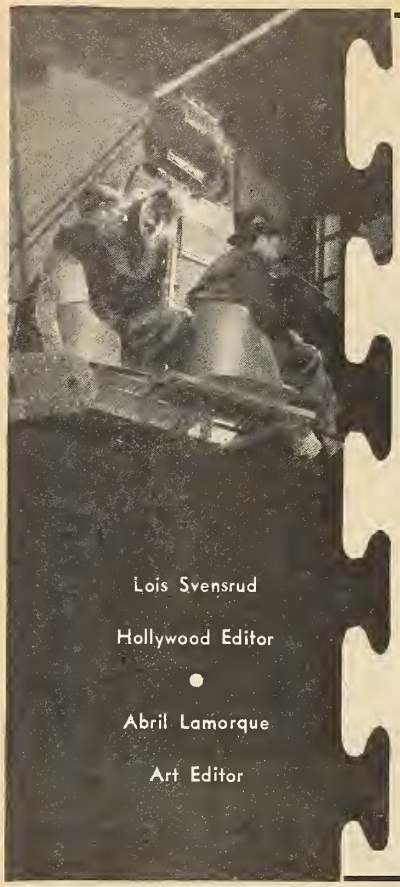
For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that wonderful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage. It is pleasant proof of circulation awakening in the gum tissues—stimulating gums—helping to make them firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today. See what Ipana and massage can do to add more lustre, more charm to your smile!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

FEB -2 1940 ©C1B 443329



Lois Svensrud

Hollywood Editor

•

Abril Lamorque

Art Editor

MODERN SCREEN

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Cover Valentine, Courtesy of Narcross, New York City

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Honey says "YOUR SKIN GETS EXTRA DRY IN WINTER — NEEDS EXTRA SOFTENING"

BEAUTY ADVISOR



WANT THRILL-SOFT HANDS?

NO matter how tough the weather or how hard you work, you *can* have the soft hands that thrill a man. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream to ease away chapping—help tone down redness. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening. Coaxes back the softness that cold weather and indoor heat take away! A grand powder base, too—not sticky. Contains Vitamins A and D. $1, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢... **TRY Hinds Hand Cream. NEW! Quick-softening, fragrant, not sticky. In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.**



Wednesday Night's Fun Night with
BURNS AND ALLEN
GRACIE SAYS: "I USE HINDS, TOO!"
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E.S.T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station

Chapping • Dryness
Rough skin, elbows, arms
Weathered skin
Hangnails • Calloused heels
Powder base • Body-rub
After-shaving lotion

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Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

FRED ASTAIRE
ELEANOR POWELL
IN
"BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940"



There's no danger of little Miss Weidler's dramatic success going to her head—at least not at home



When Virginia dawdles over drying the dishes, her brothers soon snap her to. "Cut out that movie stuff! Come out from behing those eyelashes. We know you!" they scoff.

Always conscious of her duty as an actress, Virginia's never satisfied with herself. Below, a scene from "Young Tom Edison" in which she plays Mickey Rooney's sister.



A BERNHARDT IN PIGTAILS

BY DICK PINE

MRS. WEIDLER has taken charge of her youngest daughter's interviews ever since a certain interviewer asked Virginia what she wanted most to do, and Virginia answered, "I want to finish this mystery story," pointing to the book at her side. And so I was grateful for the presence of the gracious, cultivated woman who helped me through my ordeal, and steered me away from equally bromidic questions.

Oh, yes, it was an ordeal. I regarded the little moppet with apprehension, not knowing whether to pat her on the head, or offer her a lollipop. I don't know about children. Virginia is about four feet four inches tall, looks about eight or nine, and weighs sixty pounds. She was wearing a print dress with pantalettes (she *said* those things were pantalettes) and she had solemn eyes and looped up pigtails. She had just come from a scene with Mickey Rooney in "Young Tom Edison," in which she portrays Edison's little sister, Tannie. She shook hands, dutifully, and said politely that she was glad to see me. And I was glad I hadn't patted her, or produced a lollipop, for I found out that she is very touchy about her age. Whether asked or not (I didn't ask her) she tells one, emphatically, that she is *twelve*, and it won't be too soon for her when she can admit that she's thirteen! I suppose the little lady will outgrow this unique trait, some day. After all, it has been known.

We regarded each other in silence, until I remembered that I had to give Modern Screen readers some idea of Virginia Weidler, and had better get on with it. So I bleated something about did she go to school, and did she like it. She replied patiently (it seemed to me) that she attended the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer school, and that she hated lessons. Whereupon, I beamed on her, approvingly, and it isn't often I beam upon children. She almost beamed back at me. She twinkled, anyhow. I believe Virginia and I could get along very well together. I began to think of what else to ask her. I discarded the old, "What do you want to do when you grow up?" as too juvenile a cliche, (*Continued on page* 80)

One Day Soon

they'll all be saying





"LET'S GO SEE THE FIGHTING 69TH""



Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'! Because if ever a movie *moved* this is the one! There've been exciting films before—but not *this* kind of excitement! You've laughed HA HA HA loudly and long in the theatre before, but never louder nor longer than this time. And there will be a teardrop too . . . but the kind of tears that bring cheers when it's over!

Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' and see grand screen stars like **JIMMY ☆ CAGNEY** and **PAT ☆ O'BRIEN** and **GEORGE ☆ BRENT** give to their parts from their hearts; for of all the roles they've portrayed, of these they'll be proudest ever!



Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' because 'The Fighting 69th' brings you history's heroes—the story of their glory, which, once seen, no girl can help but cherish.

JAMES CAGNEY · PAT O'BRIEN
GEORGE BRENT
in 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'
with
JEFFREY LYNN • ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH
DENNIS MORGAN • DICK FORAN
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS
HENRY O'NEILL • JOHN LITEL
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY
Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine, Fred Niblo, Jr., and Deon Franklin • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture



A new Warner Bros. success

MOVIE REVIEWS By Lois Svensrud



★★★★ Gone With the Wind

This is a picture of such magnificence and breath-taking beauty that it must be seen—and lived—to be truly appreciated.

The picture opens on the gracious and lovely world of the Old South before the Civil War. Then follow the horrors of the war and the struggles of the heart-broken survivors to build a new life out of the wreckage. Throughout this sequence of events runs the story of the most fascinating group of individuals ever imagined—Scarlett O'Hara, Rhett Butler, Ashley and Melanie Wilkes, Mammy, Aunt Pittypat and the many others you met in Margaret Mitchell's novel.

Vivien Leigh is a superb Scarlett, leaving no doubt as to her talent and overwhelming beauty. Clark Gable is magnificent in the role of Rhett Butler. Olivia de Havilland gives a beautiful and flawless performance as the loving Melanie, while Leslie Howard makes the character of Ashley Wilkes completely believable. Bidding fair to steal every scene in which she appears is Hattie McDaniels as Mammy. Harry Davenport, Ona Munson, Laura Hope Crews, besides the numerous others of the cast, deserve countless laurels. Laurels, too, are due the exquisite Technicolor, remarkable photography, music and screen play. Directed by Victor Fleming.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

(More about Vivien Leigh on page 90)



★★★ The Light That Failed

This Rudyard Kipling classic is brought to the screen with a strict adherence to British characterization and mood. The splendid presentation of its dynamic chain of tragic events is an artistic triumph.

Ronald Colman is splendid as the war correspondent who becomes a painter. Though he is surrounded by a cast of real actors, never, for a moment, does he let his audience forget the pathetic plight of a man so strong, so full of the lust for life, doomed to total blindness and a tragic end. Ida Lupino as the shallow and tempestuous model gives the best portrayal of her career. When she gashes the final and greatest painting of the near-blind artist, you hate and condemn her, but you understand her. Walter Huston and Dudley Digges do some fine acting as Colman's loyal friends, and the new British import, Muriel Angelus, deserves praise for her handling of the difficult role of Maisie.

For an absorbing evening with familiar characters from a great book, we recommend "The Light That Failed." Hollywood has not meddled with the story; you'll find it true to the tale you remember. Produced and directed by William Wellman.—*Paramount.*

(Ronald Colman's biography on page 90)



★★★ Swanee River

A beautiful picture, the Technicolor "Swanee River" will be enjoyed by every audience. The story is a fascinating one, recounting the life of the great early-American composer, Stephen Foster. The characterization of Stephen Foster has been entrusted to Don Ameche and in this reviewer's opinion it is his finest portrayal to date. At all times, one is in full sympathy with the man who was destined for fame and fortune but whose personal weaknesses hindered his greatest development, as well as his happiness and that of his family. In the role of Mrs. Stephen Foster, Andrea Leeds gives a surprisingly appealing and competent account of herself. She is lovely to look at in the crinolines and bonnets of the pre-Civil War period.

Stephen Foster's immortal melodies, "My Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River" and "Old Black Joe," are a vital part of the picture. Al Jolson is excellent as the minstrel king who puts over many of the songs. Felix Bressart gives a meritorious performance and the Hall Johnson Choir adds a great thrill to the picture. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

(Additional data on Andrea Leeds on page 90)

★★★ Balalaika

When Nelson Eddy, a prince and leader of the Cossacks, swaggers into the Cafe Balalaika, he finds the girl who is destined to change his life. She's Ilona Massey, formerly of the State Opera in Vienna, making her stellar debut as the cafe singer of "Balalaika."

Primarily a musical film, the story is of secondary importance. Eddy's rendition of the "Volga Boatman" and "Silent Night, Holy Night" are well worth the price of admission. As for Ilona Massey, she's a genuine treat. She sings, she acts, and there are few who can surpass her in looks.

In the supporting roles, Charlie Ruggles, Frank Morgan, Lionel Atwill, C. Aubrey Smith and Joyce Compton contribute top performances. Concert pianist Dalies Frantz, cast as a brother to Ilona Massey, merits praise for both his dramatic and musical talent. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. — *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ Everything Happens at Night

Sonja Henie's skating takes a back seat this time while her dramatic ability has a little heavier workout than usual, and the result is a short-changed feeling since the little Henie is, after all, tops on skates.

The story is a rather frothy version of a cops-and-robbers thriller with the setting in Switzerland. Robert Cummings and Ray Milland are reporters for rival newspapers sent to a little Swiss town to search for a famed scientist believed by the world to be dead. Both reporters fall for Sonja, who turns out to be the missing man's daughter, and each tries to outwit the other in getting both the girl and the story.

There's one skating sequence that is one of the most beautiful numbers ever performed by the skating star; she waltzes, tangos and rhumbas on skates. Effective supporting roles are offered by Maurice Moscovich, Leonid Kinsky, Alan Dinehart, Fritz Feld and others. Directed by Irving Cummings.—*20th Century-Fox.*



Before beginning work on "Three Cheers For The Irish," Rosemary Lane took off for New York. Clothes, not beaux, was the reason she gave.

No Job for Nancy but a big Job for Mum



Why risk underarm odor—when Mum every day *so surely* guards your charm?

SHE TRIES SO HARD—goes everywhere—but somehow for Nancy it's a brief "no opening now!" For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

Constant personal daintiness is a business asset . . . as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don't *all* girls play safe with Mum—*every single day?*

For it's a gamble to depend on a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is *past* . . . but Mum *prevents* odor—keeps you fresh and sweet for the *hours to come.*

More business girls prefer Mum to any other deodorant. Mum is—

QUICK! A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you're fresh!

HARMLESS! Apply Mum *after* dressing . . . fabrics are safe. Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to *any* dress. Safe for skin, too.

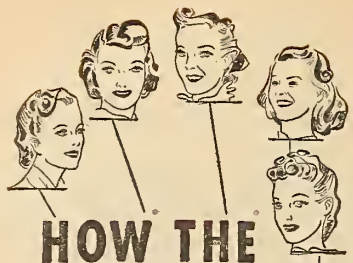
LASTING! Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps underarms sweet. And Mum does not stop perspiration. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be wise in business . . . be sure of charm! Make a habit of Mum *every* day.

WHY MUM IS FIRST CHOICE WITH BUSINESS GIRLS



Important to You—
Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



HOW THE TELEPHONES ARE RINGING

—to tell of Tampax!



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

NO WONDER Tampax is traveling fast and Tampax users growing. In addition to the new converts to Tampax, many part-time users have now become whole-time users, in view of *the new Super Tampax* size, 50% more absorbent than Regular Tampax.

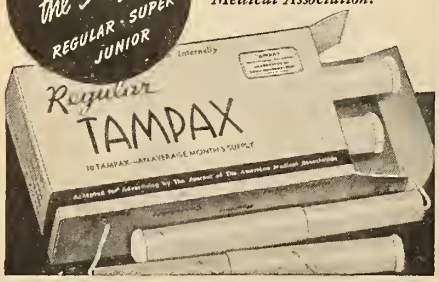
Perfected by a physician, Tampax is *worn internally* for monthly sanitary protection. The wearer is *not conscious of it*, but can keep up her regular activities without fear of any chafing, wrinkling or showing of a "line." No odor can form; no disposal problems.

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, hygienically sealed in individual containers, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! Comfortable, efficient, compact to carry in your purse.

Three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters: Introductory size 20¢; but large economy package saves up to 25%.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Read about the 3 sizes—REGULAR · SUPER · JUNIOR



TAMPAX INCORPORATED MM-30-A
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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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★★★ The Great Victor Herbert

Just as the Victor Herbert musical gems brought success to many a newcomer when the great composer lived, so today Mary Martin, Susanna Foster and Allan Jones have the same good fortune in "The Great Victor Herbert."

Although not a newcomer to movies, Allan Jones is splendid in the role of the matinee idol. When the story opens he is the reigning star of the Victor Herbert operettas. He discovers the ambitious Mary Martin and makes her a star. Her popularity surpasses his and he gradually fades from public favor. The picture has many surprises, the greatest being the beauty and talent of Mary Martin. But sharing her success is fifteen-year-old Susanna Foster, who soars to a B flat above high C with the greatest of ease, and also proves she can act.

Since the story is not intended as a biography, Walter Connolly's role—that of Victor Herbert—is a small one. Lee Bowman, John Garrick, Judith Barrett and Jerome Cowan are the supporting players. Produced and directed by Andrew L. Stone.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Gulliver's Travels

The famous story of Gulliver's adventures becomes doubly enjoyable when brought to the screen by animators Max and Dave Fleischer. Though this full-length picturization is bound to be compared with its predecessor, "Snow White," it should be pointed out that every care has been taken to make it different in as many respects as possible. True, there's a romance between the enchanting Lilliputian princess and a handsome prince from Blefusco, but there the similarity ends.

Jonathan Swift's story of the shipwrecked sailor, Gulliver, who finds himself in the realm of little people, is delightfully presented. There's a timely message in the story, too, as the amiable Gulliver draws attention to the stupidity and folly of people going to war to settle their squabbles. In this particular case, the Lilliputians and the Blefuscos declare war because the two kings can't reach a friendly understanding on the particular song to be sung at the wedding of their respective daughter and son. The character of Gabby, the night-watchman and busy-body of Lilliput, is particularly amusing and enjoyable. "Gulliver's Travels" is a colorful and imaginative picture which the young are certain to enjoy.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Four Wives

A sequel to "Four Daughters," this picture shows the four girls finally settled down to domesticity, though not without some complications. For instance, sister Rosemary Lane is after her man—Eddie Albert, who plays the role of a young doctor. But the good doctor isn't too anxious to forsake all others and the combined efforts of the whole family are needed to bring him in line. Then Priscilla Lane has her troubles. Though she is all set to marry Jeffrey Lynn, the ill-fated Mickey Borden continues to haunt her.

The three Lane sisters and Gale Page do very well with their roles as the Lemp daughters. May Robson, as always, gives an excellent characterization as the soft-hearted, sharp-tongued aunt. Frank McHugh and Dick Foran are again the husbands of Lola and Gale, and Claude Rains is the girls' father. We think you'll have lots of fun seeing this group together once more. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★★ Charlie McCarthy, Detective

Charlie McCarthy, as slaphappy a sleuth as ever prowled through a mystery, will delight his legion of fans in this melodrama. It's pure hokum, pulled in the inimitable Edgar Bergen style, and as such, is pleasing entertainment.

Charlie further enchants his audience by singing for the first time on the screen. Dressed as Sherlock Holmes, he renders "I'm Charlie McCarthy, Detective" in fine style. His closest competitor in the acting field is his dimwitted country cousin, Mortimer Snerd, who pops up much too frequently to please Charlie. There's a romantic twist to the picture which motivates Charlie's detective duties, and these roles are well handled by Constance Moore, Robert Cummings and John Sutton.

Cops and robbers assignments are taken by Louis Calhern, Harold Huber and Warren Hymer, and good sympathetic work is credited to Samuel S. Hinds, Ray Turner and Edgar Kennedy. Produced and directed by Frank Tuttle. —*Universal.*



That Casanova of Carvel, irresistible Mickey Rooney, is a sorry man when girl friend, Ann Rutherford, discovers he's been two or three-timing her in their newest screen adventure, "Judge Hardy and Son."

★★★ The Hunchback of Notre Dame

If you are looking for excitement some evening, take in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The picture teems with the grossest cruelties, miseries and horrors that have ever been screened. Masterly direction, however, has made the period it deals with a vivid and unforgettable spectacle. The ignorance and ugliness is sharply contrasted against the background of the great Notre Dame cathedral, and there are moments of exquisite beauty in the characterization of Esmeralda, by Maureen O'Hara.

Remarkable, too, are the magnificent mob scenes and the hordes of characters taking part in them, since every one of them is a credit to the painstaking efforts of the casting department and the detailed directorial efforts. As the Hunchback, Charles Laughton is as repulsive as the combined efforts of his own artistry and that of make-up man, Perc Westmore, can make him; Walter Hampden is superb in the role of the Archbishop; Harry Davenport, as King Louis XI gives an outstanding account of himself; Sir Cedric Hardwicke is a convincing high justice, and Edmond O'Brien's characterization of the poet was capably handled. Directed by William Dieterle.—*RKO.*

★★★ Judge Hardy and Son

The Hardy family returns to the screen in a story that will hold no disappointments for their many fans. Andy (Mickey Rooney) has his usual terrific troubles, and his "man to man" talks with his father (Lewis Stone) are more hilarious than ever. Daughter Cecilia Parker has her share of problems again, with the "kid brother" still the most annoying one. But there is a new and interesting angle to this story which the former Hardy pictures did not have—that of a great sorrow which comes to the family and teaches Andy that all his little grievances and worries are nothing compared to the really important issues in life. This part of the plot concerns itself with the dangerous illness of Mother Hardy (Fay Holden). Even sister and brother call a truce and admit that they really think well of each other.

Of course, Ann Rutherford is in the picture, cuter and prettier'n ever as Polly. Oh yes, and Andy has several other girl friends to complicate his life, too. June Preisser is one and Martha O'Driscoll and Margaret Early are the other "wimmin." Maria Ouspenskaya has much too little to do and Henry Hull, another fine actor, comes off with a very poor role, also. Directed by George B. Seitz.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ Destry Rides Again

You won't go wrong on this picture, for it's uproarious entertainment from first to last. A lawless western town is the background of the story, with Brian Donlevy the ruthless king of the outlaws, and Marlene Dietrich the dance hall queen. Into this explosive situation comes Destry 'James Stewart,' a deputy sheriff determined to bring law and order without toting a gun. He's aided by Wash Dimsdale (Charles Winninger), the town drunkard. The clean-up drive is as bloodcurdling as anything you'll see in many a moon.

The cast is excellent in every respect, with James Stewart doing his best work to date and Marlene Dietrich far sur-

(*Continued on page 16*)

1940 Debutante Beauty says:

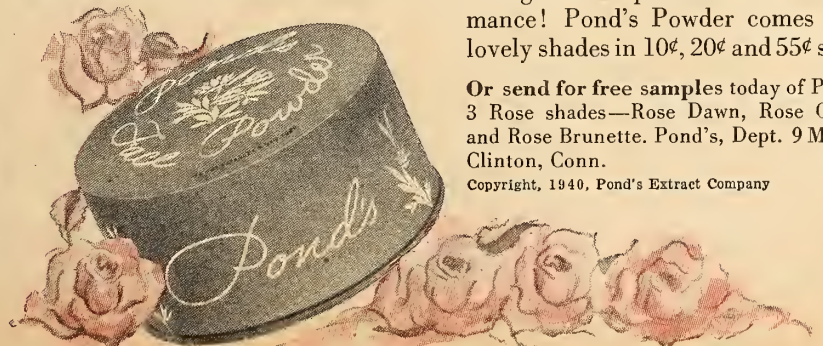
"Pond's Rose Shades Give Skin Lovely New Glamour"



New Rose Shades are "Glare-Proof"... Shine-resistant... reflect only the softer, pinker rays

IN THE 1940 GLAMOUR SET, "sensational" is the word for Pond's new Rosy Powders. Debutante "pretties" have learned that even bright night-club lights won't cast hard shadows on their faces—with one of these new Rose shades that reflect only the softer, pinker rays.

Create your own private "sensation"! Choose the Pond's Rose shade that makes *your* skin look most ravishing—and open the door to romance! Pond's Powder comes in 7 lovely shades in 10¢, 20¢ and 55¢ sizes.



Or send for free samples today of Pond's 3 Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream and Rose Brunette. Pond's, Dept. 9 MS-PC, Clinton, Conn.

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CHARTING THE STARS

Here it is! The second half of the biographical chart begun in our February issue

SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR	EDUCATION
Hodges, Joy	Hodges, Frances	Des Moines, Iowa	Jan. 29, 1916	5'4"	110	Green	Brown	High School
Holden, Fay	Hammerston, Fay	Birmingham, England	Sept. 20, 1895	5'3"	120	Brown	Brown	Private Schools
Holden, William	Beedle, William	O'Fallon, Illinois	Apr. 17, 1918	6'0"	165	Blue	Brown	Pasadena Jr. College
Holt, Jack	Holt, Charles John	Winchester, Virginia	May 31, 1888	6'0"	180	Brown	Brown	Va. Military Institute
Holt, Tim	Holt, Charles John, Jr.	Beverly Hills, California	Feb. 5, 1920	5'11"	165	Brown	Brown	Culver Military Academy
Hope, Bob	Hope, Lester Townes	London, England	July 9, 1907	5'10"	165	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Hopkins, Miriam	Hopkins, Miriam	Bainbridge, Georgia	Oct. 18, 1902	5'3"	102	Blue	Blonde	Syracuse University
Hopper, DeWolf	Hopper, Wm. DeWolf	New York, New York	Jan. 26, 1915	6'0"	185	Green	Brown	Private School
Horton, Edward E.	Horton, Edward E.	Brooklyn, New York	Mar. 18, 1899	6'0"	190	Hazel	Brown	Columbia University
Howard, John	Cox, John	Cleveland, Ohio	Apr. 14, 1913	5'10"	150	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Howard, Leslie	Stainer, Leslie	London, England	Apr. 24, 1893	5'10½"	145	Blue	Blonde	Dulwich College
Hudson, Rochelle	Hudson, Rochelle	Claremore, Oklahoma	Mar. 6, 1916	5'4"	100	Grey	Black	High School
Hull, Henry	Hull, Henry	Louisville, Kentucky	Oct. 3, 1890	6'0"	155	Brown	Brown	Columbia University
Hull, Warren	Hull, Warren	Niagara Falls, New York	Jan. 17, 1903	5'11½"	162	Blue	Brown	University of Rochester
Hunt, Marsha	Hunt, Marsha	Chicago, Illinois	Oct. 17, 1917	5'6"	110	Blue	Brown	Horace Mann School
Hunter, Ian	Hunter, Ian	Cape Town, South Africa	June 13, 1900	6'0"	195	Grey	Brown	St. Andrew's College
Huston, Walter	Huston, Walter	Toronto, Canada	Apr. 6, 1884	6'0"	180	Hazel	Brown	Public School
Jaynes, Betty	Schultz, Betty Jane	Chicago, Illinois	Feb. 12, 1921	5'4"	103	Blue	Blonde	Studio School
Jean, Gloria	Schoonover, Gloria Jean	Buffalo, New York	Apr. 14, 1928	4'10"	70	Blue	Brown	Public School
Jenkins, Allen	McGonegal, Allen	New York, New York	Apr. 9, 1900	5'10½"	150	Brown	Brown	High School
Johnson, Rita	Johnson, Rita	Worcester, Massachusetts	Aug. 13, 1914	5'4"	110	Blue	Blonde	High School
Jones, Allan	Jones, Allan	Scranton, Pennsylvania	Oct. 14, 1914	6'0"	175	Brown	Brown	Syracuse University
Jory, Victor	Jory, Victor	Dawson City, Alaska	Nov. 23, 1902	6'1½"	190	Brown	Black	University of California

(Continued on page 86)

Now! A Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps—ONLY CAMAY HAS IT!

Let Camay help you to a Lovelier Skin and a More Radiant Complexion . . . Look for these Three Beauty Cleansing Advantages in the New Camay!







We tested Camay against 6 other best-selling toilet soaps and PROVED its three amazing advantages. Now Camay actually brings most women a definite promise that its gentle, thorough cleansing will help them to a lovelier, more appealing skin.

THOUSANDS of beautiful women—brides, debutantes, wives and mothers—have thanked Camay for aiding them to a lovelier skin!

And now Camay is actually *improved!* You'll *know* it's different the moment you open a cake. There's a new, delightful, longer-lasting fragrance about it that you'll love.

The Promise of a Lovelier Skin!

Today, Camay's three great, beauty cleansing advantages—more abundant lather in a short time—greater mildness—new, exciting fragrance—all work in harmony to help give you new charm and allure.

Yes—now Camay actually brings most women a definite promise that its gentle, thorough cleansing will help them to have a lovelier skin and a more radiant complexion.

Try Improved Camay, NOW!

Start enjoying the advantages of new Camay right away. Not until you try it on your own skin (a 3-cake trial will do) can you realize what a wonderful aid to beauty this new Camay is!

Go to your dealer. Look for Camay in the same yellow and green wrapper. It's cellophane covered for freshness.

Get 3 cakes of Camay. Then give Camay every test you can think of. Note its wonderful, new, longer-lasting fragrance. Feel how your skin responds to its gentle, beauty cleansing care!

THE BEAUTY NEWS OF 1940 IS THE NEW CAMAY!

"EVER SINCE MY MARRIAGE—!"

Read this interesting letter from Mrs. Gilbert Berry, Kansas City, Mo.:

Ever since my marriage I've used Camay. Now more than ever, I love new Camay's gentle, rich lather and longer-lasting fragrance. I know now that Camay helps bring out the loveliness of my skin!

(Signed) MADELEINE BERRY
(Mrs. Gilbert Berry)

November 2, 1939



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A wonderful, new fragrance that 2 out of 3 women prefer!

You'll agree with the hundreds of women whom we asked to compare Camay's new fragrance with that of 6 other famous toilet soaps. Approximately 2 out of 3 women voted for Camay's delightful fragrance! It lasts in the cake just as long as there is a bit of soap left!





Bette's NEW ENGLAND FAVORITES

Courtesy Brer Rabbit Molasses



Right, fomous Boston Boked Beons ond Brown Breod ore only two of the "yummy" suggestions Bette Dovis has for you. Above, her "speciol treat" reody in the kitchen, Bette lights the condles which give thot cozy, intimote touch to o Sundoy night supper toble.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

IT'S FUN asking Bette Davis a question. She always has such a ready answer and is so good at explaining things. For instance, when asked about her preferences in the food line, she replied, "Why not just ask me what part of the country I come from? That will automatically answer your question and at the same time give you a pretty good idea of how I like to have my favorite dishes prepared.

"That is true of most people, I believe," she went on. "We all reflect our early training, in our choice of foods as well as in our other ideas. Now remember, I'm a New Englander. So, although I occasionally take delight in having an East Indian Curry, a Mexican Chili, or a Southern Fried Chicken, still my idea of a perfect dish continues to be—yes, you've guessed it—Boston Baked Beans with Brown Bread."

Bette, I learned, often serves these famous dishes from "down East" at Sunday night supper parties given for a few of her most intimate friends. Complete informality characterizes these gatherings. The simple menu is in keeping with the occasion and the meal is one that the charming hostess can serve herself without bothering to have any servants around.

Besides the beans and brown bread already mentioned, there is always a simple salad, served in individual wooden bowls right along with the main course. Cheese and condiments are on hand so that everyone can help himself. The main course is followed by a rich fruit pie or a hot pudding. In cold weather this would be, quite likely, an apple Brown Betty—rich with raisins in our star's favored version, which is spelled with an "e" to do her honor.

It's easy to see that a meal such as this presents the fewest possible serving difficulties for the hostess. No wonder Bette recommends it so highly. The beans, of course, cook throughout the day and require little or no last-minute attention. The recipe follows. If you haven't planned on having beans, long enough in advance to make a whole day's baking possible, you can still use the popular bean pot, and convince your guests that the beans are home baked, by following the directions for preparing canned beans.

At any rate, chances are you will probably buy the brown bread—traditional accompaniment of baked beans—in cans. It's so easy to heat and serve, that way.

The salad, in Bette's opinion, should consist of mixed greens with a couple of cooked vegetables added, since there is no other vegetable dish. Beets and peas make a colorful and tasty combination but almost any left-over vegetables may be used. A fine, tangy French dressing, made up in advance but added only at the very last minute, and Bette's individual bowl idea, will assure success for this salad—especially with the menfolk.

The dessert, if it's to be the Brown Betty, can be made up in the morning and re-heated. (Much better served hot, really!)

And there you have it! A meal of New England inspiration, transplanted to California by Bette Davis and now ready to delight the rest of us the country over!

BOSTON BAKED BEANS

1 quart pea beans
½ pound fat salt pork
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup molasses
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 cup boiling water

1st step: Wash beans and allow them to soak overnight in cold water to cover. 2nd step: In the morning, drain and cover with fresh water. Cook slowly—just below the boiling point—until skins will burst. (This is determined by taking a few beans on a spoon and blowing on them gently. When skins of these beans will break and curl back, then the rest of the beans are sufficiently cooked.) 3rd step: Fill bean pot with cooked beans. Some people also like to add a small onion, minced fine, at this point. Pour boiling water over the salt pork, scrape the rind until it is white, then score deeply at half-inch intervals. Press pork down into beans so that only the rind is exposed. Combine salt, molasses and mustard. Add the boiling water. Pour this mixture over the beans and add enough water so that beans are just covered. Cover bean pot tightly and bake beans in slow oven (300° F.) for 8 hours. If necessary add a little water (boiling) during baking period so that beans will not get too dry. Uncover pot during last hour to brown the pork. Serve in the pot in which they were cooked.

Delicious dishes to help you make your Sunday night suppers memorable occasions

VEGETARIAN BEANS

(Excellent for Lenten Fast Days)

After the beans have been soaked overnight (step 1, on opposite page), add 1 cup peanuts tied in a cheesecloth bag. Cook with the beans (step 2) so that the peanut oil will take the place of the fat of the salt pork. Remove peanuts from parboiled beans, proceed with 3rd step, omitting pork and adding an extra teaspoon of salt. Or, if preferred, peanuts may be cooked and baked right in with the beans.

BAKED CANNED BEANS

(For a "homemade" effect, in a short time)

Mix a large can of beans with 1 tablespoon minced onion, 2 tablespoons molasses, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1½ teaspoons prepared mustard. Place in bean pot. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes.

BROWN BETTE

1 cup seedless raisins
3 cups sliced apples
½ cup brown sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
grated rind of 1 lemon
2 cups stale bread crumbs
⅓ cup granulated sugar
½ cup boiling water
4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Rinse raisins in hot water, drain and chop. Combine raisins and sliced apples, add brown sugar, salt, cinnamon and rind. Mix together the bread crumbs and granulated sugar. Put one-third of bread mixture in greased baking dish. Top with one-half of the apple mixture. Add half of remaining crumb mixture, then all the remaining apples. Top with remaining crumbs. Melt 3 tablespoons of the butter in the boiling water, add lemon juice and pour over contents of baking dish. Dot with remaining tablespoon of butter. Cover and bake in slow oven (325° F.) 40 minutes. Uncover, raise heat to moderate (375° F.) and continue baking 15-20 minutes longer, or until apples are tender and top of pudding is well browned. Serve hot with Fluffy Lemon Sauce or whipped cream.

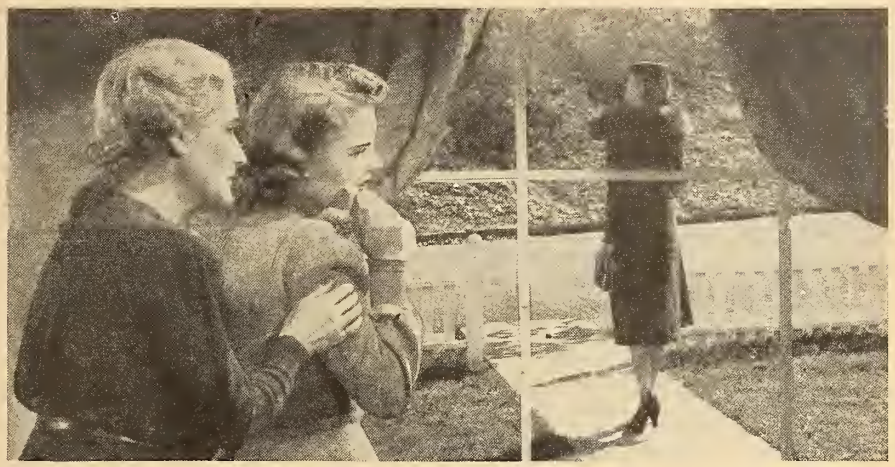
FLUFFY LEMON SAUCE

1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ cup sugar
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon butter
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
1 egg white, stiffly beaten

Combine cornstarch and sugar. Add boiling water slowly. Cook 15 minutes in top of double boiler over boiling water, stirring constantly until thickened and then, occasionally. Remove from heat. Add butter and lemon juice. Stir until blended. Slowly add hot mixture to stiffly beaten egg white, stirring vigorously.

(*Continued on page 100*)

"I'll be the laughing stock of the town..."



MARY: Oh, Mother, why did that snooty Mrs. Palmer have to drop in today! Now it'll be all over town that even my tea napkins look so gray, they aren't fit to be seen!

MOTHER: Lucky I dropped in, honey. That soap you're using is so weak-kneed it doesn't get things really clean. Come on—I'll show you how to say goodbye to tattle-tale gray.



MOTHER: There! Just hustle home and put Fels-Naptha to work with its richer *golden* soap and busy, dirt-loosening *naptha*. Use the bar or the grand new chips. Either way, your wash will be so sweet and white, you won't recognize it!



MARY: Whe-e-e, Mother! I'll say your tip about Fels-Naptha turned the tables! Mrs. Palmer came to tea again and her eyes simply popped when she saw my snowy linens. And she ended by asking Tom and me to a party!

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Use Fels-Naptha Soap *Chips*—wherever you've been using box-soap. They speed washing machines—because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they whip up the creamiest suds ever—because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder!



Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs—and get the *extra* help of richer *golden* soap combined with gentle *naptha!* Together, these two cleaners make the grimiest, greasiest dirt let go—without hard rubbing! They get clothes so white, they fairly sparkle in the sun!

COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.





DON'T LET YOUR LIPS SAY *Fresh Paint*

Have Soft, Smooth, Tempting Tangee Lips. Only in Tangee Lipstick will you find the "magic" Tangee Color Change Principle and the exclusive Tangee smoothness! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips...to the very shade of rose or red most flattering to *you*. Tangee *isn't* "paint"...doesn't coat your lips with heavy, greasy color...won't smear or blur...helps prevent chapping. Try Tangee today and see how much *prettier* and more attractive you look!



Try Tangee Rouge to Match. For fascinating, natural-looking color in your cheeks there's nothing like Tangee Rouge, Compact or Creme.

Tangee "Underglow" Powder. Also contains the famous Tangee Color Principle, to give your skin that delicate rosy "underglow".

WHEN YOU WANT MORE VIVID MAKE-UP, use *Theatrical*—Tangee's brilliant new red shade.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 11*)

passing anything she has done on the screen. Winninger gives a superb characterization of W. Dimsdale while Brian Donlevy leaves nothing to be desired in his portrayal of the crook de luxe. Mischa Auer, a mad Russian with a frustrated cowboy complex, has many hilarious scenes while Una Merkel, his nagging spouse, does a grand job as usual. Allen Jenkins, Warren Hymer and Billy Gilbert are stand-outs in minor roles. Directed by George Marshall.—*Universal.*

★★ Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President

You'll want to meet Joe and Ethel Turp, for two more lovable and warmly human people would be hard to find. When their postman is arrested, the Turps' loyalty is so aroused that they decide to call on the President to plead for a pardon. So you see, there's no stopping this couple.

Ann Sothern is Mrs. Turp and William Gargan becomes Joe. Both players have only mediocre material with which to make their characterizations hold interest, and they do 100% jobs. Much of the story deals with the past life of Jim, the postman, as recounted by Mr. and Mrs. Turp to the President. As Jim, Walter Brennan shows his usual excellent understanding of a role, while Marsha Hunt deserves considerable credit for the good work she does as Jim's former sweetheart. Lewis Stone gives a completely satisfactory portrayal of the President and Tom Neal and Don Costello contribute some high spots to the picture. Directed by Howard Hawks.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★ The Cisco Kid and the Lady

Cesar Romero takes up where Warner Baxter left off in the role of the colorful Cisco Kid, and gallops his way into an exceptionally favorable characterization. If the story had measured up to Romero's contribution, "The Cisco Kid and the Lady" would have been a fine show.

Working with Romero in his benevolent bad deeds is the very amusing Chris-Pin Martin, who manages to keep every scene on the funny side. But stealing thunder from both Romero and Martin is an engaging baby named Gloria Ann White. The Cisco Kid and his cohort find baby Gloria alone on the desert after bandits have murdered her father. They take her to town with them, turn her over to Marjorie Weaver's care, then find that they can't stay away from either the baby or Marjorie. The Cisco Kid sees to it that the baby gets back her share of the gold mine stolen by the murdering bandits, then rides off with Chris-Pin to other adventures.

Trailing with him, however, is beautiful Virginia Field. Her clever portrayal of a dance hall queen will no doubt be continued in the next of this series. Other scene stealers are Robert Barrat and Harry Green. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Raffles

Theatregoers have been familiar with the story of "Raffles" since the time of the first World War, and except for a new cast this picture does not differ from former screen presentations. However, it has an excellent cast. David Niven is entirely satisfactory in the role of the suave and fearless Raffles who delights in baffling Scotland Yard with his exploits. Undoubtedly, Niven is worth the price of anyone's theatre ticket when he's good and here he is very good, indeed. Olivia de Havilland, sister of Raffles' pal and inevitably Raffles' sweetheart, is lovely to look at and gives a very competent performance.

Dame May Whitty, however, is the real scene-stealer in the picture. When that talented and charming lady is on the screen, every other player fades into the background. Dudley Digges as Inspector Mackenzie provides some high-spots in the entertainment, while E. E. Clive gives a grand account of himself. Directed by Sam Wood.—*Samuel Goldwyn Production for United Artists.*



After her call on the President in "Joe and Ethel Turp," Ann Sothern visits Africa with John Carroll in their latest—"Congo Maisie."

A Doctor Tells

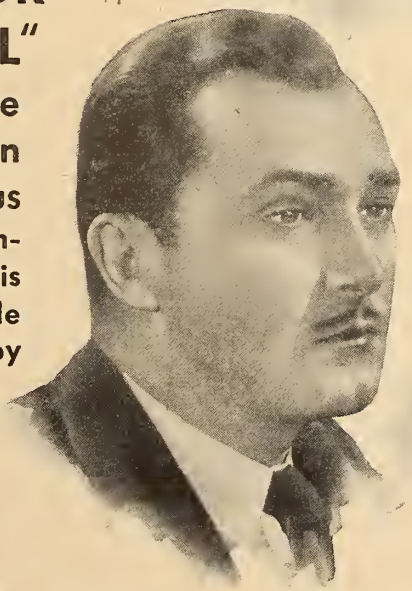
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Bares the Heartache and Despair of Women the World Calls Callous in a story even more searching and absorbing than his first great success—made trebly vivid and exciting by three brilliant stars.



CAROLE **Lombard**

BRIAN **Aherne**

ANNE **Shirley**



"VIGIL IN THE NIGHT"

From the Brilliant New Novel by **A. J. CRONIN**

With JULIEN MITCHELL · ROB'T COOTE
BRENDA FORBES · PETER CUSHING
Produced and Directed by **GEORGE STEVENS**
PANDRO S. BERMAN In Charge of Production
Screen Play by Fred Guiol · P. J. Wolfson · Rowland Leigh

RKO RADIO PICTURE




Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of
LITTLE OLD NEW YORK
A spirited belle of the brawling water-front, headlong in love with handsome Robert Fulton, fighting the whole town to win his heart and share his glory... in those boisterous, romantic days when little old New York was new and life was really living!
Alice Fred Richard
FAYE · MacMURRAY · GREENE
and
BRENDA JOYCE
ANDY DEVINE
HENRY STEPHENSON
FRITZ FELD
Directed by HENRY KING
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Story by John Balderston
Based upon play by Rida Johnson Young
Spectacular entertainment from the producer and director of "In Old Chicago", "Alexander's Ragtime Band", "Stanley and Livingstone", "Jesse James"!


ROSALIND RUSSELL


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MADELEINE CARROLL

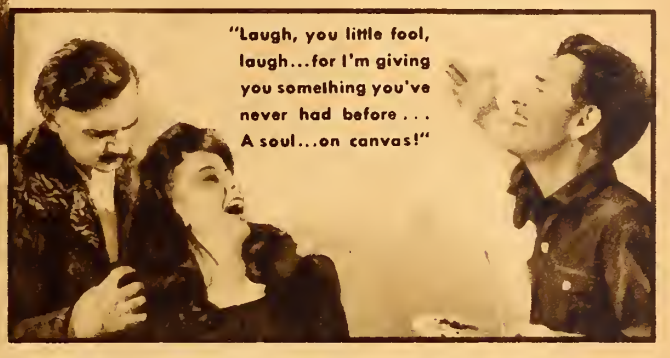

GEORGE RAFT

ONLY RUDYARD KIPLING COULD WRITE SUCH A ROMANCE . . .

ONLY RONALD COLMAN COULD PLAY SUCH A ROLE!



Ronald Colman's Scottie, Mr. Binkie, a severe critic, a loyal friend.



To those who believe in romance, Paramount dedicates this glorious film re-creation of Kipling's never-to-be-forgotten story of Dick Heldar, artist, adventurer, gentleman unafraid. For this is romance, the romance of far places, Abu-Hamed, Khartoum, Port Said, London, and of the men who fought for glory beneath the desert sun . . . but more than that . . . the romance of that strange wilderness which is the heart of man.

Ronald Colman

in RUDYARD KIPLING'S

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"



A Paramount Picture with

WALTER HUSTON

Ida Lupino · Muriel Angelus · Dudley Digges

Produced and Directed by **WILLIAM A. WELLMAN**

Screen Play by Robert Carson

Based on the Novel by Rudyard Kipling



"The closest I've come to having fun in love scenes," says Fred, "is with Barbara Stanwyck."



"Claudette believes in realism. She likes to be held the way a man really in love with her would hold her."

IT'S NO FUN *Kissing*

And Fred MacMurray should know—he's made love to such glamorous beauties as Colbert, Lombard, Dunne, Bennett and Carroll

●

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN



Here's the One-Take MacMurray in a clinch with Carole Lombard. This shouldn't be hard to take!



"Madeleine Carroll is a bit remote between scenes. But she isn't that way when the camera starts turning."



Love scenes, to Irene Dunne, are all in the day's work. Her approach is business-like, says Fred.

THE GIRL Fred MacMurray really loves has never seen him make a love scene. He won't let her watch.

She made one of her rare visits to the studio a few months ago, to see a friend. During the visit, she mentioned the fact that she had never been on a set. "What have you been waiting for—an engraved invitation?" demanded the surprised friend. "Come on, I'll take you down to Fred's set." Lillian Lamont MacMurray shook her head. "Any set but that," she said. And she meant it.

Lillian explained, "If, by any chance, he should be doing a love scene, and he found out I was anywhere around—well, he just wouldn't be any good to Paramount for a week. And he'd never forgive me. He knows that I know how self-conscious he is about his movie kisses."

To see Fred on the screen, you would never suspect him of agonizing through his love scenes. He may sometimes build up to the Big Moment, or Clinch (as it is called in Hollywood), with a certain amount of embarrassment, but not always. Whenever the embarrassment does appear, it is entirely in keeping with the character he is playing. And every time the Big Moment does arrive, he looks as if he enjoys taking the heroine—invariably a pretty parcel of femininity—in his arms and kissing her soundly. You wouldn't suspect that his enjoyment is the well-this-is-finally-over kind.

With every new picture, he asks to do the love scenes first. It isn't that he can't wait to do them—that he has a Don Juan or Casanova streak. He has no urge to give an attractive woman ideas about his romantic possibilities on first meeting. He makes the same request even if the lady is an old friend. He wants those scenes over with, finished, out of the way. They haunt him, if they're ahead of him.

This is a strange complex for a top-ranking male star to have. No other Hollywood male, particularly one popular with women, has such an affliction.

Part of Fred's trouble is that he is sadly deficient in actor's ego. Even after five years of fan mail, he doesn't harbor any illusions about his ability to sway the emotions of the opposite sex. "I'm in Hollywood by accident," he says. "A lucky accident. What I don't know about acting would fill a dozen books. I'm just fortunate that the folks like me as I am. My only chance of remaining, as I see it, is to stay natural."

That's what he has against love scenes. They don't let him feel natural.

He grew up in Kankakee, Illinois, and in a small town, everybody knows your business, unless you're on guard to keep it to yourself. Fred, who vaguely resented curiosity about why his mother and father had parted, and how he and his mother managed to get along, became close-mouthed very young. And he also became very undemonstrative—the better to keep people at a safe distance.

Six feet three in his teens, he was taller than any of his pals, and towered over girls. He vaguely resented that, too. It made him conspicuous, and this made him uncomfortable. It wasn't any different when he and his saxophone joined the California Collegians, and the leader called on all the boys to do solo stuff. Every time Fred did a bit of soloing, he was so unstrung that the leader couldn't call on him again for three weeks. He's still like that. He has made exactly one personal appearance. But that one, he says with feeling, shortened his life ten years.

When you realize the permanence of Fred's self-consciousness, and the habitual proportions of his reticence, you can begin to appreciate his dread of love scenes. Even though he has been making them for five years, and with actresses whom other men dream of holding in their arms.

HIS EMBARRASSMENT isn't as visible on a set as it used to be. He has learned how to cover it up a bit. But it's still there. His approach to love scenes today is still the approach of a normal, natural chap whose mother didn't bring him up to be a co-star of glamour girls.

In this respect, he is unique. He is the one male star capable of giving men who have never acted in their lives an idea of what it's like to get up in front of that camera, with fifty or sixty studio workers watching you, and make love to world-famous beauties. And, incidentally, he can also give the average man an idea of how the beauties react.

Where love-making was concerned, Fred was distinctly an amateur when Paramount pushed him into the role of Claudette Colbert's suitor in "The Gilded Lily." They told him, "You'd better be good, because this is your big chance."

"How would *you* feel, if you were given an assignment like that, when you had never made love to anybody publicly before?" asks Fred.

"I'll tell you how you'd feel. Scared. Scared stiff. For approximately one-half second, you might feel flattered. It isn't everybody who gets the chance to hold Claudette Colbert close. But the next half-second, you'd feel like the condemned man, just after the hearty meal. Petrified with anticipation. You'd suddenly realize you had just one thing to look ahead to. Your finish."

That's how Fred felt.

"Claudette was small and poised. I was tall and gawky. She knew, from years of acting experience, how to express emotion. I hadn't had any practice whatsoever, with an audience watching me. Up until then, it had all been done with mirrors—and even that made me self-conscious. I was going to stack up as pretty clumsy, compared to other leading men that she'd had. (*Continued on page 85*)

DIETRICH LURE

You've seen it work on the screen, but now Marlene reveals just what she has

BY IRVING WALLACE



Men have been important in Dietrich's life. Above is Director Josef von Sternberg, whose wife once called Marlene a love-pirate.

DIETRICH was angry.

It wasn't ordinary anger. She didn't throw anything, not even a tantrum. It was like Vesuvius, holding back its rage, seething. It began slowly, Dietrich's anger did, until her eyes sparked and her slender body stiffened.

She puffed her imported cigarette once, twice, quickly, and from behind the smoke screen, let blast:

"You have come here to write a story about how Dietrich has changed. You think, just because I played a tough night-club girl in 'Destry Rides Again,' and because I threw myself into the part and worked hard —that now I am different. Well, I am sick of the nonsense. I'm going to give you something to write—the truth!"

She leaned forward. Strands of hair fell over her eyes. She didn't mind. With great intensity, she spoke:

"I have not changed. Not one single bit! Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't know how. I'm not enough the actress for that. I have not departed from my old roles. My characterization in 'Destry' wasn't so startling and unusual as it's been played up to be. Merely a throwback to my German film, 'The Blue Angel.'

"I will be utterly frank with you. Wherever I go, whatever magazine I pick up to read, I learn, 'Dietrich is now different. A new person.' And then I pinch myself, and find I am exactly the same as always, physically and mentally. I think I should know better than anyone alive that I haven't changed. And believe me, I have told writers that, and critics, everyone—but no, they decide that since I sang and brawled in 'Destry,' I must be a new Dietrich. They don't print what I really say. They need an angle for their stories, so they write about the transformed Dietrich."

"Okay," I said. "You haven't changed a bit. But can you account for this—that visitors to your set, during the making of 'Destry,' reported you were friendlier than ever, less temperamental and were trying harder? How come?"

Marlene crushed out her cigarette. "Oh no, no, that's not so. In all the pictures I've made, I've always been the same. Can't people understand one thing—that I am human, that I have good days and bad days? I admit, in the past, there were times when I knew I didn't have good pictures, and I was in a poor temper. When you're disturbed, you can't wear a joking mask. At least I never could. But when I worked in 'Destry,' I liked the script. I knew it was a good show. It put me in a fine humor, and I felt like laughing and talking. Do you understand?"

Marlene Dietrich paused, came up for air, and then sank back on the sofa with a sigh. I sat a trifle paralyzed and a little jarred. All publicity and gossip, in wake of the sexsational 'Destry' convinced me that a new Dietrich was being born—a Dietrich who, inspired by her bawdy portrait of Frenchy and her own recent American citizenship, had acquired the star-spangled manner—sans makeup, accent, slink and continental mystery.

Ten minutes earlier, I had walked into the living-room of her bungalow, situated in the rear of the Beverly Hills Hotel, certain I would find a Dietrich who had shed her glamour, and who was about as mysterious and exotic as your Aunt Sadie.

I WAS early for the interview. I studied her room. It was bright afternoon, and the sun sent dusky shafts down on an end-table where lay an open German language book and an astrology guide. On the mantelpiece was a cheap two-bit copy of Steinbeck's "Pastures of Heaven," and bookmarked in the center, Hemingway's "Fifth Column and Other Stories." And then Dietrich came into the room.

She didn't have much make-up on, and her copper-colored hair was mussed. She wore wrinkled brown suede trousers topped by a white silk blouse and a yellow sleeveless suede jacket. And I am here to report to all citizens and patriots, that Marlene Dietrich looked like an improved carbon of Venus De Milo. I decided on the spot that she was the only human on earth who could really look glamorous without make-up.

She was the same Dietrich who had come to Hollywood a decade ago for "Morocco," and taught Americans the true meaning of glamour. I knew the lady hadn't changed, and that all the inky-fingered lads were hoaxing the public.

Yes, slowly I began to understand, because Marlene was speaking in such throaty and energetic defense of herself, and with such conviction, I began to see for the first time that maybe—well—maybe everyone had her wrong. That sounds ordinary. And a trifle banal. But it answers a lot of items about Marlene.

I inquired about her future.

"I am signed for two more pictures at Universal," she explained. "I'll take any (*Continued on page 68*)



Rudolf Sieber, her husband, is a nearly-forgotten man. Religion, it is said, prevents their divorce.

Marlene is as sleek as a thoroughbred today, yet her normal weight is 148 pounds! Brutal dieting results in frequent fainting spells—but that's what makes for the Dietrich glamour.

I'M GOING home for Christmas," the girl in publicity had told Melvyn Douglas. "Saved my vacation. That gives me two whole weeks, with pay, to spend visiting the folks."

"Wish I could get two weeks *without* pay," grumbled Melvyn hopelessly.

And behind that mournful statement lies the fact that he hasn't had a real breathing spell in five years—not since the Douglas stock started leaping up the movie exchange.

Now girls in publicity think in terms of publicity. That's what they're paid for. They pounce on any observation more casual than "good morning." The familiar calculating gleam entered this one's eye. "Sounds as if it might make a funny story," said she.

"Excruciating," Douglas agreed.

Which explains why one day I decided to mount the Hollywood hill that leads to the Douglas home. Melvyn's house is large and white and sprawls over the hilltop. There are porches, patios and windows open to the sun. Before it was built, the future householder indicated spots where he wanted walls knocked out to make room for the many windows.

"Look," said the architect finally, "you want the house to stand, don't you?"

"Not if it shuts me in," said Douglas, and knocked out another wall. Five minutes from the center of a mad town, the house gives the impression of living alone with the air and sky, and liking it.

When I walked in, Douglas was in the living-room. The radio was tuned to a news broadcast. War dispatches, horrible, unreal, were coming from the loud-speaker.

"And you want me to babble about vacations or something?" he inquired.

I meekly pointed out that he hadn't stopped making pictures, that therefore he couldn't



Mel Douglas has no time for prettying up. It's not unusual to meet him at a Bowl concert or a neighborhood movie clad just as he is here on his own front porch.

logically reject what went with it. Being a just man, he agreed, "If you don't mind waiting till this broadcast is over. It's hard to think of anything else just now. We stayed up listening till four this morning."

It has been charged that Hollywood is aware of world events chiefly as they affect Hollywood's pocketbook, that Hitler and Stalin are important, but less important than last night's preview. If there is truth in the charge, it's a truth with exceptions, one of the more notable exceptions being Mr. Douglas.

The broadcaster said, "Good-by, everybody." Douglas turned the knob and sat down. "Okay. I haven't had a vacation in five years. Kids are going out to be slaughtered, and I haven't had—look, are you sure you want to go on with this?"

"They said it was a funny story," I offered, feeling like Nero while Rome burned. "All about you leaping for Paris, kissing your wife 'hello' and 'good-by,' and catching the next boat back—"

"Oh, that? All right, let's be funny if it kills us. That happened two years ago last summer. Helen was going abroad for some singing engagements. I was working in "Angel."

At noon one day, Ernst Lubitsch, the director, said, "That's all."

"What do you mean, that's all?" asked his leading man carefully. "Can it be, you won't be needing me anymore?"

"That's all. We're finished."

"Let me get this straight. I'm dismissed. I can go away. I can leave town—"

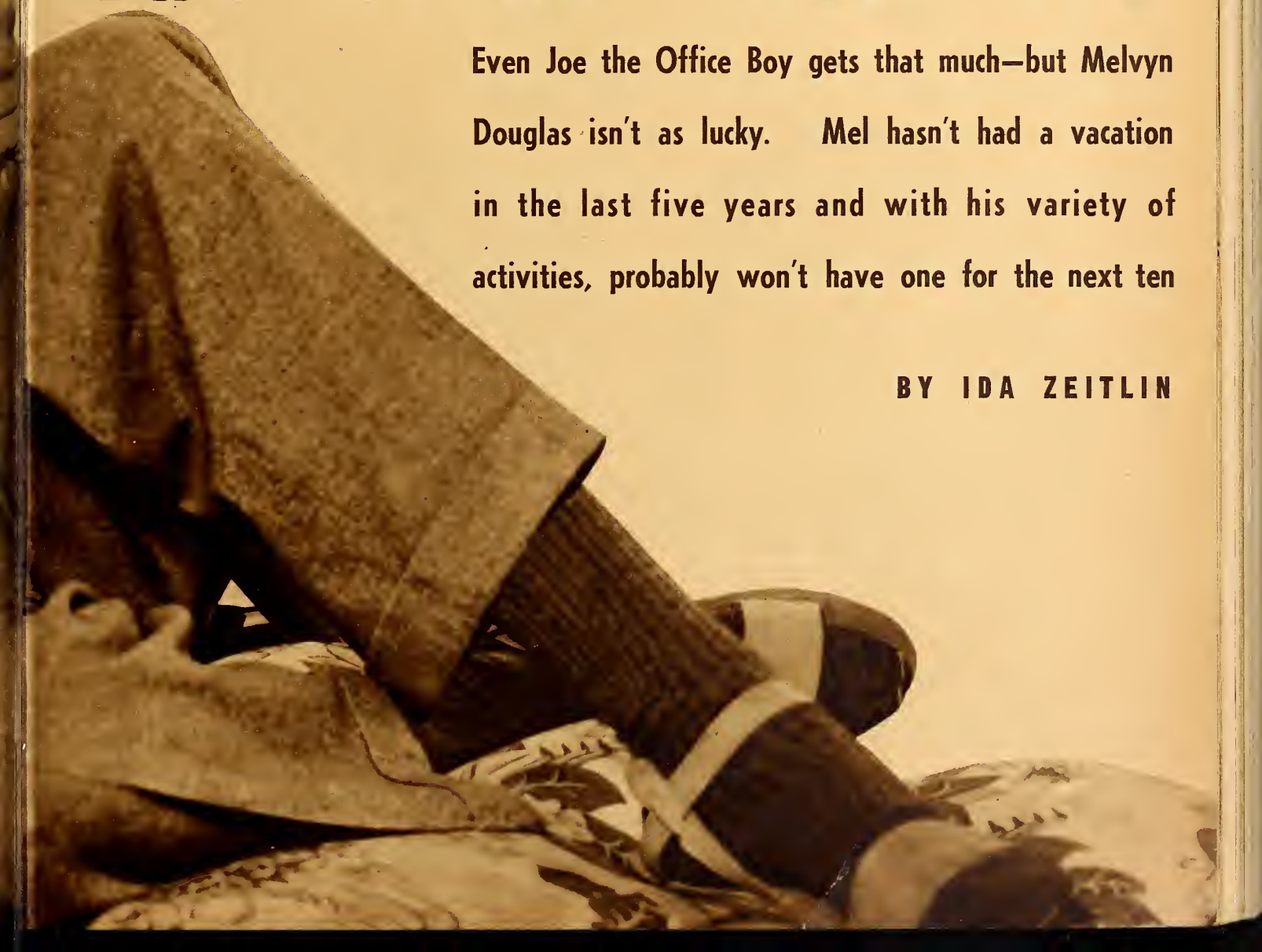
Lubitsch took his cigar out of his mouth. "Good-by," he said distinctly.

Douglas dashed home. His wife was flying east that afternoon to sail on the *Queen Mary*. She found him in his bedroom, chucking shirts into a suitcase. "I'm going to Europe with you," he announced.

Together they planed to New York and boarded a ship headed for France. A few days later, early in the morning, the ship docked at Cherbourg. In their eagerness to glimpse the foreign shores, they hadn't even dozed the night before. Douglas settled himself for a nap on the train to Paris, but found that he couldn't sleep. His eyes simply wouldn't stay shut.

They reached Paris at two in the afternoon. "Bed," said Helen. "Nothing doing," said her husband. Common sense finally prevailed, and they slept till six. Then they called some friends, dined at one of their favorite restaurants, went to the theatre and stayed up half the night talking. Next day they cut short a visit to the Exposition in order to take a long walk through the city. They met more friends, dined at another of their favorite restaurants, saw another show and didn't go to (*Continued on page 98*)

TWO WEEKS—WITH PAY



Even Joe the Office Boy gets that much—but Melvyn Douglas isn't as lucky. Mel hasn't had a vacation in the last five years and with his variety of activities, probably won't have one for the next ten

BY IDA ZEITLIN



ON LOCATION

with "Virginia City," the newest celluloid saga of American history



Above, solemn-faced Director Michael Curtiz lends an ear to chatty leading lady, Miriam Hopkins.



As usual, Humphrey Bogart is the villain in the piece. Above, he and two buddies use their trigger fingers in real badman fashion.



These wide-grinning prairie flowers are Alan Hale, Humphrey Bogart and Randolph Scott.



THE BROTHERS WARNER are still building the West. Having placed Dodge City, Kansas, on the map, they are continuing their push to the Pacific with a stop-over at Virginia City, Nevada. Once more, handsome Errol Flynn leads the parade and, proving that sage producers will not let a good cast die, five of his "Dodge City" playmates again stand by his side.

With typical Hollywood casualness, Hungarian Director Michael Curtiz took his company to Arizona for the shooting of this epic of Nevada. It was the largest production unit ever sent out of the film capital and included six passenger buses, ten limousines, twenty trucks and enough horses for a season at Tijuana. Along with the live stock and the motorized brigade went the entire directorial staff, the camera crew, the make-up artists, hairdressers, electricians, carpenters, grips, property men, wardrobe men, horse wranglers and a couple of hundred extras. Reckoning conservatively, the expense of the location trip ran to approximately $13,000 a day.

All outdoor scenes were filmed on a Navajo Indian Reservation, about sixty-five miles from the city of Flagstaff, where the company was staying. In order to travel that distance every day and still do a good eight-hour stint for Warner Bros., almost everyone had to roll off his mattress at 5 A.M. Flagstaff is not a latitudinal kin of Los Angeles and the transplanted movie folk, accustomed to caressing warmth, shivered pathetically in the bitter-cold Arizona dawn. Having arrived at the scene of their day's work, they huddled around bonfires while husky men set up the equipment, and awaited Curtiz's "start shooting" call which usually came at the heathenish hour of 8 A.M. These pictures were taken after they had thawed out.



Looks like the old hot seat Randy is giving Alan Hale!



Appearing very manly in his Buffalo Bill getup is Mr. Flynn.



Curtiz literally takes the reins while Miriam and Randy dutifully follow.

Below, Miss H. "lays it on thick" before facing the camera.





Randy Scott strikes a "peace be with you" pose over Bogy and his wife.

HIGH

BY BETTY COLFAX



Jane Withers was once known as Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop—but that was before she bounced up and became Movietown's Modern Miracle.

TWELVE HUNDRED beloved dolls and several dozen live pets still have their place in the changing scheme of Jane Withers' life. But in her consciousness has awakened the significance of newly important things—the charm of her own perfume cabinet, the art of the hairdresser's salon, the delight of flattering party dresses, the pleasure of skating and dancing and eating ice cream sodas with boys her own age.

The new Jane Withers—three inches taller and twelve pounds lighter than she was a year ago—spread her velvet skirt about her and sat on the edge of a deep divan in her living-room.

With the air of a duchess, she remarked enthusiastically, "I shall go on acting in pictures for years—I hope—and then when I've finished with that, I should like to design costumes and write."

Concerning the writing, a short story is already simmering in the alert Withers mind. She wanted to talk about it. "I believe I shall dictate that to my secretary," she remarked with adult composure.

Jo-Jo, her secretary and friend, beamed acceptance of the probable task. At that, Jane most likely will write the story some day—and sell it, too. She gets what she wants because she makes things happen for herself.

Jane is the important pivot of her own personal world. The California home of the Withers in Westwood Village evolves around her. Her mother, who has been the constant guiding star of her screen career, lives only for Jane. She's with her continuously. Walter Withers sticks to his wholesale furniture business and declines to be known as a movie star's father. But he, like his wife, Jo-Jo and the servants, knows that the most important problem in his home is keeping Jane contented and happy there for the next several years.

Mrs. Withers has two definite hopes for her famous offspring: First, that for a while at least she won't grow any taller than her present five feet, three and a half inches. That would be disconcerting in the present movie plans outlined for Jane. The second is that when Jane really grows up to a marriageable age, she'll wait long enough to be sure of her choice and take someone with whom she can make marriage last a lifetime.

Jane and her family wanted a South American cruise this year. World conditions altered that. So instead, she made a personal appearance tour over the country—earning money, instead of spending it.

A few months ago, Jane appeared as the star attraction of a Food Show in Boston. Twice a day she sang, danced and gave her clever impersonations of other stars. As one of the side events that week, she was the guest of honor at a large gathering of a girls' club in the poorer section of the city. One little girl, a member of the club, had been assigned to make the speech introducing Jane. The

Lost, at the threshold of adolescence: a pudgy, round-faced, baby-banged moppet! What's more, she'll never be found—but in her place is a tall, attractive . . .

SCHOOL SIREN

youngster stood up, shaking with stage fright. Her eyes bulged in panic. She opened her trembling lips but no words came.

Quickly, Jane rose and put her arm around the other girl. "I think we both want to say the same things," Jane told her in a quiet, friendly voice. "Let's say them together."

Jane, with utter lack of self-consciousness, started talking to the hundreds of girls before her. In the back of the hall, Mrs. Withers and Jo-Jo listened with amazement, tears streaming down their cheeks. Though they've been with her in every step of her success, they've never ceased to wonder at Jane's assurance and poise. They never coach her. They don't even know what she'll say, but they do know it will be good. Jane's never failed them yet.

On the closing night of the Food Show, Jane did her act before 21,000 people. She was calm, self-assured as usual. That was until she started her words of farewell. Then she was a little girl, sad at the thought of parting from anything that had given her delight. Tears were in her eyes, but her thoughts were smoothly expressed. Only those up front could see the tears. But later, in her dressing-room, babyish sobs came and she protested, "I like it here; I don't want to leave."

WITH THE attitude of youth which passes over sad moments quickly, Jane in talking about the Boston visit remembered only the pleasant things. Her very mobile little face reflected her quickly changing moods. Conversation about her career brought to her voice a sureness, an earnestness. And then just when the impression that Jane had outgrown her childhood was complete, she proudly exhibited some dolls newly acquired in New York. She still finds pleasure in little girl things. But on that New York visit she bought compacts for her seven girl friends. A year ago she'd have gone shopping for live turtles or pen-knives.

From dolls and dogs to thoughts of work, the Withers moods flow like quicksilver. With a new Marie Antoinette doll in her hand, she recalled having seen Carmen Miranda in "Streets of Paris." And, as though she were merely repeating a lesson in Spanish, she did an impersonation of the zippy "Souz American" meteor that would make the efforts of older imitators pathetic. She has a gift of mimicry that emphasizes the gestures and affectations of everyone with whom she has worked or whom she has seen. It's only when Jane cleverly assumes the personality of a well-known figure that you realize certain characteristics you hadn't noticed before.

A year ago, a fat little Jane Withers would have bounced into the living-room. Her bangs would have been disarranged, her denim slacks soiled and on her hands and face would have been the marks of playful pets. Things are different now. She wore a "junior miss" frock of brown velvet skirt and plaid blouse. Her nails were immaculate, her hair softly drawn back from her forehead and waved. There was (sssh!) the faint trace of talcum powder on her nose.

"I've got a new formal," she said casually. The "formal" proved to be a billowing white taffeta skirt with a red velvet military jacket, all trimmed in tiny gold buttons. And low in the back!

That's what her thirteenth birthday and a natural slenderizing process did for Jane. "Stop Red is my favorite color—oh, yes, and I like royal blue, too," she remarked. Jane Withers' getting enthusiastic about clothes is a phenomenon on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot.

Millions of little girls envy Jane Withers. They, and their elders, flock in hordes for a glimpse wherever she appears. Jane has a young idol, too. It's the Princess Elizabeth of England.

"Have you seen her?" Jane asks everybody who has ever been to London. "How does she look in person? What is her voice like? What are her hobbies? I'd give anything just to meet her close up. I want to go to London, especially to see Princess Elizabeth and her sister." Heroine-worship hasn't passed little Miss Withers by.

The peppy little gold mine in the Withers ménage has two more years to go on her seven-year contract. But the plans of the movie makers cover three years beyond that. She has four pictures scheduled for the next few years. She is now making "Shooting High" with Gene Autry. Her most recent release is "High School" in which she plays a freshman.

Jane really is a freshman in her own school. She's the only pupil. Miss Vizard, her teacher, goes where Jane goes—on the set, to her home, on personal appearance tours. While Jane was holidaying in New York she enjoyed the luxury of her morning class in bed. That was because she went to evening performances at the New York theatres. It doesn't happen often. History is her favorite subject. She "eats up" the records of famous women and has a doll for every historical heroine.

Until recently the young star never liked any but swing music. Now her school work includes classical compositions and she's keeping a scrap book of her favorite pieces. She loves the Strauss waltzes, and "Lohengrin" is her best-loved opera. Her instruction also includes sewing and cooking, but Jane's idea of really concocting something delectable is shaking up ice cream sodas behind her newly acquired soda fountain.

The fountain is in the recreation room of Jane's new apartment over the Withers' California ranch house. The charming "diggings" are her parents' concession to the fact that Jane is growing up and needs a place of her own. The house was formerly a (*Continued on page 79*)

WHY CARY GRANT IS HARD

WHEN CARY GRANT and Phyllis Brooks called off their wedding plans, the gossips looked wise and said, "We could have told you so. Cary is hard to get."

This was a bit unfair to Phyllis. It carried the implication that, since she was less famous than Cary, she must have been the pursuer and that he must have wearied of being pursued.

The accepted version of how their romance began doesn't encourage such an implication. Phyllis, who used to be a model in New York, had a girl friend of those days visiting her in 1937. The friend assumed that Phyllis knew all the stars and said, "There's one star I'd particularly like to meet—Cary Grant." Phyllis, then playing only small roles, was enjoying her friend's mild awe. She said obligingly, "I'll fix it for you."

At the time, she was going with Michael Brooke, better known as the Earl of Warwick. She thought that he, being English, would know Cary and told him of the spot she was in. Amused, he took the two girls out to the Grant beach house the next Sunday. (It's always "open house" there on Sunday.) The Earl said to Cary, "Of course, you know Phyllis Brooks." Cary, who had never seen her before, took a good look and said warmly, "Hello. How are you?"

Her girl friend, properly impressed and properly grateful for her own introduction to Cary, babbled afterward, "He's even better-looking than on the screen. I'd like to see more of him." Phyllis, who felt much the same way but had no hope of a second meeting, said nothing.

A few evenings later the two girls were at a night club. The other girl soon spotted Cary at a table not too far away. With the courage of the star-smitten, she went over to speak to him. They had several minutes' conversation, which climaxed with Cary's saying, "I'd like to take your friend to the premiere tomorrow night. Think she'd go?"

That must have been a blow to the visitor. But, gamely, she smiled, "I don't know. Why don't you just ask her?"

He did. They went to the opening together. And, after that, they became such constant companions that everybody said it must be love. Everybody, that is, except Cary and Phyllis. They wouldn't talk.

Cary didn't have to talk to convince Hollywood that he had marrying ideas. Why else should he be so attentive to a girl who wasn't a star? Or why should he go so steadily with any girl when, ever since his brief first marriage, he had been so intent on avoiding romantic entanglements? Up to now, he had scattered his dates far and wide and often.

There were those who suspected Phyllis of doing the courting to further her career. These suspicions, however, didn't make sense. Wary Cary is too smart to be anybody's stepping stone. He is too much on his guard to get involved in any situation not of his own choosing.

From the conviction that he had marrying ideas, the gossips graduated to the notion that he had secretly carried them out. He denied this, but he didn't stop dating Phyllis. That looked like a tacit admission that, this time, he wasn't running away from "serious romance" rumors.

Last summer, Phyllis went to England to make a picture. As soon as he finished "In Name Only," he rushed over, in the face of war threats, to show her around. That didn't make him look like the pursued.

He was in such a hurry to join her that columnists, trying hard to out-scoop each other, predicted when and where wedding bells would ring abroad. The columnists were wrong. One of them confidentially stated that the only reason for the delay was that Cary wanted to be married in America, since he was going to become an American citizen. When he and Phyllis returned, Cary had nothing to say about that, particularly with his native England facing the possibility of needing every man it could muster. But he did tell reporters that he and Phyllis would be married "sometime in the Fall," when picture commitments permitted.

Instead, came Fall, and they called the whole thing off. Neither would tell why.

Then an ironic thing happened. The ex-lovebirds, who had decided they didn't want to see each other any more, had to face the possibility of not being able to avoid each other. Just about the time Cary appeared on the lot to make "My Favorite Wife" with Irene Dunne, RKO signed Phyllis to a contract. Press-agents, having visions of some day writing a story about how the studio had unconsciously play match-maker, asked Phyllis if there wasn't a chance of a reconciliation. She shook her head. She was going to be too busy with her career. She was tired of marking time on the screen.

Proximity has been known to do wondrous things. It may draw Cary and Phyllis together again. And, again, it may not.

Meanwhile, the gossips might consider the possibility that Phyllis, not Cary, might have been the one who broke away. She also has a large supply of independence. She had to have that to appeal to Cary in the first place. People are unconsciously attracted to those in whom they see their own traits reflected.

There is no question about Cary's independence—though it is of a strange sort. It isn't the positive kind. He doesn't go around being the strenuous Free Soul. He is anything but an egotistical blow-hard. He simply makes a point of being elusive.

His artful dodging isn't confined (*Continued on page 73*)



Phyllis Brooks, 25, a one-time photographers' model, was top girl in Cary's life for two fun-filled years. Since they split, both have been making a fine show of not caring.

TO GET

With women to the right of him and women to the left of him, the elusive Mr. Grant has his own good reasons for going forward alone

BY
JAMES REID



He's been Wary Cary since his marriage to Virginia Cherrill didn't jell. Their divorce came through several years ago. Can it be that he still bears the scar?



Phyllis' lack of movie success placed her at a constant disadvantage. Gossips frequently inferred that she was pursuing Cary in order to further her own career.

MASSEY TAKES MANHATTAN

Extra! The tough little island falls helplessly before Ilona's barrage of charm



BY ROBERT EICHBERG

As though her beauty and brains were insufficient, Ilona Massey's make-up is packed with more honesty than any one woman should have.

IT ISN'T often that hard-boiled New York critics and columnists go off the deep end, but that's what they did for the little Hungarian girl who, but a few years ago, was being fired from a job in a Budapest stocking shop as "the world's worst salesgirl." In fact, one writer, who saw her visiting a night club, said, "She looks as though she had just arrived from Fairyland;" another said, "She talks like Garbo," while still a third thought her "as beautiful as Madeleine Carroll, as alluring as Marlene Dietrich."

"Flapdoodle," muttered your reporter. "No one can be *that* wonderful. But maybe—"

Accordingly, at 5:30 one evening, filled with scepticism, he rang the bell of Ilona Massey's apartment at the Sherry-Netherlands. The door was opened not by a maid, but by an entrancing blonde who smiled exquisitely and shook hands with a good, hearty grip.

That handshake was the tip-off on Miss Massey. She's just like that; *real people*. In fact, she's so doggone regular that you lose all sight of her truly amazing beauty when you talk to her. She's full of sparkle, of life, of a fresh, young enthusiasm that makes you an old friend after she has talked to you for two minutes.

Now, there are plenty of stars—especially those who, like her, have recently attained stardom—who feel their own importance, and are inclined to be a trifle reticent about their unromantic beginnings. Not Ilona, though; she's just as willing to talk about her tough times as she is about her phenomenal success. More willing, for she has a bubbling humor that enables her to get a laugh out of her troubles. And she still has a touch of wonderment that people like her and are nice to her!

Speaking her recently acquired English with just enough trace of an accent to make it utterly captivating, and using her hands and shoulders to emphasize her words in Continental fashion, Ilona will discuss any and every subject you want to bring up. In fact, she's so frank that M-G-M's press department is in a mild dither lest she say something that might harm her "box office appeal"—as though anything could.

We started off, mildly enough, with a slight discussion of where she had been during her trip to New York. She had been taken to the famous "21" for dinner. She had wanted to go there because she had heard of its roast wild boar, a dish which she claims lives up to its advance notices, tasting much like ham, but better. She was mildly regretful that she did not dare let herself eat more of it. "I'm always on a diet," she explained.

FROM there, she had gone to Madison Square Garden, to see some amateurs boxing for sweet charity. "I was interested in only one of those bouts," she said. "I was—how do you say it—rooting for one of the little boys. He is a printer when he isn't boxing, and I was interested because my father was a printer."

That mention of her father got us started on her early youth. She remembers when that one-time big, strong man returned to Budapest from a Russian concentration camp, where he had been a prisoner of war. Siberia had broken his health. Ilona, too, was recently returned to Hungary. For her own safety, she had been sent to Holland with a lot of other children, but she had missed her mother so much that after a few months she was sent back home. The memory of this part of her life is still painful. She hurries over it as much as possible. She doesn't like to think of the days when the family had to stand in line for five hours in the cold dawn, waiting for the day's meagre supply of food to keep life in their bodies, which shivered under *ersatz* clothing.

But that look of sadness leaves her face when she talks about other things, such as her love for singing and dancing. "My mother tells me (of course I cannot remember, myself)," she said, "that I tried to dance before I could walk. She says I would sit on the floor and cry for a towel or a piece of old rag, and then wave it over my head, like this." She illustrated with a napkin, for we were having tea by this time, and your reporter was suddenly reminded of "Morocco," and Dietrich with the drapery streaming behind her. And this girl captured that grace and beauty with a common napkin!

After the war, her father's impaired health cut down his earning capacity. Ilona, as she grew, wanted to help—and had enough good, common sense to realize that she needed an education. So she studied like mad, and passed her four years of high school work in two.

She has some amusing memories of these school days—even claims she was the homeliest kid in school. When you express your utter unbelief of such a statement, she tells you, as proof, that the teachers would never let her appear in any of the class plays. "They thought I wouldn't be any good, and they were probably right," she says.

Although money wasn't at all plentiful in the Hajmassey (that's her real name; it's pronounced "Hi! Massey!") family, there were still a few pennies for the movies—a very few pennies. "In Hungary," Ilona explained, "there is a different system. The best seats are in the middle of the house, and as you get nearer the front, where you have to tip (*Continued on page 103*)



Lana Turner, below, was one of thirty-five beauties who acted as cigarette girls at Ouida Rathbone's huge party for a Hollywood charity. Lana sold her wares at one dollar the pack. Right, the Fred MacMurrays arrive with Director Leslie Fenton and his actress-wife, Ann Dvorak.





Above, Janet Gaynor and hubby accept the good wishes of friends who have just heard that the Adrians are "expecting."



Left, Louis Hayward leans over his roast beef to chin with Wendy Barrie. Like many of the girls, Wendy dressed to match the party's Swiss theme.



Ty Power and Annabella forgot to buy tickets in advance. They were admitted, but couldn't get any food. That's Phyllis Brooks acting as checkroom girl.



Roz Russell looked like one of the figures that runs round a weather-vane. Her fellow bachelorettes outnumbered the unmarried men more than two to one.



Ann Sheridan, right, pauses between her sale of kisses for a word with Ida Lupino. Ann's contribution to charity was one of the evening's prime delights.

A NIGHT AT ST. MORITZ

"$9,980 . . . $9,990 . . . $10,000!" gurgled Ouida (Mrs. Basil) Rathbone, as she patted the last ten-spot into place. Wasn't it a *lovely* evening?"

Mrs. Rathbone was guilty of understatement. It had been a *terrific* evening. But her comment was none the less praiseworthy because the pile of greenbacks she happily fondled was not slated for her personal money bags. Instead, her arithmetic completed, she wrapped the bills neatly and without a whimper turned them over to Ann Lehr. Ann Lehr is Hollywood's Lady Bountiful and the head of an organization which administers aid to the town's needy. Rather than knock on doors and beg for handouts, she and Ouida had conceived the idea of a mammoth party designed to give the movie folk a high time while shaking them free of some cash. One thousand guests at ten dollars a head did the trick.

Now, Ouida Rathbone has even more imagination than the men who devise her husband's make-up, and her party-giving talents make Elsa Maxwell's wilt like a buttercup. The natural outcome of such gifts had to be a bang-up shindig—and that's just what her friends at the Beverly Hills Hotel got for their money.

Advance publicity advised that the party was to have the character of an evening in an Alpine village, and the curious who buzzed around the hotel were amazed to see a miniature winter resort rising on a Beverly Hills lawn. Certainly, a glistening skating rink, a thrill-a-minute toboggan slide and perilous ski jumps are not sights which daily greet the eyes of Movietown's citizens. But we told you Ouida was marvelous. With little trouble, she had enlisted the support of five major film studios, a costumer, a publicist, several florists and dozens of society and movie women who all worked like fury for a month.

When the wonderland was finally whipped up, the servants of charity discovered they'd made a horrible mistake. The weather man, like (*Continued on next page*)

Hollywood big-wigs turn out en masse for sweet charity and the year's best party

Sleeping Beauty's thirteenth godmother, had not been consulted. His revenge was the obvious one—a rainstorm. The morning of the affair the drops began to slide along the ice and snow, and by late afternoon $7,000 worth of scenery had dissolved into mud puddles.

The washout discouraged no one. Eye-filling and radiant, the celebrities trooped in—Dunne, Morison, Del Rio, Bryan, the George Murphys, the Brian Ahernes, Olivia de Havilland, Ray Milland, et al. For the most part, the list of arrivals was made up of all those names which *do not* appear in the local telephone directory . . . that is, all the important ones. Since Ouida's entertainment had not been limited to outdoor sports, there was still a variety of ways for everyone to forget his day's labors. In the ballroom a swing band gave out with the hottest in popular music, gaudy booths displayed souvenirs at knockout prices, and champagne flowed like water.

An indecent number of the stars disdained these diversions for the livelier pastime of gambling. Stopping just long enough to shed their wraps, they made a rapid-fire dash to the game room and soon had the chips clicking merrily. Suddenly, exactly as in the movies, in strode the cops. "Break it up, boys," they ordered. And with all the authority of a producer, they shooed your favorites onto the dance floor and watched them take up more innocent and strictly legal recreation.

At about 2 A. M., when the party began to break up, our photographer tactfully refrained from taking any pictures. All about him he saw not visions of loveliness and sartorial elegance, but sadly bedraggled men and women who, after an evening of wrestling with tremendous mobs, were beginning to have thoughts which were *just slightly* uncharitable.

"But $10,000!" said Ouida. "It *really* was a lovely party!"



Bette Davis, as relaxed as a time bomb, sits in a corner and watches the crowds dance past.



1. Loretta Young regally steps from her car and joins the folks on the curb, Ann Sothern, Designer Bernard Newman and Roger Pryor.

2. Orson Welles, who has glamour minus, sups with Lili Damita. However, we see no possibilities of a romance between these two.

3. Allan Jones and Irene Hervey tucked their three youngsters into bed before stepping out with Ronald Burla and his wife, Una Merkel.







Margaret Sullavan wields the paint before getting up to dance—without shoes, mind you!



Forrest Tucker lends a hand to Helen Parrish. Their skating togs were just "in hopes."



4. Cary Grant seemed grim as he appeared with sweet-faced Fay Wray. He and Phyllis Brooks skillfully ducked each other all evening.

5. Joan Crawford, who came on the arm of Cesar Romero, exhibited a valuable ring she had just received from her very good friend, Franchot Tone.

6. In her next picture Kay Francis will portray Deanna Durbin's mother, but she could pass for a debbie as she strolls with Louis Bromfield.

7. Binnie Barnes and Mike Frankovitch have fun examining a doll house. They'll marry in September, the day after Mike's divorce becomes final.

HAIRWAYS TO Beauty

WANT TO pull yourself out of the post-Winter, pre-Spring doldrums? Then give a thought to your hair. Is it shining and luxuriant or is it dull and thin? Does your present coiffure "do something" for you, or is it the wornout remnants of a hair-do that was becoming to you three years ago? Then let's do something about it!

Think of your face as a picture, your hair as the frame that sets off or ruins that picture. How far do you suppose Ann Sheridan, Paulette Goddard, Hedy Lamarr, Dorothy Lamour, or any other movie favorite would have gotten if she hadn't had soft and lustrous hair? How many girls in your own set could be ten times more attractive than they are if they would only "do something" about theirs?

A new coiffure will work wonders for you, but first of all remember that beautiful and healthy hair will look well whether you wear it up or down, straight or curled. Hair beauty begins with hair quality.

Hair is of a sturdy horny structure, derived from the skin and consisting of layers upon layers of infinitesimal cells. When normal and not "damaged" by dyes, bleaches or repeated permanent waves, it is extremely elastic. In fact, it will stretch as much as half an inch when pulled. Normal hair is neither dry nor oily and, of course, does not have dandruff. Its health and beauty depend primarily on your own good health, active circulation and a loose, well-cushioned scalp. But close runners-up are cleanliness, stimulation by brushing and massage, and also the correct use of tonics, lubricants and other important aids to good grooming.

Illness, undernourishment, shock, nervousness, insufficient sleep, lack of fresh air and exercise all take their toll on lovely locks. However, the care you give your hair locally has a tremendous effect on its beauty and general condition.

First comes stimulation. A tight, thin, unmovable scalp chokes out nourishment and literally starves your hair. To grow shining tresses scalps must be loose. If yours is not, go to work on it right now with massage, regular brushing and combing. Knead your scalp every day with your fingers until you can feel the blood surging through it. Massage the base of your neck in the back where tired nerves become tangled, and rub crosswise across your shoulders to release the congestion caused by poor posture and insufficient exercise. Now massage all over your scalp, beginning at the hair line and working in toward the center. Repeat this regularly every day and you'll be amazed at the improvement in the appearance of your hair—to say nothing of the benefits to your nervous system in general. For tight scalps indicate taut nerves that must be helped to relax.

Besides the scalp, your hair itself needs to be exercised. A strong, firm, long-bristled brush or two should be on every dressing table—and not for ornament, but for daily use. Brush your hair upward and outward, away from your scalp, never downward or against the head. Soft bristles aren't strong enough to do any (*Continued on page 62*)

Want to change your coiffure? Then read these tips from Hollywood



Up hair-do's require perfect features.



Evening ornaments add sophistication.



Up front, down back, soft and flattering.



Young, simple and invariably correct.

By
CAROL
CARTER

Ann Sheridan can wear a remarkable variety of hair styles because her face is oval and her features regular, also because the health and quality of her hair are practically perfect. Careful conditioning is the principal secret.



Page-boy bobs are always attractive.

THE PERVERSE MR.

BY KAY PROCTOR

IT'S A crying shame they don't pay Errol Flynn for his master talent for getting in people's hair; he'd be a very rich young man if they did.

The dictionary may define *perverse* as "the disposition to thwart or annoy," but out here the mere name of Flynn adds up to the same thing. He takes an unholy delight in upsetting routine, defying rules, smashing precedents, and pinning tin ears on constituted authority. He does exactly what a young man should not do if he wants to get along in Hollywood.

The amazing thing is the way he gets away with it. Anyone else who tried some of his tricks would be booted out of Hollywood and the picture business in double quick time with a broken neck and a couple of black eyes among his souvenirs. Yet Errol somehow manages to bowl blithely along to ever mounting success and popularity. Blast him as they may and heap curses on his head, the ladies and gentlemen of the films go right on forgiving his constant sniping at their dignity, patience and vanity. And they come back for more. They never fail to get it; his generosity in that respect is awesome!

Nor is the perverse Mr. Flynn any respecter of persons. Big fry and small fry are all the same to him. He'd just as soon (and usually rather) give his bosses triple-bill headaches by his cussed contrariness and drive producers half crazy with his unpredictable antics as annoy a prop boy. What's the difference, he figures; it's all in fun anyway.

There, I think, is the secret of how and why he gets away with it. For although his little plots may be coldly calculated or brilliantly spontaneous, they never are deliberately malicious or cruel. There is an impish, mischievous quality about them, a certain joyous abandon, which defies real or lasting anger. You want to kiss him or kill him—but you don't want him to stop playing in your back yard. It would be so deadly dull without him. Then, too, he cooks up his plots with such delightful imagination and carries them out with such devilish charm. It's an irresistible combination.

Errol honestly doesn't know what drives him to "thwart" and "annoy" people the way he does, by being late for appointments, doing a disappearing act, making a pal of a man who gets on everyone's nerves, showing up for a formal dinner in a sack suit, telling you he's going one place and ending up in another, or leveling on the vulnerable spots of big shots and stuffed shirts. All he knows is that he'd rather bedevil the daylight out of someone than eat—and he enjoys eating.

"I guess I just want to see what will happen," he tried to explain. "It's like sticking a pin into a balloon. You know it's going to pop, but you don't know when or how. The fun comes in finding out."

It was his mother who first voiced the opinion in which Hollywood later was to concur with all its heart: "Perversity, thy name is Flynn!" She still complains bitterly about one memorable example of it.

When he was a boy, she endeavored to teach him to be unselfish about his possessions and to share his toys with other little boys who had none. Dutifully, Errol parted with them. One day she came home to find her gold dressing table set missing from its usual place.

"Errol, have you seen my toilet articles?" she asked.

"Yes, mother," he answered promptly. "You said we ought to share what we have with others, so I gave them to the other ladies on the street who didn't have any."

LILI DAMITA, his pepperpot wife, is his favorite target for perverse stunts, probably because she flies into such spectacular and hence satisfactory rages when he perpetrates them. Why she didn't scalp him one night in New York will ever remain a mystery; he certainly invited it.

On a certain Thursday afternoon he casually mentioned that two of his very old and very dear girl friends were arriving from Ireland on Saturday. All day Friday he continued the build-up, speaking of their beauty, their charm and sweetness, and of his eagerness to see them again. By deft hints he intimated they had been childhood sweethearts, that a bit of his heart still belonged to them. The tempestuous Lili was goaded beyond endurance.

"Rivals, are they?" she stormed. "You bring them around to meet me and we shall see! I'll show them!"

"I'll do just that," Errol promised. "They'll want to get a good look at you, too. They never could understand how I came to marry a French girl."

An hour was set for late Saturday. Three hours before the appointment Lili began her toilet, taking infinite pains with her make-up and coiffure. She tried on gown after gown, viewing them critically and then discarding them as inadequate for the important occasion. Finally she decided upon a ravishing Schiaparelli which she had been saving for a great event. Groomed within an inch of her life she swept imperiously down to meet her overseas rivals. With a low bow, Errol presented them.

"My dear, may I present Miss O'Reilley and Miss O'Shaughnessy?" he asked.

Lili froze in her tracks. The ex-sweethearts from Erin



The Flynns look peaceful here, but the pots and pans fly when Errol plays a prank on Lili

turned out to be two colored entertainers Errol had hired for the gag from a Harlem night club!

Discovering that Miriam Hopkins' pet aversion was meeting strangers was all Errol needed to stage a Roman holiday when the "Virginia City" company was on location recently in Flagstaff, Arizona. With fiendish delight he rounded up all available bores and personally conducted them to Miriam.

"Miss Hopkins," he would say, "I want you to meet a little girl who got through high school in three years" or "I want you to meet Mr. Smith, who climbed the highest mountain in Arizona in six days" or "I want you to meet Mrs. Billingsgate who won the state quilting championship in 1912."

Then after making the introductions, he would calmly stroll away on some phony pretext, leaving poor Miriam boiling mad and hopelessly stranded with a tongue-tied stranger. She would have to converse politely with the person or lose a loyal fan.

It was on that same location trip he drove the twenty-five miles from Flagstaff to the Grand Canyon where he charged his $2.00 dinner to the studio. He had plenty of money in his pocket to pay the check; he charged it only to give the boys in the bookkeeping department something to worry about.

Two years ago sheer perversity sent him to Spain, where he almost got his head blown off, and had the Spanish officials and Warner Brothers in an uproar. He didn't really want to see Spain until well-meaning friends insisted it was no place for him. He didn't particularly want to go out on the street that night, when fragments from an exploding bomb knocked him unconscious, until a rule was posted specifically forbidding foreigners to be out after 8 p.m. But when they said he shouldn't and couldn't—he would and did. It was as simple a matter as that.

Recently Errol was on the receiving end of a critical blast about his carelessness in applying make-up. He answered it in typical Flynn fashion. After renting a costume he spent three hours letting one of the Westmores apply a special make-up. Then masquerading as a haughty old dowager of sixty, he successfully crashed the lingerie department of the fashionable Bullock's-Wilshire store! The barbed point of the escapade was not lost upon the self-appointed critics, you can bet.

It is a happy day for Flynn when he (*Continued on page 75*)



Competing with Damita in Flynn's affections is his dog, Arno, who snootily ignores everyone but his master.

FLYNN!

"Always-Be-Different Errol" they call him—and may he never disappoint them



The embattled Joads—symbol of the Dust Bowl's fury and a monument to the unconquerable spirit of America's forgotten people.

Hollywood's daring experiment!



Tom (Henry Fonda) is the eldest son of the homeless and dust-driven Joads.



Ma (Jane Darwell) is the rock upon which the Joads lean for hope and peace.



Jim Casey, played by John Carradine, is the amazing self-ordained preacher.



Grandpa (Charley Grapewin), foul-tongued and obscene, but loved by all.



Rosasharn (Dorris Bowdon), daughter and innocent sacrifice to the elements.



Pa Joad (Russell Simpson) is the father of the victimized family of Okies.

"The Grapes of Wrath" emerges as a startling challenge to Hollywood's courage

BY RICHARD CHACE

NO ONE can estimate, yet, just what impact it will have on that incalculably large audience that has been waiting for it since late last summer. Contrary to all those disturbing rumors that persisted right up to the last day of shooting, "The Grapes of Wrath" is now ready for release. I say that no one can yet gauge its force, for the end is a dark, well-kept secret. All along the line, this secret has been zealously guarded by Twentieth Century-Fox, and even the cast were not given the final pages of the script until the day of the shooting.

Incidentally, Darryl F. Zanuck bought the book for $73,000 a few days before its publication. This was something of a tribute to his astuteness, for who could have foreseen, then, that this story of a migrant family was to become the best seller it did—and was to remain so for nearly a year? The only connection author John Steinbeck had with the picture, besides giving it his unconditional blessing, was to okay the final script. However, Nunnally Johnson, who adapted the story to the screen, kept close to the tragic spirit of the book. Practically every word of the dialogue was taken bodily from the original and you will be hearing Steinbeck's own biting words throughout.

The book, a terrific indictment of shocking conditions that cry out for solution, was invaluable in raising the problem of an inarticulate people and in turning popular sympathy their way. It remains now for the picture to crystallize that sympathy into action, for the appeal of the screen is bound to be more impassioned than that of the printed page. To see the Joads, leaving their dust-ridden home in Oklahoma, slowly but hopefully crossing desert and mountain range to the promised land of California, and then to see them face new and heartbreaking disillusionment, will create a mood no audience can ever forget.

Knowing all this, the studio went to great lengths to make the picture vivid without overdoing it. First, it acquired the services of Tom Collins, Superintendent of the U. S. Farm Security Administration and head of all the federal camps for migrant workers in California. He is the "Tom" to whom the book is dedicated and, as technical adviser, saw to it that no jarring note was allowed to destroy the reality of the background. The research department hopped into action as soon as the book was purchased, collecting all available material even remotely pertaining to the Dust Bowl and the migrant problem. Every reference in the dialogue, every situation touched upon in the picture, appears somewhere in the record. Although the action may seem violent at times, even occasionally overdrawn, actually the reverse is the case. The truth had to be modified, toned down, to make the story credible to a public unaware of the true situation.

In their search for authenticity, Twentieth Century-Fox sent a corps of cameramen out to certain parts of Oklahoma and Kansas for background shots. They spent three weeks on the trip, filming the Dust Bowl and shooting scenes along Highway 66, the route of the migrants. Everywhere, the book was so vigorously denounced that to avoid interference and adverse comment, the men were obliged to paint out the studio's name on the sound trucks. Whenever people asked questions the cameramen said they were making a picture called "Highway 66."

ON THEIR return trip, they picked up an actual migrant family who were just setting out from Sallisaw, Oklahoma, for Stockton, California, and put them on the company payroll, thus getting some first-hand shots of the whole thing from beginning to end. The old jalopy these people had piled themselves into broke down three times en route, but they managed somehow to get to California. The cameramen reported back to the studio with 25,000 feet of film.

All this before the actual casting began. At first it was rumored Spencer Tracy would play Tom Joad, but Henry Fonda was obviously the man from the start. He had read the story long before he was considered for a role and the plight of the Joads made a lasting impression on him. He interested himself in various organizations on behalf of the "Okies" and ended by taking on a migrant family of four as caretakers of his San Diego ranch. When he was finally assigned to the role of Tom, he felt he had before him the greatest opportunity of his career and eagerly threw his heart and soul into the part.

Beulah Bondi was among those considered for the difficult role of Ma Joad, the courageous woman around whom so much of the action is played. But she, though a splendid performer, was felt to lack the physical build. So Jane Darwell, simple, warm, maternal, with an earthy quality all her own, was selected. Miss Darwell steeped herself in the part to such an extent that anyone seeing her on the lot in costume would believe her to be the work-weary mother of a typical (*Continued on page 71*)

A FIELD WHO



Betty Field, who's twenty-two, has had eight years of the acting game.

BETTY'S THE attractive girl next door who was stagestruck as far back as she can remember. You know—the one who did something about it. She also had a mama who showed her where the stage door was and then let her do her own knocking. When Betty first crossed its threshold, her knees were wobbly and her voice wouldn't come past the lump in her throat. She's been that way ever since, and she hopes the fright angle is permanent. It's so good for her.

At an age when some girls are still in the college which Betty never attended, the promising young actress has a long-term film contract. But even the coveted paper doesn't make Betty feel secure. She went to Hollywood several months ago on a one-picture arrangement to appear in "What a Life" with Jackie Cooper. When Paramount needed another link in its Golden Circle of new faces, they sent Betty to the studio photographer.

And that's about all the attention the young actress received. Hollywood let her alone. She wasn't invited to dress up for openings, and parties got along beautifully without her. Even the studio press department didn't bother about interviews. To them she was just a pretty prop for young Cooper. That is, until "What a Life" was completed and viewed. Then the moguls opened their eyes and got out their pens. Betty signed her signature.

Before the social side of the cinema citadel had a chance to catch up with her, Betty was loaned out to United Artists for "Of Mice and Men." After that, she returned to the home lot and was cast again with Jackie Cooper in "Seventeen."

The third picture clinched things for Miss Field. Only she wouldn't believe it. She put the contract in a safety deposit box and took a train for New York. She wasn't in town a week when she got the lead in Elmer Rice's new play. She was in a dizzy whirl, getting ready for rehearsals and discussing new movie parts with her picture bosses.

But Betty took time out to buy a lot of new clothes that she hadn't been able to afford before. She even splurged on a fur coat.

To Betty, shopping was a new adventure because, for the first time, she could really select dresses that were becoming, instead of those on which the price tags were right. She remembers a few years ago, trudging all over Fourteenth Street, New York's famous bargain row, hunting vainly for a dinner gown she needed in a stock company play. She had thirteen dollars to spend on the creation, and the garments at that price seemed to have been made for girls who weren't like Betty at all. In a paper, she read an advertisement about a small shop that specialized in evening dresses. It was owned by a fashionable designer who demands top prices for her artistic efforts, but Betty didn't know that at the time. She walked into the place and asked to see evening clothes. Clutching her thirteen dollars, she hoped there'd be something heavenly in white.

The designer brought out sketches.

"Oh, I want something ready-made," stuttered Miss Field with embarrassment. The designer explained that *her* things were made especially to suit the personality of the wearer.

"For how much?" Betty wanted to know.

"From $200," was the fateful answer.

"I guess I'm in the wrong place," Betty blurted out and fled.

Betty Field is a real-life character out of "Stage Door." She hasn't the breath-taking beauty that wows audiences nor the sort of glamour that sometimes takes a girl into high

For a while it looked as though Betty's career was to be a series of dressing-room sitdowns, but she mustered her forces and defeated the jinx

RED

BY JULIA SHAWELL

without having to worry. She also has brains and, so far, she's used them well. She's twenty-two years old and looks younger, so young that she was ideal to team with sixteen-year-old Jackie Cooper.

A product of Boston, Betty left that city at an early age. Her family moved around quite a bit. She was even a pupil in Puerto Rico for a brief time. But it was when her mother moved to Morristown, New Jersey, that Betty had her chance.

On her father's side, Betty is of old American stock. Cyrus Field, who laid the first Atlantic cable, belongs on that particular tree. But Betty's mother, once named Katherine Kearney, is Irish, and from her Betty inherited an appreciation of the theatre and a thirst for adventure.

While Betty was a New Jersey high school student, her mother and she were devotees of Saturday matinées at the Rowland G. Edwards' stock company productions in Newark. Betty wasn't satisfied to be in the audience. She wanted to be on the stage. She wrote letters and letters to the company secretary, begging for a chance, until persistence had its reward. Betty was only fourteen, but she was to be an actress, at last. That's when the halls of learning lost one of their number.

Betty's first speaking role was in a revival of "The Shanghai Gesture," with Florence Reed as the guest star. Her whole part consisted of running onto the stage, hearing Miss Reed say to her, "Well, my dear, and how are you today?" and then smiling and replying, "I'm wonderful, thank you." (*Continued on page 96*)



In "Seventeen" Betty Field is a cute little city number who pays a visit to Jackie Cooper's hometown. When he falls head-over-heels for the fickle lady, she spurns his ardent courting and fills Mr. Cooper's young life with woe.

Jules Buck, our lord of the lens, photographs your favorites at play



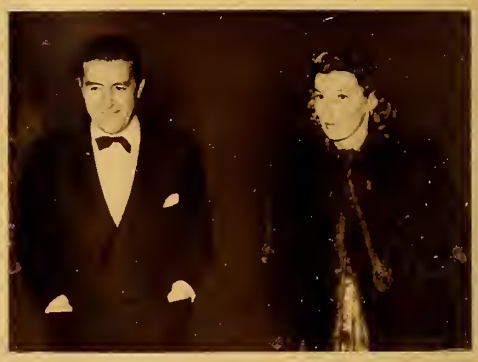
No, sideburns are *not* a new Hollywood fad. Richard Greene sports them in "Little Old New York," but they make Ginny Field giggle.



The man with the collar-ad features is Alan Curtis. His divorce is in the offing so maybe Sonja Henie will talk wedding bells.



This beaming member of the silver fox contingent is Lynn Bari. But why Husband Walter Kane looks the other way beats us.



Ray Milland and his Missus step out on maid's night off. Ray, whose career has been varied, is an expert marksman, horseman and aviator.



Lew Ayres sits in a dream and, judging from her shoulder piece, Greer Garson sits in a draft as they dine at the Florentine Room.



The wags are calling Ken Murray a cradle-snatcher since he began dating Nancy Kelly. We caught them sharing a bottle at Hugo's.



Doug, Jr., sticks close to his wife and to the nifty sparklers on her chest. Considering Mr. Fairbanks' left hook, Mrs. F. need not fear jewel collectors.



Judy Garland and Jackie Cooper show plenty of teeth while whirling. They're a cute couple—but where's that guy Rooney?



Adolphe Menjou exhibits what the well-dressed man will escort. Observe the diamond stuck at the part of Hedy Lamarr's hair.



Alice Faye congratulates Rudy Vallee on his new directorship with Republic Pictures. Rudy's also been putting on a swell show at the Victor Hugo.



Marjorie Weaver, John Garfield and Sidney Fox dine together at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Marjorie's black velvet dinner dress has little puffed sleeves of ermine.



Robert Shaw, a newcomer who has not yet hit the gong, goes dancing with that successful Texan, Linda Darnell.



Vic Orsatti, the little man who's everywhere, adds Brenda Joyce to his impressive list of feminine companions.



When the Arrowhead Springs Hotel opened, Gail Patrick, of the lovely shoulders, and her hubby, Bob Cobb of the Brown Derby, enjoyed being present



When Marie Wilson returned to Hollywood after a successful personal appearance tour, Director Nick Grinde's eyes shone again.



Charles Laughton, looking very fetching, enjoys a laugh at a Guild broadcast. Jean Hersholt doesn't catch on.



The surprise romance of George Raft and Norma Shearer is still very much of an item. They say George has even gone in for conservative clothes of late.



Producer J. Walter Ruben and Virginia Bruce do some table traveling at La Conga. They have had a second anniversary



Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are in the Hollywood social scene again now that Dick's p.a. tour is finished.



Bing Crosby, Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope and Ruby Keeler—excellent golfers all—settled the matter of skill in a recent doubles match. Ruby and Bob won.



Frances Langford and Jon Hall have parked their bright red Packard at the curb and are seen entering Victor Hugo's.



Merle and Alexander Korda had fun at the Brown Derby before the bespectacled producer left for England.

POWELL'S PARADE

Although it wasn't on the program, William Powell led a gala parade down Hollywood Boulevard the other night. The star tried to drive his car across the "main stem" just before an American Legion parade started, but was stopped by the crowd of people waiting for the event. Powell honked until an officer came over, then explained that he had to get through somehow. The officer managed to clear a spot for him, but before Powell could get across the street the procession of Legionnaires was upon him. Unruffled, the debonair Powell turned right, led the parade the length of the boulevard, waving and nodding as he went, and proceeded merrily on his way when he reached the end of the parade's route.

POPULAR ROZ

Rosalind Russell would cinch any popularity contest among studio workers. No matter in what picture or studio she works, Roz has everyone raving about what "a grand girl that Russell is." Rosalind's explanation of it is very simple. "Certainly I'm nice to people I meet, and those with whom I work. Why shouldn't I be? After all, it's the way my mother and father raised me. They told all of us that whatever we did reflected on them."

STORK DEPT.

Billy Burke becomes a grandmaw in the spring, when Patricia Ziegfeld Stephenson becomes a mama . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald Lindsay-Hogg will welcome a bambino in May . . . Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lake deny those rumors of a blessed event, but Arthur will be a proud new father in the next "Blondie" picture. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris claim that the new son is so wonderful they're all ready for a dozen more . . . Wally Beery's adopted another beautiful baby, nine-months-old Phyllis Ann . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby are sooooo happy over the prospects of what they hope will be baby sister for their four sons.

MIKE FRIGHT

For perfect poise in front of the camera, you can't beat Joan Crawford. But in front of a mike she's different. The director of the "Gulf Screen Guild Theatre" became so jittery himself after watching the star at her first guest appearance on the program that he decided something should be done to relieve the strain for both of them the next time. When Miss Crawford showed up for the rehearsal, there was a chair in front of the mike so she could hold onto it. It was nailed to the floor!

WHAT, NO ASH-TRAY?

On the way home from the dealer's in their new streamlined car, Carole Lombard lit a cigarette and absent-mindedly flicked the ashes on the car floor. "On account of this being a brand new car, darling," Clark finally said, "would you mind using the ash-tray?" "Why, sure," said his amiable spouse. "But where IS the ash-tray?" Together they punched, pulled and poked at every gadget on the magnificent chromium dashboard. "Now, may I make a suggestion?" asked Mrs. Gable. "How about the book of instructions?" So Gable drew the car up to the curb and sheepishly perused the explanatory pamphlet until he found mention of an ash-tray and its approximate location in the car's gleaming interior.

SHIRLEY'S DEBUT

When Mrs. Temple picked up Shirley the other day after school, her daughter came running out to the car wildly excited. "What do you think?" she said breathlessly. "The most wonderful thing has happened!" Her mother tried to calm Shirley, but the child didn't wait to catch a breath before telling the great news. Her schoolmates were going to put on a play, and she, Shirley, had been given a role! "There are seventeen lines, but I think I'll be all right, don't you?" she asked anxiously. Shirley, you know, has been enrolled at the Westlake School for Girls, because her mother thinks she should have at least a few of the experiences of other children her age.

TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS TOO MANY

Though Bette Davis hasn't started work on any picture since returning to Hollywood, don't think for a minute she's just lazing around. The star's hard at work every day trying to lose those twenty-five pounds gained on her eastern vacation. Says the extra weight made her feel fine, but nearly caused six executives to swoon the first day she appeared on the lot. "Evidently," sighs Bette, "I'm the type that's at my best when exhausted."

ICE SKATING

Ice skating is the most popular sport among the movie colony today. The tropical Gardens Ice Rink, a palm-fringed outdoor rink in Westwood Hills, is the favorite spot for their tumbles. Wayne Morris appears there every morning, with Bubbles cheering from the sidelines. Ann Sheridan with Cesar Romero and Nancy Kelly with Edmond O'Brien are regular Wednesday and Friday evening patrons. But the stellar attraction of the rink is Melinda Markey, the four-year-old daughter of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey. It's Mr. Markey who escorts this charmer to the rinks, because, as Melinda explains, "Mother can't stand up as good as me."







GARBO LOVES!

Latest lowdown on Garbo romances: The Swedish star pooh-poohs romantic rumors linking her with Dr. Gaylord Hauser or George Brent. Her true love is a new star, that scene-stealer from "Pinocchio." His name—Jimmy Cricket. His headquarters—Walt Disney Studios, Hollywood, California.

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

It keeps our Hollywood editor busy "snooping" for you, but here she is with the latest on the film folk



ALONG SUNSET STRIP

A carload of tourists parked in front of the Cock 'n' Bull for hours waiting to catch a glimpse of Garbo "because they heard she ate there" . . . George Raft a frequent visitor to his tailor's shop, since dating Norma Shearer means more and better looking clothes . . . Lana Turner not heeding a stop light, then halting traffic in the middle of the intersection, and smiling her way out of the mixup. . . . Robert Taylor breezing along in the sunshine with the top of his roadster down, and smiling as if he's very happy. Incidentally, Bob certainly enjoyed the vacation he was given after "Remember?" . . . Mary Carlisle tripping into the Raikes studio for her daily vocal lesson.

ROYAL RECEPTION

No warmer reception was ever accorded visiting royalty than that given Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson on their return to Hollywood. They're houseguests of the Tyrone Powers until their own home is ready for occupancy. Most delighted person in Hollywood, though, is Mrs. Adelaide Reaume, Tyrone's grandmother. She, too, is a guest at the Powers' home on her first trip to Hollywood. Mrs. Reaume makes no bones about the fact that Charles Boyer is her favorite actor—"outside the immediate family, of course."

CLOUD OVER OLIVIER

There's a dark cloud over the happiness of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, in spite of the fact that wedding bells are due to ring any moment and that both have had as many honors heaped on them of late as it is possible to get in Hollywood. At any moment, Olivier may be called back to England for active service. The actor refused to explain the English regimental tie he was wearing the other night when he and Vivien were found dining at the Victor Hugo.

ALL'S WELL

Hedy Lamarr's back at Metro without that raise in pay, so everything's quiet on the Metro front. There were rumors that Spencer Tracy would raise strenuous objections when he learned that the ill-fated "I Take This Woman" would again go before the cameras for intensive retakes. But on hearing that he was to report for work on the picture, Tracy's only answer was a weary: "Okay. But why not 'I Retake This Woman'?"

LEW'S DATE-BOOK

Lew Ayres' date-book is enough to make any young man green with envy. Patricia Morison is a frequent companion of Lew's at the night-spots, Ginger Rogers is occasionally spotted with him at a restaurant, and red-headed Greer Garson has looked veddy,



JACK BENNY

veddy interested in what Mr. Ayres has been telling her as they dined tête-à-tête at the Brown Derby every night the past week. Helen Gilbert's name, however, doesn't grace the Ayres' date-book any more. When Helen separated from her husband, Mischa Bakaleinikoff, Lew took first place in her life. When Helen definitely decided on a divorce and began looking around for an attorney, someone suggested a lawyer by the name of Milton Golden. Helen met Mr. Golden, promptly gave him the case—and her heart along with it.

THE NEW DIETRICH

When Marlene Dietrich visited the Paramount lot the other day, she arrived just at noon. Before proceeding to her appointment in the executives' building, the star asked her chauffeur to drop her at the commissary. The new commissary has been built since Dietrich's Paramount days, so the star wandered in the wrong entrance and found herself in the lunch-room section —a line of counters devoted to speed rather than splurge. Dietrich looked lost for a moment but then climbed onto a stool, looked at what the overalled workman next to her was eating and called to the waitress behind the counter, "One of the same, please."

WHEW!

Do you know any woman who would turn down the chance to make ninety thousand honest dollars in her spare time? Garbo's a woman who can do it without flinching. In the past few weeks, she refused to make a $25,000 radio appearance, refused $15,000 for a week's personal appearance in a New York theatre, and $50,000 was turned down by the lady for her signature on a ghost-written story. And did someone say all women are sisters under the skin?

CONGRATULATIONS, GALE

Gale Page is one of the busiest girls in town, between NBC broadcasts, picture work and the new class in which she's enrolled at U.C.L.A. It's a course in Greek literature, of all things. "I'm proud of the strides I've made in my career," Gale admits, "but nothing has given me such confidence to date as the fact that I've attended eighteen lectures on Greek lit and haven't fallen asleep once."

WHICH BOY FRIEND, DOTTIE?

On the set of "Road to Singapore" Dorothy Lamour's been all hands and needles between every scene. Dottie's just taken up knitting and admits that the object on which she's lavishing all her spare time is a man's sweater. She's even having lunch served on the set so no time will be lost on her knitting and unraveling. But to date no one has been able to find out for whom the sweater is intended. "Just a boy friend," says Dorothy. Since the Lamour boy friends are legion, that clue was considered hopeless.



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

NOW, DEANNA!

Ever heard of a $2000 piece of candy? Well, Universal studio has. The other day on the set, the director noticed that Deanna's jaw was moving—rhythmically, but still moving —in a romantic close-up. "You're supposed to look dreamy, Deanna," he said, "so how about parking the gum?" "It isn't gum," was the star's answer. "It's a caramel and I intend to finish it." And so she did— while some forty co-workers stood by and production costs soared merrily up.

ROMANCES AND REBOUNDS

Cesar Romero had a squabble with Ann Sheridan because his studio told him he was supposed to take Loretta Young to a preview and party. He's forgetting his broken heart by taking Loretta, Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers on dancing dates . . . Lee Bowman has fallen head over heels for Irina Baronova, the new MGM dancing star . . . Corbina Wright, Jr. is getting a rush from Bruce Cabot these days . . . Mickey Rooney swears he never was as seriousuly in love as he is with the pretty little Abbott dancer, Dolly Thon . . . Eddie Albert, who used to thrill Jane Bryan, is now concentrating on Rosemary Lane . . . Randolph Scott is now seriously interested in Eleanor Powell, and 'tis rumored that Eleanor is equally interested. . . . Vic Orsatti is escorting Ruth Hussey to the night clubs, and seems to be forgetting Marjorie Weaver . . . Edna Best is really heading for that Reno divorce from Herbert Marshall, but soon, and her plans immediately following the divorce include marriage to agent Nat Woolf . . . Virginia Field and Richard Greene are still pondering over blue prints of the house into which they'll move immediately following those planned wedding bells.

JACKIE'S JAM SESSIONS

There are plenty of moans in the younger set since Jackie Cooper discontinued his "jam" sessions. Jackie's mother has taken him to Palm Springs for a vacation, so the famous orchestra which supplied music for many of the "hops" attended by the youngsters, has been broken up. Bonita Granville, Freddie Bartholomew, the Mauch Twins, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney and Helen Parrish drew up a petition and sent it to Mrs. Cooper, begging her to let Jackie come back as soon as possible. The gang doesn't care for the substitute music of Rudy Vallee, Phil Harris and other orchestras.

AT FARMER'S MARKET

Harold Lloyd, alone on a household shopping tour, downing a big dish of chocolate ice cream at Gills Ice Cream stand . . . Lucille Gleason telling her friends she's out to restock the family vegetable supply, then buying so many flowers that she can't carry



GENE AUTRY

even one carrot . . . Mrs. Sam Goldwyn buying artichokes, because Mr. Sam is very partial to them . . . Mr. and Mrs. Noah Beery having early morning coffee and doughnuts at Mannings . . . Gail Patrick and her secretary wandering around at lunch time with a sandwich in one hand and candied apples in the other . . . June Collyer Erwin and young Master Stuart Erwin buying Papa Stu an ice cream cone.

ANDY SHOWS 'EM

While "Buck Benny Rides Again" was being filmed Andy Devine took so much ribbing from the Murriel Abbott dancers that one day he said, "Okay, girls. I may be hefty but I'm light as a feather on my feet." To prove it, he went into the front line of their next rehearsal. The truth is that Andy did very well—for the five minutes he lasted. After that, he dropped into a chair and called for a chocolate malted milk and a three-decker sandwich to revive him.

HE'S AT IT AGAIN

If Rochester begins reiterating his oft-expressed intention of terminating his connection with Jack Benny, don't be surprised. Life as Benny's stooge has reached an unpleasant impasse for Rochester. It was bad enough playing nursemaid to an imaginary polar bear and submitting to the grunts and growls of Mel Blanc, the cartoon voice who impersonates Carmichael on the air. But



DOROTHY LAMOUR

now Rochester has learned that he must cavort before the camera with a real fur-bearing beast in Benny's new picture. When Rochester discovered that the bear had arrived at the studio, he turned as white as his new playmate's fur. And unless the new Carmichael has his fingernails manicured every morning—under Rochester's supervision—Mr. Benny is apt to have an abdicating butler.

IT'S INFORMAL AT THE GABLES

Carole Lombard admitted the other day that her attempt to keep life on a strictly informal basis at the Gable-Lombard ranch has been carried a bit too far. Nowadays when she calls home and asks to speak to Mr. G., the maid cups her hand over the mouthpiece and yodels to the butler, "Hey, tell Paw that Maw's on the phone!"

THE AUTRYS

Gene Autry is in love with one of the prettiest women in Hollywood—and her name is Mrs. Gene Autry. You don't read about them being "Hollywood's Happiest" for the main and simple reason that no one considers them a part of Hollywood, in spite of Gene corralling the biggest amount of fan mail in town. The Autrys long ago decided that Hollywood parties weren't half as much fun as a barbecue at their ranch, with the guest list comprised of cowboys and their girls and wives.



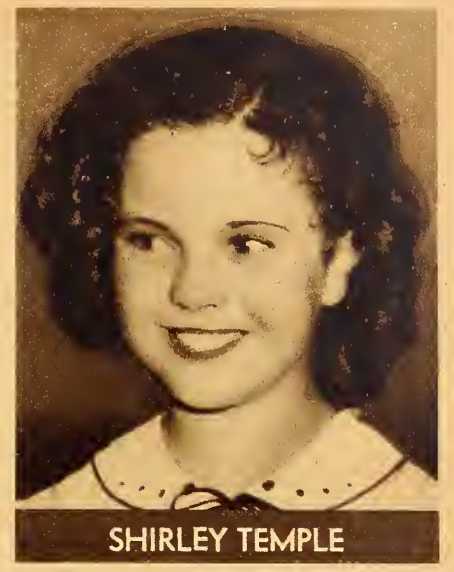
GARY COOPER

NO TRESPASSING

Priscilla Lane has been eyeing the fine tennis court adjoining the producers' building at Warners for a long time. She never saw anyone make use of it, but didn't quite have the nerve to ask if she could get in a daily game or two on producers' property. Finally one day she gathered her courage in hand and marched into the building. "Could you tell me," she asked the girl at the switchboard, "if you ever knew anyone to use that tennis court at the side of the building?" "Sure, I knew a guy who used it," said the girl, "but he was fired next day." Priscilla changed her mind!

SHORT SHOTS

Sandra and Ronnie, pride and joy of the Gracie Allen-George Burns household, are now sporting new coiffures designed by themselves. They were left alone one morning in their play-room, and found Mama Gracie's manicure scissors . . . The beard Orson Welles is shaving for his new picture hasn't been touched since December, 1938, and he says he really grew the thing for the publicity . . . In "Young Tom Edison," Mickey Rooney does the Morse code himself because it's so easy for the fans to tell from his finger movements whether he's really tapping or not . . . Richard Barthelmess' seventeen-year-old daughter, Mary Hay, has her eyes on a screen career . . . Ted Healy's



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

widow, Betty, is opening a dude ranch at Victorville . . . Nigel Bruce has lost twenty-three pounds, and now the studio is worrying over whether Sherlock Holmes will be able to find his Watson in the usual shadows of the mystery pictures . . . Paulette Goddard had a terrific siege of stage fright the morning she matched with Bing Crosby in a golf tournament against Ruby Keeler and Bob Hope. The 3000 fans couldn't get interested in anybody but Paulette . . . Jane Bryan learned that Austrian accent for "We Are Not Alone" in one day . . . Marlene Dietrich is tired of being driven around by her chauffeur, and is taking driving lessons . . . Sonja Henie positively refuses to go brunette for any film roles . . . Brian Donlevy has a clause in his new contract that says he doesn't have to die "yellow" in future roles. "Yes, I'll die, but honorably," says Donlevy . . . Shirley Temple's making her studio do some serious thinking. She's growing up so fast that a new type of story is needed. She's not a has-been at ten years old, and the studio is going to make sure she doesn't become one . . . Virginia Weidler is writing a new song which her brother is putting to music. Title—"I Hold My Breath and Get Blue in the Face" . . . Anita Louise says, "Hands off my harp," and insists on personally packing and unpacking the six-foot instrument even when on personal appearance tours.

DIDJA KNOW

That Lon Chaney, Jr., who plays Lennie in "Of Mice and Men," owns a poultry and rabbit market . . . That Ann Sheridan takes a bicycle ride every day to exercise that famous "oomph" . . . That Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Kennedy are plotting a road tour of "Romeo and Juliet" and are going to play it as straight as the fans will allow . . . That Eddie Norris spends every available minute in his private plane . . . That Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, whose middle name is Everett, is writing a book on life in Hollywood . . . That Binnie Barnes' real name is plain Gittell Enoyce . . . And that Tyrone Power once worked as a drug store clerk . . . That Don Ameche can concoct the fanciest dish of spaghetti in all Hollywood . . . That Marlene Dietrich went to her first American football game when U.S.C. played U.C.L.A. She (*Continued on page 101*)

CUPID STRIKES

THOUSANDS of men watched their dreams shatter with the marriage of Hedy Lamarr—but that amount is insignificant compared with the number who could cheerfully slit the throat of youthful Vaughn Paul. Vaughn, of course, is the twenty-three-year-older who has won wide but unwelcome fame by becoming Deanna Durbin's fiancé. By profession he is an assistant director on the Universal lot; by accident, the object of more publicity than a man with three thumbs.

Vaughn first met Deanna when the studio assigned him to one of her pictures. He was fresh out of the University of Southern California at the time and determined to be a success—yet it may be truthfully said that going with a movie star is not his way of "getting there." Rather, it has been Deanna who's been taking the initiative in their romance. When she discovered she "had a case on that Mr. Paul," she behaved so unlike her usual reserved self that "Mr. Paul" finally had to become aware of her as an alluring young woman. Even now she makes no bones about her feelings. On the nights Vaughn works late, she goes down to the set and waits for him as a dutiful sweetheart should. When he's finished, they tear away in his car (or hers—they have identical models) and take in a movie at some second-rate theatre. If he's too tired, they go back to the Durbin house and just sit and talk. Since they recently bought property on which to build their own home, there's no dearth of conversation.

Deanna and her beau seldom join the cafe set because Vaughn hates flash bulbs exploding in his face. But as a screen star's husband, that's just one of the inconveniences he'll have to endure. At the studio, he and Deanna are on distinctly different planes. Her success is achieved; he's still at the bottom of the ladder. Her salary is staggering; his looks like pin money beside it.

It's an upside-down situation, but love's a funny thing. We're still betting that the Vaughn Pauls become Hollywood's most happily wedded pair!



Vaughn was once ashamed to escort Deanna because he thought she was just a kid.



Before she is twenty-one, Deanna will have earned $1,600,000. Will her wealth be a stumbling block to marital bliss?



Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle of Philadelphia, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.

Prominent Sub-Deb



The younger social set loves skiing. To Margaret, a "spill" is just part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.



After an exciting summer in Europe, Margaret is now back in the whirl of sub-deb gaiety. Season's high spots are exclusive Saturday Evening dances.

BOTH *Young Moderns* CHEER THE SAME *Thorough* SKIN CARE

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:
Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

ANSWER: "Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:
What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman?

ANSWER: "It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

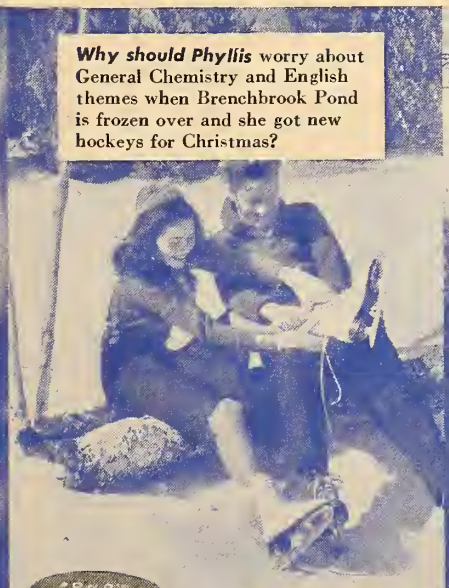
QUESTION: Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?

ANSWER: "I have a system! Before even *touching* a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"

Popular Senior



Miss Phyllis Boarman is a much-dated senior at East Orange High School in N. J. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!



Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Brenchbrook Pond is frozen over and she got new hockeys for Christmas?



With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first come, first served" at Pal's Cabin.



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVC, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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WOEFUL AND WACKY

BY JOHN FRANCHEY



An inimitable harlequin, Mad Hamlet Mischa always has his fingers in some bit of mischief.



Mischa Simonowich Ounskowski —ahem—is a scion of what he calls Russia's "petty nobility."

Sad-eyed but full of tricks— that's Mayor Mischa Auer

THOSE DOLEFUL eyes of Mischa Auer, so conspicuous by their contrast to the hilarious shenanigans he's always pulling off, are no actor's triumph. He deserves no credit. Life gave them to him. They mirror his personal history. They reflect war, work and woe.

In his last picture, "Destry Rides Again," he set even the hard-bitten critics in the aisles with his buffooneries as a transplanted Cossack who had migrated without rhyme or reason to a western town where he undertook a spot of hoss-wrangling. A Russian cowboy he was, as fantastic as a séance of rug-cutting in a cathedral or Tony Galento in the role of a ballerina.

Funny? Of course. But ironic, too.

It so happens that Mischa Auer *is* a Russian expatriate, a scion of what he likes to call, with typical modesty, "the petty nobility." And his real name is Mischa Simonowich Ounskowski. His father, a commander of a destroyer in the Imperial Russian fleet, went down with his ship in a skirmish with one of the Mikado's men-of-war during the Russo-Japanese campaign.

He was four when his renowned grandfather, Leopold Auer, the outstanding violin virtuoso of this century and the teacher of Zimbalist, Elman and Heifetz, to name a few, took him under his wing. When a fiddle was thrust in his hands, he stared at it ruefully. He made a clean break of it. There just wasn't the immortal urge within him, he told his great kinsman. Grandpa Auer took it very hard.

What he did have was a passion for the theatre. As a little shaver he used to haunt the back stages of the theatres at St. Petersburg, entranced with it all.

The Revolution broke with all its sudden fury and it became high time to think of self-preservation. Caught in the maelstrom, he was shipped with several hundred other boys of his age and social status to a forlorn town in Siberia, presumably to learn how to become a true Communist.

It was a miserable journey, four thousand miles across the steppes in coaches that offered only wooden benches on which to sleep. Once arrived at land's end, they were dumped out and forgotten.

Here he discovered how relentless life can really be. Faced with starvation, he learned to ignore the proprieties. Together with his friends he formed a roving band equipped with knapsacks. They trudged from farmhouse to farmhouse begging, in the name of God's mercy even a hard crust. It wasn't easy. Poverty reigned over the whole countryside. When they couldn't beg food, they stole it—just enough to keep themselves alive.

After two years, they were shuttled back to St. Petersburg. Some had perished. Mischa Auer had become a starveling gnome, and the mournful look had made its first appearance.

Worse misfortune was yet to dog him. Now the dread OGPU, the political secret service arm, outlawed all those suspected of having sympathetic leanings toward the old regime. The Auers were on the list scheduled for immediate liquidation. One jump ahead of arrest and oblivion, Auer and his mother fled. It was a heart-rending trek they made, mother and son, forging their way South to the Black Sea, fighting plague and hunger, and eventually reaching Constantinople then under the protection of the Union Jack.

Here his mother was attacked by typhus and died. And here she was buried in a Greek Orthodox cemetery overlooking the harbor. A boy of fifteen, he was now left to shift for himself. In time he beat his way into Italy where he hunted out a family friend who provided him with the address of grandfather Leopold, now in the United States. Soon help was on its way. The wanderer set sail for America, a wistful shadow of a boy who had compressed an eternity into his fifteen years.

Under his grandfather's protection, he picked up the life thread. He was sent to the famous Ethical Culture School. His record here is less than average. He had no inclination for studies. His mind was alive only with dying. He could not escape the recollections of things he had seen and heard.

All concerned worked feverishly to salvage the shattered soul in the undernourished body. It was slow work. But by the time he was seventeen, noticeable progress was apparent. Came the day when he remembered his former passion for the theatre. He decided to see what it had to offer him here in America.

Not much, at first. But he persisted. Mere disinterest and rebuffs were nothing to him. He wouldn't be downed. Finally Dudley Digges, just for his own amusement, presented him with a small role, that of an old man, in a mob scene.

This slight (*Continued on page* 76)



The "photog's delight" with his wife. How feels the Missus about his clowning? She loves it!



Mr. A. campaigned for himself with hammer and tongs. He's Mayor of Universal City.



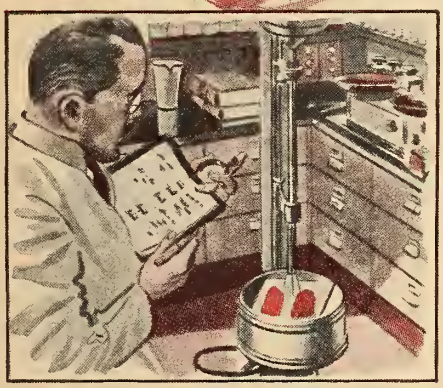
Paris APPROVES THE COLORS

Paris openings forecast the big news in feminine fashion . . . Cutex nail shades forecast the big news in fingertip chic!

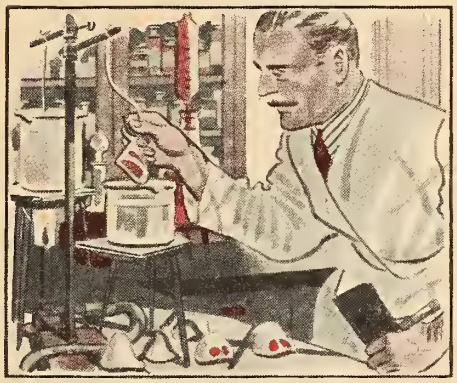
In Paris new Cutex nail tones are checked against the latest color news.

Wear Cutex and your nails are as glamorous as your Paris-inspired frocks!

America PERFECTS THE WEAR



Sand From the Cutex Sand Machine a steady stream of sand falls on a glass plate coated with Cutex Polish . . . much harsher treatment than you give your nails in daily wear.



Water In the Cutex Immersion Test, Cutex Salon Polish withstands for long periods the destructive action of salt water and of hot water containing strong household cleaning preparations.



Sun The Cutex Sun Lamp is used to test sun-fast qualities. You can expose Cutex to brilliant summer sun for days, and it will "take it" without fading or changing color.



CUTEX gives you tops in style and wear in the new Cutex Salon Polish!

The new Cutex GADABOUT is a gay, dashing red-rose red. The new Cutex CEDARWOOD is a young, mauvy pink. Both are perfect foils for the new colors featured at the Midseason openings.

GUARANTEED TO WEAR LONGER

Try Cutex GADABOUT and CEDARWOOD —at our risk! If they don't wear better than any polish you've ever worn, simply return the bottle to us. We will cheerfully refund your original purchase price. (Offer good for 1940 only.) See all the smart Cutex shades today—at any toilet-goods counter.

Northam Warren, 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.



HIJINKS—True red-red.
GADABOUT—A gay rosy red.
OLD ROSE—Rich, flattering rose.
CEDARWOOD—Lighter—soft, mauvy rose.
CAMEO—Fragile mauve-tinted rambler pink.
HEATHER—Grape-rose.



NEW CUTEX *Salon Polish*

PREVENT CHAPPING

with the Skin Softener that gives you COSTLIEST INGREDIENTS* SAVES YOU MONEY**

*1 Italian Balm contains costliest ingredients used in any of the most popular nationally-advertised brands.

**2 ONE DROP is ample for both hands, per application. More is wasteful.

3 Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry the skin.

4 Promotes healing — counteracts drying effect of hard water, harsh skin cleansers, severe weather.

5 Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Priced at 10¢, 20¢, 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00 a bottle—at toilet goods counters.

Over 90 Million Bottles Sold



HAIRWAYS TO BEAUTY

(Continued from page 45)

good and wire ones may scratch or injure your scalp so a simple good quality, medium bristle is your best investment.

Beginning at the hair line in front, brush all around in a complete circle. Then divide your hair into one inch rows and brush each one thoroughly on both sides. To properly polish, clean and exercise each single shaft, your brush must be turned so as to pull every hair through to the very end. Go over your entire head this way until every inch has been covered.

Brushes should be kept immaculately clean. Wash them in warm soap suds and dry them in sun or fresh air when possible. Alternate brushing with combing if you want to. A wide-toothed comb is best for wet or tangled hair, a finer one for cleaning and arranging it. See that there are no sharp edges to the comb teeth if you don't want broken hair or injured scalp.

Now for the important business of hair cleanliness. Keep your hair clean whether that means shampooing it every few days or every few weeks. Much depends upon the season and the climate in which you live. Girls who live by the lens in Hollywood often have to wash theirs every two or three days, yet where have you ever seen lovelier, more radiant tresses? On the other hand, if your hair is dry or brittle, or if you live in a clean location, your hair should not need such frequent shampooing. You are the best judge of this.

Brushing, special tonics and dry shampoos are perfect between-time measures for you with dry hair. But you girls with oily crowning glories remember this brushing is just as important for you as for anybody else, for brushing coaxes and encourages your hair toward normalcy, no matter in which direction it tends to excess. Brushing also polishes off dust, perspiration and the dead skin which collects faster on oily than on other types of hair.

OIL shampoos are very good for dry hair. Heat a bottle of oil, apply it with a bit of cotton, rubbing well into your scalp, then leave it on as long as convenient, twenty minutes, an hour, or all night if you can. (And keep a bright kerchief, a yard of pretty colored veiling or a snood handy to make yourself presentable while you're beautifying. In these days of inexpensive chain store prices and beautifully styled merchandise, there's no excuse for looking like an old hag in an oily towel. It isn't good for your morale—or anybody else's.) Just before the shampoo, wring out a clean towel in hot water, wrap it around your head and let it steam for five or ten minutes. This finishes the treatment.

From here on, a shampoo is the same no matter what type of hair you have. A mild, liquid soap and warm soft water is the ideal combination. If possible, use a spray or, better still, get right under your bath shower. After wetting your hair well, pour on liquid shampoo as directed on the bottle. With the cushions of your fingers work this in thoroughly. Now rinse and repeat the shampoo. This time pay special attention to the ends of your hair, rubbing them carefully through your fingers. If your hair is dry or normal, twice through will be enough. If it's very oily a third shampoo and rinse may help. But whichever it is, make that last rinse a thorough one. Remove every trace of soap or stickiness. Lift your hair, rinse it underneath as well as on top, and continue this until it's so clean it whistles.

And now is your time for a vegetable rinse to bring out the sheen and highlights, and to add life to overworked tresses. There are many excellent and perfectly harmless rinses that add ever so much to the appearance of your hair without in any way harming it. Of course, they all wash out and have to be renewed with each shampoo but that is a simple matter. One excellent rinse is already being used by millions of women. It accentuates the lustre of your hair and makes it sparkle with lively lights. It won't stain or rub off either, and it's both safe and easy to apply. We know a lot of girls who wouldn't wash their hair without using this efficient preparation, for it is not only pure and safe but adds so much to their appearance.

DRY your hair in the sun and air if you can, separating and shaking it out in your fingers. Then, with clean comb and brush, stroke it upward and out to let the air get through it. Hot air is not good for hair so, if you must use a dryer keep it at a medium temperature.

If you just "can't do a thing with your hair", we know the very preparation you need—a certain hair oil that has been used by Hollywood studio experts for years to keep the stars' hair lustrously vital and abundant looking. This hair and scalp conditioner contains a balanced blend of rich animal oils and toning ingredients which, almost instantly, gives your hair a beautiful sheen, softness and appearance of sparkling life. If you want to have lustrous locks, soft, clean and manageable, you owe it to yourself to massage your scalp and treat your hair regularly to this stimulating, time proven hair conditioner.

It won't be long before the permanent wave season sets in and it's none too early now to start conditioning your hair in anticipation. Even the most expert operator is handicapped if you take him a head of hair that is too dry, too oily, overworked, worn out or in any other way unhealthy. To get good results from a permanent, your hair must be in good condition to start with. For this the old brushing routine we mentoned a while ago is vastly helpful. A hundred strokes a day is a small price to pay for a glamorous mane of radiant hair. Daily massage is an important pre-permanent conditioner too. Then, twice a week for a couple of months give yourself a series of oil packs. These are practically "musts" if your hair is dry or brittle. Follow the instructions given earlier for an oil shampoo.

Just before your permanent, have all the old brittle ends cut off. And, if you don't need a complete wave, by all means don't have one. Often the back and sides are sufficient. That will give your hair a longer rest in which to regain its natural sheen and elasticity. After you've done your very best, trust yourself to a good operator. But insist that a test curl be made every time you have a new permanent, for the condition of your hair is constantly changing.

Now, a few notes on coiffures and hair styling. Nothing is better for giving you a "lift," a new sense of confidence, a fresh interest in yourself and the world

(Continued on page 64)

LORETTA YOUNG

shows you how to take an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL—







Use cosmetics all you like—but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

Try Loretta Young's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days! Clever women everywhere find this wise, gentle care really *works*—helps guard against the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap during the day for a quick freshener, and at night to give skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing—protection it needs to stay lovely. Begin your ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS now! For extra economy, buy 3 cakes.



YOU want to have smooth, soft skin. So don't fail to remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—don't risk Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



The Most
BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS
in the world

DURA-GLOSS

Yours!—the poise and calm assurance of good taste that comes from knowing that your fingernails are "the last word"—with Dura-Gloss! Overnight, millions of women, enraptured with its gem-hard, brilliant lustre, have switched to this new, this different polish, Dura-Gloss! And to Dura-Gloss' new efficient polish remover, too! At all cosmetic counters, Dura-Gloss is only 10 cents! *Made only of the finest—no harsh ingredients.*

Choose your color by the
FINGERNAIL CAP



Only Dura-Gloss has it! New "fingernail cap"—coated with the polish that's in the bottle. Shows exact shade. Banishes guesswork, disappointment.

10c

Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey

in general than to look in a mirror and discover unsuspected possibilities in your face, revealed for the first time by a new, becoming hair-do. It will often change your whole outlook on life. There's just one caution we'd like to make, and that is: In changing your hair style, don't try to change your type. In following a new coiffure, don't "lift" it "as is" from the pages of a magazine or the picture of your favorite star now showing at your neighborhood movie theatre. Ginger Rogers' or Ann Sheridan's beautiful hair-do's may be perfect for them but nine times out of ten must be considerably modified for anybody else, no matter who she is.

HERE are a few style hints which may be considered for what they're worth. There is a noticeable trend toward sanity and moderation in all the new hair-do's. That clean, shining, well-brushed look coupled with skillful arrangement is more important now than either careless, fly-away styles or over-intricate coiffures. The tendency toward soft, swirling waves, kept short enough to fit the contour of your head, still has many smart followers. (No shingled edges, of course. They went out years ago.)

Ears have become more important. Waves may fall lightly over ear tops but lobes at least should show. Some young folks, for a long time to come, will undoubtedly be devoted to shoulder length bobs, whether in page boy style or loose, soft curls, for these form a perfect frame for smooth, young faces. Of course it was never right for the older, less-cameo-faced lassies. Up-off-the-forehead hair-do's with sculptured front curls and a down, chignon effect behind, is another style that is still good and that promises to last.

Blondes can and should wear their hair softer and somewhat longer than brunettes. Otherwise no flattering frame is apparent. Dark-haired girls, because of the contrast between hair and skin, can wear shorter, more severe hair-do's. By all means, though, preserve a simple, clearly defined, well groomed look if you're a decided brunette. Anything else on your type looks downright frowzy. Brownettes and redheads have considerably more latitude than either of the more definite types.

Whatever your type, after dressing your hair, take a hand mirror and examine it critically from all angles, especially at the sides and back. Just because you don't see the back of your head, don't forget how many other people have to look at it. When you're sure that your hair is the right length and dressed in the style most becoming to both your face and figure—then take another look. Will it *stay* that way? In these days of remarkable hair gadgets for every conceivable purpose, don't overlook the versatility of those adaptable little bob pins. Used in the right way, with artful care, nothing can quite take their place. But be sure that you tuck them securely *under* your waves and curls. Don't have them sticking out like stiff little clamps or braces. They weren't made to be used that way and your hair wasn't made to be treated so. Nail head decorations are fine on tooled leather but not on coiffures. Hair should look smooth and soft and casual, never stiff nor set nor sheathed in steel.

Try concealing your bob pins and see the difference in your whole appearance. When stray wisps or unruly ends need a little special persuasion, have you ever tried dampening them slightly, then rolling them up on bob pins? Many of the stars in Hollywood practice this trick and find it gives just the right amount of soft, natural-looking curl.

A word here about hair in relation to face shapes: If yours is an ideal oval, like Ilona Massey's or Bette Davis', keep your coiffure simple. Center parts will become you, but not low parts, deep dips or bangs. If your face is long, like Rosemary Lane's or Frances Dee's, soft, loose waves will flatter you. Don't ever attempt high hair-do's or middle parts.

Round-faced girls like Marjorie Weaver, for example, should keep any fullness above the ears, and taper the hair line in toward the lower face. Always keep your forehead clear and don't try tight, harsh waves. If your chin is narrow and your forehead broad, center your hair interest low, in loose, soft waves. Don't wear high hair-do's and don't center your part.

Diamond-faced girls, like Merle Oberon, need to add width at the forehead. Hair carried up and off the face is best for girls with these interesting lines. If your face is squarish like Joan Crawford's, try a diagonal part, not too low, with wide, soft lines. No bangs or heavy dips for you. No tight small curls, and never straight, harsh hair lines.

There, does that answer some of your questions? We sincerely hope so. We could go on and on, but we think this will be enough to start you on the right track. The only way to hair beauty is hair quality achieved through constant conditioning. Will yours be a crown of glory, or just a sad, dejected mop?

* * *

AS we've been saying throughout this article, all the curls, and bangs in the world won't do you any good if your hair itself doesn't shine with life and cleanliness. What kind of shampoo do *you* use? Does it soften while it cleanses, and does it lubricate and polish every single hair shaft, leaving your hair lustrous and uninjured? It should—and we know a shampoo that does all these things, besides cleansing away dirt and loose dandruff flakes that have accumulated around the hair base. What's more, this shampoo leaves your scalp free to breathe, allowing the oil glands and hair cells a chance to perform their normal functions efficiently. It practically gives an oil treatment at the same time that it cleanses, too. This shampoo is non-lathering and rinses out quickly and completely, leaving no gummy film to dim the lustre of your locks. Your hair becomes beautifully manageable and, if you don't find all this true, you're protected by a money-back guarantee. Could anything be fairer than that?

WE'RE SORRY . . .

That "Socially Yours," the Hollywood Who's Who which we promised you, could not be included this month. However, this feature will appear in an early issue of Modern Screen.



Lady Esther asks

"Is GRIT in your face powder robbing you of your loveliness?"



Unpopularity doesn't just happen! And no one thing takes away from your charm as much as a face powder that won't cling smoothly—that gives you a "powdery look" *because it contains grit!* Why not find out about your powder?



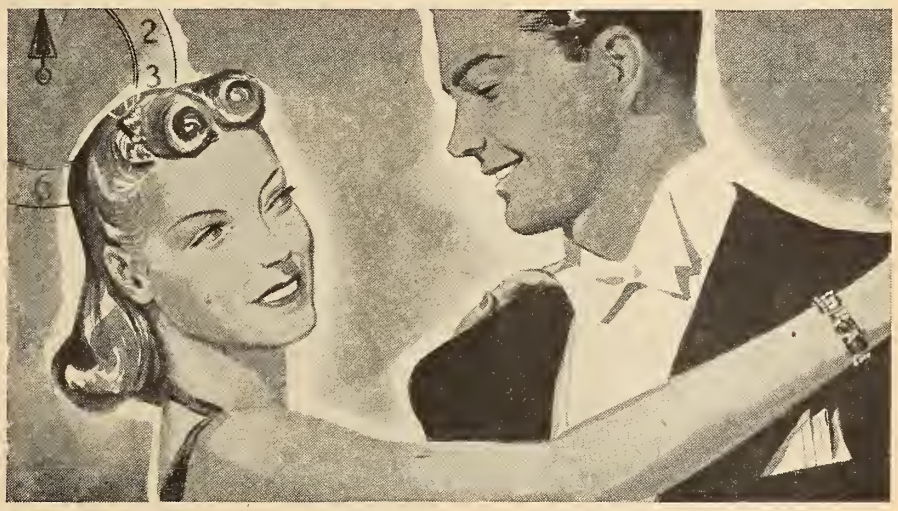
Right in your own teeth you have a testing laboratory! Grind your teeth slowly over a pinch of your present powder (be sure they are even) and your teeth will detect for you the slightest possible trace of grit! But...



What an amazing difference in Lady Esther Face Powder! This *superfine* powder is free from all suspicion of coarseness or grit! When you smooth it on your face, your skin takes on a luminous, satiny look . . . a new loveliness!



When you make your entrance at a party, how wonderful to make it confidently! *You can*—if you use Lady Esther Face Powder! For no longer need you be a slave to your powder puff. Put on Lady Esther Face Powder at 8 o'clock...



And at midnight—after the gayest evening . . . your skin will still look exquisitely lovely! So today, send for samples of all ten shades of my face powder, *at my expense*. See for yourself that this superfine powder contains not a single trace of grit . . . goes on smoothly. And you can find your *lucky shade*, too . . . the one shade of Lady Esther Face Powder that will flatter you most . . . that will make you look *years younger than you really are!*

Try the famous Lady Esther "Bite-Test"

Test your Face Powder! Place a pinch of your powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. Don't be shocked if your teeth find grit!

Now, brush away every trace of this powder and the grit it might contain, and repeat the test with Lady Esther Face Powder. Your teeth will quickly tell you that my face powder contains *no trace of coarseness or grit!* You'll find it never gives you a harsh, flaky, "powdery" look . . . but makes your skin look satin-smooth . . . flatters your beauty.

Find your Lucky Shade, too! For the wrong shade of face powder can make you look *older*. So send today for all ten thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, *at my expense*. Try them all . . . don't skip even one. For the powder shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade* for your skin —*luckiest for you!*

★ 10 shades FREE! ★

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

LADY ESTHER, (53)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



MEN CALL IT
Glamour
WOMEN CALL IT
Varady

Skin wonderfully smooth . . . a face vibrantly youthful . . . a complexion that is loveliness itself . . . color, delicately subtle . . . lips vivid, alluring. That's glamour . . . every woman's bid for exciting romance.

For more than 100 years many of Europe's proudest beauties have looked to the Varady family for guidance to enchanting charm. Now the famous Varady secrets are brought to you in these five basic essentials for beauty and makeup.

Ask for Varady's All-Purpose Cream, Oil of Youth, Face Powder, Blending Rouge, and Lipstick. Use them and experience a new thrill in charm. For sale at all cosmetic counters.

Varady

COSMETICS, INC., Merchandise Mart, Chicago



CROTCHETED CHIC







No. 1206—Above, femininely tailored, with tucks and collar.

No. 1205 — Left, snug-fitting, lacy—best of all, inexpensive.

CROCHET is up in style news! And no wonder! Treating it as a fabric, the Paris designers have tailored and tucked it into the most attractive blouses we've ever seen. They're clicking with four stars everywhere, because they're not only inexpensive but also easy to make and simple to launder.

The one at the top can be worn as a tuck-in or overblouse for it has a fitted waistline. Its soft, trim lines make it a perfect mate for your pet suit. The snug, lacy blouse in the center is trimmed with crochet-covered buttons down the front. Lovely in white mercerized cotton, it is also smart in ecru or a color that blends with your outfit.

At the bottom, we have a dream of a bolero and bag set! It's made of pastel variegated cotton thread crocheted in a loop stitch and is perfect over an evening dress any time of year.

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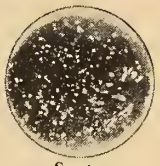
No. 1210—Left, youthful bolero and cunning bag that matches.



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1 This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

2 All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



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Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is a TRUE GERMICIDE. It kills germs, like the Pityrosporum ovale germ, that grow well where dandruff is found. Microscopic tests made after a Fitch Shampoo show that the scalp and hair are antiseptically clean — free from all germs.

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ANN: Why, this tastes just like fine chocolate! But will it really work?

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10¢ and 25¢



DIETRICH LURE

(*Continued from page 29*)

roles they give me, from a countess to a scrub-woman, provided the stories are good. Despite what others say, I have no set ideas on the parts I desire to play. Most other actresses, I know, do possess firm ideas. But I'm not built that way."

She brushed the hair from her eyes, and smiled. "Joe Pasternak, my producer at Universal, is a charming man. I trust him implicitly because he knows what he is doing. He has, more than anyone I have ever met, an instinct for the right thing. I want to cooperate. That is the only way to make a movie. You have to work with your producer, director and fellow actors. I know this. You can't succeed alone. Some try. But they usually fail. A person, alone, cannot acquire perspective."

I mumbled some question concerning her present ambitions. I asked, "Now that your latest show is box office, and you're on top, do you have any special ambition?"

Her reply was trigger-quick. "I have no ambition at all. No goal. I don't want to sound dull, but that's the way it is. No one has ever bothered to ask me before. And now that you have, this is my answer—Never in my entire life have I planned a single thing ahead. I wouldn't want my life that way, always fighting toward something. I never even desired to be famous. Never. When I landed in pictures, I wanted good parts. That's all. I've gone with the current, flexibly, without rigid aims in mind. This is not the *new* Dietrich talking. This is just the *real* Dietrich."

SHE paused, nibbled on her cigarette holder and said, "However, I recall there was one thing I did want, achingly, for nine long years. To be an American citizen. And that came true recently. I feel proud to be an American, at last. But frankly, I did not feel safe. And I still don't. One can't shut the European war and the sorrow over there out of one's mind. It's all too big, too inclusive. Being an American doesn't make me feel that now at last I belong. I cannot feel safe when people everywhere are suffering, and the sensitive are weighted with moral worry. Many of my friends are in France and in Germany. It pains me deeply to see them suffer."

The phone rang. It was a good punctuation point. Someone was calling Marlene for a date. She replied in German that she already had an engagement for the evening. She argued over the phone.

And as all this went on, I sank back on the sofa, lit my briar, watched Dietrich curled in the armchair across the room and reflected on what a long way that strange German girl had come.

As I heard her voice, and her husky laugh, there was a drumming in my ears and the years were rolling back. She was born in Weimar, when Germany had a Kaiser, in 1904 and her name, at first, was Mary Magdalene von Losch. This later became Marlene by combining the first part of her first name and the latter part of her middle name.

Her father, a Prussian lieutenant, was killed on the Russian front in 1915. In remembering this, I realized, suddenly, why Marlene had been so disturbed by the European situation when we'd discussed it.

Her entire dramatic training had been obtained in Berlin, after the war, at Max Reinhardt's school. She toiled as an extra in German UFA films to get money for that school.

As an extra, she also got her break. She was one of the hundreds in a mob scene. A husky, blonde, assistant director named Rudolf Sieber spotted her, extracted her from the mob, handed her a lorgnette and told her to play a bit. That lorgnette changed Marlene's life. The glass reflected a spot of light on the camera lens. Technicians forgot to take this out. When the picture was shown, the reflection drew attention to Marlene's natural beauty—and she was on her way. A few months later, she married handsome Mr. Sieber. In 1925, they had a girl, christened Maria.

BUT now, across the room, Marlene had placed the receiver on the telephone hook and was coming back to the sofa. I dismissed my thoughts of the long-ago and returned to the delightful reality of our conversation.

I decided to ask Marlene a provocative question. I was probing for a hidden chapter in her life, so I inquired, "What person taught you the most, about how to act and how to live?"

Her answer came sharp and certain. "Josef von Sternberg." Then, without pausing, "He was the only person who ever taught me anything. He taught me all I know. Absolutely all—mainly how to produce and transmit my real self. I owe no human being more. I'll tell you a secret. I didn't originally come to Hollywood because it was fascinating. Berlin and Paris were as attractive. I came to Hollywood because Josef von Sternberg wanted me to. He sent for me to come. If he had been in Australia, believe me, I would have gone to Australia!"

She reclined on the sofa, silent—and I tried, in some psychic way, to imagine what she was recalling. What had the magic name—von Sternberg—conjured up? Maybe she was remembering the night she was a guest star at the Berliner Theatre, and von Sternberg, the mighty mite, saw her, went backstage. He was planning a picture to be entitled "The Blue Angel." He wanted a woman with beautiful legs to play opposite Emil Jannings. He signed Marlene Dietrich. In 1931, the Dietrich thighs, torso and talent were on display in "The Blue Angel." It was a sensation. Von Sternberg went to the United States. He brought Marlene with him. He worked hard with her. Transformed her from a frail, awkward girl, touched with beauty, to a suave full-grown woman. For twelve hours a day he hammered her, playing Svengali to her Trilby, forcing her to do single "takes" more than a dozen times over.

Sitting with Marlene, I remembered

(*Continued on page 70*)

STAR ADDRESS LIST

Send a stomped, self-addressed envelope todoy for a new list of Hollywood stors with their correct studio oddresses. It is o convenient size to hondle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive o list, oll you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing o large, self-oddressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget thot lost item, os no request con be complied with otherwise. Pleose send requests to Informotion Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.



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WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME 2 YEARS AGO ?*

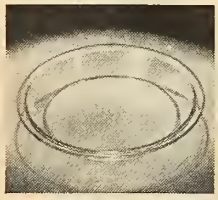


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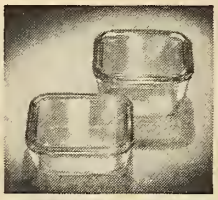
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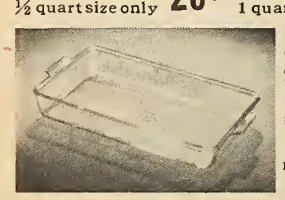
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that von Sternberg was the only man she ever permitted to correct her in public. And he, at times, was brutal in his frankness. But it was under him that she earned $200,000 for making "Garden of Allah." A fabulous and record sum.

Today, the two men who found her, nursed her to success, are down. Her husband, Sieber, is unemployed and in New York. Von Sternberg, her teacher, dwells in the valley, above Hollywood, obscure. Marlene Dietrich alone, ahead of them both, has come back today to a new fame, a brighter future and many tomorrows.

I asked about her daughter, Maria.

"She's fifteen now," said Marlene. "I have no plans for her future. I couldn't make any if I wanted to, because she's utterly American, so independent." Marlene went to the piano, took down a picture of Maria on a bicycle. "Look, here she is. A pretty child, don't you think? But I've had so much trouble with her. That's the way with a child, I suppose. From the day of her birth, illness, kidnapping—worry, worry, worry. That's life."

OUR conversation jumped from topic to topic, like a busy Mexican bean. We discussed, with detachment, Marlene's underpinnings. She said, "Frankly, I have never exploited my legs. When a part required I show my legs, I did. Never for any other reason. They have not helped or hindered me. But I suppose nice legs are a good thing."

It was getting late. And there was one more thing. In my pocket, on a slip of paper, was the report of a prominent movieland psychologist who had studied Marlene Dietrich's life. I had asked him for some "inside dope" on what made Marlene tick, and he had given it to me. Now, with Dietrich relaxed, I fished into my pocket, took out the slip, told her what I had, and then read it to her. Here is what I read—

"Miss Dietrich is psychologically interesting. Her early ambition to become a violinist was thwarted by an accident. But she wanted to become famous, so she turned to acting. To gain ease, she began staging situations in her private life. Do you know why Dietrich wears men's clothes? To hide an inferiority complex fostered by a girlhood of hardships and privations. Do you know why Dietrich appears in night clubs with several escorts? It is an inner expression of her yearning for security."

I stopped reading. Glanced at Dietrich. Her face was an exclamation point. If she had been fed bombs for lunch, she couldn't have been nearer blowing up.

"It's wrong, all wrong!" she exploded. "That psychologist is as inaccurate as everyone else about me. For instance, that nonsense he writes about men's clothes hiding my so-called inferiority complex—dear me! Listen, I wear trousers and slacks and shirts because I find them more comfortable than anything else. And for no other psychological reason.

"And furthermore, am I the only woman ever to go out to night clubs with several escorts? Was that to hide my inner yearning for security? How silly! Why, I have never, never had a moment's desire for security. I think security is stale and awful. An artist, presuming that I am one, has too much imagination to worry about security. Why, if I had ever desired security, I wouldn't have become an actress. I'd have taken some other job, a steady, certain job, and worked until I was sixty, and then lived on the savings until I died. But, God, that's not the life I've lived or desired!"

I was on my feet. I had asked a million questions. There was still time for one more. "If you had it all to do over again, Marlene, what mistakes would you avoid?"

Her reply came clear. "None. I would do exactly the same thing over again. I would take the very same risks, the same crazy chances, the same blows. Because I don't believe in playing safe. And I'm not confessing this for publicity, but because I'm entirely sincere."

We were near the door. I stood across from her, and I looked into her eyes, briefly. They were deep blue—and honest.

"Thanks, Marlene," I said. "You were swell."

"I just had to get it all off my chest," she said.

I walked away. I was singing, not out loud, but in my head. I had seen the real Dietrich. And I'm here to shout it to the world. She's okay. A right guy. And she's going to be around a long, long time!



Meet Peter B. Good, baby star of "Brother Rat and a Baby." He's making friends with Far Away Tassabelle, one of the canine aristocrats of Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD'S DARING EXPERIMENT

(*Continued from page 49*)

"Okie" family. In fact, they have just hung a portrait of Jane as Ma on the walls of the Capitol in Jefferson City, Missouri, her home state. A clause in the contract she signed for the role gave the studio the right to pass on any other parts she might take during the next few months. As a result, she has already had to turn down three offers believed by the studio to be beneath the dignity of Ma.

The only member of the cast who was really sure of her part from the beginning was Dorris Bowdon, the girl who did so well in "Young Mr. Lincoln." As soon as Zanuck bought the book, he associated her with Rose of Sharon, or Rosasharn, as her family call her. Nunnally Johnson, too, felt that she was the one for the role. In fact, the only opposition seems to have come from her own mother who, back home in Memphis, Tennessee, disapproved of her daughter's connection with such an unpleasant tale.

Whenever possible, "Okies" themselves were selected for minor parts and those who were hired spread the good news back at the camps. The result was a flood of job-hunters at the studio gates and in the end it was necessary to announce that no more "Okies" could be used. Deeply interested in this picture which was being made about themselves, they wrote, individually and in groups, to the studio, advising and suggesting. They were especially concerned about who was to play Rosasharn, and wanted not a Hollywood glamour girl, but one who had been hungry and suffered as they had.

THE costumes, mainly overalls and coarse blue shirts for the men and mother hubbards or cheap ginghams for the women, had to be picked up from the local Salvation Army or purchased direct from the migrant camps at Bakersfield or Stockton. Nothing new, nothing made up at the studio, would do. Clothes had to be worn and old, tattered and roughly patched together again, for people long used to poverty. Denied even stockings, Jane Darwell went about for six weeks in an over-sized pair of men's shoes. Sometimes she and Dorris had to go completely unshod and found it painful and unnerving, to stand before the cameras while chickens curiously pecked at their bare toes. The use of make-up, too, was out. Even the youthful Rosasharn was untouched by lipstick and rouge.

The men grew more than a little stubbly about the chin, for they were allowed to shave only when the script finally brought the Joads to a government camp. But Henry Fonda did have his hair cut before production began. His last three pictures, "Jesse James," "Young Mr. Lincoln" and "Drums Along the Mohawk," called for a long crop that curled prettily at his neck. Now, at last, to his obvious satisfaction, his hair is short again. It's so short, in fact, that he sports a tell-tale strip of white skin between his scalp and sun-burned skin —a characteristic of those who cut their own hair—and do it to last.

During the course of production, the company made several brief location trips. The action that was supposed to have taken place around Bakersfield was actually filmed there. The company also

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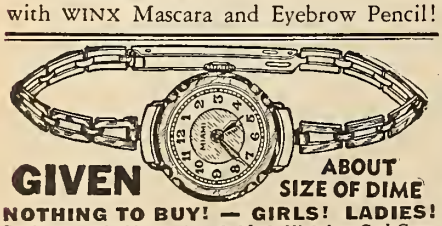
WINX Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved.

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spent a day or two at Needles, Arizona, where the men folk strip and go swimming as they cross the line into California. Henry Fonda and the others found the Colorado River rather icy and their teeth chattered almost audibly before the takes were completed.

Although there were few really humorous interludes in the making of the picture, trivial occurrences helped ease the prevailing tension on the set. Once a broken fender threatened to hold things up for a while. On that eventful day, Henry Fonda stood on the fender of an already over-burdened 1923 car, loading a mattress onto the top.

HE was right in the midst of his lines when the fender suddenly gave way, bringing with it Henry, mattress and all. The prop man rushed up, frantic and impatient. "That blasted car just won't stick together!" he cried, and began a hasty repair job. But John Ford, the director, stopped him, "Don't bother about fixing it. It'll take too long. We'll just move around to the fender on the other side." He added, with a wry grin, "It's one down and three to go."

There was also the time at a roadside camp when the Joads arrive weary and dust-covered, to spend the night. Before turning in, the men of the family get together with the others at the camp for a song or two.

Much to the amusement of the others, Fonda was called upon to do a couple of verses from an old Arkansas melody, "Eleven Cent Cotton And Forty Cent Meat," without accompaniment. He had never sung on the screen and it took more than a little coaching and encouragement from Ford who, incidentally, isn't any singer himself. When finally, in desperation, Ford demonstrated how it should go, the smiles of the company broke into open laughter. In the end, Fonda managed, with more vim than ability, to get his song across. Eddie Quillan, who plays Rosasharn's young husband and who once sang in vaudeville, did several stanzas from another ballad written by one of the "Okies" who has a part in the picture.

In his off-moments Fonda could, as usual, be found somewhere near the electricians, helping them hook up cables, puttering around at this little thing or that. He used to be a trouble-shooter for the telephone company and when he has nothing better to do, still likes to fiddle around with the various gadgets only an electrician can understand. Speaking of Fonda, one of the incongruous sights, when the company moved from one set to another across the studio lot, was that handsome Packard of his winding up at the end of the long line of wheezing, broken-down jalopies.

These daily incidents are interesting and fun to think about later, but the company's single enthusiasm, their willingness to pitch in and work steadily so that the shooting could be finished days ahead of schedule, is the important fact in any story about "The Grapes Of Wrath." Although it was a large and expensive production, John Ford wasted little time. A man of few words, he carefully rehearses a scene two or three times, then shoots it so that it stays shot.

Occasionally he may redo it to alter a line or change some detail as, for example, the time he substituted his own battered hat for the old hat worn by one of the "Okies." He found his cast, most of whom he had worked with many times before, easy to handle and cooperative. John Carradine was the only one who hadn't read the book. So great is Carradine's personal respect for Ford's direction that he wished his portrayal of Casy, the preacher, to be marred by no previous conception of his own.

As you have probably read, there was a constant undercurrent of opposition to the filming of the picture, but no actual damage was done to halt production. However, certain influential powers in the state such as big land companies, and fruit-growing combines and the banks that finance the movies, did what they could to make things difficult. Rumors are still going around that the picture will be sold by Twentieth Century-Fox at a neat profit and then simply shelved, for there is no doubt that the public will be aroused to action when the film is released. The various location trips were kept as secret as army manoeuvers and the finished product could not be previewed in California, so bitter are the natives of that state. Pressure was constantly brought to bear on long-suffering Tom Collins. Deputations of people even came to the studio to see him.

And now, after all the excitement, the whispered rumors, the constant threats from numerous sources, Hollywood's daring experiment is ready. Filmed to the letter, unabridged, straightforward and unafraid at every point, "The Grapes Of Wrath" is the mightiest social document ever to reach the screen. Everything possible has been done to make a great picture out of living material. Now the work is finished. It's up to you, the movie-goer, to speak the final word that will or will not mark this picture the forerunner of a brave new cycle.



Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan discuss plans for their approaching marriage. Ronald gifted Jane with a 52-karat amethyst which is his birthstone. The bride-to-be was formerly the wife of Myron Futterman, wealthy manufacturer of New York.

WHY CARY GRANT IS HARD TO GET

(*Continued from page 37*)

to affairs of the heart. Glamour girls may find him invulnerable to their charms, but producers also find him hard to get, even for choice roles. Press agents find him hard to persuade, even in the interests of publicity. Writers find him hard to interview. Autograph hounds find him hard to catch. Co-workers find him hard to know.

Why? When he first arrived in Hollywood, he wasn't this way. He was willing to take whatever roles were tossed in his direction. Anything press agents wanted to write about him was all right with Cary. He talked freely to interviewers. He struck up new friendships on every set. He was eager to accept party invitations for any night in the week. He wasn't afraid of pretty girls.

What has changed him, made him hard to get? One of his closer friends has an odd explanation. This friend said recently, "Cary's a queer bird—especially for Hollywood. Success has brought out the inferiority complex in him. When he was unknown, struggling to get along, he couldn't afford to be self-conscious about anything. Now that he's a star, and the struggle is pretty much over, he's more like himself. He's self-conscious about everything."

THERE is evidence to support this contention. Cary himself, in off-guard moments, has shown he is cursed with self-consciousness. For one thing, he hates make-up, which he has to wear to cover a heavy beard. To put it on, he has to look at his own face in detail. He doesn't like that. For the same reason, he hates to buy hats. To hear him tell it, you'd think there isn't a hat in the world suited to his particular face. If you'll notice, you usually see him bareheaded, both off and on the screen.

Then there is this revealing tale from his early theatre days. He was supposed to vanish through a stage floor by courtesy of a trap-door. He mistimed his disappearance and the door came down on his neck. He howled with pain and the audience howled with laughter. They never knew that. Cary couldn't sleep for a week afterward, his embarrassment was so great. He was unaware that everybody else had forgotten the incident five minutes after it happened.

Once, in talking about Katharine Hepburn, he said that he could never be grateful enough to her for letting him play the cockney sharpster in "Sylvia Scarlett," because that role took him out of straight romantic leads. He went through agonies of embarrassment, playing suitor to sirens. It wasn't bashfulness with him. It was plain discomfort. The discomfort of an ex-knockabout comedian suddenly called upon to pose as a Great Lover.

He tried to talk his way out of those romantic leads, but that didn't work. He might still be playing them if he hadn't finally saved enough money to buy his way out of his contract and to finance a wait for less sticky roles.

It isn't any accident that he is a free-lance player today. Self-consciousness drove him to be one. It isn't mere happenstance that he has made his biggest hits playing embarrassed men. Those parts came natural to him. Nor is it any wonder that he's a difficult star for a producer to sign—especially if the pro-



"Glory, I never saw such discontented birds! You give 'em a whole pan of feed and they still stand around complaining. Hey you over there, don't you know it's bad manners to chirp with your mouth full?. . .Who, you? Yes, you!"



"Ouch! Ha-alp! This one's a pecker. Biting the hand that feeds you, eh?. . .You know, I believe they've got chafes or something. Well, I bit a few people myself the time I was chafed. Where's that Johnson's Baby Powder?"



"Ah-h-h! What powder! . . . softer than my skin or your down! Chafes and prickles haven't a chance. No shoving now, you fellows . . . line forms on the right. All those who want a sprinkle of soft, velvety Johnson's say PEEP!"



"No wonder babies love Johnson's Baby Powder! Such soft, fine talc . . . and it costs so little to keep a baby happy with Johnson's!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

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The Ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features,* is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top, *no artificial method of insertion is necessary!*

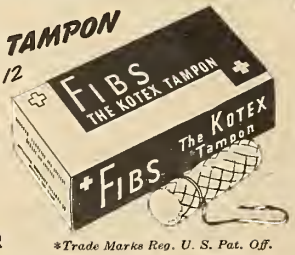


Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.



Kotex Products Merit Your Confidence! Fibs is made of surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) which absorbs far more quickly. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a *full dozen.* Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

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I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

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ducer wants him to do much public love-making.

He has been in America so long that he talks and behaves like an American, but underneath he is still an Englishman. It just isn't in him to relish being passionate in public. He'll earn his living as an actor some other way, thank you.

That also helps to explain why press agents find him difficult. He finds press agents difficult. They are behind most of the romance gossip that the columnists print. They want to sell any unmarried male star to the public as a super-romantic. And Cary doesn't want anybody selling him as that, when he is trying to sell himself as something else.

FOR the same reason, he dodges interviewers as much as he can and, when a scattered few finally corner him, he won't talk about the subject they want him to discuss—his love-life. It would tickle the ego of many an actor to be considered an authority on things romantic. It bothers Cary. Here he is, trying to get the public to think of him in terms of amusing entertainment and people ask him about women!

When he does give interviews, he peppers them with wisecracks—many at his own expense. Between scenes, on a set, he kids with co-workers. It's all a defense mechanism. He makes it hard to know Cary Grant except as an actor with a sense of humor. But he doesn't want to be known as anything else.

He blows himself down as a romantic actor, the better to build himself up as a character actor. His self-consciousness in those love-making leads made him see one thing he might have overlooked if he had enjoyed them. Namely: Romantic actors don't last; character actors do. He wants to last.

Once you give him credit for being serious about being an amusing character actor, you can understand why he might be hard to get for straight love stories—either on the screen or off.

But this doesn't quite explain Cary. He isn't the kind to let his career dictate his private life. He's a little too independent for that.

What, then, is the reason for his artful dodging of any "serious romance" rumors for the past five years, with the single exception of those linking him with Phyllis Brooks?

Another friend, a cynic of sorts, gave a guess. "Once you fall and get hurt, you watch your step." He was alluding to Cary's first marriage.

Practically the first time Cary saw Virginia Cherrill, he decided, impulsively, that he didn't need to look any further for The One Girl. He fell head over heels in love. He didn't ask himself if they could be happy together for life. At that time, he believed in hunches. A hunch told him that he couldn't be happy with any other girl. He courted her in whirlwind fashion, his heart on his sleeve. When she went abroad on a vacation trip, he followed. He persuaded her to marry him in London, in February, 1934.

Then, when the honeymoon was over and they had to settle down to everyday living, they began to discover that love alone couldn't make a marriage work. Something else was necessary. For want of a better word, let's call it companionship. They didn't have it. Before a year was up, both wanted a divorce.

The unhappiness of that year left Cary with emotional scars. A deep abiding distrust of his impulses. A fear of falling in love again. A determination never to marry again until he found companionship—the time-tested kind.

He didn't turn woman-hater. He did turn wary of himself. He sought safety in numbers. He scattered his dinner and dancing dates, looked at several girls at once to avoid becoming seriously interested in any one of them. The ego of most of the girls couldn't stand the competition. Before Cary could find out if any of them had companionship possibilities, they were encouraging more demonstrative suitors.

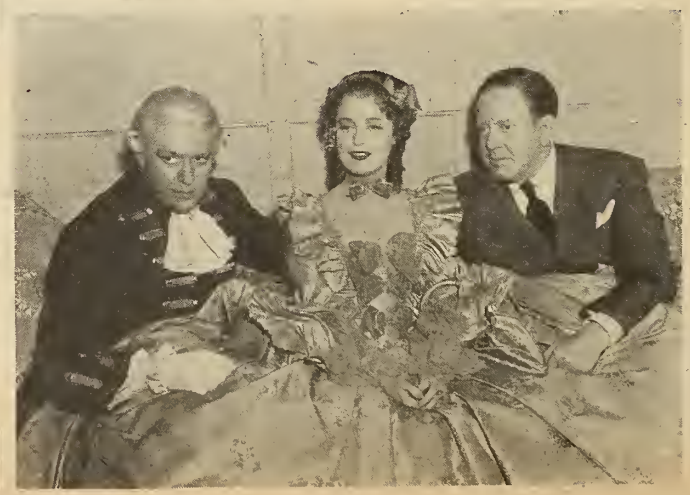
TO make sure he wouldn't do anything romantically rash out of loneliness, he talked Randolph Scott, a pal of his from 'way back, into sharing living quarters with him. That was five years ago. (They're still sharing quarters, which says volumes for Cary's own talent for companionability.)

When Cary met Phyllis, he discovered that she didn't expect him to fall in love after looking at her twice. She was quite willing to be a dining and dancing partner with no expectations of anything except companionship. He stopped his restless scanning of the ranks of the bachelor girls, and started going everywhere with Phyllis.

They went together more than two years, long enough to satisfy even Cary's idea of a time-test of companionship. He said as much in admitting last summer that they had wedding plans.

What spoiled those plans, only Cary and Phyllis know. All that anybody else knows is that, since they parted, Cary has been more elusive than ever.

Perhaps they will reconcile. But, if they don't, he has perfected his "hard to get" technique to the point that, this time, if he has any scars, nobody is going to see them.



Jeanette MacDonald takes Nelson Eddy and Producer-Director Robert Z. Leonard under her ample taffeta wings as they "sit out" a scene on the "New Moon" set.

THE PERVERSE MR. FLYNN

(*Continued from page 47*)

can baffle and annoy his victim at the same time. He chortled for days over the bewildering predicament in which he placed a publicity man who had been sent ahead to arrange the premiere of "Dodge City" in Iowa. A thousand and one details were harassing the chap when he received a wire from Hollywood signed by the head of his department.

"Flynn arriving Tuesday," it read. "Have town's five most beautiful girls in black tights on trapeze bar at station to meet him. Imperative."

Smelling a gag but not sure of it, since the tricks of the exploitation trade can be screwy indeed, the chap spent three frantic days trying to fulfill the strange commission. He finally rounded up the girls and the black tights but couldn't find a trapeze in the whole of Iowa. Thus stymied, he wired his boss for further instructions, stating: "Have girls and black tights but no trapeze. What shall I do?"

That let the cat out of the bag for Flynn had sent the original wire.

Recently he took a sly poke at the conceit of many of his fellow actors who think the public will go to any length to bask in the glorious warmth of personal contact with the great and near-great of Hollywood. A carefully boxed and business-like ad appeared in one of the trade papers asking stars to register at a certain address. They would be well paid, it stated, for permitting eastern tourists to California to meet and entertain them.

Flynn wasn't at all surprised at the number of answers he received to his ad. Nonplussed, however, as to what to do with them, he finally directed all queries to the home of John Carradine, a dignified and modest actor whom he had never even met!

MORE recently he took an open dig at Orson Welles, the strange and cocky youngster who has come to Hollywood to teach the boys and girls how to make moving pictures. The town's experts have been aiming at him for weeks but I doubt if anyone has succeeded in getting under his skin as thoroughly as Errol. Or with as little effort.

Despite his youth, or perhaps because of it, Welles affects a startlingly black and full beard which tapers from his pudgy face into a tweakable fine point. The other day another Flynn-inspired ad appeared in the trade paper which is the Bible of the industry. This one was signed the "Anti-Muff-Dwellers of America" and flatly demanded that Welles stay away from Chasen's (his favorite Hollywood restaurant) on Thursdays (cook's night off).

Hollywood chuckled appreciatively at the rib but it roared with delight the following Thursday when Flynn and his crony, Big Boy Williams, showed up at Chasen's behind exaggerated black muff beards and sat throughout the dinner hour solemnly shaking their heads at Welles and then at each other!

But mad as you get at Errol, you have to admit one thing: He can take it as well as dish it out! And with good grace. Flynn worships his Schnauser, called Arno, an independent and rather insolent dog who pays not the slightest attention to anyone but Flynn. Now dogs of any size or breed have long been for-

"I'M FED UP ON THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN BULLYING LITTLE HARRY!"



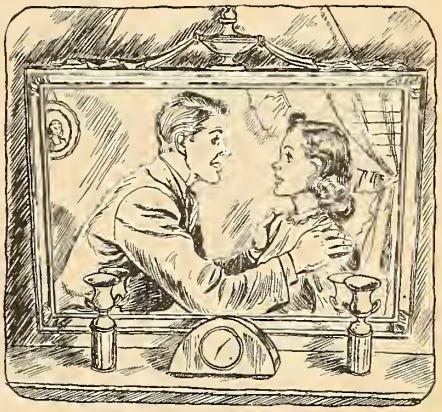
1. HUSBAND: Who's bullying him? I'm only trying to make him take this stuff like a man.
WIFE: But he's *not* a man. And making a child take a medicine he doesn't like can do more harm than good.



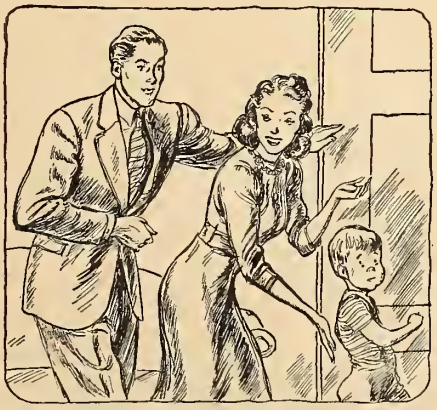
2. HUSBAND: Where'd *you* study medicine?
WIFE: That's not funny. I told you I was going to talk to the doctor. He said forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can *shock* his entire nervous system.



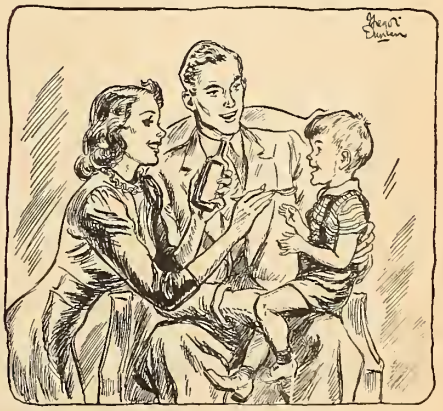
3. HUSBAND: Are you kidding?
WIFE: This is nothing to kid about. Babies should get a good-tasting laxative, but NOT one made for adults. After all, an adult's laxative, even in smaller doses, can be much too irritating for a child's tender system.



4. HUSBAND: What can we give him?
WIFE: Give him Fletcher's Castoria, the laxative made ESPECIALLY for babies and little children. It *won't* upset a baby's stomach because it works mostly in the lower bowel and it doesn't form a habit.



5. HUSBAND: Seems safe enough to try, all right.
WIFE: And how! You couldn't find a harsh "adult" drug in Fletcher's Castoria. It's pure as can be and really SAFE!



6. HUSBAND: Fine. But how does it taste? That's what started the argument.
WIFE: Here's where it ends. Children *love* Fletcher's Castoria's wonderful taste. Just *see* him take it down! It's one laxative you never need force on a child!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

IMAGINE ME HOOKED UP WITH A SHARK!



Stuck at a bridge party with a real expert — it was grim. Not one smile did he break all evening — till I fished out my package of Beeman's. "Ah!" says he, with a longing look, "Beeman's, the ace of flavors!" So what could I do but offer him some?

"Thanks!" he said, looking happy for the first time. "I can't pass a flavor like Beeman's! It's got a freshness, a tempting tang, that scores with me and scores big! Honors to you, partner—you hold the tops in fine flavor!"—That cheered *me* up—and darned if we didn't win first prize!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

bidden the sound stages of Warners since one innocent bark might prove a grave and costly accident. Characteristically, Flynn chucked the rule in the ash can; where he went, there went Arno.

Worrying over what might happen gave Al Alleborn, the unit manager on Flynn's pictures, the heebie-jeebies. Arno was the bane of his existence. It therefore amused Flynn to present Arno, in a red bow and a bunch of mistletoe, to Al as a gag Christmas present. Unexpectedly, he accepted the gift and carried Arno home. Three bleak and miserable days passed before Al decided the brash Mr. Flynn had been punished sufficiently, and returned the dog to his lonesome master.

But not once in those three days of anguish was there so much as one peep out of Errol. He took his medicine like a man.

WOEFUL AND WACKY

(*Continued from page 60*)

encouragement was enough to show him he was headed right. He worked up to stage manager, also under Digges. Then he landed the juvenile lead in Sudermann's "Magda." In due time the company landed in Hollywood. Here the movie bug bit him. He chucked overboard the legitimate stage.

If the stage was tough to crack, the movies were doubly tough. The studios wouldn't even let him play an extra. Once, he will tell you, a director tossed him out of a Russian sequence because he didn't look like a real Russian.

He did everything while waiting for the magnificoes to see the light. He even rounded up a bunch of musicians and headed a jazz band, available for a modest fee for dances.

IT was Director Frank Tuttle who discovered him. He thought the sad-eyed Russian was wonderful. In fact, he managed to find a spot for him in every one of his productions. Before long the melancholy one became a figure in the film colony. He got bids right and left but only when they needed despicable-looking villains who'd blackjack one-armed widows and swipe their pitiful savings.

In vain did he protest that his dish was comedy. No one seemed to care. Not until Gregory La Cava, assigned to direct "My Man Godfrey," happened to recall some of Mischa's high jinks at a party years before, in which he had hung from the chandeliers in the character of a gorilla. La Cava felt that maybe this identical insanity would bolster the Godfrey saga. He took a chance, gave Auer a try. The waif pulled out all the stops. The fans howled, and at long last he who got slapped was definitely in.

At thirty-four, wacky and woeful, Mischa Auer sits atop his own peculiar Olympus contemplating the world beneath. An inimitable harlequin, nevertheless he has a curiously humble philosophy about success. He simply figures he was lucky.

Regarding his acting talent, a gift which some critic has been bold enough to hail in print as "an incomparable genius for mirth and merriment in a minor key" he is more curious still. He regards Mischa Auer as a "ham." His explanation is child-like, very brief and simple.

"I got some parts in shows and finally came to be a pretty good ham. There was nothing to it. In time I got out to Hollywood and eventually they went for my stuff. What I can do is just damned foolishness, but I'm crazy about pictures."

Outside of adding a few pounds to his frame and shooting same over fourteen inches skyward (he is now six feet two) the years have brought little noticeable change to the boy who fled from Russia. Today he's as mournful-looking as ever, a streamlined, rapid-talking, mad Hamlet who hides his thoughts deep inside of him.

For all this interior gloom, the Auer is a geyser of gags, antics and mummery. On the set he's a volcano whose humor literally stops the show. Cameramen, directors, script girls—one touch of Auer's laughter makes the whole set kin. When he played with Baby Sandy in "Unexpected Father," he had the little shaver gurgling all day, so much so that at night there was strange wailing in B. S.'s nursery. She missed this wonderful buffoon.

No single individual is more liked in Hollywood than Auer. He's the life of every gathering he attends, his baleful eyes providing such amazing counterpoint to the high jinks he's always perpetrating. Photographers covering the swanky premieres at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood never tire of exploding their flash bulbs at him. Just to be a pal he'll push a peanut down the block with his nose, or walk a tight rope dressed in a hooped skirt.

"All you have to do is ask the guy," a picture-taking admirer of Mischa's explains.

Hostesses implore him to come to their parties and fall on his neck out of gratitude when he departs. He never makes an entrance. Actually, it's an invasion.

This general popularity is attested to by his political triumph of summer last. All of a sudden he up and ran for mayor of Universal City against Hugh Herbert and Joy Hodges. He pranced home the winner. Out of sportsmanship he made la Hodges the Chief of Police and then began worrying about funds to build a jail large enough to house the crime wave that was sure to result from this selection.

BEING Alcalde of Universal City is his pride and joy. He loves to talk of the Utopia he's "going to make" of the little community. He bustles around sporting the most outlandish badge of office you ever saw. He'll unbutton his coat at the drop of a hint so as to show it to people.

He's the interviewers' delight. He makes it his business to astonish them by hook or crook. He'll put on a show, if he has to.

"Auer may never inspire the press, but he'll never bore them," he told a paragrapher.

Once when he was being interviewed he decided on the spur of the moment to ring up his grandmother, Mrs. Leopold Auer. She kept him on the phone for almost an hour, while he groaned in his helplessness. When another writer, a lady this time, burst in she almost jumped out of her girdle. There was Mischa lying under the desk, tie akimbo

and feet sprawled over the radiator, and spouting Russian at his relative lickety-split. The reporters looked at each other in amazement and wondered when the man with the straight jacket was coming for his charge.

These same journalists get little information out of Mayor Auer. He's too busy entertaining them. If he does do any serious talking, he steers the conversation into the channel of the camera art, his favorite hobby. Then, what has started out as an inspection of the Auer life and personality degenerates into a volcanic monologue on the respective merits of the different kinds of film, a new filter that's just hit the market or, maybe, a nifty developing solution dreamed up by one of his cronies who has the same hobby.

The thought of an elf as a husband is inclined to take your breath away, but married he is. To a lovely non-actress, nee Norma Tillmann. He has a son and heir named Anthony, of whom he never tires of talking. They're pals, father and son. Every now and then he and Anthony take a long walk, climb atop a little green hill and there Auer pere chants wild Slavic songs to the accompaniment of a Russian balalaika.

AT home he's a housewife's delight—ready to tackle anything from dish-washing to beating the rug, if need be. He's designed the wall-paper for his present home and equipped it with knick-knacks of his own creation.

In matters of dress he's as careful as a debutante dreaming of her coming-out party. Which is why he's one of the slickest figures in any formal gathering. He loves evening dress. No one in Hollywood looks jauntier in a white tie.

His hobby may be cameras and picture-taking but his passion is restrained roistering with fellow members of the old regime—and Hollywood has many of them. He and his playmates assemble at regular intervals dressed to the hilt. They dine sumptuously and then begin to tell sad stories of the deaths of kings and princes. They toast the glory that was old Raw-shya far into the night. Tears flow like rain upon the town when these sentimentalists start to relive the olden days.

When it gets threeish, the man with the baleful eyes straightens himself to his stiffest, clicks his heels, salutes and departs. Tomorrow is another day and somewhere on the Universal lot Baby Sandy may be waiting for a camera rendezvous with her goofy parent.



The latest addition to Wallace Beery's family is nine-months-old Phyllis Ann. She joins Carol Ann, eight, another adopted member of the household.

There's a

among !



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3. You'll love the way Woodbury stays on, too . . . giving you a smooth, satiny finish for many extra hours . . . ending unlovely "shiny nose". Woodbury is th only popular face powder guarante "germ-free"—free of those impu that may aggravate the skin and ca excessive oiliness. Woodbury never ca streaks or wears "shiny". It gives you flattering finish that "stays put" through an evening of dancing or a day of sports.



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VIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

ble Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper e country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. e picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
es (20th Cent.-Fox)	3★
	2★
(Columbia)	3★
ever (M-G-M) C	3★
-M)	3★
C	3★
C	3½★
	2★
	3★
entury-Fox)	3★
(Mayflower)	3½★
mount) C	3★
(Columbia)	2★
G-M)	2★
Up Baby (Columbia)	2★
Vacation (Columbia)	2★
d's Bride (Paramount)	2★
(Universal)	2½★
nes (Republic)	2★
sident (M-G-M)	2★
	2★
nary, The (Paramount)	3½★
at Treasure Island (20th Century-Fox)	2★
in Reno (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Carthy, (Universal)	3★
d and the Lady, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Over Europe (Columbia)	2½★
uard (Columbia)	2★
Co-ed (M-G-M)	2½★
ers Courageous (Warners)	3★
the Bookies Wept, The (RKO)	2★
time Wife (20th Century-Fox)	3★
th of a Champion (Paramount)	2½★
stry Rides Again (Universal)	3★
puted Passage (Paramount)	3★
ams Along the Mohawk (20th Century-Fox)	3★
st Be My Destiny (Warners)	2½★
ch Dawn I Die (Warners)	3★
izabeth and Essex (Warners)	4★
Escape, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Espionage Agent (Warners)	2½★
Eternally Yours (United Artists)	2½★
Everything Happens at Night (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Everything's on Ice (RKO)	2★
Fast and Furious (M-G-M)	2★
Fifth Avenue Girl (RKO)	3★
First Love (Universal)	3★
Five Came Back (RKO)	3★
Flight at Midnight (Republic)	2★
lying Deuces (RKO)	2★
orgotten Woman, The (Universal)	2★
ur Feathers (United Artists)	3½★
ur Wives (Warners)	3★
ntier Marshal (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Confession (RKO)	2★
ronimo (Paramount)	3★
from Rio (Monogram)	2★
Boy (Columbia)	3★
'ith the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
ye Mr. Chips (M-G-M) C	4★
Girls Go To Paris (Columbia)	2½★
Allen Murder Case (Paramount)	2½★
Victor Herbert, The (Paramount)	3★
ver's Travels (Paramount) C	3★
waiian Nights (Universal)	2★
eaven With a Barbed Wire Fence (20th Cen.-Fox)	2★
Hell's Kitchen (Warners)	2½★
Here I Am a Stranger (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Heroes In Blue (Monogram)	2★
Indianapolis Speedway (Warners)	2½★
In Name Only (RKO)	3½★
Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists)	3★
Invitation to Happiness (Paramount) C	3★
Irish Luck (Monogram)	2½★
I Stole a Million (Universal)	3★
It Could Happen to You (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Jamaica Inn (Paramount)	3★
Jones Family in Hollywood (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Juarez (Warners)	3★
*Judge Hardy and Son (M-G-M) C	3★
Kid From Kokomo, The (Warners)	2★
Kid Nightingale (Warners)	2★
Lady of the Tropics (M-G-M)	2★
Light That Failed, The (Paramount)	3★
Little Accident (Universal)	2½★
Magnificent Fraud (Paramount)	2★
Main Street Lawyer (Republic)	2½★
Maisie (M-G-M)	3★
Man About Town (Paramount)	3★
Man in the Iron Mask (United Artists)	3★
Marx Bros. at the Circus (M-G-M) C	2½★
Meet Dr. Christian (RKO)	2½★
Mickey, the Kid (Republic)	2★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Mikado, The (Universal) C	3★
Million Dollar Legs (Paramount)	2★
Miracles For Sale (M-G-M)	2½★
Missing Daughters (Columbia)	2★
Missing Evidence (Universal)	3★
Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation (20th Century-Fox) C	2★
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia)	4★
Mr. Wong in Chinatown (Monogram)	2★
Mutiny on the Blackhawk (Universal)	2★
Naughty But Nice (Warners)	2★
Nick Carter, Master Detective (M-G-M)	3★
The Night of Nights (Paramount)	2½★
Ninotchka (M-G-M)	4★
No Place To Go (Warners)	2★
North of Yukon (Columbia)	2★
Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO)	4★
Oklahoma Frontier (Universal)	2★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Old Maid, The (Warners)	4★
On Borrowed Time (M-G-M)	3★
On Dress Parade (Warners)	2★
One Hour to Live (Universal)	2★
$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount)	2★
On Your Toes (Warners)	2½★
Our Leading Citizen (Paramount)	2½★
*Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount)	1★
Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Pride of the Blue Grass (Warners)	2½★
Quick Millions (20th Century-Fox) C	2★
*Raffles (United Artists)	2★
Rains Came, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Range War (Paramount)	2★
Real Glory, The (United Artists)	2★
Remember? (M-G-M)	2½★
Reno (Universal)	2★
Rio (Universal)	2½★
Roaring Twenties, The (Warners)	3★
Rulers of the Sea (Paramount)	3½★
Sabotage (Republic)	2½★
Second Fiddle (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Secrets of Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	3★
She Married a Cop (Republic)	2★
6,000 Enemies (M-G-M)	2½★
Smashing the Money Ring (Warners)	2½★
SOS—Tidal Wave (Republic)	2★
Spellbinder, The (RKO)	2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal) C	2½★
Stagecoach (United Artists)	4★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Maker, The (Paramount) C	2½★
Stolen Life (Paramount)	2½★
Stop, Look and Love (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Stranger From Texas (Columbia)	2½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Sun Never Sets, The (Universal)	2★
Susannah of the Mounties (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
*Swanee River (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M) C	2½★
Television Spy (Paramount)	2½★
That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO) C	3★
These Glamour Girls (M-G-M)	2½★
They All Come Out (M-G-M)	2½★
They Asked For It (Universal)	2★
They Shall Have Music (United Artists) C	3½★
Those High Grey Walls (Columbia)	2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal) C	3★
Three Sons (RKO)	3★
Thunder Afloat (M-G-M)	2½★
Too Busy To Work (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners)	2½★
Tower of London (Universal)	2★
Tropic Fury (Universal)	2★
20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Two Bright Boys (Universal)	2★
U-Boat 29 (Columbia)	3★
Undercover Doctor (Paramount)	2½★
Underpup, The (Universal) C	3★
Unexpected Father (Universal)	2★
Union Pacific (Paramount)	3½★
Wall St. Cowboy (Republic)	2½★
Waterfront (Warners)	2★
We Are Not Alone (Warners)	3½★
What a Life (Paramount)	3★
When Tomorrow Comes (Universal)	2½★
Winter Carnival (United Artists)	2½★
Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M) C	4★
Wolf Call (Monogram)	2★
Woman Is the Judge (Columbia)	2★
Women, The (M-G-M)	3★
You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners)	2½★
Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox) C	3½★



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HIGH SCHOOL SIREN

(Continued from page 35)

one-story building with nine rooms, and now Jane's apartment perches majestically atop it. The bedroom is a melody of soft pastels. In the game room are all the things youngsters love.

Away from the main building is the playhouse where Jane's collections—dolls, stamps, knives and pennants—are kept. There's also a guest apartment and, on the main floor, dressing-rooms for boys and girls. Last year, Jane's parents gave her a swimming pool and there, through the warm months, she spends her leisure hours with young friends. There are even barbecue ovens for roasting hot dogs. These are all part of the scheme to make Jane happy at home, since she isn't permitted to go out much with other girls. She can have crowds at all reasonable times in her own domain. Every Saturday night, she's at the movies, and she thrills at everything from Spencer Tracy in an historic role to Mr. Autry riding the plains.

ON the grounds are her six dogs. Blue Boy, an English sheep dog, is one of the specially favored. She has two pointers which Leo Carrillo gave her, a Pekinese named Suzie-Q, a Chihuahua and a Spitz. She has all sorts of cats from a red Persian named Blinker to a tortoise-shell she calls Jitterbug. Then there are parrots, rabbits, pheasants, red squirrels and turtles. She even had goats until the neighbors complained.

Jane was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and was acting on the stage when she was three years old. Seven years ago mama and daughter entrained for California, reassured by Father Withers that at least they would eat, because he would send them money every week.

For two years they knocked at the studio gates, begging for screen tests. In that period, they pocketed their pride and compromised temporarily with extra parts, which came none too often at first.

"That extra work was grand for me," Jane remembers. "It taught me a lot and I'm grateful for it."

Later, Jane appeared in radio skits in Los Angeles. Then one day Mrs. Withers heard that Fox was testing children for the second lead in Shirley Temple's "Bright Eyes." They weren't deterred by the fact that two hundred girls had already been tested. Jane and her mother managed an audience with Jim Ryan, the casting director. Before he could protest, Jane went into her impersonations. She did them for bigger executives that same day at Mr. Ryan's request, and was signed for the part without facing a test camera. Until the first shots were taken, mother and daughter lived in mortal terror that Jane might not screen well.

Before the picture had been completed, she was signed to a seven-year contract. The rest is movie history. Her income would make a piker out of some industrial moguls today, and her popularity is something for adult stars to envy.

Recently a blue note crept into the Withers career, and $75,000 flew out the window. That was the figure offered Jane by a cereal company for twenty-six weeks on the radio. The producers decided it wasn't a good idea and Jane couldn't accept.

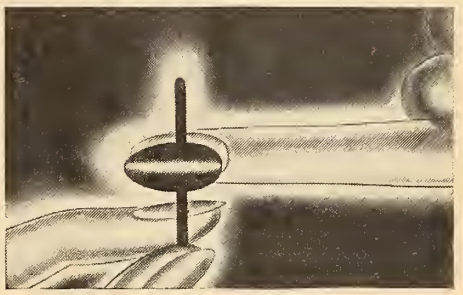
"Do you always enjoy your work?" Jane was asked.

"What work?" she answered. "You mean acting? Oh, that—it's wonderful!"

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A BERNHARDT IN PIGTAILS

(*Continued from page 6*)

and lapsed into unhappy silence. She rescued me, bless her heart.

"We've made a swimming pool," she announced, gravely.

"Who's we?" I asked in my best un-Chesterfieldian English.

"My brothers and sisters and I. It's thirty-six feet by eighteen. It cost seventy-two dollars. Everybody told us it would collapse right away, but it hasn't. You know, swimming pools are awfully expensive things,—the ones that don't collapse." She seemed to feel at home on this subject, even if I didn't. But I'm sure she felt she was putting me at my ease. And so she was. I felt much better. "We did a great deal of digging, and we bought things second hand, like bricks, and one of my brothers found a used electric pump. We swim in it almost every day."

"In the pump?" I asked, thoughtlessly.

Virginia looked at me with pity in her eyes. I didn't blame her. I hastened to reclaim myself, and kept her on outdoor activities.

"Well," she went on, forgivingly, "we have five horses, and I love to ride. And I like to play volley-ball, football and baseball. And I have a bicycle, too, and when . . . ." At this point, a smiling lady put her head through the door. The sparkle went out of Virginia's eyes. She turned to me. "I've got to go to my class now," she murmured, miserably, and as I watched the little pantalettes follow the teacher, I felt a surge of resentment against the Board of Education which insisted upon such things. Her mother smiled at me.

"I wish I could get her more interested in her school work," she told me, not plaintively, but calmly. "I tried giving her lessons on the violoncello, but she didn't show any more enthusiasm for music than she does for her school work." I would have sympathized with Mrs. Weidler if she had looked as though she wanted to be sympathized with. But she didn't. She didn't seem at all worried. She seemed to feel that everything was working out all right.

"What are her other enthusiasms, apart from swimming pools, games, and things?" I asked.

"I think her greatest enthusiasm is acting. She wants to become a really great actress. When it comes to acting, she is never satisfied with herself. She is always moaning, 'Oh, if only I could do that over again, I know I could do it better.' Well, maybe she will be a great actress. Who knows? She was tremendously thrilled when she was allowed to curl her hair as Norma Shearer's daughter in "The Women." Her looped-up pigtails had become, more or less, a trade-mark, and here she is, today, working once more with her trade-mark. But I've heard no word of regret. It's part of 'the role,' and 'the role' is as important to Virginia as a first party dress to another little girl. It transcends trifles like pigtails."

I BEGAN to think Virginia was too good to be true, despite her aversion to readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic. I think all children must misbehave sometimes, and when you consider that little Virginia made her picture debut at the age of two, with John Barrymore in "Moby Dick," and has left behind her a whole string of successful parts, you must forgive me if I tried to find out what kind of a little girl she was to live with.

There are, it appears, six young Weidlers, ranging in age from twelve (Virginia) to twenty. They all live with their mother, a former European opera star, in a small white ranch house, surrounded by two acres of fruit and nut trees (and the aforementioned swimming pool with electric pump.) There are no servants. Yes, you heard me the first time; there are no servants. I thought, at first, that I hadn't heard aright. For after all, this is Hollywood, and Virginia is doing fairly



Pow and Mow Goble just don't like to be seporoted. When Clark was plonning o short flying trip, the studio osked Corole to stoy home. But thot's Mrs. G. seoted beside her husbond in the plone! They recently onnounced thot if ony little Gobles oppeor on the scene, they will be their own ond not odopted children.

well in pictures, to put it conservatively.

Anyhow, the children take care of the house, the garden, and the live stock. Each has his or her appointed tasks. There is a head gardener, a master of the house, a cook, a second maid, and so forth. I suppose Mrs. Weidler could be called a major-domo. Virginia, it develops, is the second maid. She takes care of her own room, dusts the living-room, and dries the dishes. She doesn't like it a bit better than she likes her lessons at M-G-M or playing scales on the violoncello. But that's her job. And when she dawdles (as she often does) she is treated to the dread but well-known sound of the raspberry. "Yah!" her brothers and sisters shrill, as only brothers and sisters can. "Cut out that movie stuff! Come out from behind those eyelashes. We know you!" So Virginia dries the dishes. And dusts.

I think I love Virginia.

THE live stock on the "ranch" consists of the five saddle horses, three dogs (two thoroughbreds—a Great Dane and an Irish Setter, and a mutt which looks like nothing in particular) and a rooster named, strangely enough, Marylin-Madeline, who hates to be separated from the dogs. "He's a strange rooster," Virginia confided to me later. "He doesn't crow, and he's always pecking on the door, wanting to come inside with the dogs and the rest of us, and he looks puzzled when he can't."

I asked Mrs. Weidler to tell me about how Virginia reacted to the attention of her fans when she went out in public.

"For a long time, she was painfully shy," Mrs. Weidler told me. "She would enter a theatre hiding behind my skirts, for all the world like a baby chick running to its mother when it has seen a cat. The rest of the family would troop in, looking cocky. Stories began to get about that Virginia was a silly little girl who was playing shy because success had gone to her head. The fact was that she was frightened stiff and didn't have enough poise to hide it.

"She has conquered that now and she can walk in with her head up and even manage to smile at the crowds—although I must admit that she turns a most unbecoming shade of pale green, even now. The sequel to all this is. . . ." Mrs. Weidler paused to twinkle, "her brothers and sisters won't enter a theatre with her any more. They say, with great disgust, 'Everyone knows the kid. And it's all so silly. Virginia, you can just go to the show with someone else. We want a little peace.' You see," Mrs. W. wound up, "there isn't much danger of Virginia getting a big head—at least not at home."





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AT ALL DRUG STORES

On the far side of the big outdoor set, which was a replica of part of an American village of the 1850's, the little ruffled pantalettes twinkled and the pigtails bobbed. Virginia had finished a lesson and was hurrying back. But the bogeys, the "still men," snatched her before she could reach us. There was a "layout" to be taken, with a rural background. Watching the proceedings, I began to realize what a true trouper this wisp of a child is.

She posed in an old fashioned buggy, holding the lines over a placid, fat horse. She was very solemn until the photographer called "Ready!" Then she gave him a smile as professionally brilliant as anything a Norma Shearer could have achieved. I almost laughed aloud at the expertness of this pig-tailed tyke. When she posed with a monumental bicycle, she begged to be allowed to try to ride it. It would have taxed the muscles of Tony Galento. She cheerfully wielded a small hammer on an anvil in the village blacksmith shop, turning the expert smile on at exactly the right moment. Work was disrupted for everyone when she discovered that she could play a gay little tune by tapping the hammer on various available surfaces.

(I whispered to her mother just here that perhaps the xylophone would be Virginia's instrument. Her mother replied, quite seriously, that she hadn't thought of that but that maybe I had something there. . . . If Virginia turns out to be a xylophone player in some future picture, please don't forget I told you!

BUT Virginia's real moment came when they asked her to pose with an old fashioned coffee mill on the platform in front of the general store. It was a real mill and it worked, and the little Weidler found a bag of peanuts which she joyously ground to a fine powder while the photographers snapped and flashed like everything.

The real little girl, you see, is all child. Fascinated with a new toy, interested in any novelty. But the actress is there, too. Conscious of her duty, trying hard to do that duty intelligently, anxious to give her best to the job at hand. A funny little tyke. A Bernhardt in pigtails.

I don't know whether Virginia knows it or even whether her placid mother knows it, but M-G-M thinks it has starring material in this round-eyed child. She is being carefully groomed, gently developed, deftly handled, all according to well-formulated plans in the big Front Office, to the end that there may be a new little girl star in pictures before the end of 1940. Wait and see!



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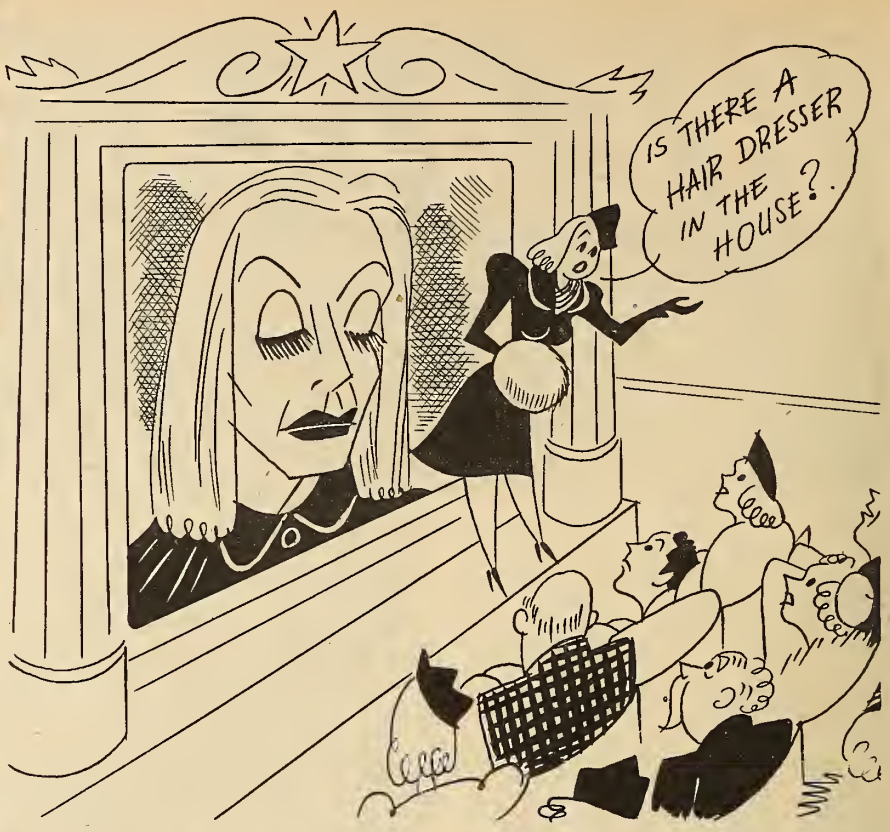
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Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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A Permanent, Please!

Garbo's "Ninotchka" was such a smartly turned out comedy that why she wasn't as well turned out still remains a mystery to me. It was all right for her to be unbecomingly dressed at the beginning of the picture, but why, when she did blossom forth, wasn't something done about her hair? I heard many people around me at the theatre grumbling about the same thing.

When she could look so lovely with her hair curled and waved softly in a long bob, it is a crime to have to see her with a long, straggly, straight coiffure (?) throughout a whole picture. What's glamorous about that? Nothing! I thought Hollywood was the land of beauty and hair-style experts. So they concentrate on Ina Claire's hair throughout the picture, and leave Garbo, the star, looking as though she needed a permanent!

Anyway, it was great fun to see her in a picture worthy of her sense of humor and talents. Let's hope her next is as clever, and that the coiffure artists give her a much-needed break!—Jean Wood, Oakland, Calif.

Candid Criticism

I rise in indignation to avow and to declare
That these candid-camera maniacs are getting in my hair;
Their so-called works of art appear in every magazine,
And the way those guys de-glamorize the ladies of the screen!
I thought all movie heroines were lovely as a dream
Till these lens-lads gave us the low-down—that Stars aren't what they seem.
The candid camera gives us proof we simply can't deny—
My glamour queen has bow legs and I know the lens can't lie;
The ladies I once looked upon with wistful envious sigh,
I find, in off-guard moments, are e'en as you and I.
—Willie Mae Jackson, Columbia, Tenn.

One-Role Kelly

I object to putting an actress in a single type of role to the exclusion of all others. The girl in question is Nancy Kelly, the actress I consider on the road to greatness exceeded only by Bette Davis, Helen Hayes and Katherine Cornell.

Miss Kelly is a real actress, that is certain. More than that, she is one whose emotions come from the heart, not the mind—from this real and poignant thing called life, not merely from an author's pen.

Yet I think the studio is making a big mistake to cast her in dramatic parts alone. After all, she is still young, and she is alive to the interests and passions of youth. She should be allowed to play light comedy and purely romantic roles, as well. It is wrong to age her before her years, worse still to type her as a one-role actress. She is a beautiful girl who should be allowed to be herself, to laugh, and love her way into her audience's heart.—Jack Miller, Oak Park, Ill.



THOUGHTS

prizes given each month!

There's Much In a Name

In fairness to the supporting cast of pictures I think that, after the screen story is finished, the list of players should be repeated. Many times there's been some marvelous acting by a bit player whose name I'll never know. I think we often give credit to the stars when it was really a "little miss nobody" who put the show over.

You know how a machine wheel revolves around and around. The little gadgets responsible for the turning of the wheel are somewhere in the background, out of our view. So it is with bit players. Perhaps, if we knew their names, we could sort of make our own "discoveries."—Jeanne A. Coggins, Upper Darby, Penna.

Fair Enough

Thank you M-G-M for "The Women." Personally, I think it drew more women than men. When I saw the picture, the theatre was packed with women. Curiosity, of course! The men more or less thought they knew us without seeing it. Rosalind Russell surely stole the show. I sat on edge during the entire picture, waiting for her appearances.

Now, M-G-M, if you want to please the women tremendously, why not give us, "The Men?" Most men try to convince us they never think of women, much less talk about them to each other. We know better, and so do you. It will draw every wife, husband and sweetheart. Come on M-G-M, please!—Mary Fansler, Knoxville, Tenn.

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War Films

Your January issue carried a reader's viewpoint on war films. I'd like to answer that letter.

I think Hollywood is doing the right thing by showing war films. If we had always kept the true picture of things before us, sentiment would now have had war whipped at its own game.

I was just a youngster during the World War, and due to all the glorious things I learned about war—in speeches, song and story—I thought it would be great stuff to wear a uniform, carry a gun and fight for glory. I wasn't shown torn bodies, blinded eyes, diseased forms, the creeping death of gas, and the insane minds of men who knew the horror. I, and men everywhere, felt the poison of the propaganda seep into our systems and then suddenly we, too, were shouting, flag-waving lunatics in the maelstrom.

Now we know better. Realism of modern thought in story and film shows us Truth. Enough of that and some day war will become the outlaw it should be. Yes, Hollywood certainly is doing the right thing in showing us what we should fear so we can take steps to ward it off.

Maybe it wouldn't be so pleasant to see Lew Ayres shot down by a machine gun; but even so, you know it's only a story. In real warfare, it might be your boy or mine.—Clyde J. Ogden, Martins Ferry, Ohio.

Pet Peeves

When I attend a movie play
These are the pests I want to slay:
The girlies who attend the shows
To talk about their latest beaux;
The one who saw the show twice through
And tells you what everyone's going to do;
The giggly little star-eyed dear
Who pops her gum right in your ear;
The man who hums all through a song—
He ought to get the Major's gong!
The pest who wriggles like a worm
And blocks your view at every turn;
The girl with Fiji Island hair
(Thank goodness for the heads grown bare!)
The kid with gooey lollipop
Who parks it in your curly mop;
The ice cream smackers, candy crunchers,
Popcorn crackers, peanut munchers.
Please tar and feather all these bores—
And don't forget the man who snores!
—Cora May Preble, Compton, Cal.

Here's To Youth!

Let Hollywood concoct all of the socially significant sagas and elaborate extravaganzas it can afford, I'll still contend that the often "under-publicized" films that gayly portray youth at its merriest really provide the best entertainment.

After all, youth must have its fling, and a picture that portrays the young things as they really are, is as priceless as the rarest gem. In this supposedly wonderful world of ours, why should all the modern screen fare be devoted to the struggles and hardships of life, omitting all its gayety? Everyday troubles are abundant enough without accentuating them on the screen.

And what cinematic years these are for the younger generation! With such a variety of youthful, vibrant personalities as Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Robert Stack, Ann Rutherford, Lana Turner, and others to carry you gayly through a mad-cap mix-up of first loves and college romances, you just can't become bored—that is, if you've ever been young, yourself.

So here's to youth and wholesome entertainment!—Chan Clarkson, Portland, Ore.

Drums Along the Mohawk

Two weeks have passed and I'm still thinking of "Drums Along The Mohawk." It impressed me so greatly because it was true to fact. I have seen and enjoyed many historical pictures, but this one I lived.

I actually felt cold and tired when the couple arrived at their cabin (for once the heroine's hair really looked a mess). The light and humorous parts made this serious story seem even more realistic. As a study of early American furniture alone, it would be worth seeing again.

I think people welcome the historical pictures, as they not only offer good entertainment but a better understanding and appreciation of life today. Seeing the struggles of the past makes the problems of this age mean a great deal more. —Mrs. Don E. Sears, Ashland, Ore.

That Turner Girl

I was getting so fed up with glamour girls that sometimes I was tempted to do like the ostrich and bury my head in the sand. But I'll have to eat my threat now because I've been jolted out of my boredom by a pretty lass who has, besides beauty and talent, an exhilarating freshness that comes from within. Her name is Lana Turner and if ever a star deserves orchids, she's one.

She has glamour but it's the youthful, natural type (Allah be praised) and not the heavy-lidded, slinky type.

The top of the ladder of fame shouldn't be far away for lovely Lana Turner. She positively sparkles!—Mrs. Sterling Pelfrey, Frankfort, Ky.

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

So you've just left a movie and are bursting to tell the world about it! Fans, take pen and paper and speak your piece! Was it the best one you've ever seen? Was it the poorest you've ever sat through? Did some newcomer give you the thrill of "discovering a star?" Was it a supporting role of a veteran that entranced you? All the fans in the country are curious to know what you're thinking. You have your favorites and pet peeves and so have they. They'll argue with you, but that's the fun! Then, too, there's the chance of winning a $1.00 prize awarded each month to ten writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Send your letter or poem to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

IT'S NO FUN KISSING

(*Continued from page 27*)

"I wasn't afraid of the other scenes. The character I was playing was a pretty average guy, who did pretty average things. If I was myself as much as possible, I might look natural enough to get by. But the love scenes scared me stiff. I couldn't see myself looking natural in those.

"Director Wesley Ruggles began to give up hope, too, after about the fifth take on the first one. He said, 'Let's try it sitting down on a bench, instead of standing up.' That helped a little; I didn't feel so overgrown, sitting down. But I still didn't know what to do with my hands. He sent out for some popcorn and told me to dive into it. Maybe you remember the scene. I proposed to Claudette between mouthfuls of popcorn.

"It turned out all right. I've taken a cue from that. I've eaten my way through love scenes ever since, any time I could. If I can hold hands with the heroine across a table, I can be sure of one thing—nobody can see my knees shaking."

HE'S kidding, saying his self-consciousness, now, is the knee-shaking kind. But it's still pretty bad. Do the glamour girls make it so difficult to relax in their company?

"The girls don't make life difficult. I get along with them all right. The only person I've ever had trouble with is myself. This guy MacMurray just won't let me enjoy getting emotional in public. Even though I'm paid right handsomely for it, it's no fun kissing—on the screen.

"Of course," Fred adds, "some of the girls make life easier than others. Claudette, for example. I went into those first love scenes, frozen with fright. She went to the trouble of trying to thaw me out. It probably would have been simpler to get a new leading man—one, for example, who knew where to place his hands in an embrace, without being shown. To give you an idea of how practically hopeless I was, she started one rehearsal by giving me a good-natured shake. 'Fred,' she said, 'you've got to give more. You're in the movies now.' I don't know if I did any acting or not. But with Claudette putting so much feeling into the scenes, I at least did some reacting.

"Claudette believes in realism. She likes to be held the way a man really in love with her would hold her. Some of the other girls—I won't mention names—are cooler in the clinches. They're worrying more about their wardrobe than they are about realism. Either way is all right with me—just so long as I get it over with in one take. I'm One-Take-MacMurray, if possible, when it comes to love scenes."

"Kissing Joan Bennett is something like kissing your first girl. You don't crush her in your arms. You're gentle with her. She brings out the protective instinct. Maybe intentionally; maybe not; I don't know. All I know is that she is inclined to be passive. Between scenes, she knits by the hour. And when you hold her in your arms, you have the feeling that she's hoping she can get back to her knitting soon.

"Katharine Hepburn is supposed to be difficult to work with. I didn't find her difficult. I simply found her more analytical than any other star I've worked

(*Continued on page 94*)

It's a "Green" Girl . . .

. . . at winter sports who bundles up in clothes as thick as a mattress! Those who *know* wear outfits that aren't hampering . . . choose clothes expertly designed to protect, without being bulky!

For the same reason, girls who *know* choose Kotex sanitary napkins. Made in soft, smooth *folds* (with more material where needed . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad), the New Kotex is naturally less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers. Less apt to chafe, too . . . for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!





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And to guard your peace of mind, the makers of Kotex now put a moisture-resistant panel between the soft folds of every Kotex pad! Then . . . to eliminate tell-tale bulges . . . Kotex gives you tapered, *pressed* ends! Think! . . . No thick, stubby ends to make embarrassing outlines! Kotex ends are invisible (and patented)!



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"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

(Continued from page 12)

SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR	EDUCATION
Joyce, Brenda	Graftina Leabo	Kansas City, Mo.	Feb. 25, 1916	5′ 4″	112	Brown	Blonde	Univ. of So. California
Karloff, Boris	Charles Pratt	Dulwich, England	Nov. 23, 1887	6′ 0″	175	Grey	Brown	King's College, Eng.
Kelly, Nancy	Nancy Kelly	Lowell, Mass.	Mar. 25, 1921	5′ 5″	113	Brown	Brown	Private Schools
Kelly, Patsy	Veronica Kelly	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Jan. 12, 1910	5′ 4″	134	Brown	Brown	St. Patrick's School
Kelly, Paul	Paul Kelly	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Aug. 9, 1902	5′ 11″	165	Brown	Brown	Public School
Kent, Robert	Robert Blackley	Hartford, Conn.	Dec. 3, 1912	6′ 0″	170	Blue	Brown	High School
Kibbee, Guy	Guy Kibbee	El Paso, Texas	Mar. 6, 1886	5′ 10″	200	Grey	Grey	Public School
Kilburn, Terry	Terry Kilburn	London, England	Nov. 25, 1926	4′ 8″	95	Grey	Brown	Studio School
Korjus, Miliza	Miliza Korjus	Warsaw, Poland	Aug. 18, 1902	5′ 8″	130	Blue	Blonde	Private Schools
Kruger, Otto	Otto Kruger	Toledo, Ohio	Sept. 6, 1885	5′ 9″	130	Grey	Brown	Univ. of Michigan
Lake, Arthur	Arthur Silverlake	Corbin, Kentucky	Apr. 17, 1914	6′ 0″	169	Blue	Brown	Private Tutors
Lamarr, Hedy	Hedwig Kiesler	Vienna, Austria	Nov. 9, 1915	5′ 7″	130	Blue	Black	Private Schools
Lamour, Dorothy	Dorothy Slaton	New Orleans, La.	Dec. 10, 1914	5′ 5″	117	Grey	Black	High School
Lane, Lola	Dorothy Mullican	Macy, Indiana	May 22, 1912	5′ 3″	117	Violet	Brown	Simpson College
Lane, Priscilla	Priscilla Mullican	Indianola, Iowa	June 12, 1917	5′ 2½″	102	Blue	Blonde	High School
Lane, Rosemary	Rosemary Mullican	Indianola, Iowa	Apr. 4, 1916	5′ 4″	106	Violet	Blonde	Simpson College
Laughton, Charles	Charles Laughton	Scarborough, Eng.	July 1, 1899	5′ 10½″	190	Grey	Brown	Royal Academy
Lederer, Francis	Frantesek Ornstein	Prague, Czech.	Nov. 6, 1906	6′ 0″	170	Brown	Brown	Prague Academy
Lee, Carolyn	Carolyn Copp	Columbus, Ohio	June 5, 1935	3′ 2½″	36	Hazel	Brown	
Leeds, Andrea	Antoinette Lees	Butte, Montana	Aug. 18, 1914	5′ 4″	112	Brown	Brown	Univ. of California
Leigh, Vivien	Vivien Hartley	Darjeeling, India	Nov. 5, 1913	5′ 3″	102	Green	Brown	Private Schools
Linden, Eric	Eric Linden	New York, N. Y.	Sept. 15, 1909	5′ 9″	140	Brown	Brown	Columbia University
Lindsay, Margaret	Margaret Kies	Dubuque, Iowa	Sept. 9, 1910	5′ 5″	110	Hazel	Brown	National Park Sem.
Litel, John	John Litel	Albany, Wis.	Dec. 10, 1894	5′ 11″	180	Hazel	Brown	Univ. of Pennsylvania
Livingston, Bob	Robert Randall	Quincy, Ill.	Dec. 8, 1908	6′ 0″	180	Green	Black	High School
Lockwood, Margaret	Margaret Lockwood	Karachi, India	Sept. 15, 1914	5′ 5½″	121	Green	Brown	Royal Academy
Logan, Ella	Ella Logan	Glasgow, Scotland	Mar. 6, 1913	5′ 0″	105	Brown	Black	Public School
Lombard, Carole	Jane Peters	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Oct. 6, 1909	5′ 4½″	112	Blue	Blonde	High School
Lorre, Peter	Peter Lorre	Rosenberg, Hungary	June 26, 1904	5′ 5″	160	Brown	Brown	High School
Louise, Anita	Anita Louise Fremalt	New York, N. Y.	Jan. 9, 1915	5′ 3½″	106	Blue	Blonde	Private School
Lowe, Edmund	Edmund Lowe	San Jose, Cal.	Mar. 3, 1895	6′ 0″	165	Blue	Brown	Santa Clara Univ.
Loy, Myrna	Myrna Williams	Helena, Montana	Aug. 2, 1905	5′ 6″	110	Green	Titian	Private Schools
Lugosi, Bela	Bela Lugosi Blasko	Lugos, Hungary	Oct. 20, 1888	5′ 1″	167	Grey	Brown	Private School
Lukas, Paul	Paul Lukas	Budapest, Hungary	May 26, 1891	6′ 2″	182	Brown	Brown	Colleges in Hungary
Lundigan, William	William Lundigan	Syracuse, New York	June 12, 1914	6′ 2″	170	Blue	Brown	Syracuse University
Lupino, Ida	Ida Lupino	Brixton, England	Jan. 1, 1914	5′ 6″	110	Violet	Blonde	Royal Academy
Lynn, Jeffrey	Ragnar Godfrey Lind	Auburn, Mass.	Feb. 16, 1909	6′ 0″	158	Blue	Brown	Bates College
Lynn, Leni	Angelina Ciofani	Waterbury, Conn.	May 3, 1925	5′ 1″	100	Brown	Brown	High School
Lys, Lya	Natalia Lescht	Berlin, Germany	May 18, 1913	5′ 4″	108	Blue	Blonde	Sorbonne Lyceum
MacDonald, Jeanette	Jeanette MacDonald	Philadelphia, Pa.	June 18, 1907	5′ 5″	120	Green	Red	Public School
MacMurray, Fred	Fred MacMurray	Kankakee, Ill.	Aug. 30, 1908	6′ 3½″	185	Brown	Brown	Carroll College
Mahan, Billy	William Mahan	Port Townsend, Wash.	July 9, 1930	4′ ½″	48½	Blue	Blonde	Public School
March, Fredric	Frederick Bickel	Racine, Wis.	Aug. 31, 1897	6′ 0″	175	Brown	Brown	Univ. of Wisconsin
Marshall, Brenda	Ardis Ankerson	Isl. of Negros, Phil. Ils.	Sept. 29, 1915	5′ 3″	108	Hazel	Brown	Texas State College
Marshall, Herbert	Herbert Marshall	London, England	May 23, 1893	5′ 10″	155	Brown	Black	St. Mary's College
Martin, Mary	Mary Martin	Weatherford, Texas	Dec. 1, 1914	5′ 4½″	112	Brown	Brown	Univ. of Texas
Martin, Tony	Alfred Morris	Oakland, Calif.	Dec. 25, 1912	6′ 0″	175	Brown	Black	St. Mary's College
Marx, Chico	Leonard Marx	New York, N. Y.	Mar. 22, 1891	5′ 6″	135	Brown	Brown	Public School
Marx, Groucho	Julius Marx	New York, N. Y.	Oct. 21, 1895	5′ 7″	155	Brown	Black	Public School
Marx, Harpo	Arthur Marx	New York, N. Y.	Nov. 23, 1893	5′ 7″	140	Brown	Brown	Public School
Massen, Osa	Osa Massen	Copenhagen, Den.	Jan. 13, 1916	5′ 4½″	116	Green	Brown	High School
Massey, Ilona	Ilona Haymassey	Budapest, Hungary	July 5, 1912	5′ 6″	122	Blue	Blonde	High School
Massey, Raymond	Raymond Massey	Toronto, Canada	Aug. 30, 1896	6′ 2″	158	Brown	Black	Oxford University
McCrea, Joel	Joel McCrea	So. Pasadena, Cal.	Nov. 5, 1905	6′ 2″	185	Blue	Brown	Pomona College
McHugh, Frank	Frank McHugh	Homestead, Pa.	May 23, 1899	5′ 7″	147	Blue	Brown	High School
McLaglen, Victor	Victor McLaglen	Tunbridge Wells, Eng.	Dec. 11, 1886	6′ 3″	225	Brown	Brown	Public School
McPhail, Douglas	Douglas McPhail	Los Angeles, Cal.	Apr. 16, 1910	6′ 0″	170	Blue	Blonde	Santa Monica Jr. Col
Menjou, Adolphe	Adolphe Menjou	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Feb. 18, 1890	5′ 9″	153	Blue	Brown	Cornell University
Meredith, Burgess	Oliver B. Meredith	Lakewood, Ohio	Nov. 16, 1908	5′ 8½″	135	Blue	Brown	Amherst College
Merkel, Una	Una Merkel	Covington, Ky.	Dec. 10, 1903	5′ 4″	112	Blue	Blonde	High School
Milland, Ray	Ray Mullane	Neath, Wales	Jan. 3, 1907	6′ ½″	170	Hazel	Brown	King's College
Miranda, Isa	Ines Sampietro	Milan, Italy	July 5, 1915	5′ 6″	121	Brown	Blonde	High School
Montgomery, Douglas	Douglas Montgomery	Los Angeles, Cal.	Oct. 29, 1908	5′ 11½″	176	Brown	Brown	High School
Montgomery, Robert	Henry Montgomery, Jr.	Beacon, N. Y.	May 21, 1904	6′ 1″	165	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Moore, Constance	Constance Moore	Sioux City, Iowa	Jan. 18, 1920	5′ 4″	110	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Moore, Victor	Victor Moore	Hammonton, N. J.	Feb. 24, 1876	5′ 7″	190	Brown	Brown	Public School
Morgan, Dennis	Stanley Morner	Prentice, Wis.	Dec. 20, 1910	6′ 2″	195	Blue	Brown	Carroll College
Morgan, Frank	Francis Wupperman	New York, N. Y.	June 1, 1890	6′ 1″	190	Grey	Brown	Cornell University
Morris, Chester	Chester Morris	New York, N. Y.	Feb. 16, 1901	5′ 9″	155	Green	Black	High School
Morris, Wayne	Bert DeWayne Morris	Los Angeles, Cal.	Feb. 17, 1914	6′ 2″	190	Blue	Blonde	Los Angeles Jr. Col.
Mowbray, Alan	Alan Mowbray	London, England	Aug. 18, 1896	6′ 0″	158	Grey	Brown	Public School
Muni, Paul	Muni Weisenfreund	Vienna, Austria	Sept. 22, 1897	5′ 10″	165	Black	Black	Public School

SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR	EDUCATION
Murphy, George	George Murphy	New Haven, Conn.	July 4, 1903	5′ 11″	178	Blue	Brown	Yale University
Nagel, Anne	Ann Dolan	Boston, Mass.	Sept. 30, 1912	5′ 6″	112	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Naish, J. Carrol	J. Carrol Naish	New York, N. Y.	Jan. 21, 1900	5′ 9½″	152	Brown	Black	Private Schools
Neagle, Anna	Marjorie Robertson	London, England	Oct. 20, 1908	5′ 5″	120	Blue	Blonde	Private Schools
Niven, David	David Niven	Kirriemuire, Scotland	Mar. 1, 1909	6′ 0″	170	Blue	Brown	Royal Military Acad.
Nolan, Lloyd	Lloyd Nolan	San Francisco, Cal.	Aug. 11, 1904	5′ 10½″	184	Brown	Brown	Stanford University
Oakie, Jack	Leis D. Offield	Sedalia, Mo.	Nov. 12, 1903	5′ 11″	170	Blue	Brown	High School
Oberon, Merle	Estelle Thompson	Tasmania, Australia	Feb. 19, 1911	5′ 2″	112	Green	Brown	La Martimere College
O'Brien, George	George O'Brien	San Francisco, Cal.	Apr. 19, 1900	6′ 1″	200	Brown	Brown	Santa Clara College
O'Brien, Pat	William O'Brien	Milwaukee, Wis.	Nov. 11, 1899	5′ 11″	199	Blue	Brown	Marquette University
O'Keefe, Dennis	Bud Flannigan	Fort Madison, Iowa	Mar. 29, 1912	6′ 2″	175	Blue	Blonde	High School
Olivier, Laurence	Laurence Olivier	Dorking, England	May 22, 1907	5′ 10″	165	Brown	Brown	St. Edward's School
O'Neil, Barbara	Barbara O'Neil	St. Louis, Mo.	July 10, 1910	5′ 6″	125	Brown	Brown	Private School
O'Sullivan, Maureen	Maureen O'Sullivan	Boyle, Ireland	May 17, 1911	5′ 3½″	116	Blue	Brown	Private School
Overman, Lynne	Lynne Overman	Maryville, Mo.	Sept. 19, 1887	5′ 11½″	142	Blue	Blonde	University of Missouri
Page, Gale	Sally Perkins Rutter	Spokane, Wash.	July 23, 1913	5′ 5″	116	Brown	Brown	Private Schools
Parker, Cecilia	Cecilia Parker	Fort William, Can.	Apr. 26, 1905	5′ 3½″	108	Hazel	Blonde	Private Schools
Parker, Jean	Mae Green	Deer Lodge, Mont.	Aug. 11, 1916	5′ 3″	105	Green	Brown	High School
Parrish, Helen	Helen Parrish	Columbus, Ga.	Mar. 12, 1923	5′ 3″	110	Green	Brown	High School
Patrick, Gail	Margaret Fitzpatrick	Birmingham, Ala.	June 20, 1912	5′ 7″	120	Brown	Black	Howard College
Payne, John	John Payne	Roanoke, Va.	May 28, 1912	6′ 2″	175	Green	Brown	Columbia College
Pendleton, Nat	Nat Pendleton	Davenport, Iowa	Aug. 9, 1899	6′ 0″	200	Hazel	Brown	Columbia College
Pidgeon, Walter	Walter Pidgeon	East St. John, Can.	Sept. 23, 1898	6′ 2″	190	Grey	Black	Public School
Powell, Dick	Richard Powell	Mt. View, Ark.	Nov. 14, 1904	6′ 0″	172	Blue	Brown	Little Rock College
Powell, Eleanor	Eleanor Powell	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 21, 1913	5′ 5¾″	122	Blue	Brown	Public School
Powell, Lee	Lee Powell	Long Beach, Cal.	May 15, 1908	6′ 2″	190	Hazel	Black	Long Beach Jr. Col.
Powell, William	William Powell	Pittsburgh, Pa.	July 29, 1892	6′ 2″	168	Brown	Brown	Public School
Power, Tyrone	Tyrone Power	Cincinnati, Ohio	May 5, 1914	5′ 11″	155	Brown	Brown	Public Schools
Preston, Robert	Robert Meservey	Newton, Mass.	June 8, 1917	6′ 0″	175	Brown	Brown	High School
Price, Vincent	Vincent Price	St. Louis, Mo.	May 27, 1911	6′ 4″	180	Blue	Brown	Yale University
Prouty, Jed	Jed Prouty	Boston, Mass.	Apr. 6, 1886	5′ 6″	170	Brown	Black	Public School
Quinn, Anthony	Anthony Quinn	Chihuahua, Mexico	Apr. 21, 1915	6′ 2″	192	Brown	Brown	Public Schools
Raft, George	George Ranft	New York, N. Y.	Sept. 27, 1904	5′ 10″	155	Brown	Black	Private School
Rainer, Luise	Luise Rainer	Berlin, Germany	Jan. 12, 1910	5′ 3″	102	Brown	Black	Private School

(Continued on page 89)

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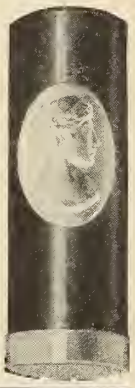
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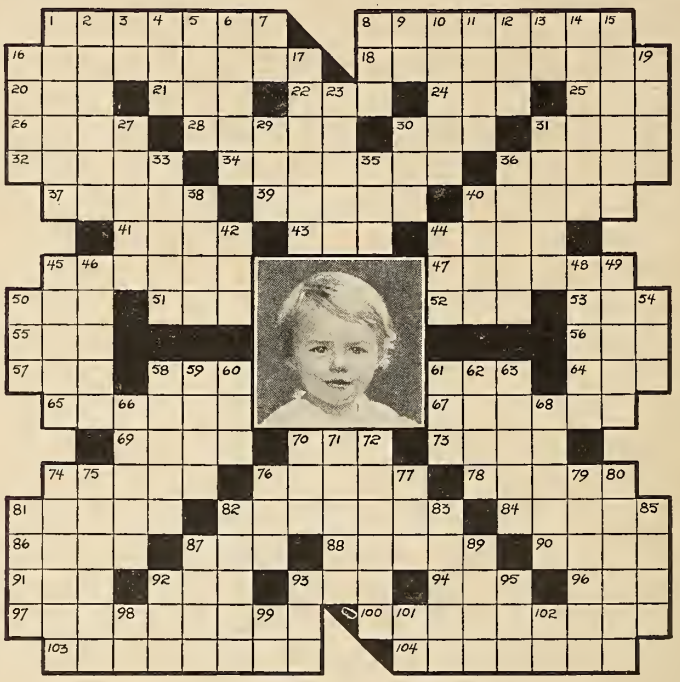
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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 100

ACROSS

1 & 8. Star of this puzzle
16. Gene Raymond's wife
18. Jane Wyman's job in the "Torchy Blane" series
20. Kind of movie light
21. "- - - ie Oakley"
22. Self
24. - - - Rogers
25. Our English stars' favorite beverage
26. Any article used in a film
28. Atmosphere
30. Star of "Hollywood Cavalcade"
31. Opposite 1 across in "Remember The Night"
32. Dorothy Lamour is one
34. Japanese stringed instrument
36. Chills
37. Male lead in "On Your Toes"
39. Devil
40. Star of "Our Leading Citizen"
41. Eager
43. Dolores - - - Rio
44. Starlet: Veda Ann - - - -
45. Garden plant
47. First name of our star's husband
50. Depressed
51. By birth
52. Corrects
53. Diving bird
55. Ornamental spire
56. Femme lead in "Adventure In Diamonds"
57. Mary M - - - in
58. The reel McCoy
61. Circle
64. Heaven
65. Male lead in "Vigil In The Night"
67. Daughters of one's brother or sister
69. Resounded
70. Priest's vestment
73. West Indian plant
74. Executioner in "Tower of London"
76. Deanna's aspiration
78. Small insects
81. Slave
82. Our star's real name: Ruby - - - - - -
84. "Ninotchka"
86. Very first male Academy Award winner
87. Exclamation of disgust
88. Concluded
90. Adrienne - - - -
91. Fifty-four: Rom. num.
92. B - - - ara O'Neil
93. Color of our star's hair
94. Wrath
96. Olympe Bradna's father in "Happy Ending"
97. Heroine of "The Roaring Twenties"
100. Wife of Tyrone Power
103. That which gives comfort
104. Small stones

DOWN

1. Heroine of "The Saint Strikes Back"
2. Concede
3. Star of "Goodbye Mr. Chips": init.
4. Serpent
5. Our star's daughter in "Stella Dallas"
6. Raves
7. Ritz brother in "Pack Up Your Troubles"
8. Standing Room Only
9. "In - - rnes Can't Take Money"
10. Protective garment against grime
11. Midday
12. Twisted
13. Chemical symbol for yttrium
14. Tropical fruit
15. Bends down
16. Charts
17. Considered
19. Runs about
23. Soot
27. Foot lever
29. Possessed
30. "Gol - - - Boy"
31. Falsify
33. Leading man in "Raffles"
35. - - - Lesser
36. Restrains
38. Ireland: var.
40. Volume
42. Tint
44. "- - - ther Rat And A Baby"
45. Director of "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington."
46. Girl in "Pride Of The Blue Grass"
48. Elevate
49. Elephant's teeth
50. "Rulers Of The - - -"
54. Orchestra leader in "That's Right, You're Wrong"
58. Feature
59. Hotels
60. "Little Women" character played by Frances Dee
61. Belle Watling in "Gone With The Wind"
62. Circular band
63. Mortal life
66. Hero of "Elizabeth And Essex"
68. Famed "It" girl
70. Imitate
71. An assemblage of guests
72. She's in "Here I Am A Stranger"
74. Soil with mud
75. Melanie in "Gone With The Wind"
76. "His Br - - - er's Wife"
77. She was also in "The Plough - - - The Stars"
79. Star of "The Bluebird"
80. Takes by stealth
81. Aid
82. Fur bearing animal
83. Fishing net
85. Dog in "Another Thin Man"
87. "The Bad Man Of - - - - stone"
89. Colorless
92. Playing card
93. Rodent
95. "- - - Tide"
98. "Me - - age To Garcia"
99. Actor in "The Magnificent Fraud": init.
101. Notary public: abbr.
102. Swedish comic

(Continued from page 87)

SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR	EDUCATION
Rains, Claude	Claude Rains	London, England	Nov. 10, 1899	5′ 10½″	165	Brown	Black	Private School
Randall, Jack	Jack Randall	San Fernando, Cal.	May 12, 1902	6′ 1½″	170	Hazel	Black	Kemper Mil. School
Rathbone, Basil	Basil Rathbone	Johannesburg, S. Afr.	June 13, 1892	6′ 1½″	174	Hazel	Black	Repton School
Ratoff, Gregory	Gregory Ratoff	Petrograd, Russia	Apr. 20, 1897	5′ 11″	200	Blue	Brown	Private School
Raye, Martha	Martha Reed	Butte, Montana	Aug. 27, 1916	5′ 4½″	116	Blue	Brown	Private School
Raymond, Gene	Raymond Guion	New York, N. Y.	Aug. 13, 1908	5′ 10″	165	Blue	Blonde	Private Schools
Read, Barbara	Barbara Read	Port Arthur, Can.	Dec. 29, 1917	5′ 4″	108	Blue	Brown	High School
Reagan, Ronald	Ronald Reagan	Tampico, Ill.	Sept. 1, 1914	6′ 0″	170	Grey	Brown	Eureka College
Rice, Florence	Florence Rice	Cleveland, Ohio	Feb. 14, 1911	5′ 4½″	108	Blue	Brown	Dwight School
Ritter, Tex	Ritter Nederland	Panola City, Texas	Jan. 12, 1907	6′ 0″	165	Grey	Sandy	Northwestern Univ.
Robinson, Edward G.	Emanuel Goldenberg	Bucharest, Roumania	Dec. 12, 1893	5′ 8″	158	Brown	Black	Columbia University
Robson, May	May Robison	Melbourne, Australia	Apr. 19, 1865	5′ 2″	105	Grey	Brown	Private Schools
Rogers, Ginger	Virginia McMath	Independence, Mo.	July 16, 1911	5′ 5″	115	Green	Blonde	Public School
Rogers, Roy	Roy Rogers	Cody, Wyoming	Nov. 5, 1912	5′ 10¾″	155	Blue	Blonde	Public School
Romero, Cesar	Cesar Romero	New York, N. Y.	Feb. 15, 1907	6′ 2″	170	Brown	Black	Private Schools
Rooney, Mickey	Joe Yule, Jr.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Sept. 23, 1921	5′ 2″	128	Blue	Blonde	Studio School
Ross, Shirley	Bernice Gaunt	Omaha, Nebraska	Jan. 7, 1915	5′ 4″	118	Grey	Red	Uni. of California
Ruggles, Charles	Charles Ruggles	Los Angeles, Cal.	Feb. 8, 1890	5′ 6″	145	Grey	Brown	High School
Russell, Rosalind	Rosalind Russell	Waterbury, Conn.	June 4, 1912	5′ 5″	120	Black	Black	Columbia University
Rutherford, Ann	Ann Rutherford	Toronto, Canada	Nov. 2, 1920	5′ 3½″	105	Brown	Black	High School
Scott, Randolph	Randolph Crane	Orange, Virginia	Jan. 23, 1903	6′ 2″	190	Hazel	Blonde	Georgia Tech
Shearer, Norma	Norma Fisher	Westmount, Can.	Aug. 10, 1904	5′ 1″	117	Grey	Brown	Public School
Sheridan, Ann	Clara Lou Sheridan	Dallas, Texas	Feb. 21, 1915	5′ 5″	120	Hazel	Brown	N. Texas Teachers' Col.
Shirley, Anne	Dawn Evelyn Paris	New York, N. Y.	Apr. 14, 1918	5′ 2″	100	Amber	Gold	Public School
Sidney, Sylvia	Sylvia Krakow	New York, N. Y.	Aug. 10, 1910	5′ 4″	104	Blue	Brown	High School
Singleton, Penny	Mariana McNulty	Philadelphia, Pa.	Sept. 15, 1912	5′ 3″	118	Green	Brown	Columbia University
Skipworth, Alison	Alison Skipworth	London, England	July 25, 1870	5′ 5″	160	Blue	Auburn	Public School
Sothern, Ann	Harriette Lake	Valley City, N. D.	Jan. 2, 1909	5′ 1½″	112	Grey	Brown	Univ. of Washington
Stack, Robert	Robert Stack	Los Angeles, Cal.	Jan. 13, 1919	6′ 1″	175	Blue	Blonde	Univ. of So. California
Stander, Lionel	Lionel Stander	New York, N. Y.	Jan. 10, 1908	6′ 0″	160	Brown	Brown	New York University
Stanwyck, Barbara	Ruby Stevens	Brooklyn, N. Y.	July 16, 1907	5′ 5″	120	Blue	Auburn	Public Schools
Starrett, Charles	Charles Starrett	Athol, Mass.	Mar. 28, 1904	6′ 2″	180	Brown	Brown	Dartmouth College
Stewart, James	James Stewart	Indiana, Pa.	May 20, 1908	6′ 3″	160	Grey	Brown	Princeton University
Stone, Lewis	Lewis Stone	Worcester, Mass.	Nov. 15, 1879	5′ 10½″	160	Hazel	Grey	High School

(Continued on page 95)

"PEPSI AND PETE"... THE PEPSI-COLA COPS

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You ask the questions, we'll answer them—write us



VIVIEN LEIGH: Thoroughness appears to be the keynote to the character of Vivien Hartley of Darjeeling, India; London, England; Paris, France and Hollywood, California. And her success, past and present, is the result of years of study and careful planning. It was after her first theatrical performance that she decided to become an actress. The place was The Sacred Heart Convent; the play, "Midsummer Night's Dream"; the time, 1921. Her career determined, she undertook its inception in a manner most characteristic of the present Miss Leigh. When the final curtain came down on her formal education, Vivien entered the Academy of Dramatic Art in London. Studying diligently, undertaking any part that was thrown her way, she waited for a chance to succeed. In the meantime, she married Leigh Holman, a noted English barrister. But that fervent urge to act, though dormant for a few years, became increasingly difficult to ignore. Back to the stage, this time to small character parts and finally to overwhelming success in "The Mask of Virtue." Though movie offers were plentiful, Vivien was reluctant to retire from the stage. She accepted parts in several outstanding plays, "Henry VIII" among others, and not until she had acquired a liberal training would she consider the screen bids. Ultimately, she signed a five-year contract with Alexander Korda and next became a resident of Hollywood. That brings us up to the present and since her excellent performance in "Gone With The Wind" her future here is assured. Miss Leigh is twenty-seven years old, five feet, three inches in height and weighs one hundred and two pounds. She is the mother of one child, Suzanne, aged six. You can write her in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. For a review of "Gone With The Wind," turn to page 8.

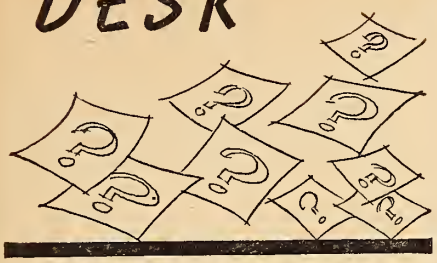


RONALD COLMAN'S screen success has remained unbroken these many years because, besides being a joy to the eyes, he is an unfailing joy to the ears. His voice, probably the most compelling in pictures, was first heard on the morning of February 9, 1891 when he entered the world as Charles Colman's fifth child. The elder Colman was a mildly prosperous silk importer who would occasionally allow Ronnie to travel up to his London office in the hope that the boy would find his father's business talents contagious. The only thing Ronald developed was an urge to captain one of the ships which brought the silks in from the Orient. Ronald was sixteen when his father's death necessarily shot him into the business world. He was a $2.50-a-week clerk for the British Steamship Co. at the time the war broke out. He enlisted the first day, not because of a scorching desire to defend his country but because the army offered an escape from the murderous monotony of his job. A fractured ankle brought him back from France and a chance meeting with an old friend brought him into the theatre. In 1919, he met and married Thelma Raye, an actress from whom he was later divorced. In 1920 he came to America and two years later a movie director who had seen him on the stage sent him to Italy to play opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." Sam Goldwyn was responsible for his return to this country and for his earliest movie triumphs. Today, Ronald is happily wed to the lovely British actress, Benita Hume. Address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. "The Light That Failed," his newest vehicle, is reviewed on page 8.



ANDREA LEEDS' new husband, Bob Howard, says she may continue to work. He really doesn't need her weekly salary but he believes she's too good an actress to retire from the screen. Fans everywhere have written ditto to his sentiments so we may expect Andrea's brown eyes to twinkle in the movies for years to come. The new Mrs. Howard was born in Butte, Montana and is the daughter of a mining engineer whose work often had to be done in exciting and out-of-the-way places. Wherever his work brought him, he brought his family and that's how Andrea happened to spend so much of her childhood in Mexico. When an attempt was made to kidnap her, Mr. Lees (Andrea's real surname) sent her up to California to receive her education. She graduated from a Long Beach high school and then entered U.C.L.A. where she majored in philosophy and English literature. After receiving her Bachelor of Arts degree, she returned to Mexico, intending to get started as a writer. Daddy Lees welcomed her tenderly but seven months later, scent-

DESK



for a personal reply

ing trouble in the district, sat her in an airplane and had her flown back to the security of Los Angeles. She was busily knocking on studio doors looking for a writing job when an amateur movie film in which she had appeared in college was unreeled before the eyes of Director Howard Hawks. He promptly sat Sam Goldwyn down—the same Mr. G. who was responsible for Ronald Colman—and made him look, too. Goldwyn said Okay—and Andrea was a screen star! Andrea can be reached at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, Hollywood, Cal. A review of her latest picture, "Swanee River," appears on page 8.

C. Johnson, Chicago, Ill. Irving Thalberg passed away in 1936. Norma Shearer has two children: Irving, Jr., who is nine years old and Katharine, who is four. You're right, Norma made only "Idiot's Delight" and "The Women" in 1939. So far she has not been cast in a new picture. The other information you wish is found on page 89 of this issue.

Aurelia Dysert, Ferndale, Michigan. Tyrone Power's sister's name is Ann. The four men in "Four Men and a Prayer" were David Niven, George Sanders, Richard Greene and William Henry. Paul Muni married Bella Finkel in 1921. Martha Raye divorced Buddy Westmore in 1938 and then married David Rose. Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall were the stars of "Always Goodbye."

Joan Hart, San Francisco, Calif. Basil Rathbone was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. Here he spent his boyhood, until he was sent to England to attend Repton School. Tennis is his favorite recreation. He has six dogs and collects sculptured hands. (Cont'd on next page)

Dear Readers:

You've been swamping us with requests for information on the leading stars appearing in ★★★ and ★★★★ pictures currently playing in your neighborhood theatres. Therefore, we have decided to change our policy and print their biographies each month. Remember that questions of general interest will be answered here as usual. If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



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Russell Getz, Williamsport, Penna. Gene Autry was born in September, 1907—on the 29th, to be exact. He and his wife, Ina, have a house in North Hollywood and a twenty-five acre farm at Burbank, Calif. Write him at Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

May Flor, Staten Island, N. Y. Charles Bickford's last picture was "Of Mice and Men" for United Artists. His four most recent pictures, prior to this one, were "Mutiny in the Big House," "Our Leading Citizen," "Stand Up and Fight," and "Romance of the Redwoods."

Patsy Enoch, Columbus, Ohio, Brown-haired, blue-eyed Alan Curtis was born in Rogers Park, a suburb of Chicago, Ill. As Harry Uberroth he was educated at Northwestern University and later became a commercial model. He is six feet, one inch in height and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. His marriage to Priscilla Lawson is in the process of being terminated.

June Koch, Peoria, Ill. Jack Randall was born May 12, 1902 in San Fernando, California. He is six feet, one and a half inches in height and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. He loves open cars, premieres, animals and bright colors. He can also sling a "delish" dish of spaghetti—it's his favorite fruit! You ask whether he is married. He married Louise Stanley, an actress, in 1938 and though divorce proceedings were once started, it's one of those off-again, on-again affairs and at present writing, nothing definite has happened. His latest picture is "Pioneer Days"; his address: Monogram Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. If you write the studio and enclose twenty-five cents for postage, they will be glad to send you a photograph.

Betty Sharpe, McKees Rocks, Pa. We can think of four actors who have become directors. They are William Dieterle, Ricardo Cortez, Gregory Ratoff and Eddie Buzzell. The four inveterate cigar smokers are Groucho Marx, Edward G. Robinson, Jack Benny and Pat O'Brien.

R. Egidio, Buffalo, N. Y. Yes, your friend is right. Ingrid Bergman is an accomplished pianist and she had ample opportunity to utilize this talent in "Intermezzo, A Love Story," her first role of accompanist to a violin virtuoso, played by Leslie Howard. She was born in Stockholm in 1917, has blonde hair, hazel eyes and is five feet, six inches tall. You can write her in care of United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Wharton, Brooklyn, N. Y. George Sanders was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, under the protection of the English Embassy and is an English citizen. He prepared at the Dunhurst and Bedales schools and attended college at Brighton. Later, he switched to Manchester Technical school, where he specialized in textiles. After finishing school, Sanders went to work in technical textile research. He gave this up to go to Argentine and Brazil, where he experimented in a tobacco venture. The depression came along and Sanders returned to England. At the suggestion of an uncle, he took vocal lessons and six months of rigorous coaching miraculously produced a rich baritone. He was heard by a producer who gave him a spot in the revue, "Ballyhoo," and, before long, was noticed by an ever-peering talent scout who awarded him a role in "Strange Cargo." He is not married and his favorite type of woman is the demure sort.

Frances Weimer, Columbus, Ohio. If you will write Gene Autry in care of his studio—Republic Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.—you should receive a reply, if your letter warrants it. We never under any circumstances are allowed to give out home addresses of the stars. If you send twenty-five cents to any player or to his studio requesting a picture, you should receive it.

Bill Morrison, Woodridge, N. Y. Here are the ten biggest moneymaking stars of 1939: Mickey Rooney, Tyrone Power, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Shirley Temple, Bette Davis, Alice Faye, Errol Flynn, James Cagney and Sonja Henie. These players were selected because their pictures drew the greatest number of



Love in all its poetic beauty is reveoled in this scene from "My Little Chickadee," the movie which unites Mae West ond doshing W. C. Fields.

patrons to the theatres from September 1, 1938, to September 1, 1939, without regard to age of picture, net profit, length of run, nature of competition or other conditions (weather, etc.) during exhibition.

Carl Schneider, Indiana Harbor, Ind. She was originally named Myrna Williams, became Myrna Loy for the movies and on June 27, 1936, became Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr. As Myrna Williams, she was born in Helena, Montana, where her father was the owner of a ranch. When she was of high school age her parents brought her to Los Angeles. There she attended the Westlake School for Girls and later an art school. Myrna's ability as a sculptress attracted the attention of Rudolph Valentino and his wife, who gave her a part in "What Price Beauty?" in 1925. She was given other small roles and worked in the stage prologues at Grauman's Theatre in Hollywood, and as a dancer. Her first leading role was in "Renegade" in 1931. That was during her "vamp" days. Things began to look up when Myrna was assigned to "Animal Kingdom," and since that time she has risen to great popularity in straight acting roles. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has titian hair and green eyes. She loves dancing, collects paintings and sculpture, swims, plays tennis and rides. She is under contract to M-G-M, Culver City, Calif. Her last picture was "Another Thin Man."

Frances Hyden, Brooklyn, N. Y. For anyone who definitely made up his mind that he did not want to be an actor, Brian has done very well. He made his stage debut when he was three and continued to play boy parts until, when he was ten, his family sent him to London. Here he attended a theatrical training school for a year. Rebelling, he refused to go back. He wanted to be educated for a business career. At eighteen, he entered mercantile work, but after two years over a ledger, decided he wasn't getting anywhere and quit his job. Down to his last five shillings, Brian remembered acting—but only as a temporary means of earning a living! Well, you know the rest of the story; he's been at it ever since. His stage successes took him to Australia, then to Broadway and finally to Hollywood. His latest picture is "Vigil in the Night" with Carole Lombard. Brian has recently left the bachelor ranks for Joan Fontaine. You can write him at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.



The perky coronet tops the head of Irina Baronova, star of the Ballet Russe who debuts as an actress-dancer in "Florian," with Bob Young.

Jean Mack, Buffalo, N. Y. Robert Shaw played the part of the ranger in the Jones Family picture, "Quick Millions." His address is Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Frances Modrak, Elizabeth, N. J. Since "A Midsummer's Night Dream," Olivia de Havilland has made these pictures. In 1935: "The Irish in Us," "Captain Blood." In 1936: "Anthony Adverse," "Charge of the Light Brigade." In 1937: "Call It a Day," "It's Love I'm After," "The Great Garrick." In 1938: "Gold Is Where You Find It," "Robin Hood," "Four's a Crowd," "Hard to Get." In 1939: "Wings of the Navy," "Dodge City," "Gone With the Wind," "Elizabeth and Essex," "Raffles."

Mary Carson, New York, N. Y. Zorina's first picture since "On Your Toes" is "I Was An Adventuress" for Twentieth Century-Fox. Her leading man is Richard Greene. Yes, she was a ballerina of the famous Ballet Russe for two years. She is a Norwegian.

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TRIMAL

(*Continued from page 85*)

with. She makes love in a business-like manner, and expects you to do likewise. She visualizes a scene as the camera will see it, in every last detail; she asks herself if this or that can't be improved; then she rehearses each voice inflection, each gesture, each movement. A love scene, with Hepburn, isn't so much a matter of emotion as craftsmanship.

"Irene Dunne is business-like, too—only in a different way. She makes you feel that love scenes don't mean any more to her than any other scenes. They're all in the day's work. She approaches them all the same way, staying in her dressing-room till the last possible moment. You never have a chance to become intimately acquainted with her. She doesn't discuss scenes in advance, and doesn't expect you to discuss them. All that she expects is that you will be as prepared for them as she is. She doesn't have to know you well to be able to look at you with lovelight in her eyes when the script says she should. You feel that she is a bit distant. You also have the feeling that she prefers love scenes that keep you about three feet apart. We got along fine. We spent most of our time together in 'Invitation to Happiness' with tables between us. And you know how I prefer sitting-down-at-a-table love scenes.

BEFORE 'Cafe Society,' the director said to Madeleine Carroll, 'We've got a problem in this fellow MacMurray. He's bashful. I'm relying on you to put some "oomph" in the love scenes.' Madeleine looked at him and said, 'Sa-a-y! I'm a bit bashful myself!' She is another of these girls who stay a bit remote between scenes. But she isn't that way when the camera starts turning. She gives you the surprising feeling—it's surprising because it's uncommon—that she wants to be kissed. I don't know how she does it. But she does it.

"Carole Lombard puts love scenes on a kidding basis. The only difficulty, working with Carole, is that you never know where her sense of humor is going to lead her. She has a mania for trying to break you up. In your tenderest scene, she's as apt as not to mutter crazy things under her breath, while she looks at you beatifically. Then there was the time she tried to knock me out with some perfume she put on. She almost succeeded, too.

"The closest I've come to having fun in love scenes is with Barbara Stanwyck. She puts it all on a friends-shouldn't-be-embarrassed-about-kissing basis. We've known each other for years. Bob and Barbara, and Lillian and I, get together for dinner fairly often, bump into each other at parties, take in the same previews, see each other all the time. So I didn't have to pretend much to look as if I liked her in 'Remember the Night.' Barbara is a girl who goes in for a lot of laughs between scenes—and a lot of sincerity in her work. She puts everything she has into every scene."

One of the actresses Fred has played with prides herself on her appeal to male co-stars between scenes. After working with Fred, she confessed to an intimate, "He didn't seem to see me. But some day I'll play with him again. And then—"

It might be well to warn her that she will only be wasting her time. Fred—the normal and natural—isn't going to be interested in any girl but Lillian Lamont MacMurray. Kissing is fun only when it's serious. And the only girl Fred kisses seriously and will continue to kiss seriously is Lillian Lamont MacMurray.



Maureen O'Sullivan looks more like an Arabian Nights illustration than a dinner hostess, but her white crepe gown is one she wears when entertaining in her own home. A harem-drape effect marks the skirt, while the neck is shirred with a white cord bow.

(Continued from page 89)

SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR	EDUCATION
Stuart, Gloria	Gloria Stuart	Santa Monica, Cal.	Apr. 4, 1911	5′ 5″	118	Hazel	Blonde	Univ. of California
Sullavan, Margaret	Margaret Sullavan	Norfolk, Va.	May 16, 1911	5′ 2″	109	Grey	Brown	Sullins College
Talbot, Lyle	Lysle Hollywood	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Feb. 8, 1904	5′ 11″	172	Blue	Brown	High School
Tamiroff, Akim	Akim Tamiroff	Bakow, Russia	Oct. 29, 1898	5′ 8″	180	Green	Brown	Public Schools
Taylor, Robert	S. Arlington Brough	Filley, Neb.	Aug. 5, 1911	6′ 0″	165	Blue	Brown	Pomona College
Temple, Shirley	Shirley Temple	Santa Monica, Cal.	Apr. 23, 1929	4′ 10″	69	Hazel	Blonde	Studio School
Terry, Ruth	Ruth McMahon	Benton Harbor, Mich.	Oct. 21, 1920	5′ 3″	102	Blue	Blonde	Private Schools
Toler, Sidney	Sidney Toler	Warrensburg, Mo.	Apr. 28, 1898	6′ 0″	190	Brown	Brown	University of Kansas
Tone, Franchot	Franchot Tone	Niagara Falls, N. Y.	Feb. 27, 1905	6′ 0″	160	Hazel	Brown	Cornell University
Tracy, Spencer	Spencer Tracy	Milwaukee, Wis.	Apr. 5, 1900	5′ 10″	165	Blue	Brown	Ripon College
Treacher, Arthur	Arthur Treacher	Brighton, England	July 21, 1893	6′ 4″	182	Brown	Brown	High School
Trent, John	Laverne Browne	Orange, Cal.	Dec. 5, 1906	6′ 0″	180	Hazel	Brown	Hancock College
Trevor, Claire	Claire Trevor	New York, N. Y.	Mar. 8, 1912	5′ 3″	112	Hazel	Blonde	Columbia University
Turner, Lana	Judy Lana Turner	Wallace, Idaho	Feb. 8, 1921	5′ 4″	109	Blue	Brown	High School
Ware, Linda	Beverly Stillwagon	Tarentum, Pa.	May 29, 1925	4′ 11″	90	Blue	Blonde	Studio School
Wayne, John	Marion Morrison	Winterset, Iowa	May 26, 1907	6′ 2″	198	Grey	Brown	Univ. of So. California
Weaver, Marjorie	Marjorie Weaver	Crossville, Tenn.	Mar. 2, 1913	5′ 4″	107	Brown	Brown	University of Indiana
Weidler, Virginia	Virginia Weidler	Hollywood, Cal.	Mar. 21, 1927	4′ 4″	60	Brown	Brown	Studio School
Weissmuller, Johnny	John Weissmuller	Chicago, Ill.	June 2, 1905	6′ 3″	190	Brown	Brown	University of Chicago
West, Mae	Mae West	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Aug. 17, 1900	5′ 4″	116	Violet	Blonde	Public School
Whelan, Arleen	Arleen Whelan	Salt Lake City, Utah	Sept. 16, 1916	5′ 4½″	112	Green	Auburn	Private Schools
William, Warren	Warren Krech	Aitken, Minn.	Dec. 2, 1896	6′ 1″	170	Blue	Brown	High School
Wilson, Marie	Marie Wilson	Anaheim, Cal.	Aug. 19, 1916	5′ 5″	104	Brown	Blonde	Private School
Withers, Jane	Jane Withers	Atlanta, Ga.	Apr. 12, 1926	5′ 3½″	115	Blue	Brown	Private School
Witherspoon, Cora	Cora Witherspoon	New Orleans, La.	Jan. 5, 1892	5′ 7½″	135	Green	Brown	Private Schools
Wong, Anna May	Wong Lu Tsong	Los Angeles, Cal.	Jan. 3, 1907	5′ 6″	115	Brown	Black	Public School
Wray, Fay	Vina Fay Wray	Alberta, Canada	Sept. 12, 1912	5′ 3″	110	Blue	Auburn	High School
Wyman, Jane	Sarah Jane Folks	St. Joseph, Mo.	Jan. 4, 1914	5′ 0″	118	Brown	Brown	Columbia College
Young, Loretta	Gretchen Young	Salt Lake City, Utah	Jan. 6, 1913	5′ 3″	107	Blue	Brown	Private School
Young, Robert	Robert Young	Chicago, Ill.	Feb. 22, 1907	6′ 0″	170	Brown	Brown	High School
Young, Roland	Roland Young	London, England	Nov. 11, 1903	5′ 7″	142	Blue	Brown	University College
Zorina, Vera	Brigetta Hartwig	Berlin, Germany	Feb. 1, 1917	5′ 5″	110	Blue	Blonde	High School

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A FIELD WHO CONQUERED

(*Continued from page 51*)

She practised a thousand smiles, took her voice up and down the range of tones and nuances. She was sleepless over the problem of timing her entrance, of giving the right emphasis to her line.

On opening night, Betty answered her cue and was out on the stage with a crowded house watching her. She'd never heard of the star's propensity for ad libbing. Betty smiled and waited.

"And how are you today?" Miss Reed spoke in her deep stirring voice. She went on too quickly for Betty, "But I can see that you're wonderful—you look that way." There was nothing left to Betty's part except the exit.

THE Newark experience fired Betty's imagination. She pursuaded her mother to send her to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City. On the spring day in 1934 when diplomas were handed out, Betty was absent. She was working! The first girl in her class to get a job! It was in "Sing and Whistle" with Ernest Truex as the star. The show didn't last long and Betty held the job to the end, but never appeared on the stage because she was only an understudy.

On her sixteenth birthday, she was sent to England for a role in "She Loves Me Not." For Betty, the experience was love on a dime, and the play suffered a quick demise. In spite of dark, jobless days, Betty remembers London pleasantly. But she can do without Englishmen. She thinks American boys are so much nicer.

When Betty arrived in London for rehearsals, she and another American girl in the show took a swanky apartment in one of the smart sections of the British capital. They had a huge bath, two fireplaces and even gleaming mahogany antiques. They were all set for a pleasant winter.

But the day after the play's opening, Betty read the newspapers and packed her three dresses. The critics used their heaviest hammers and the production died of box office anemia in two weeks. She moved into a seven-dollar-a-week furnished room. Breakfast was included in the rate and during her English sojourn, breakfast was her principal meal.

On the boat going over, Betty visioned herself walking down Bond Street, buying British tweeds. Her London shopping, after the play's fiasco, was limited to things that didn't cost over fifty cents. She still yearns for some of those nice English sports clothes she used to see on other girls.

When she came back to America, Betty went through that difficult time which stage people grandly call, "between engagements." Betty's word for it is "jobless" and she didn't like the experience. She was later given a part in "Page Miss Glory," but her speeches were shortened at every rehearsal and when the play opened, there were only three lines left.

Then along came a succession of healthy leading women whom Betty understudied. Not one of them ever became indisposed, fought with the manager or quit the show. Betty began to believe that her career was to be a series of dressing-room sitdowns. She feared she'd grow old wearing greasepaint that nobody but stagehands would see. She was frightened then, too!

Her break came when George Abbott engaged her for the roadshow lead in "Three Men on a Horse." Betty actually saw the ticket buyers in Boston and they liked her as the young wife of the greeting-card poet. When the New York lead left the cast, Miss Field was called in from the road. This career business was getting to look like something, now! She was a leading lady on Broadway.

Afterwards, Betty played the girl in "Boy Meets Girl" for a month in New York and for a whole season on tour.



Bedimpled Ruth Terry, star of Walter Wanger's "Slightly Dishonorable," was a professional singer at the age of twelve. She says her favorite orchestras are Glenn Miller's and Tammy Darsey's, and her favorite boy friend is "just a nice college boy, not a big success."

Her subsequent roles were in "Room Service," "Angel Island" and "What a Life." While she was appearing in "The Primrose Path," Director Ted Reed thought she'd be good for the picturization of "What a Life." That's how she went to Hollywood.

While Betty was playing in "The Primrose Path," she was considered for "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," but she couldn't get out of her other stage obligation. When she was signed for a long term by Paramount, she heard her studio had bought film rights to "Kiss the Boys Good-bye."

Betty dreamed again of playing the Southern girl in that biting satire. It was while we were having luncheon in New York that Betty heard for the first time that Mary Martin was to have the part in the screen version. Betty smiled, said, "That's nice for Miss Martin" and changed the subject. No regrets, no commiserations for Betty Field. She hasn't use for them—yet.

Betty's been so busy being an actress since she was fourteen that she hasn't had any time for hobbies, except horseback riding and beaux. She likes horses and good-looking young American men. She never rode in Hollywood and if there are fascinating males in the movie capital, Betty's only read about them. The ones at the studio are only actors to her. Jackie Cooper was the one she really got to know and he's too young for any romantic angle.

"It's wonderful," said Betty, "the way Jackie minds his mother. He's always phoning her when he's working and he does everything she tells him to do. If he wants to go some place and Mrs. Cooper says 'no,' Jackie hurries home. He asks her advice about everything."

Betty's different that way. She's a self-sufficient young woman. She knew what she wanted when she was twelve. She's been working hard at getting it ever since. Even when she's in New York, she lives at an apartment hotel and spends only her week-ends in Westfield, New Jersey, where her mother lives.



Ona Munson, "Gone With The Wind's" lady of ill repute, is a 31-year-old blue-eyed blonde from Portland, Oregon. Her real name is Wolcott.

Mrs. Field never interferes with her daughter's career. She didn't go to Hollywood with her and she won't live there now, though Betty will be residing permanently on the west coast. Betty has a small furnished apartment and she's doing no shopping for a movie house, even with her contract all signed and delivered.

Being frightened about the failure tomorrow may bring, remaining somewhat leery of today's success—that's how Betty Field reacts to finding herself a movie star. What's more, she hopes she can stay that way. Being frightened, she says, is wonderful for her; it makes her give just a bit more than her best.

Betty's story ought to be balm for other young girls who are willing to work hard at the exciting career of acting. She never had any "pull," nor any connections that would help her. She wasn't one of the beautiful stage sensations who leave the New York columnists breathless. Her romances didn't land her on the front pages nor did one stage role open all doors as it did in the case of Mary Martin.

She decided early in her teens she was going to be an actress. She trained as well as she could for her life work and took what jobs were offered. In Hollywood it was the same story. She didn't care whether it was a Class B or a Class A picture. She gave her best. The fact that she's called a star by her bosses doesn't mean a thing to Betty. All she wants to know is, "When do I report for work, and where's the script?"



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TWO WEEKS—WITH PAY

(*Continued from page 31*)

bed at all. When dawn broke they left their companions and ambled along the streets, watching Paris wake up.

At noon, having waved her husband off on the boat-train, Mrs. Douglas stumbled back to the hotel and slept round the clock. Douglas was back in Hollywood precisely two weeks after the day he'd left. "I'd have gone," he says, "just for the walk."

LAST summer it looked for a while as if he might get a month between "Ninotchka" and "The Amazing Mr. Williams." Mrs. Douglas—who is Helen Gahagan, the actress and singer, as I'm probably wasting space in telling you—had been playing summer stock in the east. He was to join her there, grab a boat and spend two weeks abroad. This time he had neither theatres, restaurants nor Parisian jaunts on his mind. He had pored over all the books, studied all the reports, questioned all the people from whom he could get a glimmer of information about Europe. "There's something rotten in the air, like a pact between Germany and Russia, God forbid," he had said to his wife. "I want to get a first-hand smell of what goes on there." They had phoned back and forth to make arrangements. At the last minute, Columbia advanced its shooting schedule, and the plan fell through.

Every now and then Mrs. Douglas will spur him to action. "Stand up and scream, Mel! Get yourself a vacation."

That's as far as it goes. He can't work up any real enthusiasm for himself as a man with a grievance. He sees the point of the executive who yelped: "These actors make me sick. They sign contracts for forty weeks, they get paid for forty weeks, then they yap like hell because they have to work forty weeks."

"Of course," says Douglas mildly, "there's a fallacy there. Unless your contract specifically states that you're to get your three months in a lump—which mine doesn't—you get them any old way, three days here, five days there. What with costume tests, retakes and standing by, you don't get much chance at relaxation. I'm under contract to two studios. As a rule, the moment Columbia's through with me, Metro's on the phone, or one of the two has made a deal for a loanout.

"There's another thing that keeps you on tenterhooks. You never know what's coming next. The studios are playful that way. They don't tell you, they tell the columnists. Bella Spewack, the playwright, was working for the bill to permit the entry of refugee children. She asked me to fly to Washington. I said I would if the studio didn't need me. I phoned the studio. 'How can you fly to Washington,' they said, 'when you're starting in "Ninotchka?"' 'Am I?' 'Sure. You'll see it in all the papers tomorrow.'

"Anyway, let's be honest. In the final analysis, it's often my own fault. I act for a living. I'm eager to get good parts, which are rare. I threw away a perfectly good vacation to make the Deanna Durbin picture. Metro was through with me and Columbia wasn't going to be ready for four or five weeks. Joe Pasternak phoned that he'd like to see me, and came up to the house one night. I hadn't met him before, but I'd liked everything he'd done. He told me about this picture. It sounded amusing, and he sounded like a reasonable and pleasant



Pretty little Penny Singleton, who's been having some off-screen marital trouble, finds that her movie husband, Arthur Lake, can be a bit trying, too. The lovable Mr. and Mrs. Bumpstead—and Baby Dumpling—will next appear in "Blondie on a Budget."

person to work with. I'm susceptible. The actor in me got pepped up and said, 'Hang the vacation.'

"As for 'Ninotchka,' nothing short of paralysis could have kept me from it. The script was delightful. I'd worked with both Garbo and Lubitsch before and liked them both. Lubitsch is a peach. He was an actor himself, and is sensitive to the actor's viewpoint.

"Garbo? You couldn't find anyone more pleasant. There's been such nonsense written about her. All right, she's shy, she's scared of people, she's uneasy with strangers around—excessively so, if you like. But there's no fakery in her. She's honest to the marrow. And a very exciting person to work with, because—well, how shall I put it without sounding stuffy?

"Acting is to her what a piece of marble would be to a sculptor, even though this self-consciousness of hers makes it an extraordinarily difficult process. In nine pictures out of ten, you walk onto the set, the director says, 'Well, do we know our lines?' If you know them, you start, and after a minor bit of mechanical rehearsing, you shoot the scene.

"With Garbo and Lubitsch, there's no such thing as tossing off a scene. You sit down, you talk it over, you find out what it's about, you play around with it, dig into it, and keep on digging till everyone's satisfied that he's exhausted its utmost value. In other words, you go through the process of chipping and hewing and shaping and studying and improving which results in the best piece of work you know how to fashion. Garbo can't function under any other conditions. It's part of her honesty."

Though he doesn't admit it, he has certainly given up vacations for other than movie activities. He is deeply concerned with the betterment of living conditions in California. Many stars lend the use of their names to adorn a letterhead. Douglas has put his heart and back into the work.

He's on the Motion Picture Democratic Committee. Not that he gives a hang about party politics but because he believes that with the right men in office the right laws will be enacted. He is flooded with requests to speak, and meets as many as he can handle. His membership in the State Relief and State Welfare Commissions, entails monthly meetings and a voluminous correspondence. He sits on the Commissions' Board of Appeals, which must balance heartbreaking drama against a limited budget.

NOTHING depresses him and his wife more than the wall of indifference or misunderstanding thrown up by some in self-defense against the misery of others. Mrs. Douglas personally runs a committee for the relief of those migrants whose plight Steinbeck set forth in "The Grapes of Wrath."

Several months ago, with a few unexpected days off, Douglas took his family to Carmel, which has the charm of a little English town and the best air in California. Six-year-old Peter fell in love with it. He was enchanted by the smallness of the house they lived in, by the fact that his parents got up when he did at six, and then spent the whole day with him.

After breakfast, they'd walk to the village to do their shopping. While his father read the paper, Peter helped his mother put up a picnic lunch. Then they'd be off to the Point, off to adventure. At Carmel, you not only had the ocean, but sand dunes to dig in, great rocks to climb over, strange woods to explore. The word "vacation" began to hold magic for Peter, too. "Why do we have to leave?" he wailed in Carmel. "When are we going back?" he demanded in Hollywood.

But with time, came wisdom. There had been a particularly satisfactory day. He'd come home from school to find his father at home—a treat to begin with. Melvyn was working in the garden that afternoon. Peter proffered aid. Then they swam together. Then mother joined them, and they listened to a symphony on the radio. Peter has inherited a feeling for music from both his parents—the whole family is music minded.

Later they went out to visit baby Mary Helen, who spends the major share of her day sleeping or babbling agreeably in the patio. She lay on her back in the crib, with Deedee, the setter, on guard beside her. Deedee had never shown symptoms of being a watchdog. But the day the infant's crib was first taken outdoors, she flopped down beside it, and still refuses to be budged from her self-appointed job.

"Dlya-dlya-buh—" said Mary Helen, or words to that effect. Peter contemplated her. After fifteen months, the novelty of his sister has worn off to a degree, but she still provided him with food for thought.

"What d'you s'pose she's saying all the time when she talks like that?"

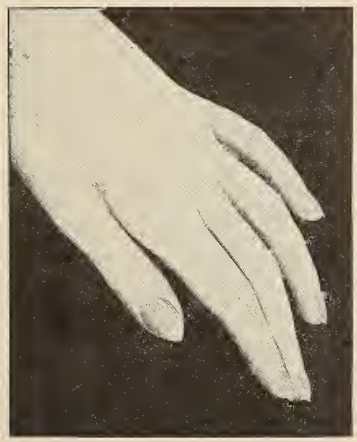
"Your guess is as good as mine. That she's happy, I hope. That she likes it here."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Peter slowly. "I like it, too." He lifted his eyes, wide with the wonder of discovery. "You know, father, just living up here is sort of like a vacation, isn't it?"

And his father agreed that it was.

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BETTE'S NEW ENGLAND FAVORITES

(*Continued from page 15*)

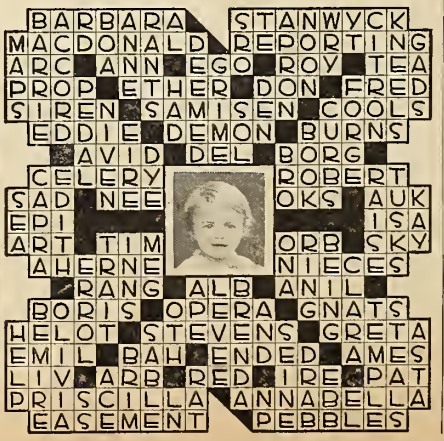
Sometimes, during the season when cranberries are available, Bette's dessert will be a steaming hot Cranberry Cobbler. However, this dish should be reserved for those occasions when you can start the dessert a few hours before meal time. Though even here you can save time by preparing the dough and leaving it in the refrigerator for a lengthy chilling which will assure a flakier crust.

CAPE COD COBBLER

Pastry:
2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup lard or vegetable shortening
⅓ cup butter
4 to 5 tablespoons ice water
Filling:
1 pound (4 cups) cranberries
1½ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ cup melted butter

Sift flour, measure. Add salt and sift again. Add the lard (or vegetable shortening) and cut it into flour mixture with pastry blender or 2 knives. When thoroughly distributed throughout the flour, so that the mixture is that of coarse meal, add butter. Cut in butter so that it remains in large flakes—which assures a particularly flaky crust. Add just enough ice water, a tablespoon at a time, to have the dough hold together. Roll dough into 2 balls, one considerably larger than the other. Wrap these in wax paper and chill in refrigerator for 1 hour or longer. Roll out the larger portion of dough, on lightly floured board, slightly thicker than for pie crust. Line bottom and sides of a small square or oblong baking dish with this. Wash, drain and chop cranberries. Combine sugar, salt and cornstarch, mix with cranberries. Turn cranberry mixture into pastry-lined pan, sprinkle with lemon juice. Roll out second portion of dough and fit it over top of berries; this dough being rolled thin, as for pie crust. Cut several V-shaped slits in top crust to allow steam to escape during baking. Bake for 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.), then pour melted butter over the top of cobbler, reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 25-30 minutes longer. Serve hot with hard sauce or whipped cream, or with Fluffy Lemon Sauce on page fifteen.

Solution To Puzzle On Page 88



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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

arrived just as the two teams were coming onto the field and blithely thought all the cheering was in her honor . . . That Dorothy Lamour has a new bathing suit made of spun glass, and it's frosted . . . That Sonja Henie is really serious about taking aviation lessons and her studio is frantic . . . That Judy Garland and Bob Hope always flip a coin to see who gets to talk about their precocious children? "Judy," year-old niece of the young star, and four-months-old "Linda," adopted daughter of the Hopes, are the topics of conversation . . . That the Doug Fairbanks Jr.s are going to be papa and mama next summer . . . That Charlie Chaplin's sets are always closed to visitors . . . That Brenda Joyce got the enviable role of feminine lead in "Brigham Young" . . . That Richard Dix's children think Chester Morris the cleverest guy in the world after seeing him do his magic tricks . . . That Joan Blondell nixed an offer for her four-year-old son, "Normie" Powell, to act in pictures?

HALE, THE INVENTOR

Alan Hale has invented so many things that off-hand he can't remember them. So the other day on the set when he looked dreamy-eyed, someone inquired if he was pondering another invention. "Might be, might be," murmured Hale. "In fact, think I'll get to work on a twenty-foot pole. Handy, don't you think, for those people you can't touch with a ten-foot pole?"

GARBO'S FOLKS

The Gustafsons are just one big happy family since they've joined Greta in Hollywood. The Silent One's mother, brother and sister-in-law are planning to make this their home until the European troubles are settled. From the looks of things, they're "going Hollywood" with enthusiasm, for almost every evening since their arrival they have been seen around the popular restaurants and night clubs watching the stars with obvious enjoyment. No, Garbo is not along on these tours. Only time the four have been seen together was one evening in Jones' Health Cafe, where Greta had ordered a round of spinach juice cocktails. She was downing hers with an enjoyment which obviously was not shared by the other three members of her party.

JIMINY WHISKERS!

During "Gone With the Wind" Clark Gable often remarked that nothing could give him greater pleasure than a hair-cut. But since "Strange Cargo" has been before the cameras, the actor has decided a shave can mean more to a guy than a hair-cut. Relating his miseries over the nine-day growth of beard which his role requires, Gable said he was awfully tired of being hailed as Mr. Zola. "And worse than having someone ask you why you don't get a hair-cut or a violin," he said, "is to have someone ask why you don't get a snood for the whiskers!"

THE QUIET TEMPO

Errol Flynn's seemingly gone in for the contemplative life. On the set he spends all his spare time scribbling and has turned down invitations right and left with the explanation that he can't afford the time away from his writing. Further proof that Flynn's giving up the more tempestuous pleasures of life for the quiet tempo is the fact that he's sold his plane (which gave the brothers Warner more than one grey forelock) and also has put his yacht, the *Sirocco*, on the market. Flynn's present writing task is a scenario, called "Wings in the Dark," and the studio has promised to give it a look when it's completed.

PHOTO PHOBIAS

For "informals" Errol Flynn won't pose with any woman but his wife. Mickey Rooney won't pose with a cigaret. Eddie Robinson always arranges his face by taking the cigar out of it and putting on a genial look. Shirley Temple won't pose without a smile—she can't, because it's a natural. Priscilla Lane moistens her lips and fluffs up her long bob with both hands. Margaret Sullavan always gave the photogs the cold shoulder until they



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ganged up on her and gave her colder shoulders. Now you can see the Sullavan smile for a mile—if there's a cameraman in sight. Tyrone Power won't pose until he's made sure his tie is straight. Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck always grin infectiously when asked to pose, then gaze into each other's eyes for the shot. Freddie Bartholomew blushes. May Robson strikes a pose with a sparkle in her black eyes that leaves no doubt about the kick she's getting out of having her "pitcher took." When asked to pause for a pose, Mischa Auer always bugs his eyes and stutters, "Who—me?" Norma Shearer turns on the charm for the camera boys since discovering that all the flash bulbs went off in Joan Crawford's face at the preview of "The Women." Wally Beery hisses, "I'll push that camera down your throat" when a camera sleuth tries to get a picture of him and a date. But when girl friend Carol Ann is along, Beery is all smiles. Bing Crosby won't willingly pose without a hat. Fred Astaire positively won't pose without a hat. Franchot Tone puts a ban on shirt-sleeve poses. Norma Shearer prefers a profile shot. Hedy Lamarr refuses to be photographed in shorts, or short dresses. Madeleine Carroll insists on a fresh dab of lipstick before the cameras snap. Deanna Durbin won't smile unless coaxed. Jack Benny won't pose without that cigar. Garbo won't pose at all.

A TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR

Jean Arthur's habit of keeping everyone on the set waiting for her has made many a director speechless with rage. But on her recent picture she reckoned without Frank Capra. That director arrived for the nine o'clock call and asked why Miss Arthur was not on the set. Miss Arthur, he learned, hadn't arrived. Come 9:30 and she still hadn't. But on the dot of ten the star wandered on the set and headed for her dressing-room. Mr. Capra tapped her on the shoulder before Jean had reached the door of her sanctum sanctorum. "And why, Miss Arthur," he said pleasantly, "are you an hour late?" "I simply overslept," said the surprised actress. "I, too, like to oversleep," said Mr. Capra. "But," he added even more pleasantly, "you must remember that you and I are making a picture together. And you must remember, too, that I have managed to turn out one or two pictures in the past with fair success—without you." P. S. Miss Arthur turned up next morning on the dot of nine.

JANE PULLS A FAST ONE

From now on, it's free ice cream sodas and cold cream for Janie Bryan. In Chicago, in a New Year's Eve ceremony that completely surprised the film colony, she became the bride of Justin W. Dart, general manager of the Walgreen Company drug store chain. The groom is thirty-two-years old, a former Northwestern football star, and was once the son-in-law of Charles W. Walgreen, the founder of the $27,500,000 business. Dart and Ruth Walgreen met in college and were married in 1929. Their divorce a few months ago paved the way for his wedding with the adorable movie actress. Though he and Jane were spotted as a duet a few weeks earlier, no one suspected his influence. Now, says he, "My wife will give up her professional career." Says Warner Bros., "Not if we can help it!" Says Jane—nothing.

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MASSEY TAKES MANHATTAN

(Continued from page 39)

your head back to see the pictures, it gets cheaper and cheaper."

"Where did you sit?"

"In my sister's lap."

"And where did she sit?"

"In the very first row. We had to put our heads back like birds drinking." And she illustrated, laughing.

Ilona has been an ardent movie fan ever since she can remember. Her first big crush was on Rudolph Valentino. When he died, she was broken hearted, for she felt that she knew him from having seen him on the screen so often. "A group of us girls in school decided we would go into mourning for him. We would wear black socks. But I didn't have any black socks—only white ones. So I dipped them into the inkwell. My mother didn't like that so much!"

WHEN school days were over, Ilona had to look for a job. The theatre being her second love (movies were her first, but she felt that she could never rise to such grandeur), she went to a local theatre where a musical show was being put on and sought out the manager. Of course, she had had no experience. "What can you do?" was his first question.

"I can't do anything," she replied. (We told you she was frank). Then he volunteered some advice, saying, "Run along home and forget about the stage."

But Ilona really needed that job, and was never the sort who is easily discouraged. She argued and argued, and when she added two years to her age which was really sixteen, he agreed to let her come in and watch the rehearsals for two weeks, after which period he promised to give her a tryout in the chorus.

"There were three rows," Ilona recalled. "The best dancers were in the front, naturally, the next-best dancers in the second row, and the worst ones in the third."

"Where did they put *you*?" we asked.

"In the third row, of course," she laughed.

The show ran three months and was followed by another which also ran three months.

Her next work was as cashier in her brother-in-law's combination beauty parlor and barber shop. There was no regular salary, but she was allowed a tiny percentage of all the money the store took in. She contributed to her family's support, yet managed to save a few pengoes each week to spend on vocal lessons. But business slacked off, and soon she was pounding the pavement again.

This time she got a job behind the stocking counter in a specialty shop. "I was the worst salesgirl in the world," she says. "I was so sure the customer was always right that when a woman would look at the stockings and say she didn't think they were very nice, I would agree. But I was there a month before they fired me."

All this time she had been taking singing lessons with Dr. Laszlo Geza and Revere Gyula. They weren't the most expensive teachers, but they must have been good, for now she was able to find work singing in a church choir. And, after four months, she was made a soloist.

This experience, although it helped develop her fine dramatic soprano, almost ruined her for motion picture work. She had to develop great volume to fill the huge basilica with sound, and such voice



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production is a hard habit to break. "In singing for pictures," she explains, "you sound best if you sing softly, close to the microphone. When I sing, they have to push the microphone to the other end of the studio!" She is trying to develop lower volume for her next picture, and works at it four hours a day: two hours practising scales, and two hours rehearsing selections. "As long as you live, you never finish learning to sing," says she.

After a year in church, she went to the director of the Hungarian Opera House and asked for a tryout. "I'm sorry," he told her, "but we don't need any sopranos."

Persistent Ilona begged him to let her do just one song, confident her voice would induce him to give her at least a small part. We asked her if that wasn't what happened.

"He heard my song," she told us. "Then he said, 'We still don't need any sopranos!' "

Nothing daunted, she went on to Vienna and secured a job at the Volkes opera.

Her debut was made in the most important role in "La Tosca," and the next day critics were saying she had a voice like Jeritza's. But there was one sour note. A wise reviewer said it was unheard of for a newcomer to step right into leading roles. Miss Massey read and agreed; she applied for small parts at the Staats Opera, and was engaged. After a few months, she was singing leads there, too—and it was the most important opera house in Vienna.

BUT while she had attained artistic triumphs, financial success was still a long way off. The only amusement she could afford was reading movie magazines and going to the pictures. Her eyes grew even larger as she told us of it.

"I feel so at home in America. I had read all about New York in the magazines, and knew it was the city where everybody wants to live. And I had read about Hollywood, too; I knew it was tops.

"When I went to the movies, I used to sit there looking at the actors on the screen and hope that I, too, might be there some day. Then, while I was watching a musical picture—I think it was "Maytime"—I thought, 'I can sing. Maybe I might have a chance.' "

Timidly, despite her operatic success, she went to a noted Viennese agent, with some photographs she had had taken for the occasion. She asked him to send them to Hollywood. He refused. "Of course you are a pretty girl and have a good voice, Miss Hajmassey," he told her, "but Hollywood is full of pretty girls with good voices. You'd be out of luck."

However, he did not forget her, and it was indirectly through him that she got her chance. When two representatives of M-G-M came to Vienna to sign up Rose Stradner, he gave them a party, and invited Ilona. The men wanted to hear her sing, so she told them of a charity concert she was giving. They attended, and were around backstage with a contract and a pen before she finished her selection.

Living in Hollywood and starring in pictures hasn't made any change in Ilona.

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She was amazed when Sherman Billingsley, of the famed Stork Club, recognized her in his restaurant and gave her a bottle of perfume. She thought it was "so sweet" of him, and got the bottle to show us how nice it was. In fact, she was still so pleased and excited with the gift that she dropped the box top into her teacup. And then not even a single solitary "damn!"; she simply giggled, fished it out, and dried it with her napkin.

SHE also told about going to the Cotton Club for the midnight show—which she loved. She is enthusiastic about swing in particular and Negro entertainment in general.

When we asked her whether a photograph had been taken in any of the places she had visited she seemed surprised. "Of course not; why should they want to take my picture? There were lots of big celebrities there."

This is not a pose. She really is unspoiled—goes to college shops for her dresses and buys simple ones for daytime wear. The one she had on when we saw her cost exactly $12.50. In Hollywood, she lives in a little four room cottage with her Aunt Terese, who does most of the housework while Ilona works at the studio. Aunt Terese draws the line at cleaning the garage, though, so Ilona does it herself on her day off. It must be quite a sight to see this perfectly gorgeous bit of femininity in overalls, and with crankcase oil on that cameo-like face. We'll bet she retains her glamour even then, too.

Ilona doesn't even consider herself pretty and tries to make excuses for her success. She says, "If you are born in comfortable circumstances, you may not feel that you have to work so hard—so maybe you take it a little bit easy. But if you have been very poor, you work and work and work until you get some place."

Which may explain why Ilona labors so hard she's glad to fall into bed at nine o'clock every night, while making a picture, and why there's no favorite man in her life—at least not right this minute!

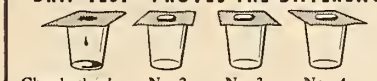


The "words fail us" beauty of Ilona Massey will make fans swoon with joy.

FLASH! HERE IS A LOTION WHICH DRIES QUICKLY— IS NEVER STICKY OR GUMMY

A few drops of Chamberlain's Lotion leave hands feeling smooth, soft and refreshed. Leaves no sticky, syrupy film. Will not dull your manicure. The Orange Blossom bouquet perfume gives it a fragrance which does not conflict with your favorite perfume scent.

"DRIP TEST" PROVES THE DIFFERENCE



Laboratory tests show this clear, golden lotion flows more readily. This is why its skin-softening qualities are carried into the cracks and "valleys" of the skin. When a half teaspoonful each of the four leading lotions is dropped on a piece of cleansing tissue or filter paper, three lotions will not even filter through. Yet Chamberlain's drips through very rapidly! Get Chamberlain's today. Use the "DRIP TEST" to compare it with your present lotion . . . and learn why women everywhere are turning to Chamberlain's for the soft, lovely hands all men admire. WRITE TODAY to Chamberlain Laboratories, Dept. 203, Des Moines, Ia., for generous FREE sample.



Get Chamberlain's at all toilet goods counters. 10c, 50c and $1.00 sizes. Also handy NEW 25c size.

Chamberlain's LOTION



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offers you many hours of entertaining relaxation for only 10c. Get a copy at your nearest newsstand or 10-cent store.

30¢ BUYS A CLASS or CLUB PIN!



Handsomely silver plated, 1 or 2 colors, club name or school letters and year. Also sterling silver and gold plate pins. Rings sterling silver. Also in 10-Kt. gold. Write today for free 1940 catalog. Showing over 300 smart designs.

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OATMEAL CLEANSER HELPS REMOVE BLACKHEADS

For blackhead conditions consider your skin cleansing method! Lavena is pure Oatmeal Powder specially refined and processed for regular daily cleansing in place of soap or creams. Get Lavena today at leading 10c stores. For free information write Lavena Corporation, Dept. 108, 141 W. Jackson, Chicago.

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ONE YEAR GUARANTEE!

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MIDGET RADIO CO. Dept. W-3 KEARNEY, NEBR.

Really KNOW Your Movie Stars!

with the amazing new MOTION PICTURE TEL-A-FAN for 1940—the almost magical device that tells you INSTANTLY!—the Real Name, Height and Weight, Coloring of Hair and Eyes, married or Single state, Birthplace and Birth Year of 264 of the World's greatest screen players. Just a simple twist of an alphabetically-arranged dial, and all of this information is yours—AT ONCE!

There is nothing else like this copyrighted new TEL-A-FAN, yet no really informed fan need be without one. For—remarkable though the ingenious device is—it is mailed to you for only 25c in coin, (30c in Canada). Think of it! Send for yours at once, while you remember it, wrapping your quarter securely, (no stamps accepted), and PRINTING your name and address.

THE CHARTS COMPANY
Dept. M2, 507 Fifth Avenue
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Try ASTHMADOR!

Try Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR the next time an asthmatic attack leaves you gasping for breath. ASTHMADOR'S aromatic fumes aid in reducing the severity of the attack—help you breathe more easily. And it's economical, dependably uniform, produced under sanitary conditions in our modern laboratory—its quality insured through rigid scientific control. *Try* ASTHMADOR in any of three forms, powder, cigarette or pipe mixture. At all drug stores—or write today for a free sample to R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Dept. F-4

ALL JOKING ASIDE

BY JACK BETTS



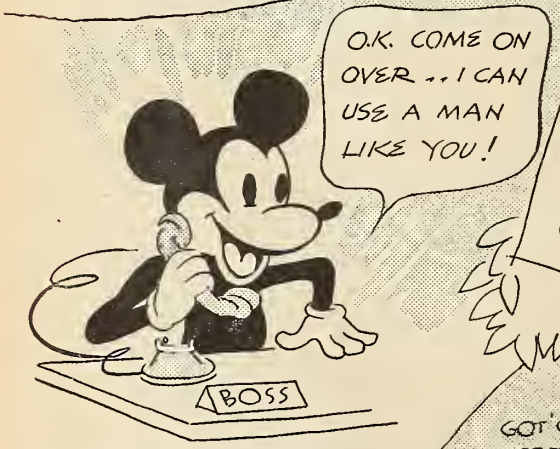
MARLENE DIETRICH BUYS HER HOSE BY THE GROSS.. THEY'RE ONE THREAD AND SO FRAGILE SHE HOLDS THEM UP WITH ADHESIVE TAPE AND USES ALCOHOL TO REMOVE THEM AT NIGHT!



NEARLY A QUARTER OF HOLLYWOOD'S LEADING MEN WEAR ARTIFICIAL HAIR.



A STUNT MAN IS PAID $75. FOR GETTING HIT OVER THE HEAD WITH A STICK.. $125. FOR A PARACHUTE JUMP AND, FOR PLUNGING OFF CLIFFS, THE RATE IS $1. A FOOT UP TO THIRTY-FIVE FEET.



Walt Disney ADDED ANOTHER NAME TO THE PAY ROLL, MAKING EXACTLY **1001** PEOPLE WORKING FOR BOSS MICKEY MOUSE.

Betts



Claudette COLBERT IS A CANDID CAMERA ENTHUSIAST. SHE HAS A DARK ROOM AND PHOTOGRAPHIC 'LAB' IN HER HOME, AND WITH THE SHOTS SHE TAKES, DECORATES MENU AND PLACEMENT CARDS FOR HER INFORMAL DINNERS.

Printed in the U. S. A. by the Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



To Jim—with Tears

Domestic tragedies may often be caused by

ONE NEGLECT

that destroys Romance

"LYSOL" helps avoid this

YOU'VE often read those little messages in the "Personal Notice" columns which tell of once-happy marriages that have "gone on the rocks".

It's a sad fact that a woman can be above reproach as a homemaker—and still be guilty of the one neglect that may kill a husband's love. More women ought to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

"Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal. Using it regularly for intimate personal hygiene will give you a sense of immaculate cleanliness that adds greatly to your charm.

If you are in doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Today (and for more than 50 years) "Lysol" enjoys the confidence of hospitals, clinics, doctors, nurses. Here are 6 good reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

6 Special Features of "LYSOL"

1. Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness...** "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). **3. Spreading...** "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy...** "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor...** The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability...** "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. M.S.-403, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright, 1940, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Three of the country's smartest fashion models
SUSANN SHAW
FLORENCE DORNIN
DANA DALE
Chesterfield Girls for March



Smart Girls

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE

When you ask for Chesterfields the dealer will say with a smile... *They Satisfy.* You will find that Chesterfields smoke cooler, taste better and are definitely milder... *for Chesterfields have the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.*

Make your next pack CHESTERFIELD

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MODERN SCREEN

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE



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Scoop!

NTIMATE CHART FOR 350 STARS



Pictures to Keep!

SCREEN ALBUM is packed with pictures of all your favorite movie personalities—beautifully-printed, entrancing portraits that you will want to save. Intimate, up-to-the-minute stories of their lives and loves are included, too. Now you can own over fifty of these glamorous portraits, and know all about your favorites, all for the price of a single magazine. It's the biggest buy on the newsstands—get your copy today.



SCREEN ALBUM
FOR 1940 IS HERE!
ON SALE EVERYWHERE 10¢



You never know how much you've loved until you've loved—and lost!



Why risk loneliness? Mum each day surely guards your charm!

WHY should love seem so easy to keep when you *have* it... but so hard to *win back?* The memories of happy days—of dances, dates—are so heart-breaking! And even worse is the gnawing thought that somehow it might have been *your* fault that they are gone.

So often it *is* a girl's fault, although she may never know it. For where is the man who will speak about a fault like underarm odor... who would humiliate her by suggesting that she needs Mum?

Girls who *keep* romance never take for granted the matter of personal daintiness. They don't expect just a bath to keep them fresh and sweet—they use Mum every day! A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*... but with Mum, future underarm odor is *prevented*. Though your bath may fade—Mum's protection goes right on!

Mum is so quick and so dependable, that more women choose this one pleasant cream than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just pat a little Mum under each arm—at *any* time—even after you're dressed. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM WON'T HARM CLOTHING! The American Laundry Institute Seal proves that Mum won't harm fabrics. So safe that you can use it even *after* underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to stop perspiration—but by neutralizing the odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Thousands of women have the daily Mum habit (thousands of men, too). Let Mum guard *your* charm!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, prevents unpleasant odor. Avoid offending this way, too.

NO DEODORANT QUICKER... SAFER... SURER... THAN MUM!



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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MODERN SCREEN

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Associate Editor

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Hollywood Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE
Art Editor

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Now! A Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps—AND CAMAY HAS IT!



Let New Camay Help You to a Lovely Skin!

Look for three beauty cleansing advantages in this amazing new Camay—proved by our tests against 6 best-selling beauty soaps! Camay had greater mildness than any! Gave more abundant lather in a short time! Had a fragrance that almost 2 out of 3 women voted for!

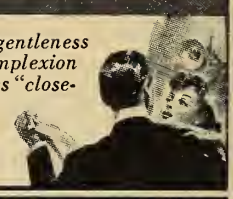
Camay brings women a definite promise that its gentle thorough cleansing will help them in their search for a lovelier, more appealing skin . . . a more radiant complexion . . . new allure! Get this wonderful new Camay at your dealer's now!



At all dealers now—no change in wrapper!

GREATER MILDNESS

Amazing gentleness—for a complexion that invites "close-ups."



MORE ABUNDANT LATHER

Refreshing, creamy lather that "comes quicker" to bring out hidden beauty.



NEW, WINNING FRAGRANCE

Fragrance that makes it heaven to hold you in his arms.



***Now—more than ever*—THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**

A MAN AND A WOMAN fleeing nameless terror... through angry seas and the tropics' dangers... yearning for the peace they had never known, the happiness they could find only in each other's arms... You'll remember this star-crowded Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture as one of the great emotional experiences of the year!



CLARK GABLE · JOAN CRAWFORD

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Dramatic Triumph

STRANGE CARGO

with IAN HUNTER

PETER LORRE · PAUL LUKAS

ALBERT DEKKER · J. EDWARD BROMBERG

EDUARDO CIANNELLI

A FRANK BORZAGE *Production*

Screen Play by Lawrence Hazard · Directed by Frank Borzage

Based on the Book "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" by Richard Sale

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

CHARTING THE STARS

A NEW LISTING COVERING 350 NAMES. THERE'S A SURPRISE IN EVERY LINE!

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Aherne, Brian	Mercantile Clerk	Song of Songs	1933	Tennis	Flying	United Artists	Home—700 No. Linden, Beverly Hills
Albert, Eddie	Drug-store Clerk	Brother Rat	1938	Swimming	Attending Concerts	Warner Bros.	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Allen, Gracie	Vaudevillian	Big Broadcast of 1932	1931	Golf	Art Collecting	Paramount	Home—720 No. Maple Dr., Beverly Hills
Ameche, Don	Ditch-digger	Sins of Man	1931	Riding	Horse Breeding	20th Century-Fox	Home—4704 White Oak, No. Hollywood
Annabella	Student	Le Million (French)	1930	Rowing	Gardening	M-G-M	Home—139 Saltair, Brentwood
Arlen, Richard	Newspaper Reporter	Vengeance of the Deep	1923	Swimming	Farming	Universal	Home—10025 Toluca Lake Ave., No. Hollywood
Arnold, Edward	Bell-hop	Okay America	1932	Fishing	Collecting First Editions	20th Century-Fox	Home—10421 Bainbridge, Bel-Air
Arthur, Jean	Fashion Model	The Poor Nut	1929	Hiking	Interior Decorating	Columbia	Home—512 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills
Astaire, Fred	Dancer	Dancing Lady	1933	Dancing	Traveling	M-G-M	Home—1121 Summit Dr., Beverly Hills
Astor, Mary	Writer	Beggar Maid	1926	Riding	Raising Dogs	Paramount	Home—10051 Valley Spring Lane, No. Hollywood
Atwill, Lionel	Stagehand	The White-Faced Fool	1932	Fencing	Attending Murder Trials	20th Century-Fox	Home—19433 Roosevelt Highway, Bel-Air
Auer, Mischa	Hospital Worker	Something Always Happens	1928	Hiking	Breeding Great Danes	Universal	Studio—Universal City, California
Autry, Gene	Railroad Telegrapher	Comin' 'Round the Mountain	1936	Baseball	Collecting Ten-Gallon Hats	Republic	Home—6305 Yucca, Hollywood
Ayres, Lew	Banjo Player	The Sophomore	1929	Tennis	Attending Concerts	M-G-M	Home—906 Roxbury Dr., Beverly Hills
Bainter, Fay	Stage Actress	Quality Street	1937	Swimming	Raising Schnauzers	Warner Bros.	Home—Ocean Front Dr., Santa Monica
Baker, Bob	Cowpuncher	Border Wolves	1938	Riding	Leather Tooling	Universal	Studio—Universal City, California
Ball, Lucille	Photographers' Model	Roman Scandals	1933	Golf	Flying	RKO-Radio	Home—1344 N. Ogden Dr., Beverly Hills
Bancroft, George	Sailor	Driven	1922	Football	Collecting Firearms	Warner Bros.	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Bari, Lynn	Student	Dancing Lady	1938	Skating	Antique Collecting	20th Century-Fox	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Barnes, Binnie	Milkmaid	Love Lies (English)	1931	Motoring	Designing Vases	20th Century-Fox	Home—351 S. Cliftwood, Brentwood
Barrett, Judith	Stage Actress	Cimarron	1931	Badminton	None	Paramount	Home—9701 Olympic, Beverly Hills
Barrie, Wendy	Student	Wedding Rehearsal (English)	1932	Tennis	Sewing	RKO-Radio	Home—1021 Chevy Chase Dr., Beverly Hills

(Continued on page 60)



Original Screen Play by Robert Buckner • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. First National Picture

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER CAME TO SEE

By John Franchey

A QUICK LOOK AT AMERICAN GIRLS WAS ANNA NEAGLE'S TIP-OFF ON HOW TO BECOME AN ENGLISH MOVIE QUEEN



Popular even with the Royal Family, Anna was commanded to appear before them in 1937.



Right, with Ray Milland, she dances through a sequence of her newest picture, "Irene."

ENGLAND'S Anna Neagle simply dotes on American girls. She can't say enough about them. And no wonder. Were it not for our star-spangled maidens, the woman who moved with such memorable humanity and pathos through the picture "Nurse Edith Cavell" might even now be measuring ribbon in some London department store or, maybe, serving King George as warden of a Piccadilly air-raid shelter.

Miss Neagle, will you take the floor?

"It was meeting American girls that first made me realize I could do something. I was in the chorus of the English musical comedy, 'Wake Up and Dream,' when the company came to New York.

"Up until that time it had never occurred to me that there was any hope of rising from the 'line,' as you call it. You see only one English woman had ever come from the chorus to stardom—Jessie Matthews. But then I began talking to American girls, like myself in the chorus. They had such boundless enthusiasm, soaring ambition, driving energy. There was nothing they couldn't do if they chose to. I remember that one girl was attending a dramatic school and planned to become an actress. Another was studying psychology and had ambitions to become a psychiatrist.

"English girls are quite different. They have no real self-confidence. They never feel certain they are good, not as American girls do. They may assume the appearance of this certainty, but underneath they haven't it.

"Nor did I. Fact is that I'd been in the chorus for several years, and I'd begun to think I'd take a good look around, find a husband and forget the stage, when I was packed off to America in this business of 'Wake Up and Dream.' My part was small. I pranced around carrying a banner. But seeing your girls and watching them achieve what would seem to English young ladies very unlikely ambitions, simply by making up their minds, sent me back to England determined to succeed."

To spare the lady the embarrassment of having to describe her ascent to glory, we will take over once more.

Before Miss Neagle traipsed on home she took dancing lessons here. Her mentors report that she was an "indefatigable dervish," whatever that means.

She returned to London Town dripping with ambitious longings. But the problem of economics still bothered her. But not too much. Blithely she made the rounds taking whatever jobs were offered her—extra roles in pictures, microscopic parts in revues, in fact anything to snare an honest farthing. Finally, even this windfall ceased.

It was here that she put into play what she likes to call her new "Weltanschauung," her new philosophy of life, tailored in America.

"Up to this time I had never dreamed of doing it (only important people do, you know) but at any rate I called on an actors' agent. I was amazed that the ceiling didn't tumble on top of my head for my impertinence."

Mostly the agent was amused—and very nice. He told his caller that Jack Buchanan, the reigning London favorite, was looking for an ingenue, a blonde at that, for his new musical. Miss Neagle, the new philosophy notwithstanding, was flabbergasted.

"Oh, but that's impossible," she blurted out.

The agent scowled, something like the British lion.

"But don't you see," resumed the lady, "I used to be in the chorus of one of his shows. No one of Mr. Buchanan's standing would consider playing with a former chorus girl!"

"Fiddlesticks!" volleyed the intermediary, very much annoyed. (Miss Neagle understands that in America agents go this exclamation one better.) "You are exactly what the man is looking for!" Whereupon he took her by the hand and piloted her to the office of Mr. Buchanan's manager.

It was no trick at all to convince that worthy that here, indeed, was the world's delight, long on blonde good looks, longer still on ambition and just waiting to be discovered. Of course, she was inexperienced. But London would never know the difference. (*Continued on page 99*)

"Have you ever wished for a BRAND NEW SKIN?

Well, you're going to get one!" says Lady Esther



Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

EVERY SECOND that you live and breathe, a new skin—a new-born skin—is coming to life upon your face, your arms, your whole body!

Will it be more glamorous, asks Lady Esther? Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—keep your powder from going on smoothly—they can make your complexion look drab and dull!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream *lift that veil!* Gently and soothingly it wafts away each tiny flake—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

All the better if he's a specialist on the skin. If you have a vitamin deficiency—follow his advice. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin with your face cream!

Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream clears aways the dirt, impurities, worn-out skin, and accumulated grime concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, try my face cream *at my expense.* Use it faithfully for thirty days. See what a *perfect* base it makes for your powder. See how it *does* help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it *does* help keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample *FREE!*

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (54)
LADY ESTHER, 7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



May we suggest for Easter breakfast—creamy eggs in Popover nests, crisp strips of bacon, butter, jam and steaming coffee.





Jack of all trades, Mickey Rooney can turn out scrambled eggs that are as big box office as himself. He even raises his own chickens!

By Marjorie Deen

EGGS-ACTLY RIGHT FOR MICKEY

MICKEY CLAIMS he can prepare mighty fine scrambled eggs! If you don't think this an accomplishment to boast about for one who has so many feathers in his cap, you don't know your eggs. And you don't appreciate the fact that cooking them correctly is an Art with a capital A!

Doubtless the fact that Mr. Rooney now raises his own chickens and can therefore, whenever he has a mind to, go out and collect his own supply of fresh eggs, explains to some degree his high regard for egg dishes. In fact he's so proud of this feature of his new ranch that he claims there never were such culinary triumphs as those made exclusively with the products of San Fernando Valley hens!

But Mickey also appreciates the fact that even a good egg with star potentialities can be turned into a dismal failure under poor management. This is something which far too many of us cheerily overlook or, at best, view with complete indifference. Not so Mickey, who insists that when he fixes up some tasty snack to fill the inner man or to serve his "gang" of hungry friends, the eggs must always be perfectly prepared.

The egg dishes that Mickey most enjoys and that his devoted mother, Mrs. Pankey, sees to it that he has served to him frequently, are: Creamy Scrambled Eggs (with numerous variations, one of which is pictured above), Cheese-Tomato Soufflé, Shirred Eggs Andy, Soufflèd Sandwich Snacks, Devilled Dinner Eggs, and a mouth-melting, divinely light Lemon Pudding, which served hot makes an excellent dessert for these blustery March evenings.

Not all of these are breakfast dishes, although the Creamy Scrambled Eggs served in Popover nests are as fine an Easter breakfast idea as we can think of. The other recipes combining cheese and eggs make delicious lunch and supper dishes. Because Nature stores valuable protein elements, vitamins and minerals in eggs, we should make the most of these extra food values by serving eggs much more often than we do.

There is one important rule that must be observed in cooking eggs or dishes made principally of eggs; never subject them to too-high temperatures. Only low-to-moderate heat can produce perfect results. Remember this then, when preparing Mickey Rooney's favorites.

CREAMY SCRAMBLED EGGS

(Serve in Popover "Nests" for Easter Morning Breakfast)

6 eggs
6 tablespoons cream
½ teaspoon salt
a few grains pepper
2 tablespoons butter

Beat eggs slightly, add cream and seasonings. Melt butter in skillet, without browning. Add egg mixture. Cook over very low heat, or, better still, place pan holding egg mixture into a second, somewhat larger pan containing boiling water. Then continue the cooking over boiling water. As the eggs cook, scrape them gently from the bottom of the pan so that uncooked portion can flow to the bottom. Make Popovers according to following recipe. Cut tops from cooked Popovers with sharp knife. Fill with hot scrambled eggs and replace tops. Serve immediately, with strips of bacon, steaming coffee, and balance of the Popovers with an accompaniment of butter and jam.

MANY A GOOD EGG HAS BEEN RUINED IN THE COOKING; SO MR. ROONEY PUTS YOU WISE

POPOVERS

2 eggs
1 cup milk
1 cup sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted butter

Beat eggs with rotary beater or electric mixer until light. Add milk. Sift together the flour and salt and add to eggs gradually, beating constantly. Add melted butter. Pour into hot greased popover pans. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 25 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and make 15 minutes longer.

CHEESE-TOMATO SOUFFLÉ

3 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon celery salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup canned tomato juice
1 cup grated American cheese
3 eggs, separated

Melt the fat, add flour and seasonings, cook and stir until blended. Add tomato juice gradually. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Remove from heat, add grated cheese and stir until cheese has melted. Cool. Separate eggs; beat yolks, add to cheese mixture, then fold in stiffly beaten whites. Turn into greased baking dish. Set dish in pan containing boiling water. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45-50 minutes or until puffed and firm. Serve immediately.

SHIRRED EGGS ANDY

Grease an individual baking cup or shirred egg dish for each person to be served. Place a tablespoon of condensed canned tomato soup in the bottom of each. Carefully break 1 egg into each cup, or 2 eggs into each shirred egg dish. Season lightly with salt and pepper, add ½ teaspoon butter to each. Add 3 or 4 more tablespoons of soup to each, a tablespoon at a time. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 12-15 minutes or until yolks have set to desired consistency. Meanwhile broil small cocktail sausages, allowing 2 or more for each serving. Serve eggs in dishes in which they cooked, topping them with the cooked sausages just before serving.

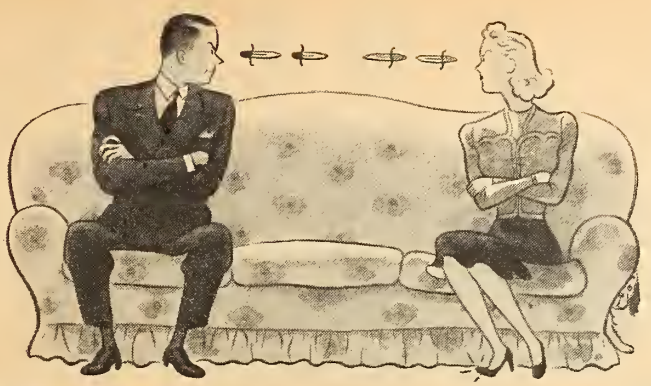
SOUFFLÉD SANDWICH SNACKS

6 slices bread
3 eggs, separated
½ teaspoon salt
a few grains pepper
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire
½ cup grated American cheese

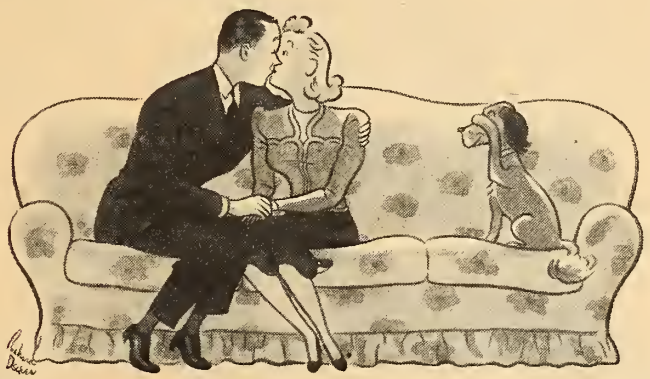
Remove crusts from bread slices, spread slices with butter on one side only. Place under broiler flame, butter side up until toasted to a delicate golden brown. Meanwhile beat egg whites until stiff. Add seasoning to the yolks and, without washing the beater, beat yolks until light. Add cheese. Fold yolk and cheese mixture into beaten whites. Heap on untoasted side of bread, place on baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) until cheese topping is puffed and delicately browned.

DEVILLED DINNER EGGS

Allow two slices of bread for each person to be served. Cut them into large rounds, one round only to a slice. Spread half of these rounds with devilled ham. With large biscuit cutter remove centers of remaining bread rounds, leaving unbroken rings. (*Continued on page 100*)



"It used to make me hopping mad—the way my husband was always kicking about his shirts. I know they were a mess—everything in my wash was full of tattle-tale gray. But I worked like a beaver. I didn't know my lazy soap left dirt behind. I had no idea what ailed my clothes until . . .



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BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

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MOVIE REVIEWS

★★★ Abe Lincoln In Illinois



The highest praise a reviewer can bestow on the film version of Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize play, "Abe Lincoln In Illinois," is to say that it faithfully follows the text of the play which, in turn, faithfully followed the life, the speeches, and the public and private documents of Abraham Lincoln, up to his fateful embarkation upon the Presidency. With Mr. Sherwood, who also did the screen play, the writing has been a labor of love, almost of religious veneration, and this same mood has communicated itself to the cast. Raymond Massey is still the slouching, drawling Abe who earned the unqualified encomia of the New York drama critics; Ruth Gordon is a convincing Mary Todd; Mary Howard a sweet and tragic Ann Rutledge; Gene Lockhart, a capable Stephen Douglas.

The entire cast, in fact, appear to have been selected on the basis of their individual fitness for the roles in question, and without regard for the cinema's ticklish tenet that you can't make a successful motion picture without "names." In its way, it is a monument to the maturity of the screen, which has at last made an effective motion picture without falsifying facts.

The story (in case you've mislaid your history book) is that there was once an uncouth, conspicuously unhandsome young man, who struggled with "book-larnin'" and practically taught himself the law in the wilderness; who knew pressing debts, depression, failure and defeat; who lost the one girl in the world he loved, was married by an uncongenial schemer; and finally, thanks mostly to other people's ambition for him, achieved success. "Abe Lincoln In Illinois" is a fitting tribute to his greatness. Directed by John Cromwell.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★★ The Shop Around The Corner



A specialist in foreign atmosphere, Producer-director Ernst Lubitsch has followed his recently successful Russian comedy, "Ninotchka," with a sentimental, flavorsome, and richly humorous cross-section of modern Budapest entitled, "The Shop Around The Corner." The corner in question is a bustlingly mercantile and amusingly continental location, and the shop offers a small but delightfully complicated stock of characters, whose destinies all work out more or less according to standard domestic conclusions.

In fact, the only really original feature of "The Shop Around The Corner" is Herr Lubitsch's unconventional approach to his conventional Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cast of characters. It is a pleasure, for instance, when James Stewart proves to be not at all out of place in a middle-Europe setting, as the serious-minded, secretly romantic senior clerk of a certain Matuschek and Company, purveyors of leather goods and novelties to the Hungarian metropolis. It is equally gratifying to note how naturally Margaret Sullavan fits in as the snippy, but also secretly romantic, shopgirl with whom Mr. Stewart, through a comical misunderstanding, unknowingly carries on an anonymous, highly cultural correspondence, started through an advertisement.

Possibly the most welcome change, however, is the refreshing treatment of Frank Morgan as a dramatic actor, rather than a stooge for laugh-getting. He's Mr. Matuschek, the blustering, but golden-hearted proprietor, who discovers that his wife is deceiving him and (crowning indignity!) with one of his own clerks. Joseph Schildkraut as the philandering clerk, Sara Haden, Felix Bressart, and the rest, are all superbly right in their roles. For light entertainment try this one. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ His Girl Friday



If Columbia's "His Girl Friday" (nee "The Front Page") isn't the fastest picture of the year, it is almost certain to be hailed as the fastest re-make. One or two shots from the inspired needle of Director Howard Hawks, and the slightly dated plot prances, rears, and whinnies like a Derby winner. The cast comes to life with an equally amusing vehemence, Cary Grant, Rosalind Russell and Ralph Bellamy behaving like three people imitating the Marx brothers, and doing a swell job of it, too.

Such a sustained crescendo of excitement is, of course, untrue to the workaday facts of newspaper life, but on the other hand, far from professing to be a realistic comedy, "His Girl Friday" is frankly a cinematic assault—with intent to amuse. The funniest minor role is certainly the one played by Billy Gilbert who, as an incorruptible messenger from the Governor, manages to be very comic without emitting a single sneeze.

The story (and don't stop us just because you've heard it) is that Miss Russell, a fire-eating gal reporter who has just received her final decree from the brilliant and irresistibly charming big-shot editor, Mr. Grant, is about to embark for Albany and a quiet life with the bourgeoise Bellamy (and his dear mother). But the threatened hanging of the innocent John Qualen, together with the unscrupulous conniving of Cary, lures her back into harness for "one more story."

In the process of removing the rope from Qualen's neck, Miss Russell discovers that she has fastened the old emotional noose even more securely about her own swan-like throat. Directed by Howard Hawks.—*Columbia.*

(*Continued on page 14*)

HIGH SPOTS AND SIDE LIGHTS IN THE CAREERS OF THE STARS ON REVIEW

Raymond Massey



It was a foregone conclusion when RKO bought the picture rights to "Abe Lincoln In Illinois" that Raymond Massey, who played the part of the American Emancipator on the Broadway stage, would be drafted for the screen role.

Though Canadian-born, Mr. Massey is of early American stock. His ancestor, Geoffrey Massey, emigrated to America in 1629 and settled in Salem, Mass. His mother, too, is a New Englander by birth which places him in a peculiar position. In London, he is regarded as an American and in America, as an Englishman. No one knows, least of all Mr. Massey, how he comes by his theatrical talent. There never has been an actor in the Massey family and, were it not for the World War, there never would have been. While stationed in Siberia, at the close of the war, he organized a minstrel show to entertain his fellow soldiers. It must have been an unforgettable sight—that of the serious, somber-eyed Massey in blackface as the end man!

Back in London, armed with letters of introduction to prominent producers, Raymond decided upon a career on the stage. Finding the letters not worth the paper on which they were written, he started a private conflagration with their glowing contents, rolled up his sleeves and landed a job all on his own playing not one but two roles in "St. Joan." New York first saw him in "Hamlet."

Mr. Massey is no stranger to the cinema, having added versatility to his ability by performances in "Drums," "Hurricane" and "Prisoner of Zenda."

Margaret Sullavan



Born without inhibitions, Margaret Sullavan has continued to upset applecarts, conventions and customs of long standing. As we go to press no headlines carry her name, but somewhere, somebody must be crossing his fingers just in case.

Daughter of an old Virginia family, she early decided to be everything the people she knew in Norfolk weren't. Accordingly, she broke away and hit for the stage as the climax of an amazing school career. She attended no less than five institutions of learning and earned the title of chief-mischief-maker in each. Eventually, she induced her parents to let her study dramatic technique and dancing in Boston, and here her love for the stage was born. After a period of training under a noted English director, she returned to Norfolk to join the University Players. Later, as lead in the road company of Brock Pemberton's "Strictly Dishonorable," she attracted the attention of Elmer Harris. Impressed, Harris signed her for his new show, "A Modern Virgin." Thus was Broadway introduced to Sullavan.

"Dinner At Eight" brought her a Hollywood contract, and the highly successful "Only Yesterday" earned for her the adulation of the fans. Twice divorced, Miss Sullavan is now the wife of Agent Leland Hayward and the mother of two children. On the set, she matches gag with gag until shooting begins; then Margaret becomes extremely serious. She believes in studying lines beforehand. Her throaty voice, she says, was not deliberate; she just woke up one morning and there it was.

Ralph Bellamy



Believe it or not, Ralph Bellamy would like nothing better than to continue as a featured player in the Hollywood bright lights. The astute Mr. Bellamy knows the cinema life of a star is short though sweet, so he's casting his vote for longevity without stardom.

He spent the first seventeen years of his life in the public schools of Chicago. But after tasting the very delectable triumphs accorded the star of the school's dramatic club, Ralph decided to exhibit his talent to a paying audience. With his parents' permission, he joined a stock company with which he trouped for the next nine years. Today he proudly boasts that he has played something over three hundred and seventy-five roles for fifteen stock companies in all parts of the country. One season, he owned his own company in Des Moines, Iowa.

It was in Rochester that he met and married Catherine Willard, an English actress. With the proverbial wolf yelping closely at his heels, he finally landed a part in a Broadway play. As a gesture of appreciation for kindness received, Ralph presented his many friends with tickets for the opening performance, bought with his first week's salary. Their enthusiasm and acclamation was so convincing that even the Hollywood scout was impressed into offering a screen contract.

Today, Mr. Bellamy is under contract to Columbia Studios and is considered one of their most versatile players. He has appeared before the camera in every conceivable role and, whether hero or villain, comedian or heavy, he's always convincing.



(Continued from page 12)

★★★ The Blue Bird

An allegorical fantasy by the once-fashionable Belgian poet, Maurice Maeterlinck, becomes a vehicle for a growing-up Shirley Temple. And although such a morally ponderous vehicle is hardly an ideal one for Shirley's sprightly talents, the little lady does her usual showmanlike job. She keeps a firm professional grip on every scene in the teeth of competition (especially in the spectacular "Unborn Babies" sequence) from some of Hollywood's most glamorous moppets. Growing-up or not, Mistress Temple is still the most perfectly schooled actress in Hollywood.

As for "The Blue Bird" itself, one can only say that it is a very literal and much-abridged translation from the original fairy story. As poetic fantasy, in other words, "The Blue Bird" strains its wings; as a film production, it is shrewdly cast, sumptuously staged, and gorgeously Technicolored. Perhaps something more than shrewdness was wanted in the casting, for it is certainly hard to accept the full-grown Gale Sondergaard as a house-cat (Tylette) and the burlesque-comedian, Eddie Collins as the pet bull-dog (Tylo) who accompany Shirley and her baby brother, Johnny Russell (Tyltyl) on their fantastic search for the blue bird of happiness. The most incongruous feature is the tremendous size of the adult actors, in comparison with the still diminutive Shirley and the still more diminutive Johnny. Fantasy is made of more fragile stuff than this, although comedy may subsist quite happily on such crude and ridiculous contrasts.

"The Blue Bird" has its sad and charming moments, as when Shirley and Johnny find their dead grandparents in the Land of Memory; its spectacular moments, in the magnificent and terrifying forest-fire sequence; its moments of fine characterizations, notably Spring Byington as Mama Tyl, Russell Hicks as Daddy Tyl, Cecilia Loftus and Al Shean as Granny and Grandpa Tyl. These virtues may very well outweigh the faults. It all depends upon how film fantasy agrees with you. But there can be no possible disagreement about one thing: Shirley Temple remains the Duse, the Bernhardt, the Mistress Siddons, the Garbo of child actresses. There will probably never be another like her. Directed by Walter Lang.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Of Mice and Men

John Steinbeck's famous novel has been brought to the screen with complete understanding of the story's powerful simplicity. The lonely, tragic characters are beautifully drawn by a cast of lesser-known stars who confirm our belief that a picture can touch perfection without the aid of big names.

Burgess Meredith plays George, the rough but good-hearted itinerant laborer who has assumed the responsibility of protecting Lennie, an over-grown moron who unwittingly menaces everything with which he comes in contact. Lon Chaney, Jr., plays Lennie, with a brilliance which may some day earn him his father's reputation. In the role of Mae, the restless young wife of another ranch worker, Betty Field gives a commendable account of herself. Bob Steele, playing her madly jealous husband, Charles Bickford as "Slim" and Roman Bohnen as "Candy" all give performances of high calibre.

Every moment of this stark tragedy is impressive in its sincerity. "Of Mice and Men" was an extremely difficult picture to screen in an inoffensive manner and yet keep convincing and fascinating from beginning to end. To the lasting credit of everyone who worked on this picture, the results are excellent indeed. Directed by Lewis Milestone.—*United Artists.*

★★★ The Fighting 69th

This picture, dealing as it does with the savagery of war, should be taken in by every man, woman and adolescent in the country. The horrible futility and waste of the great conflict is portrayed with such power that every one who sees "The Fighting 69th" must remember its message forever.

The story of the famous New York regiment of Irishmen is brought to the screen with a few humorous incidents, but on the whole the picture is starkly realistic.

The plot of the picture is centered around Soldier James Cagney who joins up with the valiant regiment. A cocky fellow, Cagney finds that he can't face death unafraid but refuses the friendly overtures of Father Duffy, (played by Pat O'Brien), and the offers of help from his pals. After getting them in one serious situation after another, Cagney finally catches on to himself. This part of the picture is not true to life, but we assure you the rest of it is most convincing and carries a great plea for peace. In the cast, Pat O'Brien and George Brent do fine work, while Alan Hale, Frank McHugh, Cagney and the rest are well selected for their roles. Directed by William Keighley.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★ High School

In this picture, we find little Janie Withers all grown up and going to a fancy southwestern high school. She still gets into the typical Withers troubles, but now she has the help of one Joe Brown, Jr., to solve her problems.

Joe Brown, Jr., (no relation to the elder Joe E. Brown) is one of the homeliest lads who ever attended high school and Jane simply can't see him for dust. He causes her continual grief. Then Jane finds out that you can't judge a man by his profile. Together they capture some criminals and thus save the reputation of a high school pal. Jane turns out to be the belle of the school that couldn't stand her high-handed ways.

Story action takes place at the much publicized Jefferson High in San Antonio, Texas, where many of the background scenes were shot. Actual Jefferson High happenings give the picture the authentic touch that transcends Jane from little girlhood into adolescence. The very good work of young Mr. Brown adds a great deal to the family appeal of the picture. Other credits are due Lloyd Corrigan, Claire Du Brey, Cliff Edwards and Lillian Porter. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Congo Maisie

Maisie's down in the African jungles among the crocodiles and lions for this picture. But don't worry about Maisie. That little girl not only keeps the wild animals off her pretty neck but tames the rampaging natives as well. Her only trouble comes when she falls in love, but she doesn't seem to mind that too much after her man finally convinces her that they're really soul mates.

Ann Sothern is Maisie again, of course, and the he-man who wins her affections

is John Carroll. Rita Johnson is the wife of the medical station doctor, Shepperd Strudwick, and other roles are capably handled by J. M. Kerrigan, E. E. Clive, Everett Brown and Tom Fadden. Nope, this Maisie installment isn't as snappy as the first one, but there's a load of life and laughs in it.

Our chorus girl heroine is stuck on a jungle river boat after skipping out on a hotel bill. The boat breaks down part way up the river and the two passengers, Ann Sothern and John Carroll, are forced to hike it through the jungle to a rubber company medical station. Repairing the boat takes so long that Maisie gets to like the native village. It's no trouble at all for her to subdue the "Fuzzy Wuzzies," as she calls them, and establish peace and serenity in the depths of Africa. Directed by Henry C. Potter.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ Remember the Night

Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray are teamed in a picture that's strictly on the sentimental side and will hold appeal for many audiences. The story depicts the trials and tribulations of a girl who never had a chance in life and ends up in court for a jewel-theft. Barbara Stanwyck has plenty of opportunity to win sympathy and Fred MacMurray, as the deputy district attorney, has the chance to prove there's a heart of gold beating in the breast of even a toughened D. A. Then Fred takes the little waif, done up in sables, home to Indiana for Christmas and a look at how genuine, God-fearing folks live their lives. Mr. M. intends to return her to prison but that's before love blooms and he finds he can't do it. The heroine takes matters into her own hands, however.



Errol Flynn arrives in New York to snag a few shows and a bit of N. Y. night-life before tearing back to Hollywood to make his next, "The Sea Hawk."

There's no denying that the story's old stuff and that many of the scenes drag their tail-feathers, but Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray manage to make their roles convincing throughout. Beulah Bondi, as MacMurray's mother, Elizabeth Patterson, as his aunt, and Sterling Holloway, their hired hand, give performances that are worth the price of a ticket any day. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Slightly Honorable

"Slightly Honorable" is one of those murder mysteries that lean to the wacky side. The actual killings are spooky enough, but there's such good comedy relief that the picture has important entertainment value.

Pat O'Brien is a flippant, romantic sort of man-about-town. He's supposed to be a lawyer, but spends most of his time trying to expose graft in the big political circles. Edward Arnold, Alan Dinehart and Bernard Nedell are the racketeers who are trying just as hard to get O'Brien out of their shady dealings. They almost succeed in hanging a phony murder rap on him, but the luck of the Irish is with O'Brien and he goes free to reveal the real murderers. O'Brien is also pretty lucky with his love affairs. There's a little newcomer, Ruth Terry, who not only steals the O'Brien heart but almost manages to steal every scene away from him.

Excellent supporting roles are handled by Broderick Crawford, Claire Dodd, Phyllis Brooks, Janet Beecher and Eve Arden. Produced and directed by Tay Garnet.—*Walter Wanger Production for United Artists.*

(*Continued on page 81*)

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Boo!

When is Hollywood going to give us more pictures like "The Cat and the Canary" or "The Gorilla" and stop this Frankenstein and Dracula stuff? They have made "Dracula's Daughter" so I wouldn't be surprised if "Frankenstein's Grandmother" were produced next.

Those Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde shows are all right for midnight shows on Hallowe'en, as they are impossible and appeal only to the imagination. But the good mystery with a sensible solution and some bit of comedy to break the monotony is enjoyable any time.

Boris Karloff is grand in horror pictures, and more power to him, but for a change give him a real character part and leave out the haunted castles on stormy nights.

Here's to more of those grand pictures that one minute have the audience sitting on the edges of their seats with excitement and the next have them rolling in the isles with mirth.—Marion Hofeller, Houston, Tex.

Appreciation

I wish I could paint a word picture of what the movies mean to us people who live away out here on the sere hills of northern Montana. We're simple people starved for beauty, romance and a little excitement!

In our little nearby town we have shows only on Saturday and Sunday nights, but we never miss one if we can help it. Brought to us on the screen in this little western prairie town is the same talent, the same beauty, the same fine acting that we would see in the best theatres in the world.

God bless the movies that break the monotony of our bleak existence with the showing of such pictures as "Romeo and Juliet," "The Birth of a Nation," "David Copperfield," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Juarez" and hundreds of others.—Mrs. A. E. Kamps, Froid, Mont.

Honest-to-Goodness Thrill

Producers have the habit of cramming down the public's throat the Hollywood conception of a popular hero. They seldom take into consideration the fact that the public have very definite ideas of their own on the subject. They spend thousands of dollars exploiting someone who hasn't a grain of appeal and overlook a honey right under their noses. For instance, Walter Pidgeon.

Walter Pidgeon has more sex appeal than a score of our supposedly more popular actors. Since the first time I saw him, I have never missed a picture of his. I've sat through a number of comparatively poor movies just to be able to watch my favorite actor. Lots of my girl friends do the same. A kindly old maid shyly admits that Walter Pidgeon is her ideal, while my mother firmly declares that she wouldn't miss one of his pictures for anything. Even Dad shows a preference for him.

People are getting tired of Errol Flynn with his conceited smirk and Nelson Eddy with his wooden expression—just to mention two. Why not give this charming, accomplished actor a break? Let us see more of the man who gives us a real honest-to-goodness thrill! Give





THOUGHTS

US YOUR FRANK OPINIONS

us more of his pictures and watch us flock to the movies!—Doris Spink, Sioux City, Ia.

The Return of the Thin Man

I have just left the theatre with the pleasant feeling of joy that comes when one meets an old friend after a long period of separation.

I am referring to Bill Powell's return to the screen in "Another Thin Man." Despite the handicap of what I feel was a vague plot, Powell more than made up for it with his usual hilarious performance as Nick Charles. As the suave, debonair detective, Powell once more gave us the sophisticated comedy that has been sadly missed by theatregoers during his recent absence.

For myself and countless other Powell fans who feel the same way, may I suggest a rousing cheer for his return and propose a toast to the continued health and long life of Nick, the Missus and Junior.—Michael Di Leonardo, Sunnyvale, Cal.

Handsome Errol

I am sure fans will support me when I say that Errol Flynn is the handsomest actor on the screen today.

To me, he is the incarnation of physical perfection, manly vigor and alert intelligence. Lithe, graceful and dynamic, he is indeed pleasing to look upon. Yet no one would ever call him the screen's pretty boy. He is not a profile parader.

Not since Valentino has the Screen been graced with a more personable, likable or (Continued on page 97)

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FRED MacMURRAY · MELVYN DOUGLAS
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Is a picture you'll adore . . .
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Join us somewhere East of Suez
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DOROTHY LAMOUR...
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"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"

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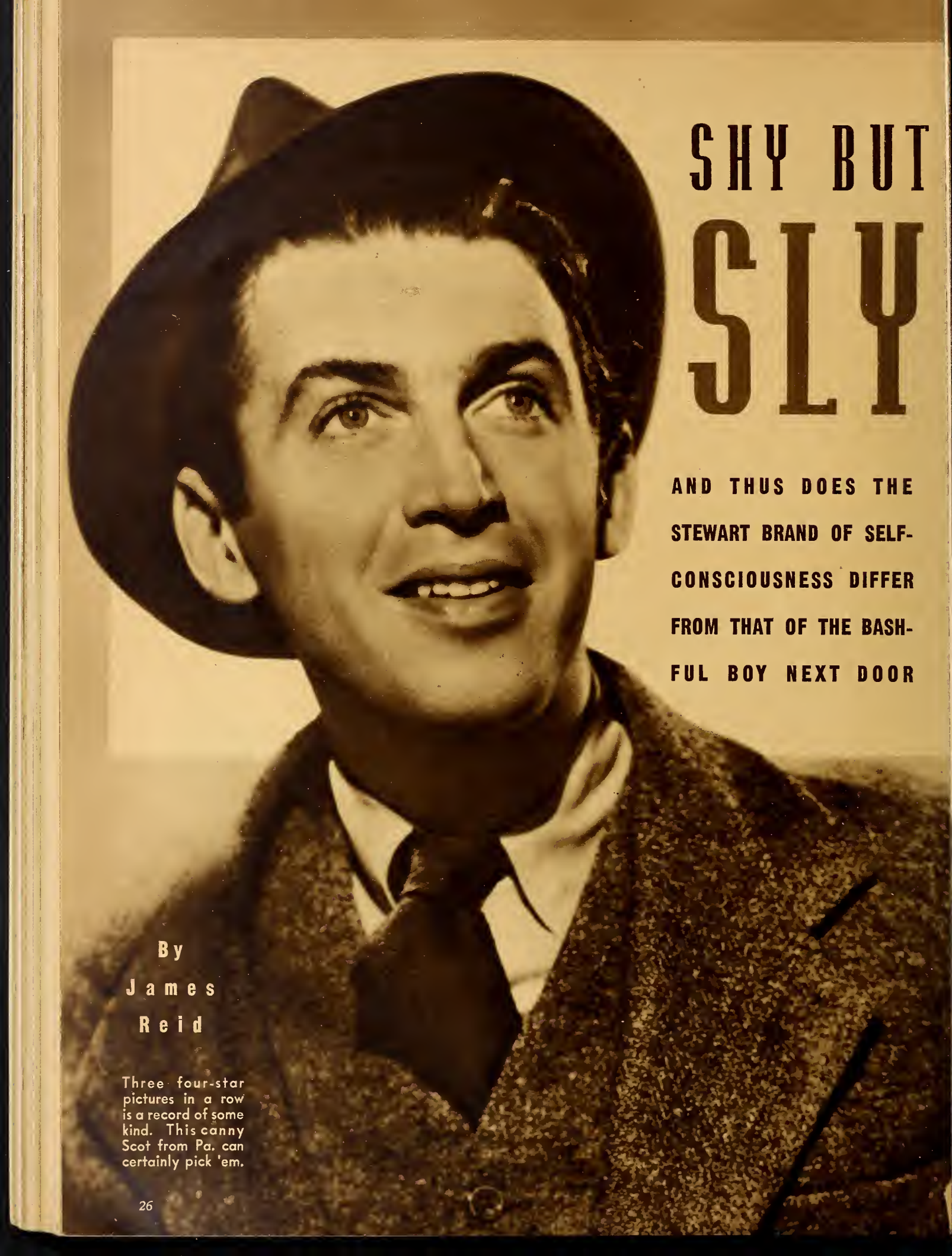
Charles Coburn • Judith Barrett • Anthony Quinn • Jerry Colonna

Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER • Screen Play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler • Based on a Story by Harry Hervey

SARONGS . . . SARONGS . . . AND MORE SARONGS



SONGS . . . SONGS . . . AND MORE SONGS . . .



SHY BUT SLY

AND THUS DOES THE STEWART BRAND OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS DIFFER FROM THAT OF THE BASHFUL BOY NEXT DOOR

By James Reid

Three four-star pictures in a row is a record of some kind. This canny Scot from Pa. can certainly pick 'em.

THE GIRLS don't seem to agree with him. Olivia de Havilland is quoted as saying, with a baffled smile, "Jimmy Stewart is super-shy." Marlene Dietrich is quoted as saying, with a mischievous smile, "I don't think Jimmy Stewart is so shy."

Both have gone out with him. Both knew him personally. And they contradict each other about what he is like in person.

Olivia has the popular impression. She thinks that Jimmy is still painfully, boyishly self-conscious, still not sure of himself, still afraid of the world—and women. But Marlene may have the right impression.

There are two ways to get the same impression as Marlene. One is to be another Dietrich. The other is to look into some of the facts about Jimmy.

Most people know that he was born in a small town. Those who don't know it suspect it. He looks like a small town boy. Something less generally known, and even less generally suspected, is the date of his birth. It was May 12, 1908. He isn't a growing boy. Come next May 12th, he'll be thirty-two. He has had time to shed the bashful ways of a village youth. And he has had opportunity. What opportunity!

He went to Princeton, a college known to Yale men as "that New Jersey country club." Anyone who goes there as a freshman and comes away an alumnus normally has, besides an education, a veneer of worldly poise.

Then, after college, he learned about big city life in the biggest city in the world, on the street most famous for curing naïveté—Broadway. He lived there, and learned there, for four years.

Since 1935, he has been in Hollywood, the place where even Earl Carroll admitted you find "the most beautiful girls in the world." Jimmy has put in most of his working hours acting with glamorous sophisticates, and a large amount of his spare time acquainting himself with others.

Today, he is one of the best actors on the screen. He's a winner of awards. Another way of putting it is that he has mastered the art of self-expression.

If he still seems bashful and backward, it must be an accident. A deliberate accident. There must be a little slyness mixed in with that shyness. He has become a success by reversing the usual formula for success. Instead of erasing self-consciousness, he has made it indelible.

The causes of self-consciousness are sometimes difficult to detect. This is particularly true in Jimmy's case. No inferiority complex was forced upon him when he was a-sprouting.

His home-town, Indiana, Pennsylvania, is several thousands larger now, but when Jimmy was growing up, it had a population of less than seven thousand. Everyone knew everyone else, whether or not a person's family amounted to anything, and whether or not a person was likely to amount to anything, himself.

Jimmy didn't have to sneak home from school the back way, lest he be taunted about his family. His father ran (and still runs) a hardware store, doing most of his business with coal mines and miners. He wasn't well-to-do, but he had a comfortable living, a comfortable home, and the respect of the townspeople. No one in Indiana could look down on the Stewart family.

At the same time, the Stewarts couldn't look down on anyone else. When a man is a merchant in a small town, everyone he sees is a past, present or possible customer. Accordingly, he has to speak to everyone alike. His family, taking their cue from him, does likewise. Jimmy didn't have a chance to acquire the self-consciousness that comes from knowing how to get along with only one class of people. It was an early habit with him to know how to be friendly with everybody.

AS A boy, Jimmy was no invalid, deprived of a normal life. He played all the games anybody else played. He had as many playthings as the boys he knew. He had, and still has, an understanding mother, who wasn't forever suppressing him, or coddling him. She didn't make him dress in a way that set him apart. He wore what other boys wore.

When Jimmy was ten, his father went off to war. And he wasn't shy about telling that his dad was a captain. Neither was he shy about exhibiting the things his dad sent him—German trench helmets and other trophies of battle. Nor was he shy about making use of them, enlisting his pals in mock armies and staging dramas of war in the Stewart backyard and cellar. Self-expression along acting lines popped out that early.

Most boys don't become self-conscious until they reach the awkward, voice-changing age. Jimmy was no exception. Most boys outgrow that conspicuous feeling. But all that Jimmy outgrew was everybody else he knew—he stood six-feet-three in his socks.

He couldn't stop feeling conspicuous, when he towered over other people his own age. (*Continued on page 84*)



In Lubitsch's "The Shop Around The Corner" Jimmy plays opposite "Peg" Sullavan, his true love from 'way back.



Bet his fellow Princetonians wish they were in Jimmy's size 12's as he "Troc's" with Olivia de Havilland.

ROZ RUSSELL DOESN'T BELIEVE IN DETOURS! SHE KNEW THAT THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

WITH HER left hand she grabbed the maroon cushion and held it in front of her. Then, suddenly, she cocked her right fist and let fly. Biff!

The right uppercut caught the cushion square, sent it sailing through the room, pancaked it against the library wall, from where it fell limply to the floor.

"Some punch, eh?" exclaimed Rosalind Russell, flexing a bicep. "And just remember this—it's exactly the kind of punch I'm going to plant smack on the jaw of anyone who tries to ruin my career by typing me!

"I'm told I was fairly successful playing catty Sylvia in 'The Women.' Now every producer in town wants me to go right on playing Sylvia. Each wants me to do the same part, in different stories, over and over again. But I won't do it!"

Roz (that's what all her friends and fans call her) clenched her fists, and said emphatically, "No sirree, I won't be typed! I won't ever go to that grave. I've seen too many other actresses get into the rut. They are forced to show the public the same thing, year after year—the same gestures, tricks, movements, inflections. The public becomes bored silly! Maybe I'm daffy, and maybe I won't make as much money, but in each picture I want to play a different character. Sylvia of 'The Women' is dead. There won't be a resurrection!"

Sitting in Roz Russell's soft and cozy library, watching her across from me on the fuzzy couch, a word crept into my mind: Rebel.

Noah Webster, the celebrated verb-juggler, in penning his fat dictionary, defined "rebel" as a noun meaning "one who renounces or resists by force the authority of one's ruler; one who revolts or exhibits opposition."

Noah Webster had something there. But I am here to report that Hollywood has something better. A new definition—"rebel," a noun meaning "Rosalind Russell."

One cannot speak to Roz ten minutes without realizing that beneath her poised and cultured manner, beats the raw red heart of an individualist, a fighter, an opponent of stupid and senseless authority. From the day she was born and named after a steamship called the S.S. Rosalind, Roz has been upsetting applecarts, startling stuffed shirts and stepping on the corns of Movieland rulers.

It's not that Roz is stubborn. She isn't. And it's not that Roz is temperamental. She couldn't be, not after telling me, "There is no such thing as temperament. There's only temper." The answer is that Miss Russell is terribly intelligent. Her I.Q. probably resembels the city census. She knows where she's going, and she knows how she's getting there. She doesn't want persons in authority, who haven't had time to know or understand her, trying to run—and ruin—her life. That's why she's a two-fisted rebel.

Cool and harmless in appearance, a Connecticut Yankee from Waterbury, Roz actually has the hot blood of Scarlett, the soul of Duse, and the head of Susan B. Anthony.

She was labeled a rebel several years ago when she became the first human in Hollywood to refuse stardom! No, you needn't bother writing Robert Ripley. He's heard about it. Roz refused to be a star. Fought against it! Her explanation was, "Hollywood doesn't use its head. The Brass Hats here try to make you a star overnight, and they succeed only in killing you. My biggest fight in Hollywood was not to get some place, but to keep from getting some place too fast!"

She clucked her tongue reminiscently.

"I'll never forget the beginning. I had planned my career step by step. The Rosalind Road To Successville. It was to be a slow and hard road. I intended to go carefully, learn much along the way and progress at a sane rate. If stardom was for me, I did not want it suddenly.

"Becoming a star overnight, riding to sudden fame on one or two pictures and on tons of publicity, seems to me fatal. Sometimes it is Hollywood's biggest tragedy. Pity the girls who have been pushed too swiftly. Their public won't give them time to live up to the fan-fare. They are handicapped before they've even started. It's really not fair. Well, anyway, it didn't happen to me—because I fought against it. I wasn't concerned with short-cuts."



Rosalind Russell, voted one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, is known by her real name. She is the namesake of a steamship called the S.S. Rosalind.

You believed her, because you saw it in her smoldering dark eyes, in her knotted fists, in all five foot six of her exquisite being.

"I remember," she said, "an argument I once had with an actor. We were sitting at a table, and he told me that if a person couldn't become a movie star in two years, he never could. I disagreed. And even to this day, I disagree. Acting is just like writing, or being in the shoe business, or designing clothes or most anything—you go to the top, not overnight, not in two years, but gradually, tortoise-like, always learning, always improving.

"In the end, the whole secret is hard work. You can only get some place by slaving, struggling, pushing. I mean working at a job until you're blue in the face. The only people who can afford to dream are the debs. Dreaming is an expensive recreation, and they can afford it. But the average person can't. I know I can't."

Suddenly, Roz tucked her feet kitten-like beneath her skirt and grinned a quick warming grin. "Oh heavens, I've been gabbing a streak! You'd think I'm wearing a halo, that I'm all virtue and stuff. Well, I'm not. When I look in the mirror, after wincing, I take a good gander and see the world's worst procrastinator and national amateur champion time-waster.

"When it comes down to solid working, little Roz is the best thinker-upper of excuses on earth. I get a desire to ride, swim or read just at the time when I should shove the old nose to the stone. But my saving grace is that, occasionally, I give myself a jolt. I say to myself, 'Roz, you good-for-nothing, snap out of it.' And I get into a burst of work, and I'm on my schedule, and I'm happy!"

Roz, I learned, came from a family which, though there were seven children around, paid a big income tax. In brief, her lawyer father did well. This would be an easier story to write if the Russells had been hungrier. I could tell you about Roz, hollow-cheeked, shivering in a garret. It would be traditional and dramatic.

But, while never financially handicapped, Roz faced as dangerous a bugaboo. Idleness. She could have spent out her days in Waterbury, devoting her talents to the occupation she hates most—gossip.

Instead, she became a rebel. Had she wanted a career of writing, her desire would have (*Continued on page 71*)



Newshawks Cary Grant and Roz speak 175-250 words a minute throughout "His Girl Friday," the fastest film on record. An average person speaks around 80.



THE CRADLE GENIUS

DOING ALL RIGHT FOR HIMSELF

OH, I'M really not much to look at," Orson Welles insisted.

He meant it.

"My smile might get by. But as for the rest of me—whew! I bet I look eight feet tall and four feet wide. My beard is overrated. And I have no character. I would sum up my general appearance as being alternately repugnant and nondescript."

Thus did Orson Welles verbally tear apart advance notices of his so-called vanity.

He wasn't vain at all. He didn't think he was physically attractive. Certainly no Valentino or Gable, he admitted, and a million girls would not swoon over him.

He devoted exactly no minutes to discussing his abilities. Not a word about being a better producer than Zanuck, a better director than Lubitsch, a better actor than Muni. And as for being a genius—well!

It was in the dining-room that I made my accusation. Orson Welles was indulging in a light breakfast consisting of a fruit dish, two helpings of meat,

He's been called some pretty rough things in his day, but to himself, Mr. Welles is just a misunderstood male with tender feet and hayfever.

IS ORSON WELLES, THE WONDER BOY OF NEW YORK AND POINTS WEST

By George Benjamin

and three consecutive drinks (a glass of milk, cup of coffee, and shot of brandy!).

"Everybody who writes or talks about you calls you an amazing prodigy," I explained. "How does it feel?"

Orson Welles wasn't sure. A lamb chop disappeared in his mouth.

"I don't know," he gulped, between chews. "I've never really read about myself being seriously called a genius. Instead, authors always write, 'Why in hell is that bum, Welles, called a genius?' Well, the devil! I'd like to know who started it! I'd like to meet the one fan who thinks I'm such a wonder. It would take an expedition to find him—and besides, what's his small voice against thousands who deny it!"

Orson needn't send out an expedition. Maybe I'm the one fan. Maybe there are a million like me, and Orson just hasn't heard of them.

One thing certain: Orson Welles, whose entrance into the celluloid city can be likened only to the coming of an earthquake, tornado, World War or any other natural phenomenon, has been remarkable enough to confuse Hollywood. That's something.

Because it's this way with Hollywood. Here they bandy high-powered adjectives about, and pluck geniuses off trees. If a man can get together a swing band that is as acrobatic as a Holy Roller meeting, or invent a new egg-beater, or concoct an original hair-dress, or produce a picture better than "The Great Train Robbery" for under $250,000—he's labeled a genius.

Consequently, during the latter part of '39, when a real word-baiting, super-talented youth, with Cyrano in his corpuscles and Hamlet in his heart, came along—Hollywood was confused. And Hollywood is still confused. Orson Welles, who knew diction before da-da and could jump a cue before he emerged from diapers, has been only twenty-four years out of the cradle, yet he has conquered the stage, the radio and the writing field.

Today, he is facing movieland's skepticism and challenge. Today, because he likes the sound track medium and a minor item amounting to a quarter of a million dollars, Orson is working on two movies for RKO. The first will be Nicholas Blake's hair-lifter called "The Smiler with the Knife," the weird story of an American murder society plotting the overthrow of the nation. Orson, sleek and suave, will be the gangleader. His second picture will be Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness."

These movies will be different. Not arty—but new and original. Orson Welles possesses the backbone genius is made of—fearlessness. In these, his first two movies, he's willing to experiment and take chances. In his twenty-four years he's never met failure and, if I know Orson, he never will.

"I'm going to attempt several new things," he stated. "In 'The Smiler' I'm going to use a different method of story-telling. In 'The Heart of Darkness' I intend a different use of the camera. Something that hasn't been done yet, not even by me. I'd like to explain these new techniques of mine, but aw—they just wouldn't sound good on paper.

"Here's my attitude in a nutshell. Movies should move. Do you understand? They should be animated, packed with action. Too many big-shot New York people come out here and shoot movies like stage plays on celluloid. No good. The medium is different, bigger. I believe the sound track should be kept at a minimum. Action should speak for words. That's why John Ford is such a tremendous director. He kept most of 'The Informer' silent."

Welles dipped into the glass of milk.

"I'll confess one thing. I've been here only a short time, but I've worked very hard. I think I have an instinctive feeling for films—what's right and what's wrong. Besides, I've studied and learned much. If my first efforts lay an egg, fail—well, it will be because I got lost in a strange country, that I didn't know quite enough."

Evidence of his energy and toil lay strewn about the dining-room. Hundreds of loose script pages were penciled symbols. Jagged balls of paper in corners. All representative of writing, planning, figuring, for long hours—physical proof that Thomas Edison's old saw was correct, "Genius is 99 per cent perspiration; 1 per cent inspiration."

The necessity of finishing breakfast muffled Orson's sincerities and witticisms for a moment, and I sat watching him. I realized his critics and the general public had two terrible misconceptions of him.

First, his appearance. Most people think he is short and fat. He is (*Continued on page 62*)

The beard, which tickles Lucille Ball, is out-and-out publicity bait.



Orson, divorced in February, finds solace with recently-freed Fay Wray.



MAKING IT PAY

OFF-SCREEN OCCUPATIONS PUT EXTRA CHANGE IN HOLLYWOOD POCKETS

TEN BUCKS ain't hay," chirps our cousin from Quincy Corners when he works on Sunday. "You're darned right," respond our friends from Hollywood town when they start a little business of their own. And so it goes. From hinterland to Movieland, money's money, and no matter how much you have, it's always nicer to have some more. Ask us. Or ask Bing Crosby, Allan Jones, Greta Garbo, Joel McCrea or Clark Gable. These stars have watched their fortunes fatten before the kindly California cameras —but has that stopped them from raking in additional chips of prosperity? Not on your life!

Probably the most vivid proof of our point is Bing Crosby. Bing must have pinched the cheeks of the gods, or chucked them under their chins, or done something equally cute because he certainly is their baby! Every time he goes into a business it becomes a bonanza. In fact, Bing's money-making enterprises are so numerous, he had to incorporate himself to keep his income from running wild!

Crosby, Inc. is the buzzing organization which handles his interests exclusively. It occupies a swanky suite in a three-story, $10,000 Los Angeles office building (owned by Crosby) and shares its roof with such respectable tenants as a doctor, a dentist and a radio production agency (rent collected by Crosby). Its officials are President Bing, his brothers, Everett and Larry, and his father, Harry L.

Bing, the only cash investor, rarely visits the office. He prefers to leave the supervision of details to the other directors, each of whom works long hours on a straight salary basis and has his own specific share of the work. Everett handles the radio contracts which bring the singer $3,500 a week, the movie contracts which have an annual yield of $540,000 and an actors' booking service which is *not* operated as a hobby. Larry keeps the music department under his talented thumb, and it's a full-time job just sticking to the control of Crosby sheet music and record sales and the firm's own music publishing outfit. The senior Mr. C. is Chief of the Fan Mail Division—and to those parents who think it's fun reading their offsprings' letters, let us say it's nothing like it when they pop in to the tune of 7,500 monthly.

Besides this capable trio, the firm employs about fifty other people, many of whom bear the name of Crosby and are of the second-cousin and great-uncle variety.

Bing, himself, spends what spare time he has at his million-dollar Del-Mar race track, where he can keep an eye on his quarter of a million dollars worth of horses—who frequently do win races. Although speculation has it that the Crosby fortune runs between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000, after appraising his Midas-touched activities, we're inclined to ask, "Is that all?"

Another of Hollywood's Golden Boys is Charles Ruggles. Charlie's in the dog-house—and he loves it. His See-Are (C. R.) Kennels are the snootiest canine hotel on the Pacific Coast. They house 150 guests and are complete right down to "maternity ward" and air conditioning system. On the register have appeared the impressive names of Robert Taylor's boxers, Herbert Marshall's cocker spaniels and a half-dozen of Martha Raye's "best friends." Charlie's rates are reasonable and are figured on a daily basis. A scottie costs 50c, a medium-sized shepherd, 75c, and a great Dane, $1. The charge depends entirely upon the dog's size and appetite, but every pooch is entitled to the services the establishment offers: elegant baths, indoor runs for use in bad (*Continued on page* 75)



Reginald Denny Industries, Inc. manufacture and sell miniature airplanes, racing cars, submarines and battleships. The model on the table is a typical product.



Charles Ruggles' See-Are Kennels are the Beverly-Wilshire of the canine world. They offer amazing facilities and even have a "maternity ward" for guests who need it.



Bob Young and Allan Jones bought a few old stalls in Bel-Air, intending to park their own mounts therein. From that purchase has grown the ultra-ultra Bollan Stables.



Joel McCrea draws profits from his 1000-acre ranch. It's stocked with horses and cattle and includes 400 acres of grain.



This isn't Santa Anita. It's Victor McLaglen's private race track built on his ranch at Fresno. Vic's a comparatively new rancher but he stumbled into a bit of luck. Shortly after acquiring the place, he had to hire fifty men to harvest his very marketable grapes.



Constance Bennett doesn't deal in dimes. Her cosmetic company employs nearly three hundred people and is still growing. Connie doesn't divulge the extent of her profits but admits she's doing well enough to meet the payroll.



The most fabulous of Hollywood success stories is that of Bing Crosby, who got his start with a throbby voice and now gets richer and richer without even trying.



Dolores Del Rio lends her lovely self to a Santa Monica pottery shop, and in return receives a share of its grosses.



Clark Gable raises more turkeys than he and Carole can eat, so M-G-M buys the surplus for use in the studio commissary.



Our gorgeous Greta is just "Garbo, the landlady" to the tenants of several model apartment houses in her native Stockholm.



Bette Davis married Bandman Harmon Nelson in 1932. Though they've been divorced for more than a year, they write each other every week.

KEEPING UP WITH BETTE

●

A SIX MONTHS' LEAVE AND THE QUEEN OF THE MOVIES COMES BACK WITH A NEW DOMAIN TO RULE

●

By Gladys Hall

"YOU'VE BEEN away from Hollywood for six months," I said to Bette. "Everyone is asking, 'What's happened to Davis? Why did she go away? What did she do when she went away? What happened to her while she was away?' "

Bette answered, "A very strange thing happened to me—peace. It seems I have always been a rather intense person, violent in my emotions, violent in my work. Well, I have had a non-violent six months, how's that?"

I remarked that I guessed it was all right, though probably not headlines.

"Ah, but that's where you're wrong," said Bette. "What's happened makes headlines in my life because nothing so important has ever happened to me before.

"You see, I found myself. Over the horizons I looked at while I was away I found the outline of my future. I have bought a home in New Hampshire. I have gone back to the land.

"Look, it was like this. Six months ago something had to happen to me. I was overfull of acting. I was gorged with it, surfeited with it and exhausted with it. And I was wearing myself out, thinking of one thing."

"Ham?" I asked.

"Ham," said Bette, with her uncompromising honesty. "And the break-up of our marriage which never should have happened in my life because I wasn't—well, let's say I wasn't the type. So, I needed to get away, to get away from *me.*

"I got away. I put the old station wagon on the train and took it along. I stayed only a few days in New York, saw a couple of plays, a few friends, saw Ham once or twice, and found that I was happy to see him contented with and successful at what he is doing. Then I went up to New England.

"With Mrs. Ogden, a friend of mine, I started off for a two weeks' jaunt in the station wagon. This was something I've been dying to do for years. I saw all of my old friends, all of my old teachers. I saw all of the old landmarks, or the places where the landmarks had been. I found out one thing on that trip. I thought I wanted to go back to 'the scenes of my childhood.' No. There were gas stations in backyards where I used to play. Strange faces looked out of windows where familiar, friendly faces used to welcome the small Ruth Elizabeth Davis. All the pictures of my childhood I'd expected to see again were gone. What I'm trying to say is that we can't go back. There isn't any 'back.'

"But that trip did me good in other ways. I was very self-conscious when I met my old teachers, for instance. I felt the same, though in somewhat lesser degree, with my old school-friends, girls I hadn't seen since we were in grade school together. I was wondering whether I was still a human being or whether I was a kind of painted shadow, Hollywood model, full of automatic mannerisms and false gestures.

"At first the girls were rather shy with me, so the conversation wasn't exactly fluent. And at first the teachers were just very polite. But then they began giving me bits of advice again, 'You must read so-and-so, Elizabeth,' or 'Haven't you your galoshes on, child, whatever are you thinking of?' in quite the old authoritative way. The girls were soon telling me what had happened to them, quite as eagerly as they asked me questions about myself. Soon we were all on the old basis. The values between us hadn't changed and I stood acquitted in my own eyes. And probably in theirs.

"It made me think," said Bette, slowly, "that if I can graduate from Hollywood, cum laude, as a human being, it doesn't matter what kind of a diploma I get as an actress.

"Well, after the two weeks' excursion in search of my youth, I was pretty tired. My mother, Ruthie, knew a place, an old and charming Inn called Pecketts, in Franconia, New Hampshire. Before I left Hollywood she said to me, "If you find yourself falling to pieces, go up to Pecketts." I went to Pecketts intending to stay a few days and stayed ten weeks without once leaving the neighborhood. My friend Robby, who is staying with me this winter, you know, went with me.

"We read, walked, ate and slept. I gained pounds. I weighed 130 pounds when I got back to Hollywood. I had to live on boiled eggs and lettuce leaves for days. I'm down to 110 now. I never felt better in my life than when I was, for me, fat. I've always heard that fat people are jolly people and now I know why it's true. You feel so padded and comfortable when you've got some flesh over your nerves. I'm positively looking forward to the day when I can be a fat, sloppy little old lady.

"Well, I went to all the high school and country dances roundabout and was pretty excited when the boys asked me to dance.

"There are not many homes up there and I felt awfully flattered that the Yankees would take an actress in. After all, they belong there. They didn't leave their heritage; I did and I was flattered that they let me come 'home' again without asking any questions.

"Nope, I never once got bored. I, who once said, and believed, that I couldn't stop working for more than a month without going nuts. I was so contented away from Hollywood and pictures that I felt I must be two people and that one of me had shed her skin, like snakes do. I imagined it was waiting for me, here in the Brentwood house or in my dressing-room at the studio.

"It's an easy way to live, up there. No one expects anything of you, except the fundamental decencies. No one gives a damn what you do or how you look. I wore old dungarees or overalls, old sweaters and skirts, no hats, not a smidgin of make-up. Not a care about 'what people will think!' And they weren't thinking about me. They had the land to think about, whether the livestock was fed and watered and whether the woodpile was well stocked against the deep white New Hampshire winter.

"How we in Hollywood need something like that!" Bette all but cried out. "How *I* needed it.

SO, THEN, one day, the Pecketts took me up the road a piece, about two miles up Sugar Hill. They showed me an old house and barn on ninety acres of land. 'Butternut,' they called it. 'Home,' I called it. I bought it. Ninety acres of solid woods, birches. You have never seen such trees in your life.

"Of course I couldn't have bought it if my contract difficulties had not been straightened out by that time. Only three pictures a year for Miss 'Beetie' Davis from this time forth. I keep smacking my lips over that as a child smacks them over a lollipop. Four months off—at least three of them consecutive, with one thrown in somewhere along the line. These months I shall spend at Butternut, home-making. I, who never wanted a home here in Hollywood," laughed Bette. "I, who had never owned a blade of grass before!

"The day after I bought the place I walked up there, alone. I looked at my acres, I felt them under my feet, and it was too exciting. I'd stayed with some friends in New Hampshire for a few days before I went to Pecketts. One night I was sitting on the porch with my friend and her husband and he said, 'You know, Bette, I've worked hard all my life. We've owned this place for fifteen years and yet I never sit down, as I am doing now, and look out over my land, that I don't get a lump in my throat and say to myself, "This is my land." It's (*Continued on page 102*)



Most "un-swelled" head in Hollywood! On a questionnaire he denied having even one famous ancestor. Well, his grandchildren will have at least one!

ROBERTA MET John Garfield for the first time at a friend's house. That was long before the movies had changed Jules to John. It was even before he'd gone on the stage. He was only sixteen, and she was younger.

She didn't know what to make of him. He fascinated and terrified her. He wore his hair in the Barrymore fashion and wore a queer collar, which should have been enough to make him a laughing stock in the Bronx. But it wasn't easy to laugh Julie off. His eyes were beautiful, his smile was wicked. He'd walk into a room and, as Roberta put it to her mother later, "the walls would begin to dance."

This was partly due to the vigor of his personality. He had a need to assert himself and gave it free rein. He talked loud and continuously. He banged away at the piano, producing sounds which were painful to the ears of Roberta, a musician's daughter. In an off moment, the hostess mentioned Shakespeare, whereupon Julie rose and spouted every line he knew. It seemed to Roberta that he knew them all. She'd never known another like him.

Though they lived in the same neighborhood and traveled with the same crowd, Roberta's background had left her unprepared for anything like Julie. Her childhood had been trained to a decorous pattern. At home, you spoke when spoken to, minded your business and kept out of your elders' hair. Abroad, if someone offered you an apple, you looked at your mother first for permission to take it.

Julie's mother had died when he was seven. Neighbors took care of him while his father worked at the sweatshop. The streets became his playground. By the time he acquired a stepmother, he was old enough to resent her control, and not old enough to value her qualities. His father's conventional ideas provided no basis for an understanding of his stormy son. Julie's individuality craved recognition, which he got by becoming ring leader of his gang and enemy to the well behaved. Good boys, told not to play with him, crossed to the other side of the street, and generally got tripped up for their pains. He was expelled from a dozen schools and finally landed in Angelo

SHAKESPEARE'S SHREW HAD NOTHING ON GARFIELD. JUST LOOK WHAT THE TWO WOMEN IN JOHN'S LIFE HAVE DONE TO HIM!



Few people reprove the Garfield, but Roberta has no qualms about wielding an occasional verbal rolling pin. Says it does him good.

THE TAMING OF A TOUGH GUY

By Ida Zeitlin

Patri's school for problem boys. Here he met a friend.

That experienced psychologist soon diagnosed his trouble, and uncovered in him a gift for oratory. He began winning contests, and with them the approval of a society he had pretended to scorn, to prove that he didn't give a damn for their scorn of him. Boys who had avoided him, courted him. Teachers who had eyed him askance, now beamed congratulations, and he liked the sensation it gave him. He found he could make an impression on the world other than as a rebel. He discovered, in school plays and debates, a satisfying mode of release and self-expression. He had made up his mind to be an actor.

Besides, he was bursting through his earlier existence as a rapidly growing child bursts through his clothes. He was discovering music and literature and his own capacity for thought, with an excitement which required others to share it. Rebuffs hurt him, but eagerness swept him on. He'd stick out his neck again and again for the buffets of those who considered his enthusiasm naive. The fact that he was unsure of himself made an assumption of assurance all the more necessary. Hence the Barrymore get-up, the swagger and the showing off.

To Roberta Mann, all this was like a story she'd never read. She knew Julie Garfield was a chum of the boy with whom her friend was going. Now that she'd met him, she didn't like him. She shrank from his violence. There was something disturbingly attractive about him, but there was more that repelled and made her uneasy. She was paralyzed with fright when he asked if he could take her home. Behind him, her friend was shaking her head in an emphatic no.

"No," echoed Roberta in a small, scared voice.

"Okay," said Julie, and they went their separate ways.

Twelve months later Roberta was rejoicing with a friend who had just been admitted to the company of Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre. Together they gloated over her name in the list of apprentices. Then Roberta's eye was caught by another name. "I think I know that boy. What does he look like?" The friend described Jules Garfield. "That's the one all right," said Roberta. "Is he still so crazy?"

One night she went down to the theatre to call for her friend and met Julie again. She began seeing more of him. The girl at whose house they'd had their first encounter was still going with his pal, and they begged Roberta to make it a foursome with Julie.

"I don't know why I said yes," she stormed to her mother. "I don't even like him."

"For a boy you don't like, you talk an awful lot about him."

"Well, that's because he's so different from anyone I know. He's wild, but he's free. He's been through so much, he makes me feel like a lily."

"Why don't you invite him to dinner some night?"

"If I do, it'll be only because I'm sorry for him. He reminds me of a puppy that's looking for a home."

That was something that must have shown itself all over him, for they called him Julie the Orphan. Which argues a certain perspicacity among his young friends, for self-pity was no part of his emotional makeup. Nor could it have been caused entirely by his motherless state. Roberta says she still feels a loneliness in him, and always will.

Whatever its deeper-lying source, it must have been caused by a search, unconscious perhaps, for human warmth. With Roberta's parents, Julie became a person she didn't know—responsive, natural, the chip dropped from his shoulder. Their feeling about him was as simple as the daughter's was complicated. They liked and trusted him. Mr. Mann was especially drawn to him. He had longed to devote his life to music, and been thwarted by economic necessity. He could understand this boy with his passion for another of the arts. More, (*Continued on page 93*)

OF MOUSE AND MEN



By Frank T. Farrell

HOW ONE LONELY RODENT CAUSED AN AVALANCHE OF ACCUSATIONS AND NOW ALICE FAYE TELLS WHY

FIVE HUNDRED drinking, smoking, talking men and women jammed in the Perroquet Suite of the Waldorf-Astoria. Movie critics, trade paper reporters, editors, sob sisters, magazine writers, columnists, people from the censor boards, movie executives, flunkies, phonies—they were all having a jolly time of it, working up their appetites on Darryl F. Zanuck's free liquor.

It was one of those super-colossal Hollywood cocktail parties for which, by some weird paradox, everybody turned out, even the guests who were invited. What is more, everyone displayed strange symptoms of being anxious to meet the stellar guests of honor, a pair of compellingly popular young people named Tyrone Power and Alice Faye, whose future on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot seemed magnificent. It was three years ago.

Tyrone Power was forty-five minutes late. For a half-hour of that time Alice Faye trembled and paced the floor in a nearby room. She downed several glasses of champagne, but it gave her no courage, no warmth. The thought of marching into that army and captivating it froze her. She tore her handkerchief to shreds in emotion.

"I can't do it. I just can't do it," she whispered helplessly, when a studio press representative told her to buck up, that it would be easy once she set her foot inside the suite, that merely her presence would make worshippers of them all.

Finally she squared her shoulders and did it. She met them all. They toasted to her beauty and success. Some there were who actually slapped her on the back. And before Tyrone Power arrived she had taken over her army.

Her triumph was not long in flourishing, however. A lowly little mouse upset all the major strategy, a canape-eating Waldorf mouse who joined the party and seemed mighty desirous of meeting a star. For, when Miss Faye happened to turn slightly from one of the groups of newspaper people with whom she was conversing, there on the floor a few feet from her was the rodent.

No expert would be required to predict what almost any other actress in the same circumstances would do, but Miss Faye obviously is made of different stuff. In the height of good humor she pointed to the little rascal and remarked:

"I haven't met that one."

Since that day New York's press is made up of two schools of thought, according to Miss Faye, those who construed her jest to be a personal insult, and those who thought it as funny as she meant it to be. And since that day she has avoided both schools for fear of saying the wrong thing again. She has not consented to a personal interview in two years.

Call her the most misunderstood woman in Hollywood. Advise her that hordes of people consider her strange shyness to be pure, unadulterated Tenth Avenue snobbishness. Insist that she could have the world at her feet, if only she would receive its ambassadors and let them know what she is really like—and Alice Faye will shrug her pretty shoulders, sigh and sum it up:

"What's the use? I've learned not to plan, not to count on things."

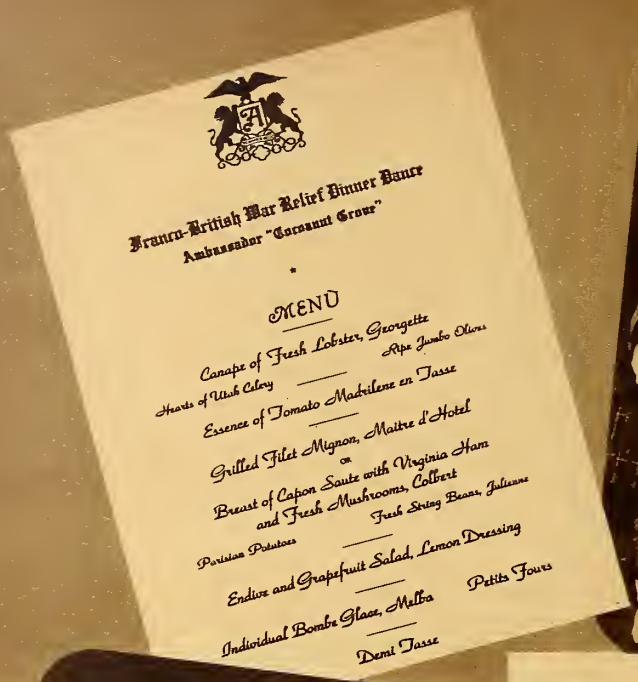
She gazed out the window of the Sherry-Netherlands' cocktail balcony. She wore a smartly cut black dress with white lace at the neck. Her little black hat and veil left just enough platinum hair and Alice Faye showing, and set off her watery blue eyes and the extravagant star sapphire pendant which her husband, Tony Martin, had given her for Christmas. Underneath the table she nervously tugged and twisted her handkerchief.

"It's no use," she confided in this exclusive interview with Modern Screen. "Every time I try to plan things at the studio so that I can get together somewhere with Tony for a week, things get all messed up and immediately there's a flood of divorce rumors in the papers. And every time I head for New York, I vow that I'll get no cold. Invariably, I wind up with something just this side of pneumonia.

"I don't know what the New York writers have against me, but I'll bet you if I made all sorts of plans to convince them that I am a nice person I'd probably still say the wrong thing. Either that or I'd go hysterical with this terrific inferiority complex. No, (*Continued on page 88*)



Alice loves Husband Tony Martin, and Tony loves Alice, but neither of them loves all of the people who have been predicting a break-up.



Franco-British War Relief Dinner Dance
Ambassador "Cocoanut Grove"

MENU

Canape of Fresh Lobster, Georgette
Hearts of Utah Celery — Ripe Jumbo Olives
Essence of Tomato Madrilene en Tasse
Grilled Filet Mignon, Maitre d'Hotel
or
Breast of Capon Sauté with Virginia Ham
and Fresh Mushrooms, Colbert
Parisian Potatoes — Fresh String Beans, Julienne
Endive and Grapefruit Salad, Lemon Dressing
Individual Bombe Glace, Melba — Petits Fours
Demi Tasse



They huff and they puff and they bring the house down—Scotch Canadian Legionnaires.



Maureen O'Sullivan collects some money for cigarettes. Reginald Gardiner collects, too!

Hollywood

THE GOOD CITIZENS OF MOVIETOWN EAT, DRINK AND

WITH THE biggest charity blowout in its lively career, Hollywood subtly told Herr Hitler where to head in. One thousand strong, the movie colonists turned up at the Ambassador Hotel's Cocoanut Grove and willingly threw nearly $15,000 into the Franco-British War Relief pot, proving once and for all that picture people do not think the world is bounded by the Pacific Ocean and the Rocky Mountains.

The party was pulled by the British and French War Relief Associations of Southern California, a pair of organizations which boast the active membership of Ronald Colman, Alan Mowbray and Charles Boyer. These gentlemen worked so hard to put the affair over that such patriots as Chamberlain and Daladier look like slackers beside them. Incidentally, Boyer's (we just can't seem to call him "Charlie") very genuine labor should silence those who say he's in this country merely to squirt charm in the faces of American womanhood and thereby win sympathy for war-time France. There was nothing soulful about the job he did.

The greatest problem to confront the party-givers was the seating



Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland panic the crowd and each other with their inimitable high-jinks.



Pat Paterson and Charles Laughton break through their British reserve and laugh with Frances Robinson.



The Misses Oberon, Robinson, Loy, Fox and Annabella peddle cigarettes. Wendy Barrie puts in a hand.



Ronald Colman, wearing decorations received in first World War, escorts his wife —naturally.

throws a party

MAKE WHOOP-LA FOR FRANCO-BRITISH WAR RELIEF

arrangement. Everyone knows that big-timers like ringside tables and, when they pay $10 apiece for their dinner, as they did on this occasion, perhaps they have some right to express a preference. Unfortunately, the Cocoanut Grove was not built to accommodate a thousand "names" at a single shot. Some were forced to take back seats, but that didn't make them inconspicuous. Two million dollars worth of talent can't be expected to hang around like schoolmarms and, after downing their desserts, about a million dollars worth hustled forth to entertain.

Adolphe Menjou and Bob Hope, acting as m-cees, introduced Reginald Gardiner, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Jan Kiepura, among others, and, for the grand finale, ushered in a chorus-boy lineup consisting of Charles Laughton, Herbert Marshall, Laurence Olivier, Ronald Colman, Ian Hunter, Charles Boyer and William Powell, who delivered a screech-owl rendition of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." The boys were plain awful and so, amusingly, a great evening enjoyed for a worthy cause ended on a sour note!



21-year-old Diana Lewis snuggles dreamily in the arms of her husband, William Powell.



Maybe Charles Boyer and Annabella are translating the evening's "take" into good old francs and sous.



Very English Brian Aherne offers a smoke to his orchid-trimmed spouse, Joan Fontaine.





In "The Primrose Path," Joel McCrea falls for Ginger, a street-walker's daughter, who masquerades as a child of the rich.

NO TIME FOR LOVE



FOLLOWING CLOCKWISE, OR OTHERWISE, THE AFFAIRS OF GINGER ROGERS, YOU'LL DISCOVER WHY SHE'S SHELVED ROMANCE

EVERYTHING IS wonderful!" beamed Ginger Rogers. "I'm happier right now than I've been in years and things are right as rain on a roof. Why? I don't know. I just woke up one morning, took a deep breath and said to myself, 'Gee, but life is certainly swell!'" Ginger did a neat handspring to prove it and plopped up beside me on a big set parallel with the afterthought, "And I hope I never change."

Well, that was just the point. The last few months have brewed a puzzling suspicion in some quarters that Ginger *has* changed. You don't see her around much any more. And when you do, something always seems to happen to kick along a rumor that Ginger has gone exclusive. That she wants to be alone. That she's getting hard to handle. Even that, Lord forbid, she's taking herself too seriously.

Now I can imagine plain, natural, easy-going Ginger cooling off like that about as much as I can picture Garbo holding open house. But in Hollywood strange things do happen and you never can tell. Certainly, tagging Ginger Rogers for a talk, is something like trying to bag a bat with a BB gun. She's forever darting here, there and everywhere, with more things on her mind than a hat peddler.

I finally caught up with her on the set of "The Primrose Path." It's no secret that the dramatic character part Ginger is taking in this one is not even distantly related to the funny, frothy parts that have made her the gay girl friend of half the world. One look, too, at Ginger made those "quick change" rumors seem pretty solid.

She was togged out in a tacky little dress, fresh from Sears Roebuck for the sum of $2.98. Not much like the creations she used to wear with Fred Astaire. There wasn't a speck of make-up on her face, which was shiny as a new shoe. Yet she'd just come from the camera. And her hair—well, we have always been used to seeing Ginger with a wavy mop of pumpkin-colored tresses flying in the breeze. Now she was a brunette.

It was this very hair dye, incidentally, that brought about the latest pair of Hollywood happenstances for the raised eyebrow department. The first came about at La Conga, the night Steffi Duna opened there.

Ginger and one of her old pals, Billy Bakewell. arrived



Here's Ginger with her brunette tresses. The wags say that the color of her hair is not the only change in Miss R. these days.



Ginger with Designer Walter Plunkett after she attended her first premiere in two years. See how she kept her new coiffure a secret?

for a round of rhumbas on one of her rare stepping-out nights. Usually, according to Ginger, "I'm too darned tired at night to dance even with Arthur Murray, and Heavens knows Hollywood men are no Murrays!" Ginger, by the way, thinks Hollywood two-steppers could stand a lesson or two; she thinks she's a very tame ballroom twister, but the men! All they do is go round and round until she gets cross-eyed! Anyway, Billy is better than most dancers and everything was swell until suddenly a photographer, lurking behind a palm or something, peered at Ginger, did a double-take and then popped off a flash bulb.

Ginger's hands were too late in covering her face. So she kicked back her chair, chased the picture snatcher across the room, collared him and extracted a promise to kill the shot.

A few days later, dancing again at the Beverly-Wilshire, Ginger almost scared the wits out of Cesar Romero (a guy who can really dance) when she suddenly yipped, grabbed his arm and pulled him off the floor. Yes—it was one of those cameramen again. Again Ginger had to run him down and ask him to sail the plate out the window.

By Kirtley Baskette

Now, of course, such shy shenanigans are strictly temperament to Hollywood. They are filed away under the headings of Hepburn, Garbo and company—those who have always played hard-to-get as a matter of business policy. But it didn't ring true with Rogers, who for years has shown about as much temperament as a turnip. The cameramen were duly confused—until the mystery was explained to them by RKO's perspiring publicity gentlemen.

They were trying to keep Ginger's new raven locks a photographic secret, they said, until "The Primrose Path" was released. So they'd asked her to keep away from news pictures. Ginger said she would, and what Ginger says, she does. That was all. She shouldn't have stuck her neck out with the double-dyed deception in public cafés if she didn't want to get lensed up a little, the cameramen grumbled. But Ginger said she thought she'd never be recognized, and the clickers admitted it took a little time. So all was well—except that nobody explained to the rest of Hollywood. To them, it all linked up with a hideaway legend which had been following Ginger Rogers around for over a year.

That legend started in New York with the Winchellian crack, "If anyone wants to know where Ginger Rogers is hiding, she's at the Waldorf." But the prologue took place right in Hollywood, where Ginger practically vanished from the ken of mortal men for months.

That sounds like a mystery, but the trouble was, it wasn't. Everyone knew Ginger hadn't been slugged by the Ape-Man or spirited off by the men of Mars. She was right around town, everybody knew. But so exclusive! No dances, no premieres, no parties, no nuthin'. Was she playing cover-up? Well, like all mysteries, the answer is so simple you could kick yourself. Ginger was so darned busy all that time she could barely powder her nose; so darned tired, she didn't care.

Right after "Shall We Dance," a foot-killer with Fred Astaire, Ginger made "Vivacious Lady," you'll recall. Before that was even finished, she'd started "Having a Wonderful Time." And because Doug Fairbanks was doubling up, too, on a picture at Universal, she had to start work at seven o'clock in the evening and continue through the night!

Well, retakes for that were finished up one Sunday at five o'clock in the morning. Ginger went to bed for twelve deep hours of dreamland. At five o'clock Monday morning she was back at the studio, rehearsing dances with Fred Astaire for "Carefree."

In fact, it wasn't until after "Fifth Avenue Girl" that Ginger had time to notice whether it was a sunny day or not. She took a swift trip to New York after "Carefree" and crammed in some shows. But she didn't have time for any press pictures, interviews or anything expected of a visiting star. And so—the word got around that Rogers had gone Garbo and the columnists made cracks.

When she returned to Hollywood, "The Castles" certainly was no vacation, with costume fittings far into the night, and Irene Castle McLaughlin kibitzing on every tuck and gusset that Ginger wore. And when Ginger finally polished that off and (*Continued on page 68*)

STYLE YOUR LIPS

By Carol Carter

IT MAY sound odd to talk about fashions in lips but you have only to get out the old plush-covered family album to see for yourself how lip styles have changed. When grandma was a girl, a rose-bud mouth was her ideal and many a lip was pursed and puckered into at least a semblance of that shape. When mother was a flapper, lip rouge, as we know it, was just getting its start and "painted faces" were regarded with more than a mite of suspicion. It wasn't quite "lady-like" to give nature such an obvious boost. And no wonder, when you think of the crude methods used in applying the stuff. At that time, few women knew how to use lip make-up. Then came the movies, and even in your own memories you may recall the grotesquely exaggerated lips of the early Joan Crawford, or the almost too perfectly outlined lips of the original Great Garbo.

However, just as soon as methods could catch up with inventions, a whole new art was born. It's been developing ever since until now it is practically perfect. The present trend in all make-up is toward naturalness. Artificiality is no longer good taste. Art that conceals art is the present fashion in lips. But how to achieve it? Where to begin? Nowadays, you can safely take your cue from the movies for their stars have become acknowledged leaders in make-up as well as in fashion.

Look at these pictures of June Lang, Ann Sothern, Virginia Bruce, Jane Wyman and Ginger Rogers, for instance. Each one of these girls illustrates an excellent example of the correct lip make-up for her individual type. But let's start at the beginning. Lips are very important because not only their size and shape but also their make-up reveals your character and disposition as well as your personal habits.

Try to visualize your lips as a structural part of your physiognomy, to be fitted and related to the rest of your face, as well as to your individuality. They're not just two horizontal lines that separate your chin from your nose, and that are to be loaded with enough color to stop a line of traffic. Neither were they made to look like a million other pairs of lips from here to Hollywood. Let your lips express the best side of you.

Girls who live by the lens in Hollywood may not know it but they have a decided advantage over the rest of us in the business of acquiring and keeping soft, mobile, expressive lips, for they must forever be practicing their diction. This keeps mouths plastic and flexible and wards off those tight, set, prejudicial lines which add about ten years to anybody's appearance. No mumbling and mouthing of words for them. To keep their precious lips kissable these lassies practice laughing, smiling, puckering, whistling, blowing, chewing and all kinds of plain and fancy mouth exercises. With their facial (*Continued on page 73*)



If you have a broad chin and cheeks with a narrow forehead like the lush Ann Sothern, make up your lips to be both wide and long, with a slight upward tilt to the corners.

If your face is heart-shaped like the beauteous Virginia Bruce, your lips should be gracefully heart-shaped too, and your lip rouge should be medium, never heavy, in color.

The gay, piquant face of Jane Wyman needs a wide upper lip to balance her retroussé nose and her somewhat square jaw calls for full, graceful lips. Are you this type?

Ginger Rogers has a long narrow face so she rouges her lips fairly wide, especially the lower one. Then she carries plenty of color right out to the corners to give her face width.



une Lang's lovely face is
e ideal oval which should
ve full natural-looking
ps. If you are this type
void lip rouge and other
ake-up which is either too
bright or too heavy.

WITH SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL AND NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE,

CASHING IN ON



Children who used to go to school to study history now go to the movies to study Ameche. But that doesn't perturb Don. He loves it!



With Andrea Leeds in "Swanee River" he portrayed Composer Stephen Foster's life as it might have been, but actually was not, lived.

By Elliott Cobb

NEXT TO Donald Dùck, the screen's most frequently employed actor is probably Don Ameche, but you never hear any squawks from Don, and nobody ever saw him, in a fit of outraged temperament, jumping up and down on his hat or a movie script. No matter how discouraging the dialogue may be, and even the luckiest actor is bound to get stuck with a few choice specimens of ham (Don's dilemmas, of course, are all Class A, premium Smithfields), Ameche always speaks his piece like a member of that heroic British unit which Tennyson called the Noble Six Hundred. And meanwhile, his unwavering sense of discipline under the most withering fire of continuous assignments has marked him out as probably the most versatile, most tireless and most adaptable actor in Hollywood.

In baseball terms, Don would be defined as a general utility man, in diplomatic language, as an ambassador-at-large, in journalese, as a correspondent with a roving assignment. In the jargon of the movies, however, there is no verbal handle to fit his special case, although in the future, actors who can take practically any role and do a good job may be known as "donameches." For Don's very lack of specialization has finally become stamped on the consciousness of producers as a particular kind of specialty! On the strength of that he is beginning to be much in demand for loanouts to other studios, in addition to being kept busy, as usual, by his own grateful and appreciative Twentieth Century-Fox.

So highly does his own home studio rate Don's varied talents, that they have been known to revise great men's biographies in order to give greater scope to them. In the recent "Swanee River," in which Don appeared as the immortal Stephen Collins Foster, America's greatest song-writer, the studio thriftily utilized Don's rich baritone voice by letting Foster render a few vocal selections from among his own beautiful plantation melodies. There is, of course, no historical evidence that the author of "My Old Kentucky Home" ever publicly plugged his own compositions, but it was a sweet thought and even those tiresome people who make a business of spotting "boners" in pictures probably forgave it, on the ground that the alteration, after all, made for a more romantic and touching story.

Don is a practical person who always does what the script says, as we remarked before. But if his attitude toward his work is eminently workmanlike, at least there is nothing dull or matter-of-fact about it. He has a way

OBEDIENT DON AMECHE PLUGS CONTENTEDLY ALONG

NATURALNESS



In "Alexander Graham Bell," Don immortalized the great inventor. Some day, an historical character may act "The Life of Don Ameche."



Here's Don and his wife returning from a brief vacation. The studio felt he needed a rest after putting in a solid season of hard work.

of looking as if he likes every role he tackles, and he will tackle anything, from the sad Indian lover of "Ramona" to "Alexander Graham Bell," the admirable but hardly romantic telephone tycoon.

Even when Don's vehicle suffers an artistic breakdown, he himself usually manages to draw a friendly nod or even a laudatory personal notice from the press. Other screen actors are considered no better than their last picture, but Don makes pictures so fast, no one can remember what his last one was.

Don seems to manage both of his careers, screen and radio, with remarkably little internal traffic congestion. He rushes from radio rehearsal to film studio to broadcast to interview—like the one we had with him the other day in his hotel in New York—but he seems to have a curious, self-conserving knack of being able to rush calmly. He even reminded us of that producer who is said to possess the unique faculty of running amuck while sitting down. Besides, this strenuous double life earns him the sympathy of lazy people like us, and makes it easier to forgive him whenever he is late for an appointment.

We spent the few minutes he kept us waiting in admiring the view of Central Park from his window, and finding out from the studio press agent why his apartment was on the eleventh floor, instead of in that lofty penthouse atmosphere below which movie stars usually can't breathe. It seems the location was not a result of modesty, though we take it that Don is as retiring as the next actor. Nor was it due to thrift, for Don's hereditary background contains no Scotch, unless you want to make something of the fact that the elder Ameche used to run a saloon back in Kenosha, Wis. (Don actually is of mixed Italian, German and Irish extraction).

The fact is, that Mr. Ameche suffers from a mild case of whatever that phobia is which means a dread of high places, though why it only sets in above the eleventh floor is one of those details which the press agent could not explain. Anyway, that is why, in a vertical city like New York, where the relative importance of a movie star can practically be gauged by an altimeter, Don Ameche—who is certainly one of the most important—was skulking far down on the eleventh floor, practically below sea level—a traitor to his income group. We thought you might be interested to know.

When Don did arrive, he arrived suddenly, unannounced, like Jimmy Durante in the lingerie department. Urgent radio matters, involving Al Jolson and a whistle double, had held him up. It seems that whistling is about the only thing Don can't do on the radio, so the NBC people had to send out and get an emergency whistler. On consulting our

(*Continued on page 86*)

ON THE SET



Above: Madeleine Carroll is subjected to an exposure meter, an instrument which records the degree of light thrown on her face.



Right: Laraine Day, who gets a swell break in "My Son, My Son." Producer Small paid $50,000 for screen rights to the book.



The story spans twenty-five years. Brian Aherne is shown, left, with Josephine Hutchinson who dies early in the tale.



"MY SON, MY SON," A BEST-SELLING ENGLISH NOVEL, ACQUIRES FLESH AND BLOOD IN A FAR-AWAY HOLLYWOOD STUDIO



Director Charles Vidor, left, instructs his stars. "My Son" is his reward for successful handling of Class B pictures.

Below: Aherne, somewhat aged, orders coffee for Laraine. The stand is a private concession so drinks were not on the house.

Howard Spring's novel kept 180,000 American purchasers wide awake, yet Louis Hayward dares to doze over his copy of the script.

WHEN the devils of war began to scar the face of Europe, Producer Edward Small sat in his Hollywood home and shuddered. Long-distance cowardice, perhaps? Or extensive foreign holdings? Nothing of the sort. Producer Small was just feeling lowdown because it looked as though World War II was going to black out his filming plans for Howard Spring's novel, "My Son, My Son." The tale of this corking best-seller is laid in England and extravagant arrangements had been made to shoot the picture in its native locale. With the coming of the catastrophe, however, Small had discomforting visions of bombs bursting in the balmy British air—an eventuality which was bound to hinder production. For a few bleak moments it seemed that "My Son" would never be more than a gleam in Edward's eye.

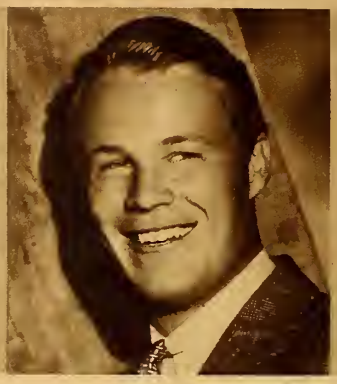
Suddenly he perked up. War, he realized, may tangle the affairs of dictators and dairymaids—but movie moguls? Never! Summoning his brilliant art director, John DuCasse Schulze, Small cheerfully announced that since he couldn't go to England, England was to be brought to him! Schulze didn't tumble off his seat. He had traveled widely in the British Isles, and if the boss wanted the "seat of Empire" to rise on the Pacific, he was the man to arrange it.

Acting promptly, Schulze engaged hundreds of skilled workmen and a corps of research workers to assist him in securing absolute perfection in every detail of set and costume design. So tremendous was his job that in addition to recreating London's Victoria Station and the slums of Manchester, he also constructed two complete houses, with interior sets built beside the exteriors. Rather than risk delay caused by bad weather, he ordered the houses erected indoors, on a massive sound stage, then went so far as to have the pounding breakers of the English seacoast roll up on thousands of square feet of sand before one of the buildings! When the fruits of his labor reach the screen, movie-goers will see nearly forty individual sets, costing a total of $180,000!

To this elaborate setting, Mr. Small brought 1,500 performers whom he had clothed in costumes worth $67,000 in good U. S. cash. At their head he placed such delightful children of the Crown as Madeleine Carroll who plays a vivacious woman in love with her own stepson; Brian Aherne who appears as her husband; and Louis Hayward, third corner of the triangle. And if, as the cameras turned, he mentally thumbed his nose in the direction of the warmakers, who is humorless enough to blame him?



There's a reason why Eleanor Powell was found. It happened in an Atlantic City rehearsal hall.



Wayne Morris was spotted while emoting in the Pasadena Playhouse.

A talent scout bought his wife some stockings and unearthed Lana Turner.



SCOUTIN' AROUND



OF COURSE, you'll think he's getting a bit fresh with you.

He'll glance at your face, figure and legs. It won't be the first time it's happened to you, but you'll be annoyed.

Suddenly, he'll approach you. The nerve of the fellow! He'll inquire about a good place to eat or the location of the city hall—and you'll answer coldly. He'll continue talking, smoothly, cleverly—but you've met his type before. Just as he begins asking you for your telephone number—wait! Please wait! Don't slap him in the face! Because—

"He may be me," says Solly Baiano, ace Warner Brothers scout.

"Or me," admits Billy Grady, famous M-G-M sleuth.

"Or even me," confesses Julius Evans, RKO's new talent expert.

So be a good girl. Give him your phone number. Because he wants to make a date with you—not for a drink and a dance, but for an agonizing and thrilling session before a motion picture camera in Hollywood or New York.

If he shows you his studio employee's card, or proper credentials, you may believe in him and trust him. He's not a masher and not a racketeer. He's one of Hollywood's crazy undercovermen, a two-legged bloodhound ferreting out potential stars.

There are numerous steps in becoming a star. You have to make a screen test. A producer has to like that test. You have to deliver the goods. You have to have your options lifted. But first of all—before anything—you have to be discovered.

Discovery by a scout, like love, can happen at first sight. And in the most peculiar places. Cary Grant, a reformed stilt walker, was having lunch when he was found. Anthony Averill, a reporter on the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, was delivering an after-dinner speech when he was spotted. Gloria Dickson was emoting in a WPA show, and she mistook the scout for a masher. Ann Miller was dancing in a San Francisco night club. Mozella Milla, a newcomer, was first sighted collecting autographs of stars in front of the Brown Derby on Vine Street. Lucille Ball was a mannequin, Olympe Bradna romped in a chorus, Vincent Price was studying in England, and Frances Farmer took a free ocean voyage. That's where they were found!

So don't slap that talent scout in the face. And if he's legitimate, and tries to make a date, don't worry about the sex angle. It'll be entirely busi-

ARE YOU A POTENTIAL MOVIE STAR WAITING TO BE DISCOVERED? THE STUDIO



A tip from a relative and a sleuth dug up a radio announcer. You know him as leading man, Ronald Reagan.



It was in faraway Vienna that Ilona Massey charmed the man who was to make all her dreams come true.

By Irving Wallace

FOR TALENT

ness. Talent scouts are not fiends. They are usually gentle married men, who love nothing more exciting than a snappy game of checkers or a taffy-pull, and who grow petunias in the backyard. They get twenty-four hours of glamour a day, and are very, very bored by beautiful women and handsome men.

"Don't worry about talent scouts," insisted Solly Baiano, as he moved restlessly about his office. "We are reputable men. I don't know of one case on record, in the last years, where a scout has even bothered to make a pass at a cute girl.

"In fact, it's the other way around! Nowadays, after I've discovered a new girl and have her come to the studio, I keep my office door open. To call for help! I swear by that. Recently, several girls became, well, overly affectionate. Their friends told them the easiest way to get into the movies was by being cheap and loose. They thought the best technique was—stripping.

"That's out. The minute a girl cheapens herself in any way to try to influence me, I'm not interested in her. I've been in this business twenty-two years. In that time I've seen enough attractive girls to make me dizzy. In that time my feelings have not once upset my judgment. When I travel, I study girls impersonally, coldly. They're not human, they're talent; products to be developed and exploited.

"The only time I'm interested in sex is not when a girl acts it, but when she radiates it. Is that clear? Lew Golder and myself are the two official Warner Brothers scouts. We go hunting for women. We don't search for Grecian profiles and de Milo shapes. We search for women with spark and warmth, for women who, even when they're asking for a glass of water, get across oomph and sex!"

Solly Baiano, dark-haired, dynamic, perched on a corner of his desk, and told me exactly how a studio bloodhound goes about his work.

"A short time ago I took a trip through the West. I was looking for leading men and women. I was searching for tall men. None under six feet. A George Raft, Jim Cagney and John Garfield would be exceptions. That's because they're characters. We get that kind from Broadway. But anyway, I was looking for big leading men, fellows who looked husky enough to lick Dempsey—hero types. And as for women, I repeat, I searched for oomph.

"I visited, mainly, colleges and little theatres. I like college actors. They're not juveniles, and they're usually more intelligent, mature, and speak better English than the average. For example, I visited the University in Seattle. I spotted a boy and a girl. I thought the girl was the better, but I brought them both down to the producers. And the producers liked the boy! (*Continued on page 77*)



If he looks you up and down with a curious eye, don't get pugilistic—he may be your fairy godfather.

BLOODHOUNDS, WHOSE BUSINESS IT IS TO HUNT YOU OUT, EXPLAIN HOW THEY WORK

SIGHTING THE STARS WITH JULES BUCK, OUR RAJAH OF THE RAPID SHUTTERS



All set to make a killing is Walter Connolly checking in at the Santa Anita race-track. But his horse refused to cooperate.



Randolph Scott and the Fred Astaires were contributors to the house purse, too. The day's heaviest loser was Mr. Scott who placed all of his bets on long shots.



Basil Rathbone and his button-nosed Ouida arrive at a preview, accompanied by Mrs. R.'s rich-looking jewels, mink and velvet.



There are those who say that Carole is not too well, but she does look radiant before the health-giving smile of "old man" Gable.



Richard Greene shows his fiancee, Virginia Field, how to nab that mysterious prowler who has been annoying the film folk of late. Wendy Barrie was the last victim.



With "The Dictator" nearing completion, Charlie Chaplin steps out for an evening of frivolity with his lovely missus, Paulette Goddard.



Rhumba dancers, Ida Lupino and Reginald Gardiner, perform for Ann Sheridan, Frances Robinson and Lloyd Pantages at La Conga.



Anita Louise returns to boy-friend, Buddy Adler, and Hollywood after a successful personal appearance tour with her famous harp. Is she glad to be back? You bet!



Luck's with Mickey Rooney! First he's named top of the box office heap. Now Sidney Miller points out his horse is leading the race.



It's Fred MacMurray sneaking under the ropes to dodge some determined autograph collectors at a preview. Pretty clever, Mr. M.!



George Raft looks dubious about Norma Shearer's bet on Allergic at Santa Anita Her lapel pin is a replica of a little black boy Norma collects lapel gadgets as a hobby



Metallic embroidery in medieval corselet design on Loretta Young's dinner dress, newer than tomorrow's paper. With her is Robert Riskin, Hollywood's top-notch screen writer.



Mrs. Stu Erwin, mother of two children, is as beautiful as on the night the Duke of Kent asked to meet her. She was June Collyer then.



Ralph Bellamy may be one of the screen's best actors, but in "Twenty Questions," filmland's favorite guessing game, his wife is tops.



It's a fourth anniversary celebration for Jack Oakie and his attractive wife, Venita Varden. Mrs. O. gave up her career as an actress when she married the comedian.



It must have been a bang-up affair to bring Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, out of seclusion. They're not party-minded.



Joan Bennett and her newly acquired producer-husband, Walter Wanger. Their marriage license gives his age as 45; hers as 29.



Jean Arthur really takes "Grapes of Wrath" to heart, while her husband, Frank Ross, looks on with an appraising interest. Producer Zanuck paid $75,000 for screen rights.



It was an all-star night at La Conga and the Mexican meteor, Lupe Velez, with Clayton Moore, watches the big-timers perform.



Binnie Barnes and announcer Mike Frankovitch are still "that way" about each other. They've even set the date—September 26th.



The pert Helen Parrish looks on while boy-friend, Forrest Tucker, doles out $17.35 for the snack they'd just consumed. Without even the batting of an eyelash!



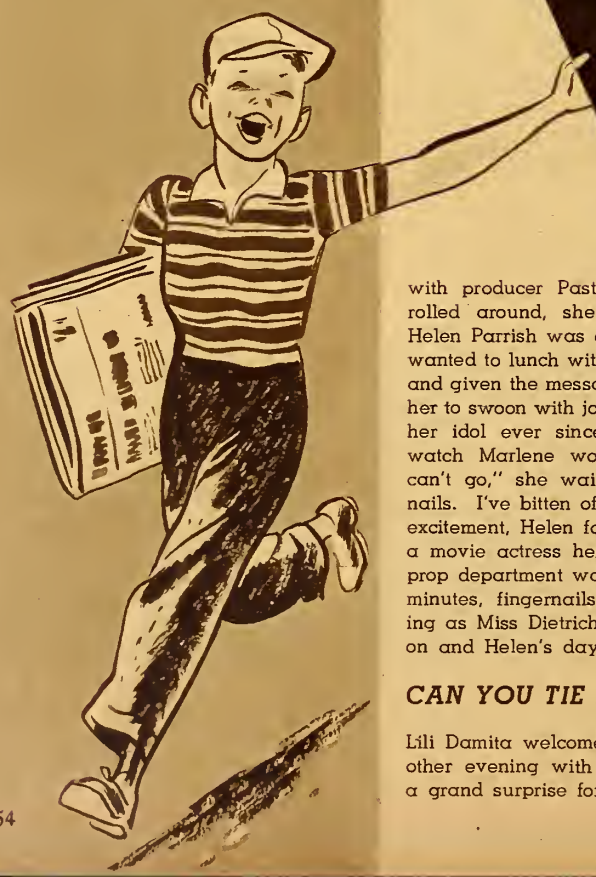
Easiest way to annoy Mrs. John Payne is to address her as Miss Anne Shirley. Says she, "I was Anne Shirley." And meaning it!



Now that their romance is table-talk, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are no longer camera shy. They're rid of the chaperon, too.

GOOD NEWS

THE LATEST CHATTER STRAIGHT FROM THE WESTERN FRONT



GINGER'S NEW OUTFIT

At a recent party, Ginger Rogers made her appearance in a silver lamé dress and matching turban. Ginger generally manages to steal the center of the stage from any of the glamour girls present, but in this costume she looked more peculiar than appealing. Her escort for the evening was designer Walter Plunkett. Overheard during the evening was the remark, "If Plunkett designed that dress for Ginger, he's certainly not in love with her." (*See page 43 for picture*).

BETTE BREAKS ANOTHER RECORD

Only one in Hollywood who knew about Jane Bryan's plans to marry was Bette Davis. Jane had gone blithely on letting the studio make much of her romance with Eddie Albert and all the time keeping mum about the fact that she even knew one Justin Dart. "If Janie hadn't eloped when she did," Bette said, "I would have had a complete nervous breakdown. After all, I'm only a woman, and I'd kept a secret for six whole months. That's an all-time feminine endurance record."

PAGING THE PROP DEPT.

Marlene Dietrich dropped in at Universal the other day to discuss her forthcoming picture with producer Pasternak. When noon-time rolled around, she asked the producer if Helen Parrish was on the lot that day. She wanted to lunch with her. Helen was paged and given the message, which almost caused her to swoon with joy since Dietrich has been her idol ever since she was permitted to watch Marlene work in "Destry." "But I can't go," she wailed, "look at my fingernails. I've bitten off three of them!" In her excitement, Helen forgot that, after all, she's a movie actress herself and that the studio prop department was at her service. In ten minutes, fingernails as gorgeous and glaring as Miss Dietrich's own had been pasted on and Helen's day was saved.

CAN YOU TIE IT?

Lili Damita welcomed Errol Flynn home the other evening with the news that she had a grand surprise for him. She ushered him into the living-room and pointed with pride to a new tapestry on the wall. "It's beautiful," agreed Errol, "where'd you get it?" "I made it," said his wife, with pride. "Out of all your Christmas ties. See that polka-dot pattern in the middle? That's the one I gave you!"

SO IT GOES!

Bette Davis' recent cocktail party at the Trocadero was a tremendous success. With two hundred guests invited, the Troc overflowed with six hundred before the afternoon was long on its way. Hedy Lamarr arrived in a black velvet outfit with a large floppy black hat, and was mistaken for Vivien Leigh by countless people. Must have been a blow for Hedy, after all the girls in town have been trying to look like her, to have people take her for the girl-of-the-moment, Vivien Leigh. Not long back, it was Joan Bennett mistaken for Hedy; now it's Hedy for Miss Leigh. To complete the jigsaw, why not Vivien for Miss Bennett!



BILL POWELL'S BRIDE

No one was any more surprised at the Bill Powell-Diana Lewis marriage than Diana herself. She and Powell had just returned from a week-end with friends at Palm Springs and were having dinner at the Powell home when Bill popped the question. The bride admits that the wedding-ring purchased by the groom just before the ceremony had to be taped in order to stay on her finger and that she had a terrific run in her stocking, besides. But she also admits that being Mrs. William Powell is too wonderful for words.

CRASHING THE MOVIES

On the set of "New Moon," Jeanette MacDonald was just going into a scene when her scarf slipped and fell to the floor. Rose, her maid of many years, picked it up and rushed right into camera-range exclaiming







By Lois Svensrud

"You dropped your scarf, Miss MacDonald." Overcome with embarrassment at her mistake, Rose burst into tears. Nothing that Jeanette said seemed to comfort her. But Director Robert Z. Leonard fixed it up in one moment. "I didn't realize what a grand speaking voice you have, Rose," he said. "We'll run the rushes tonight and if you look as good as you sound we'll use you for a bit in the picture." We're happy to report that Rose looked as good as she sounded and was rewarded with a small part in the picture.

GUESS WHO?

Into a Hollywood market walked a strange figure the other morning. It was raining and the girl, wearing a fleecy lamb coat, looked for all the world like a drowned cat. Her long blonde hair dripped and even her dark glasses were glistening with water. At the vegetable counter she asked for a bunch of baby carrots and trudged out into the rain again munching on them. Yah, Garbo VAS the girl.

DRUMMER BARNES

Binnie Barnes walked into the "Gulf Screen Guild Theatre" rehearsal with all the customary dignity of a British-bred lady—until she saw the drum in Oscar Bradley's band. Then she started to "beat the hides" like a typical jitterbug. Binnie admitted that she's an amateur drummer and plays in Ben Hecht's band composed of movie folk who are amateur musicians.

JUDY'S LOVE LIFE

Folks around the studio were pretty much agog when Judy Garland showed up the other day wearing Jimmy McCartney's fraternity ring. "Nothing romantic," said Judy. "I just like Jimmy and I like the Kappa Sigma ring." It's a foursome every time Judy and Jimmy date, for Sue Garland, Judy's 21-year-old sister, goes along with Jimmy's older brother. "I don't see how anyone could get romantic," sighed Judy, "when every date is such a family affair." The truth is that Judy still thinks Mr. Rooney has what it takes when it comes to romance. But Mickey never seems to take her seriously, regarding her as a child who should be taken to the badminton courts or the bowling alleys for an evening's diversion. The other evening Judy decided that she would get all "done up" like a glamour girl for Mickey. She thought he'd be so pleasantly surprised that he would suggest an evening of dining and dancing at the night-spots. Mickey arrived and surveyed the beauteous vision of Judy in white tulle and silver sequins. "Listen, toots," he said kindly, "that's not the kind of get-up sophisticated girls wear to bowl in. I've reserved an alley for eight sharp, so you'd better change in a hurry."

TOUGH COMPETITION FOR TRACY

Spencer Tracy came out of the projection-room at Metro the other day looking preoccupied. As he was getting into his car, Mickey Rooney strolled by and Tracy called out, "Wait a minute there, Mickey." "You know," he said as Mickey came up to him, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I've just seen 'Young Mr. Edison' and my next picture, in case you've forgotten, is 'Edison, the Man.' Believe me, you're making the competition pretty tough for an old guy like me." Incidentally, even the crews on the two pictures are making bets as to which picture will win the heaviest plaudits.

AT FARMER'S MARKET

Carole Lombard debating about the selection of hot buttered nuts at Magees, and sampling each kind before okaying the wrapping . . . Boris Karloff looking very domestic and not scaring a soul as he helps the Missus do the Saturday marketing . . . Mary Brian buying violets and saying "hello" to Dolores Costello as Mary chooses the reddest roses at Watanabe's Flower shop . . . Paulette Goddard trying to look unconcerned as she ignores the fans staring in open-mouth adoration at Charlie Chaplin . . . Comedian Bob Burns amusing the merchants as he queries how "this here co-op" is run.

WEST VS. FIELDS

On the set of "My Little Chickadee," Mae West and W. C. Fields struck up such a friendship that they have been seeing each other regularly since the picture was completed. With the whole town predicting that spontaneous combustion would result from teaming these two rugged individualists in the same picture, Mae and W. C. provided the surprise of the century by ending up fast friends. Oh, they had their words, but they also had their laughs. And now they get together for more of the latter at least once a week.

CLARK'S CHICKENS

The Clark Gables are spending every evening pouring over maps of South America. That's going to be their next trip—and they hope in the very near future. Only thing that's bothering Gable about leaving Hollywood for such a long time is the possibility of his chickens not getting the right care. For four months now he's personally taken care of them, night and morning, according to detailed instructions in the best government pamphlets. "I don't want to sound conceited," he told co-workers on the "Strange Cargo" set the other day, "but I wonder if anyone else would give those leghorns the unstinted devotion that I've lavished on them every day."

HE DOESN'T MISS A TRICK

A visitor of importance was being taken around the Goldwyn Studios the other day by no less a personage than Sam Goldwyn himself. They came to a large set and Mr. G. launched into an explanation of the scene. "See those steps over there?" he asked, pointing out a tremendous flight of stairs to the right. "Down those steps will come one hundred dancing girls. And down that flight of stairs on the left will come one hundred men on one hundred beautiful horses. From those woods over there will come two hundred fairies and elves. Imagine all that—all in one scene! And with a symphonic accompaniment of wood winds and singing violins too!" The beaming producer clapped his hand on the visitor's shoulder. "Colossal, isn't it?" he enthused. "But say," he added, looking at the man's lapel with a marked drop of enthusiasm, "what a lousy job the tailor did on that button-hole!"



FAY BAINTER

IT'S A TOUGH WORLD

The other day our photographer went out to Bobby Breen's house to take some pictures. Bobby greeted him with such a long face that our camera-sleuth said, "Hey, there, where's that customary Breen grin?" "I don't feel so good," said Bobby. "Jeepers, I thought if I had my picture taken I could get out of going to the dentist. But that guy's just called and said he'll take me later. Gleeps," he added drearily, "wouldn'cha think a fellow'd get a break once in his life?"

CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK

When Bing Crosby goes on his daily morning jaunt to Santa Anita to look over the horses, he's accompanied by all four of his sons. The boys aren't allowed around the races, but Bing lets them wander around and admire the horseflesh at the stables. No doubt about it, all the boys have inherited their pappy's love of horses. Each of the three older ones has a horse. Even the youngest son, Lindsay, jogs around the family backyard strapped to a saddle.

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL

Character actor Charles Trowbridge and his wife took a trip to Mexico to get away from the familiar faces of Hollywood. In the tiny hillside town of Taxco, far away even from cosmopolitan Mexico City, the Trowbridges ducked into a quaint little bar. From a corner booth they heard American voices which they seemed to recognize. Then they went over to greet—Myrna Loy and her husband Arthur Hornblow! Agreed that it was quite impossible to get away from Hollywood, they all sat down to a dinner of enchilados and a good gab-fest about—you guessed it—Hollywood!

AROUND TOWN

Autograph hounds catching Jimmy Stewart just outside the Westwood Village Theatre, and making him sign their books in the pouring rain . . . Helen Parrish and Forrest Tucker holding hands at La Conga, but denying any early marriage date . . . Linda Darnell looking pretty as a picture in a tulle evening dress and dancing with Robert Shaw at the Cocoanut Grove . . . Reggie Gardiner having the time of his life escorting both Frances Robinson and Ida Lupino to La Conga. Louis Hayward had to work that night . . . Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor dodging the fans at a Pantages Theatre preview by sneaking under the ropes . . . Ann Sheridan at the Brown Derby advising her escort, Jean Negulesco, that she wants a medium rare steak with



PAT O'BRIEN

French fries . . . Barbara and Bob Taylor mounting the balcony steps at the Village Theatre preview of Barbara's new picture. They like upstairs best not only because of the view but because they can smoke up there . . . Dietrich bowing to her fans with a queenly grace as she exits from an important premiere. It's always quite obvious that Marlene loves the applause . . . Binnie Barnes proudly displaying her five-and-a-half-carat diamond ring to Gregory and Gus, co-headwaiters at the Beverly Brown Derby, and grinning at Mike Frankovitch as the boys "oooh" and "ah" . . . Mickey Rooney patting a small boy on the head and saying "You're welcome, Sonny," after scrawling his name in the kid's autograph book.

THE MENACE RELAXES

On the set of "Black Friday," the new Lugosi-Karloff shiverer, a scene had just been played wherein the tenth murder was committed. Actually, there are twelve and a half murders in this picture, since one of the victims is half dead when Mr. Lugosi finishes him off. However, the tenth murder we were witnessing was lurid enough. The victim was lying on the floor breathing his last, with Mr. Karloff leering down at him, when someone from the sidelines called, "Four o'clock, Mr. Karloff!" The leer disappeared like magic and the Karloff countenance was benign as he left the scene and settled down in a chair drawn up to a tea-table. "Four o'clock," explained Mr. Karloff, "is my tea-time, and nothing can keep me from it. Yep," he said, noting our amazement, "it's tea—not TNT."

LOVE WITH SHOES

Gail Patrick thinks that "My Favorite Wife" is the most wonderful picture that has ever fallen to her lot. "Oh sure, the story's all right, the cast is fine and all that," she said, "but what's so wonderful about it is that I can keep my shoes on!" Gail, you know, measures five feet eight in her stocking feet and most leading men can't beat that record. "For the first time in my life," she sighed blissfully, "I can keep my spike heels on as I look adoringly up at the leading man." Cary Grant, the leading man in question wandered by and said, "Gail, an adoring glance would look good from you any time—even in stocking feet."

NOT A BAD IDEA

The story is going the rounds about an amusing incident in the filming of a Cecil B. DeMille picture. It was a typical DeMille mob scene with a thousand or so extras lined up for directions. Mr. DeMille's assistants and assistant assistants had given orders for complete quiet before the director would



ANN SHERIDAN

talk. A hush fell on the crowd at once, but Mr. DeMille's eagle eye spotted a girl in the last row whispering to a companion. "Will you," he blared through the microphone, pointing at the girl, "come up on the platform at once?" The girl, shaking in her boots, made her way through the mob and up to the platform. "Now," said Mr. DeMille, "if what you have to say is important enough to tell your friend at a time like this, it is important enough to tell all of us." The girl shook her head, mumbled that it wasn't important, that she was sorry, and please, she didn't want to repeat it. Mr. DeMille was adamant, "Just say it right here into the microphone," he insisted. So the girl stepped to the mike and said, "I just said I wondered when this so-and-so was going to let us go to lunch." Mr. DeMille gulped, then stepped to the mike. "Lunch!" he announced.

NO PEACE FOR THE FAMOUS

At a Hollywood drive-in, Pat O'Brien and his wife, Eloise, sat down at the counter and ordered hamburgers and coffee. By the time the order arrived, a dozen fans had congregated, some begging for autographs and the rest just ready to stand by and get a good look at the actor. But Pat pulled a fast one on them. He shook hands all around, then picked up his plate and coffee cup and adjourned to his car at the curb. There he consumed his lunch in peace and quiet behind locked doors.

AUNT JOAN

Joan Crawford took her six-year-old niece to see "Ninotchka" at a neighborhood theatre the other evening. When the scene where Garbo gets a bottle of goat's milk flashed on the screen, Joanie, Jr., stood up and yelled, "Goat's milk built me up, too!"

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE!

The other evening Hedy Lamarr noticed that one of Bette Davis' pictures was playing at a neighborhood theatre, so she and her housekeeper started out to see it. A long line was waiting at the box-office so Hedy and her companion lined up with them. However, the show wasn't going on for another half-hour, so they finally decided to go around to the side-door and see if an usher would let them in. An usher came to the door all right, but on hearing Hedy's proposition, said, "Say, listen, the only one who ever went in this side door was Shirley Temple. Who in heck do you think you are?" Hedy reports that she and the housekeeper sulked away and rejoined the line in front of the theatre.

ALONG SUNSET STRIP

Alice Faye smiling as Maurice, the florist, calls her "Mademoiselle" then hastily changes it to "Madame" when he remembers her real name. Whereupon Alice bought an extra bouquet of pink carnations . . . Edward G. Robinson speeding along in his green coupe and puffing on a very big seegar . . . Fanny Brice rehearsing her Baby Snooks routine and sitting up in front with the chauffeur while the back seat of her swanky town car is entirely empty . . . Eddie Cantor carefully choosing his smallest daughter's favorite candy bar at Tobey's Drugstore . . . Gracie Allen waving and yelling at some friends as she drives by, and causing plenty of horn tooting behind her as she holds up traffic.



GAIL PATRICK

PARCEL-POST HOME

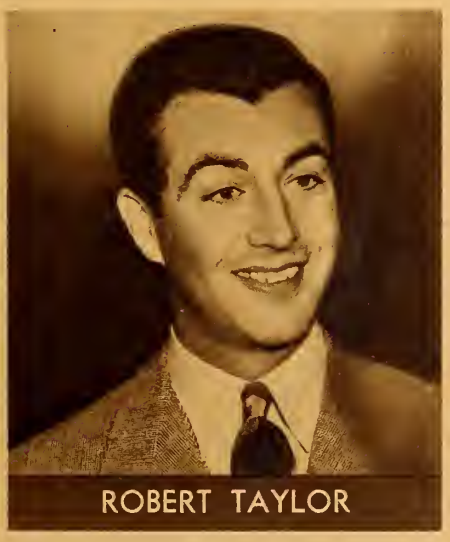
Incidentally, Alice Faye and Tony Martin won't be staying long in their rented home. Their San Fernando house is slowly but surely nearing completion, though neither of the Martins has been on hand to speed up the proceedings. They call it their parcel-post home, since contractors sent them pictures and plans every week while the stars were in New York. Now that Alice has returned to the coast she still refuses to go near the house until every stick of furniture is in place. "I just couldn't go through the disappointment again of seeing the house and then having something happen to it before we moved in," she says. That's what happened a few months ago, you know, when the Martin home burned to the ground before there had been time for a legitimate house-warming. We wish the Martins better luck this time!

THE MEN HAVE THE FLOOR

On the set of "Too Many Husbands," Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas were staging a free-for-all-three fight. The studio had constructed padded walls and floors for the scene, to make sure that such valuable property as Arthur, MacMurray and Douglas would come out of the fracas undented. After a few rehearsals, Jean complained to the director that neither of the men would hit her hard enough. "It isn't fair," she said. "They've got an agreement to knock each other down every other time, and me, I never get a chance to rest on that padded floor."

JUST IN CASE

From Sun Valley, Idaho, comes the news that Claudette Colbert is the best woman skier who ever hit that famous resort. Claudette admits that she's taken lessons for years and has really concentrated upon becoming an expert. "I suppose I am pretty good," she admits, "but you'll note I never go on a skiing jaunt without my husband. And believe me, I never take off for a jump without making sure that my doctor is right on the job at the foot of the slide."



ROBERT TAYLOR

SHORT SHOTS

Deanna Durbin gets kissed twice in "It's A Date." The lucky man is Lewis Howard . . . Wally Beery has transformed the back seat of his new car into a nursery on wheels for his new adopted daughter, Phyllis Ann. There's ever a heater for her bottle . . . Betty Grable sold her Arrowhead cabin to dancing teacher Arthur Murray . . . Mae West says she's looking forward to her next picture. Her leading man will be Wally Beery . . . Jimmy Stewart has bought a lot in his home town, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and says he's going to build a home on it for himself . . . Dorothy Lamour does her first dancing on the screen in "Dance With The Devil," and says she was scared to death the day they shot the scene . . . Edgar Kennedy is trying to find somebody who wants to buy $200 worth of ski equipment. Says he'll never learn how to keep both feet where they belong, and is going to give up trying . . . Lindy's Cafe is featuring Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler cocktails . . . Anne Shirley is part owner of a local dress shop . . . Gladys George is writing an autobiography . . . Bette Davis now owns a home in Hollywood on Los Feliz Boulevard, and wouldn't move in until she had designed all the furniture and drapes . . . M-G-M has given Ann Rutherford a $1000 bonus for behaving so beautifully while on her personal appearance tour.

IT WORKED

Movie stars have thought up a new idea to dodge the candid camera's eye. At the Brown Derby the other day, Norma Shearer, Dorothy Lamour and Madeleine Carroll were lunching together. Three such lovelies made a grand picture prospect so a couple of cameramen rushed up and asked the girls to strike a pose. "Sorry," said the stars, "but look!" They pointed to their heads—all full of hair curlers. Seems there is something about hair curlers that will scare any man—even a cameraman—and the two photo-sleuths left without an argument.

WHY, MR. FIELDS!

W. C. Fields was so hesitant about encouraging friends to drop by his dressing-room at Universal that word got around he was "getting difficult." "Difficult, my grandmother," said Fields, when a pal dropped him a hint. "I'm just extremely nervous. What would my fine-feathered friends say if they dropped in and saw me smoking on a peach satin chaise longue beside a dressing-table bending under thirty bottles of perfume?" Marlene Dietrich's former dressing-room, it developed, had fallen to the lot of poor Mr. Fields.(*Continued on page 103*)



JOAN CRAWFORD

HEART THROBS IN THE HEADLINES



Gable's a backward boy compared to Vivien Leigh's real heart interest, Laurence Olivier. They've been in love for years but at Selznick's request their romance was kept quiet till the completion of "GWTW."



THE EXCITING ROMANCE OF LAURENCE OLIVIER AND VIVIEN LEIGH BLAZES BRILLIANTLY ON THE HOLLYWOOD HORIZON

THERE ARE three important steps in every love affair. I see you, I know you, and I want you. Laurence Olivier took them all at a leap—and landed in the arms of Vivien Leigh.

Laurence first met Vivien in the summer of 1936 during the production of a British film in which they both appeared. The instant his brooding brown eyes lit on her fiery green ones, he was smitten by that powerful something which stops men cold. Now, love is all right in its place but its place, he knew, is not in the heart of a man who is supposedly the devoted husband of another woman. Laurence had been married to Jill Esmond for six years and she had borne him a son. He didn't want to hurt her. Neither did he care to upset Leigh Holman, his beloved's spouse and father of her little daughter, Suzanne.

But Vivien's fascination was greater than Laurie's good intentions. He found he couldn't live without her. And he wasn't a bit angry when he found she couldn't live without him. Before long, they left their mates and their children for each other. There was no alternative.

Vivien and Laurence are a likable, honest pair. They have never attempted to conceal their romance. Perhaps their mutual "we'll-do-as-we-please-and-drat-public-opinion" attitude has played a huge part in holding them together. For example, it is no secret that Vivien left London and followed Laurie to Hollywood because she couldn't endure the separation caused by his work in "Wuthering Heights." Nor is there any mystery about her "chance" meeting with Agent Myron Selznick, and her eventual "Scarlett" assignment. Laurie arranged that. He pulled every string he could find to keep her by his side and, when the omnipotent David O. awarded her the most discussed role since Bernhardt played Camille, it was his off-the-set encouragement which led her to a magnificent performance.

Some months ago, Jill Esmond Olivier filed suit for divorce, and more recently Leigh Holman took similar steps. Before the year is out Vivien and her inamorato will be free to head for the altar—and it's a cinch they'll waste no time getting there.



Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.

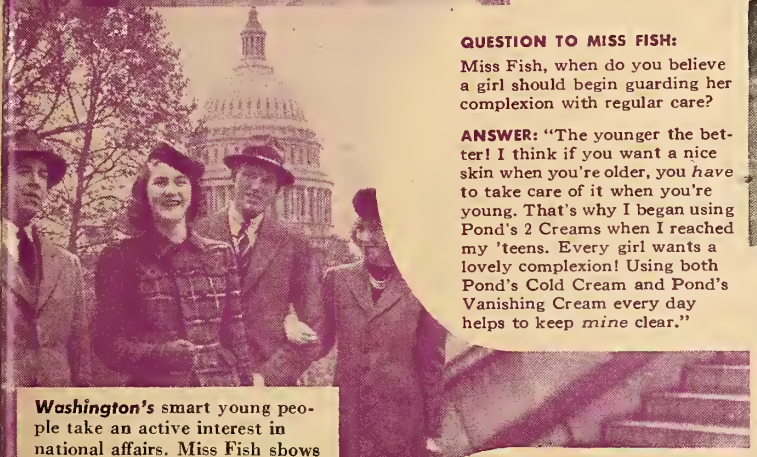
Making Her Debut



Miss Janet Holden of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—is ambitious to be a buyer some day.

Writing Sales Slips

BUT BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH AND YOUNG LOOKING WITH POND'S



Washington's smart young people take an active interest in national affairs. Miss Fish shows out-of-town guests some of the city's historic landmarks.

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:
Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

ANSWER: "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you *have* to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my 'teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep *mine* clear."

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:
Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

ANSWER: "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."



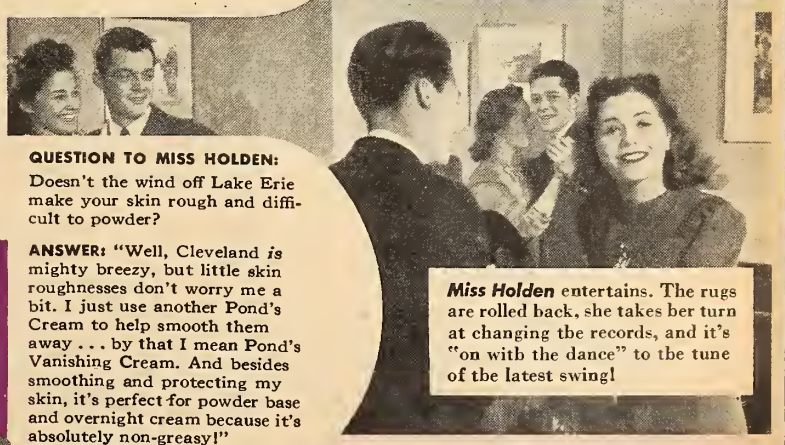
Life for a Washington debutante means a constant round of parties—this spring Miss Fish is having the busiest season she has ever known.



A Sunday ride in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests stopping for "franks" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:
In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in *a* career girl's success?

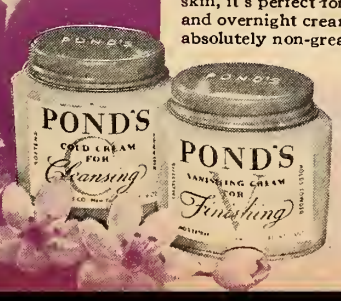
ANSWER: "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a *good appearance!* But nothing cheats your looks like *a* dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep *my* skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"



Miss Holden entertains. The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing the records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing!

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:
Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "Well, Cleveland *is* mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away . . . by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVD, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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(Continued from page 6)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Barrymore, John	Newspaper Cartoonist	The Sea Beast	1926	Hunting	Agriculture	P	Home—1116 BaLagio, Bel-Air
Barrymore, Lionel	Stage Actor	Friends	1909	Fishing	Composing Music	M G M	Home—802 N. Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills
Barthelmess, Richard	Business Man	War Brides	1916	Sailing	Carpentry	C	Home—501 Sunset Blvd., Beverly Hills
Bartholomew, Fred	Student	David Copperfield	1935	Swimming	Stamp Collecting	R K O	Studio—780 Gower St., Hollywood
Baxter, Warner	Insurance Agent	Her Own Money	1922	Riding	Wood Carving	T C F	Home—688 Nimes Road. Bel-Air
Beery, Wallace	Animal Trainer	Behind the Door	1920	Golf	Photography	M G M	Home—816 Alpine Drive. Beverly Hills
Bellamy, Ralph	Stage Carpenter	The Secret Six	1931	Tennis	None	C	Home—10401 Wyton, Los Angeles
Benchley, Robert	Author	Headline Shooter	1933	Riding	Collecting Collar Buttons	M G M	Home—Garden of Allah. Hollywood
Bennett, Constance	Student	Cytherea	1924	Swimming	Playing Bridge	T C F	Home—280 N. Carolwood Dr., Holmby Hills
Bennett, Joan	Interior Decorator	Bulldog Drummond	1922	Badminton	Interior Decorating	U A	Home—515 S. Mapleton. Holmby Hills
Benny, Jack	Doorman	Hollywood Revue of 1929	1929	Golf	Impersonating Celebrities	P	Home—1002 No. Roxbury, Beverly Hills
Bergen, Edgar	Ventriloquist	Goldwyn Follies	1938	Football	Making Home Movies	U	Home—9876 Beverly Grove, Beverly Hills
Bergman, Ingrid	Stage Actress (in Sweden)	Intermezzo, a Love Story	1939	Badminton	Blending Perfume	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood
Blondell, Joan	Salesgirl	Sinner's Holiday	1930	Tennis	Dress Designing	C	Home—711 N. Maple, Beverly Hills
Bogart, Humphrey	Prop Boy	Up the River	1930	Polo	Collecting Firearms	W B	Home—9787 Shoreham, Holmby Hills
Boland, Mary	Stock Player	Secrets of a Secretary	1931	Hiking	Sculpture	P	Home—Plaza Apts., Beverly Hills
Boles, John	Bank Clerk	Loves of Sunya	1927	Boating	Short Story Writing	U A	Home—257 S. Roxbury, Beverly Hills
Bolger, Ray	Salesman	The Great Ziegfeld	1936	Dancing	Collecting Records	M G M	Home—513 N. Martel, Hollywood
Boyd, William	Hotel Clerk	Bobbed Hair	1922	Riding	Photography	P	Home—22048 Roosevelt Hway., Bel-Air
Boyer, Charles	Teacher	Big House	1930	Tennis	Collecting Museum Pieces	U	Home—9955 Beverly Estates, Beverly Hills
Bradna, Olympe	Dancer	Three Cheers for Love	1936	Swimming	Dancing	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Brent, George	Diamond Miner	Rich Are Always With Us	1932	Yachting	Fashioning Wrought Iron Furniture	W B	Home—704 N. Palm Drive, Beverly Hills
Brice, Fanny	Dancer	My Man	1927	Dancing	Knitting	M G M	Home—312 N. Farring Rd., Holmby Hills
Brook, Clive	Newspaperman	Christine of Hungry Heart	1924	Baseball	Script Writing	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Brooks, Phyllis	Model	I've Been Around	1935	Tennis	Embroidering Tapestry	R K O	Home—962 Manning Ave., West Los Angeles
Brown, Joe E.	Acrobat	Crooks Can't Win	1928	Fishing	Managing Baseball Team	C	Home—707 N. Walden Drive, Beverly Hills
Brown, John Mack	Football Coach	The Bugle Call	1927	Hunting	Taxidermy	U	Home—1119 Calla Vista Drive, Beverly Hills
Brown, Tom	Stage Actor	Little Red Schoolhouse	1923	Fencing	Collecting Pipes	U	Home—3950 Longridge. No. Hollywood
Bruce, Virginia	Showgirl	The Love Parade	1929	Bridge	Sketching	M G M	Home—618 N. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills
Bryan, Jane	Stock Player	Case of the Black Cat	1936	Swimming	Crocheting	W B	Home—324 S. Medio, Brentwood
Burke, Billie	Stage Actress	Peggy	1916	Tennis	Designing Hats	M G M	Home—607 N. Elm Dr., Beverly Hills
Burnette, Smiley	Rancher	In Old Sante Fe	1934	Hunting	Collecting Hotel Letterheads	R	Studio—4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood
Burns, Bob	Night Club Entertainer	The Singing Vagabond	1936	Riding	Inventing Anecdotes	P	Home—1021 Stone Canyon Rd., Bel-Air
Burns, George	Vaudevillian	Big Broadcast of 1932	1931	Golf	Saving Pennies	P	Home—720 N. Maple Dr., Beverly Hills
Butterworth, Charles	Reporter	The Life of the Party	1930	Squash	Collecting Dictionaries	P	Home—400 Parkwood, Holmby Hills
Byington, Spring	Stock Player	Little Women	1933	Deck Tennis	Painting	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Byrd, Ralph	Singer	Hell-Ship Morgan	1936	Flying	Arranging Music	R	Studio—4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood
Cabot, Bruce	Seaman	Roadhouse Murder	1932	Football	Dog Breeding	W B	Home—Riviera Country Club, Santa Monica
Cagney, James	Dancer	Sinner's Holiday	1930	Golf	Farming	W B	Home—621 Hillcrest Rd., Beverly Hills

(Continued on page 65)

THE MAIN STREET FORUM AGREES—

"Babies take to Clapp's!"



1. The Young Thing with her first baby starts it off by remarking, "I'm starting Barbara on strained foods next week. I suppose it won't matter to her which brand I buy, will it?"

The chorus of protest rises loud and emphatic. "Oh, doesn't it?"..."... why, there's all the difference—" "... if my baby could talk, he'd tell you—" "My Wallie *can* talk —he's on Chopped Foods now—and he—"

One speaker finally gets the floor ...



2. The energetic ex-business girl says, as she tucks a week's groceries away at the feet of her offspring, "Babies are very choosy about flavor. And Clapp's are so fresh-tasting. They seem like vegetables right fresh out of a garden. You just ought to open up all the brands of strained or chopped spinach some time and taste them yourself. Clapp's would win in a walk!"



3. The former schoolteacher who has read up on infant diet gets in a word: "Clapp's vegetables are specially raised for baby foods. Clapp's aren't ordinary canners, you know. They made baby foods long before the others, and they don't make anything else. They've spent years working with plant-breeders to develop vegetables full of vitamins and minerals and flavor."



4. The comfortable mother of four says, "Listen! It's texture, too. Some foods are too thick for a baby's tongue, and some are so thin he doesn't learn to eat. Clapp's are exactly right. And you'll be glad you started with Clapp's when your baby's older! Clapp's Chopped Foods have the same good flavors, and she'll go on to them so easily—and thrive on 'em for years!"

17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.



12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Junior Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Applesauce • Prunes **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.



Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

I TOLD THE CONDUCTOR WHERE TO GET OFF



BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

"Where's your fare?" the conductor wants to know—and me without even a dime. "Right here," says I, passing him a stick of Beeman's. "Spent my last nickel for it. And is it a treat! Taste that keen, fresh flavor, that delightful tang—"

"Beeman's!" says he, looking mighty tempted. "I've been hankering for a chew of that smooth, tasty gum. Beeman's flavor rings the bell with me every time. Always fresh, always peppy. And just to show you I appreciate it—by golly, I'll lend you your fare myself!"

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

THE CRADLE GENIUS

(*Continued from page 31*)

tall, a giant of a man, six feet three inches in all. He is not fat. He is big-boned, shaggy, loose. The most arresting feature about him are his eyes. A woman would call them "soulful." Maybe "expressive" would be more accurate. They are flexible, quick, talkative eyes, and when he is silent, they speak.

The second misconception concerning Orson Welles deals with his ego. The popular idea being that he is a trifle too cocky. The public has been told he is overly egotistic. Which is actually as accurate as back-fence gossip. The trouble is not with Welles, but with those who write about him. He is clever, a magician with words. Interviewers, trying to match their own blunt personalities against his keen one, are annoyed. They resent, also, his youth. They compensate by "getting even" in their articles. They twist his words. Sensationalize innocent phrases. Poke fun at him.

THIS, then, is officially for the record. Orson Welles is not an ego maniac. He's a charming, affable, quiet-spoken young man—naively frank, pleasantly colorful. He's the kind of guy you'd like for your big brother. You know, the brother who got some place. That's Orson Welles, a swell egg. A brilliant one, too.

And now, while he was putting away the remnants of his half-hour breakfast, he charged verbally into the subject of movieland.

"To begin with," he said, "there are two Hollywoods—the Movie Town and the Social Town. Speaking of the former, of the working town, I love it. People here, right down to the smallest prop man, are more alive than anywhere on earth. Even the most minor workman on the lot knows all about the movies. He could be a producer overnight. He is vital and learned. He is interested.

"But on Broadway it's different. The fellow who pulls the curtain doesn't even know the name of the play he's on. I hate Broadway! I hate the theatrical Broadway! Ever since the day I broke in, I have been at odds with it, because I consider that Broadway and its theatre utterly stagnant, and bankrupt of originality and spine. My preference runs to the cheesy Broadway. At least it's honest."

Orson Welles exhaled, loosened the belt of his grey gabardines a notch or two, and continued:

"As for Hollywood, the Social Town, well, I haven't been here long, but I feel I understand it. To date, I've been to only four parties. You know, the big obvious ones, where even I could get in. I've been working too hard for night life.

"But I'm sure Hollywood isn't what it used to be. Once it was what people expected, a wild boom town, where a new gold had been discovered, and actors, naturally a crazy and vagabond ilk, ran loose.

"Today that's gone. Hollywood is horribly respectable. The actors are too sober. They play cricket and polo; they read books and build big homes and do the right things. It's all very middle class. That is because Hollywood is now in its second generation. It's behaving, maturing, and the actors are busy being cultured and making money. Well, God knows, I don't blame them for wanting to make money. I'm a dreadfully commercial creature myself.

"But in brief, Hollywood is socially disillusioning. Like a million actors toiling in a factory, which indeed they are. The weakness of the town is not that it hasn't the best people, because it has. The weakness is that the best people aren't doing their best work. All very amazing!"

At this point, I sneezed. I had a cold. Two publicity men hurried through the dining room, coughing. The maid, taking out the dishes, went achoo.

Orson Welles scowled, and tugged nervously at his beard.

"Everybody seems to have a cold. I'm susceptible. And now, if I get a cold—listen, I'm not a hypochondriac, but I can't afford a cold. Let's get out in the sun!"

IT was better in the sun. Orson settled his big bulk in a chair by the small blue swimming pool, and contemplated his beard—a blackish Assyrian item which he started growing in November of 1938 for his stage play, "Danton's Death."

The beard got him on the subject of big moments and thrills, and he began talking about the most thrilling moment in all his life.

"It was the greatest, most glorious few seconds in my career," he recalled. "It was the first night I played on a professional stage in Dublin. I enacted the Duke in "Power." The role was an actor's dream, what with a seduction, a murder and a deathbed scene. In that role I received the most heart-stopping, terrific ovation of my life. I've never had a bigger one. (*Cont'd on page 64*)



These three Daniel Boone-ish lads are Walter Brennan, Spencer Tracy and Robert Young. They make Kenneth Roberts' best-selling "Northwest Passage" one of the most thrilling screen experiences in many a day.



On OLIVIA de HAVILLAND'S dates—on YOURS sweet, fragrant skin WINS!



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND knows no woman can afford to neglect the charm of perfect *daintiness*. She uses her complexion soap as a daily bath soap, too, because it has ACTIVE lather—makes you *sure*. When you step out of a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you're fresh from top to toe. Your skin is *sweet*, fragrant with a perfume that *clings*.

YOU will love a luxurious daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap—a bath that makes daintiness *sure!* This gentle complexion soap has ACTIVE lather that leaves skin *really* clean —fresh and *sweet*.

The Complexion Soap 9 out [illegible] of 10 Screen Stars use

WIN A FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD



3 FREE VACATIONS in MOVIELAND 51 OTHER PRIZES!

"Perfume of the Stars"

THREE girls will go to Hollywood this summer **absolutely free of cost**—as guests of PERFUME OF THE STARS! Think of it! Two weeks of thrilling good times with train, hotel and meals paid for! See film hits in the making . . . meet and be photographed with the Stars . . . visit the Glamor Spots of Movieland!

You might win one of these free trips to Hollywood . . . or a year's tuition and room at Defiance College . . . or one of 50 De Vilbiss Atomizers filled with PERFUME OF THE STARS, in the exquisite fragrance that accents your charm and personality.

Here's All You Have to Do

Beauty and talent not essential. Unknowingly you may be a "movie type." Merely GO TO YOUR TEN CENT STORE and obtain a bottle of either *Joan Blondell* or *Franciska Gaal* Perfume. Follow the easy Rules of the Contest on the back of each card affixed to the bottle. Answer a few simple questions about yourself and send the card, or facsimile, together with a snapshot or photo of yourself, as directed.

Nothing to compose! Nothing else to do. Mail before May 1st, 1940. Winners announced June 1st. Don't delay! Visit your ten-cent store today—it may win you one of 54 prizes! This is something you don't want to miss!

4TH PRIZE:

One Year's Tuition and Room Paid For at

DEFIANCE COLLEGE



Located in Defiance, Ohio it has a record of 94% graduate placements for past 10 years.

NEXT 50 PRIZES:

Beautifully Designed

DE VILBISS ATOMIZERS



Each filled with 1 oz. of PERFUME OF THE STARS. You'll love its fragrance!

10c AT LEADING TEN-CENT STORES



IF YOUR 10c STORE CANNOT SUPPLY YOU . . MAIL COUPON

WARREN-SMITH CO., DEPT. 8-D, DEFIANCE, OHIO

Please send me . . . . . bottles of PERFUME OF THE STARS mounted on Entry Cards. Check choice: ☐ *Joan Blondell* ☐ *Franciska Gaal*. I enclose 10c for each.

Name.....

Address.....

I'll never forget it—though it now seems a very long time ago!"

It was only eight years ago. Orson was sixteen. He had gone through his $500 bankroll and the whole of Ireland on a painting tour, and wound up broke in Dublin. There, he approached the manager of the Gate Theatre, decided a white lie was expedient, insisted he was a veteran star of the New York Theatre Guild—and was immediately offered the honor of being a "guest performer!"

What is the background of this towering child with the man's voice?

He was born on May 16, 1915, in Kenosha, Wisconsin, which has produced automobiles, bed springs, Don Ameche and your author. His full name was George Orson Welles, the George being tacked on for the family friend, George Ade, the humorist. His mother, Beatrice, was a concert pianist. His father, Richard Head Welles, was an inventor who patented a new mechanical dishwasher (which mangled dishes), and a handy collapsible picnic set which was purchased by Washington, D. C., for the doughboys in 1917 (and which, according to Orson, "contributed greatly to the horrors of the World War!")

"My parents died when I was quite young," Orson told me. "I owe everything to the two persons who took care of me afterwards. I refer to Roger Hill and Dr. Maurice Bernstein. I'll never forget their kindness."

Dr. Bernstein, a famous orthopedic surgeon in Chicago, was appointed Orson's guardian. Orson was fourteen at the time. He was already a footlight veteran. At the age of seven he had made his debut on the floor of Marshall Field's in Chicago. He received $25 a day (non-union wages) and played Peter Rabbit. At the age of nine he was with the Chicago Opera Company. He was fired because he ate too much and grew too fast. Dr. Bernstein saw Orson through those early years—and to this day, though his every minute is at a premium, Orson takes time off once a week to write Dr. Bernstein.

THE other man who aided him, Roger Hill, is now principal of the Todd School, in Woodstock, Illinois, where Orson, at twelve, met Shakespeare.

Schoolmates tell me Orson, despite his youth, dominated the dramatics at Woodstock. He was six feet tall, and his ideas were just as big. He directed "Julius Caesar" for the Drama League competition. Todd School lost because the judges objected to the characters of Cassius, Marc Anthony and the Soothsayer. "The three students in those parts," claimed the judges, "are too old for this competition, too experienced." The three students playing Cassius, Anthony and the Soothsayer were—Orson Welles!

After that, he girdled the globe. From Dublin and London to Morocco and Manhattan. He visited three continents and Jamaica. He tried to crash Broadway, got tired of walk-ons, and took a boat to Africa. There, in Morocco, he lived with a native chief, said he was writing a travel book, instead wrote a text called "The Mercury Shakespeare."

This book, now being published on his own press and being released by Harper Brothers, contained sketches of stage settings, movements, costumes. To date 120,000 copies have been sold! He wrote it when he was eighteen!

He still does his own writing, for stage, radio and movies. "I can't work on a typewriter," he confessed sadly. "If I do, I'm too lazy to make changes. When I'm sure of what I want to say, I dictate. When I'm not sure, and have a good deal of crossing out to do, I work in longhand. I like to write in bed, or out here in the sun. I'd hate to be a newspaperman at a desk. I prefer my own hours and personal comforts."

Finally, in his drive to the top, Orson Welles turned to radio. He became the anonymous voice of "The Shadow," cavorting in the character of a millionaire playboy who foiled crooks by night and ended his programs with the eerie, skin-pimpling, "The Shadow knows all—ha-ha-haaa!"

Then, quite suddenly, a series of amazing events occurred. Orson Welles met Thornton Wilder, the playwright, who gave him a letter to Alexander Woolcott, the wit, who introduced him to Katharine Cornell, the stage star, who hired him to play Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet."

That was the end of Welles the Wanderer. The beginning of Welles the Genius. Now, overnight, his legend grew.

ONE evening, a twenty-nine-year-old ex-grain merchant, John Houseman, saw Orson on the stage, and signed him for a poetic play piece called "Panic." It ran three nights. It wasn't a success. But the partnership of Orson Welles and John Houseman was.

They did strange things together: "Macbeth," with an all negro cast; "The Cradle Will Rock," a labor musical, staged in the orchestra and aisles when the union wouldn't permit them to use the regular boards; "Julius Caesar," done in ordinary modern clothes, presented as a take-off on Mussolini's fascism; "Heartbreak House," a three-hour play by George Bernard Shaw, who answered Orson's request to produce it with a typical cable reading, "Who in the hell are you?"

Finally, Orson Welles presented the now infamous Martian broadcast, H. G. Wells' "The War of the Worlds." Orson's version was so realistic that thousands of listeners actually thought the United States was being invaded by men from the planet, Mars. New Yorkers hurried to Connecticut for safety. In Michigan, an entire church was quickly filled with people praying for mercy. Sleepy recruiting officers were awakened by young men who wanted to enlist in the army, to save us from the Mars invaders!

Orson won't discuss that broadcast. "I'm tired of hearing about it. No one has said anything original about it for at least nine months."

Now, in Hollywood, Orson Welles is in his element. In a land of strange characters, he is the strangest, the most unusual, the most brilliant. He thinks the greatest geniuses in Hollywood are Charlie Chaplin and Walt Disney, and as he whispered to me, "three directors whose names I had better not mention." He eats all his meat broiled, won't touch Scotch, is on a careful diet, and has temporarily given up seventy-five cent cigars for a briar pipe.

He sleeps on his stomach. He doesn't snore. He can snooze for thirty-six hours at a stretch. "I've only got two bedrooms," he explained to me, proudly. "You see, nothing pretentious." He devotes many minutes to letting his little brown spaniel in and out of the house. "She's so much bother," he sighed. "But her eyes are so damn pathetic. I love her!" He has tender feet, and he abhors exercise. He fences occasionally.

He doesn't go out on dates much. Too busy. He was married six years ago to a Chicago society girl. There is a child, feminine gender, named Christopher. About her, Orson (*Continued on page 66*)

(Continued from page 60)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Campbell, Louise	Dental Assistant	Wild Money	1937	Dancing	Playing Piano	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Cantor, Eddie	Singing Waiter	Kid Boots	1926	Hiking	Dealing in Antiques	M G M	Home—1012 Roxbury, Beverly Hills
Carlson, Richard	English Instructor	The Young in Heart	1938	Skiing	Play Writing	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood
Carradine, John	Quick-sketch Artist	Prisoner of Shark Island	1936	Riding	Painting	T C F	Home—1127 N. El Centro, Hollywood
Carrillo, Leo	Cartoonist	Viva Villa	1934	Fishing	Writing Poetry	T C F	Home—369 E. Channel Rd., Santa Monica
Carroll, Madeleine	Teacher	The World Moves On	1934	Motoring	Farming	P	Home—118 Ocean Front, Santa Monica
Carver, Lynne	Singer	Penthouse	1933	Tennis	Singing	M G M	Home—1928 Mandeville Canyon Rd., Brentwood
Chandler, Chick	Burlesque Comedian	Sweepings	1933	Hunting	Raising Bees	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Chaplin, Charles	Dancer	Tillie's Punctured Romance	1913	Swimming	Attending Concerts	U A	Home—1103 Coveway, Beverly Hills
Claire, Ina	Vaudevillian	The Royal Family	1930	Golf	Powder Blending	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette	Art Student	For the Love of Mike	1927	Dancing	Dress Designing	P	Home—615 N. Farring Road, Holmby Hills
Colman, Ronald	Bookkeeper	The White Sister	1922	Hockey	Historical Research	P	Home—1003 Summit Dr., Beverly Hills
Connolly, Walter	Bank Cashier	The Soldier's Oath	1917	Baseball	None	P	Home—601 N. Camden, Beverly Hills
Cooper, Gary	Cartoonist	Winning of Barbara Worth	1926	Fishing	Building Minia. Steam Engines	U A	Home—11938 Chaparal, West Los Angeles
Cooper, Jackie	Student	Fox Movietone Follies	1929	Aquaplaning	Photography	P	Home—702 Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills
Crawford, Joan	Chorus Girl	Pretty Ladies	1925	Tennis	Knitting	M G M	Home—426 N. Bristol Ave., Brentwood Heights
Cromwell, Richard	Soda Jerker	Tol'able David	1921	Swimming	Sculpture	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Crosby, Bing	Singer	The King of Jazz	1930	Riding	Horse Breeding	P	Home—10500 Camerillo, No. Hollywood
Cummings, Robert	Roller Skating Instructor	So Red the Rose	1935	Hunting	Wood Working	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Curtis, Dick	Stage Actor	Trial of Mary Dugan	1928	Boxing	Stamp Collecting	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood
Dale, Virginia	Dancer	Start Cheering	1938	Bicycling	Photography	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Darnell, Linda	Student	Hotel for Women	1939	Roller Skating	Dancing	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Darro, Frankie	Student	The Rainbow Man	1929	Ping Pong	Collecting Baseball Gloves	M	Studio—4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Davis, Bette	Theatre Usher	The Man Who Played God	1932	Golf	Farming	W B	Home—906 Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills
Day, Laraine	Student	Scandal Street	1936	Badminton	Writing Poetry	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Dee, Frances	Movie Extra	Little Cafe	1931	Farming	Interior Decorating	P	Home—1802 Angelo, North Hollywood
De Havilland, Olivia	Student	A Midsummer Night's Dream	1935	Tennis	Sketching	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Del Rio, Dolores	Housewife	Joanna	1925	Swimming	Collecting Jewelry	M G M	Home—757 Kingman Ave., Santa Monica
Devine, Andy	Lifeguard	The Spirit of Notre Dame	1931	Football	Farming	U	Home—6947 Kester, Van Nuys
Dickson, Gloria	WPA Actress	The Deep South	1938	Hockey	Clay Modeling	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Dietrich, Marlene	Extra in German Films	Blue Angel	1932	Tennis	Stamp Collecting	U	Home—716 N. Palm, Beverly Hills
Dix, Richard	Bank Clerk	Not Guilty	1928	Riding	Ship Modeling	T C F	Home—1111 Calla Vista, Beverly Hills
Donat, Robert	Private Secretary	Men of Tomorrow	1932	Fencing	Collecting Fencing Foils	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Donlevy, Brian	Artist's Model	Mother's Boy	1929	Football	Blacksmithing	P	Home—936 Reedcrest Drive, Beverly Hills
Douglas, Melvyn	Musician	Tonight or Never	1932	Handball	Social Work	M G M	Home—7141 Senalda Rd., Hollywood
Draper, Paul	Dancer	Colleen	1936	Dancing	Composing	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Drew, Ellen	Waitress	Sing You Sinners	1938	Tennis	Playing Bridge	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Dunne, Irene	Musical Comedy Star	Cimarron	1931	Golf	None	C	Home—461 N. Farring Road, Holmby Hills
Durbin, Deanna	Student	Three Smart Girls	1937	Swimming	Stamp Collecting	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.

(Continued on page 83)

EX-LAX MOVIES

Big Boy Takes a Tip!



BOB: Say, fellow . . . are you taking Ex-Lax? Thought that was for women and kids.

JIM: Wrong, Brother! I've been taking Ex-Lax for years. It fixes me up fine!



BOB: Oh yeah! Well, I'm a pretty husky fellow . . . I need a laxative with a wallop.

JIM: Don't kid yourself, Big Boy! Ex-Lax may taste like chocolate . . . but it's plenty effective!

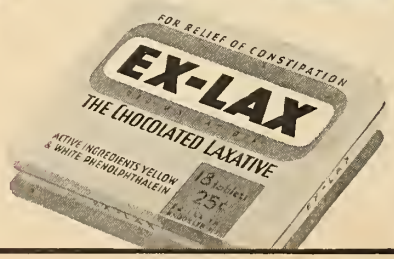


BOB: Thanks for the tip, pal! I tried Ex-Lax and it's great stuff!

JIM: Right you are! It's the *only* laxative we ever use in our family.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



(*Continued from page 64*)

says, "She will not be exposed to a theatrical career until she is five. I want her to have a normal childhood. Quite clearly, she is a ham like her father. You should see her pose!"

Orson's mind is always active. Once, driving from RKO to his Brentwood home, he became so engrossed in thought, he forgot where he lived. He couldn't remember and didn't know how to find out. He saw a sign at the roadside, "See The Homes Of The Stars!" He went to the sign, hired a guide to show him Shirley Temple's home. That's how he found his own. He remembered he lived next door.

HIS forte is a technicolored imagination. He's a male Alice in Wonderland. He likes to imagine himself retired to a monastery at sixty, a Grand Llama, perhaps. He admitted that if he weren't Orson Welles, he would like to be a fabulous Maharajah.

"Yes, indeed, I would like to be one of those terrific Maharajahs in India." He lay in the sun, beside the pool, blinking his eyes and puffing his pipe. "Oh, I suppose that's a pretty ordinary wish. I suppose everyone alive would like to be a Maharajah, with all those elephants, women, gold—and no one to boss you!" He was thoughtful, then, "But wait, maybe it wouldn't be so good after all. I'd be too worried about the poor and the untouchables, and then I couldn't be a real Maharajah.

"Gosh, who would I be if I couldn't be myself? I wouldn't want to be Leland Hayward. He's an agent. All agents are unhappy. I wouldn't want to be Louie B. Mayer or any producer. I—sa-ay, I have it! You know who I'd like to be? I'd rather be Gene Markey than any man alive! And don't ask me why—I'm not commenting!"

His booming voice made a quick transition into a queer shrill laugh. A boyish laugh. It's the only physical thing left that's young about him.

We got back to the subject of pictures. He admitted that of all the plays Shakespeare had written, "Macbeth" was the only one suitable for the movies.

"I was actually going to do 'Macbeth' before I changed my plans," he said. "It would have been ideal, and so easy. It's simple. It's short. Unlike Shakespeare's other works, it contains one plot instead of three. But honestly, I'm doubtful altogether about Shakespeare in the movies—for, while the movies do most everything better than the stage, while the movies even improve on stage plays, they don't do verse better. And Shakespeare is blank verse."

Orson scratched his beard. "But I repeat, 'Macbeth' and its gloomy moors might be grand, a perfect cross between 'Wuthering Heights' and 'The Bride of Frankenstein!' "

I have a hunch Orson's forthcoming "The Smiler With the Knife" will be slow at first in the making. He is a perfectionist, a stickler for detail. He once held up a broadcast rehearsal a half day because a sound effect wasn't right. It was a knock on the door. He spent a half day experimenting with that fractional-second knock.

However, once the picture is rolling, it will move fast. Orson Welles drives hard. All his Mercury Players from Broadway are in it, and he alone coordinates them. "I'm sometimes pretty dictatorial," he will tell.

Anything, though, for a gag. On his set is his famous Report Card, bearing the names of his entire cast. He never bawls out an offender. He merely rings a silly bell, which automatically fires a gun—reporting the offense! He then etches a black star after the unhappy one's name on the Report Card. The black star penalty is given for muffing lines, forgetting the end of a joke, and telling dull stories.

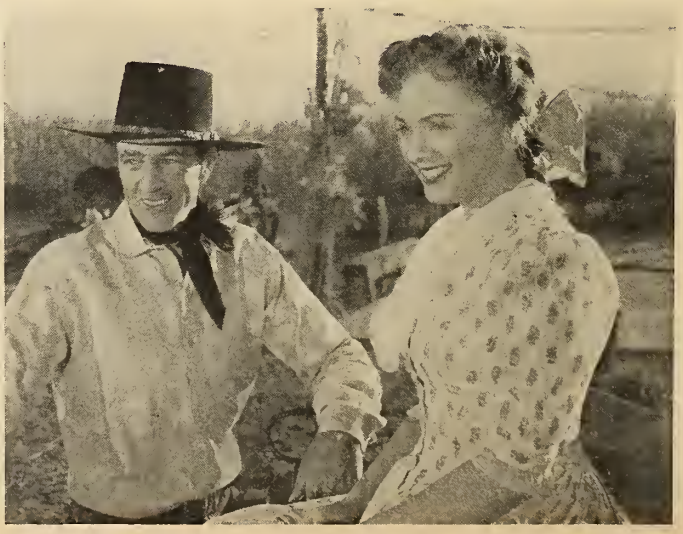
There is another Report Card for people who commit good deeds. However, there is only one requirement for good deeds: "Bring Gifts For Mr. Welles."

IT was noon. Orson Welles walked me to the door, and gave me some advice to pass along.

"If a group came to me serious about acting, I would tell them not to be. I would give them a Great Speech. I would tell them there has never been a happy actor, that the fight only begins when you get to the top. I would inform them that unless they desired to make an exhibition of themselves all their lives before a large number of people, they shouldn't become actors.

"In my Great Speech I would tell them, brutally, that by turning to acting they would lose happiness, lose friends, lose freedom—and die with fifty cents in their pockets. If they believed my Great Speech, well, hell, they'd never have become actors anyway! If they didn't believe it, and went ahead regardless—well—they might succeed."

Orson's lips curled in a disarming smile. "I never paid attention to anyone's Great Speech—and God, look at me! Look what I got—hayfever!"



It isn't hard to understand why Samuel Goldwyn singled Doris Davenport out of the legion of extras to play opposite Gary Cooper in "The Westerner." Nothing like starting off in the major leagues, we always say.

She was a Jewel of a Wife... *with just one flaw*



She was guilty of the "ONE NEGLECT"

that mars many marriages . . ."LYSOL" helps avoid this

EVERYONE admitted that Mary was beautiful, charming . . . a perfect housekeeper, cook, and mother. Why should her marriage have turned out badly?

She had failed in just one thing. One neglect had robbed her of the daintiness her husband loved. Do YOU use "Lysol" for intimate cleanliness?

Even the most tolerant husband finds it difficult to forget or forgive a wife's carelessness about feminine hygiene. More women should follow the "Lysol" method. "Lysol" is used by thousands of doctors, nurses, clinics, hospitals. Probably no other preparation has been so widely used by generations of women for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is preferred because...

6 Special Features of "LYSOL"

1. Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness...** "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). **3. Spreading...** "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy...** Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor...** The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability...** "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD!

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. M.S.-404, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

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CHECK UGLY PERSPIRATION



Dew is the dainty deodorant that checks perspiration too. Safe, sure, Dew will not irritate the skin even after shaving.

KILL ITS ODOR



If you like cream, ask for Dri-Dew, daintily-scented, harmless to fabrics. If liquid is preferred, Instant Dew dries in seconds. Use Dew today and be safe. At drug, department and 10-cent stores.



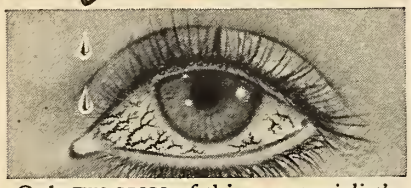
10¢ 25¢,50¢

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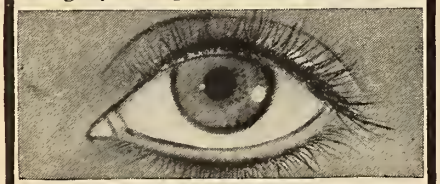
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Clear, Soothe TIRED* EYES IN SECONDS!



Only TWO DROPS of this eye specialist's formula are needed to SOOTHE and REFRESH dull, tired eyes . . . Its special EXCLUSIVE ingredient quickly CLEARS eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, driving, overindulgence, etc.).



Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe EYE-GENE, because it is quickly EFFECTIVE in making EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH your eyes with EYE-GENE today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.



USE

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

EYE-GENE

NO TIME FOR LOVE

(Continued from page 43)

tottered down to Palm Springs for a few days of Vitamin D, Movieland's local rumor rag observed thusly, "If RKO wants to know where Ginger Rogers is—she's in Palm Springs." As if RKO didn't know! As if, again, shy Rogers was on the run!

So it went—and everything, it seems, that Ginger has done in the past year or so has polished up the illusion. Even when she finally shook the old man of the Cinema and sailed for Honolulu on her first real vacation in five years, things happened all along to sew the story even more tightly.

She got panned on the boat for taking her meals in her room. The reason was that Ginger was too weary to dress for dinner, having crawled aboard exhausted. But it looked ritzy to the passengers. Then some travel pests fastened themselves to her in the daytime, and she had to give them the shake in self-defense or go out of her weary mind. They felt a little hurt.

BUT the clincher was her snooting Duke Kahanamoku, Hawaii's hero, in his own home town. The Duke, as you probably know, is a former world's champion swimmer, movie actor and more lately sheriff and pet of Honolulu. He's a strapping, genial Hawaiian, beloved by every Islander, and it's considered almost as essential for visiting celebrities to be greeted by the Duke as to have flowered *leis* tossed over their coiffures.

Well, Duke Kahanamoku sent a note aboard to Ginger, offering her the key to the city or a peck of cocoanuts or whatever is the supreme honor Honolulu bestows. But Ginger didn't recall his name. So she tossed the note on her dresser and forgot it. Result: she stood up the Duke at the dock and made a lot of touchy Islanders boiling mad.

Heads wagged gravely, as far away as Hollywood.

"She used to be a swell, friendly gal," they chorused. "But how she's changed!"

On top of all this, the minute Ginger got back from Hawaii came the startling news of her part in "The Primrose Path." Gregory LaCava, the director, got the idea in Ginger's absence, wired it to Honolulu, got her okay, and the day she stepped off the boat Ginger hotfooted it to his office. In a few minutes the news was out: "Ginger Rogers will drop dancing and songs, comedy and cutups for straight drama. She'll wear pigtails, cheap clothes, no make-up. She'll dye her hair, murder the King's English, play a little waterfront floosie. No glamour, no gayety, no gags."

It sounded like Bette Davis. Or Art, or something. It sounded as though Ginger had gone too serious of a sudden.

Now, there is a funny thing about Hollywood. Nowhere is there such a premium on ambition. Yet nowhere are there such tough tethers to tradition. Missouri may be the "show-me" state, but Hollywood demands demonstrations, too.

Since she came to Hollywood, Ginger repeatedly has had to show the world that she could sing, that she could dance, that she could carry fast-paced comedy. Now, shock 'em or not, she resolved to prove she could bring to life Ellie May, who teetered along the Primrose Path, aided and abetted by her street-walker maw. Pretty strong stuff, it is, as you'll know if you read a book called "February Hill."

I asked Ginger, "Weren't you a little scared of the part?"

"The only parts that can scare me," sniffed Ginger, "are Shakespeare! Besides," she went on, "there ought to be plenty of laughs. But, please—don't say I called it 'comedy.' I called my part in 'Stage Door' 'comedy' once, and Gregory LaCava read about it. Did he get me told! He said I didn't know a character part even when I played one!"

But if Ginger doesn't know this character part in "The Primrose Path," then she's certainly putting up a wonderful bluff. She's dug deeper into it than she's



Nelson Eddy is fast gaining a reputation as a sculptor. Here he's putting finishing touches on a bust of Director Van Dyke between scenes of "New Moon."

ever done before for any picture. She's taken personal charge of getting down to brass tacks in a brassy, tacky part.

The no make-up, for instance, was Ginger's own idea. She confided in a screen cameraman she knew; together they shot three tests. Then, keeping their secret, they ran them off for LaCava. One test was minus make-up and that was the one they all picked. Ginger feels pretty proud about that.

The dyed hair was Ginger's idea, too. She knew that minus make-up she'd be flat without dark hair. They fixed a wig for her but, as Ginger says, "It looked like I was wearing a fur hat." She had no illusions. "My face is too small for a wig," she concluded realistically. "I'll dye my hair!" It will take six months before she can hope to regain her fiery top.

For atmosphere, Ginger and the dialogue writer wandered around the waterfront districts of Monterey and the fish cannery centers, picking up the lingo and learning to talk like a toughie. "Which was a cinch," grinned Ginger, "and very natural for me." Still, to whip off a few "I ain't et yets" and "don't care nohows" with the greatest of ease took practice.

The only time Ginger got caught, incognito, was when she bought her "wardrobe" at Sears Roebuck. It all came to $18.73, with the tax. As Ginger was slipping out of the mail-order store with her modest bundle of factory-cut creations, a girl who had been standing next to her yelled, "Hey, you!"

Ginger whirled, along with the rest of the store, as the girl shouted, "Ain't you Ginger Rogers?" Ginger answered, "Yes," in a weak voice, as all the cash customers stared at her and wondered why in the world she had to buy her clothes at Sears Roebuck. The incident stripped her, Ginger swears, of any possible glamour she might have, as far as her public is concerned.

HOWEVER, it isn't glamour that Ginger is after right now, either professionally or personally. And that is one change that she readily admits. After all the repetitious roles in the lavishly staged Astaire pictures, Ginger began to taste glamour in her breakfast food and find it under her pillow at night.

Professionally, "The Primrose Path" makes her happy because it is a new, different job to conquer. Personally, all she's asking for is peace. She thinks she has it, too. "Because," as she said, "I'm not even interested in love or marriage. I haven't a thing to worry or torment me. It sounds like an old gag, but I'm really all wrapped up in my work. There's nothing in the romance department to bother me. And, believe me, it's a great relief," sighed Ginger, meaning it, too, I think.

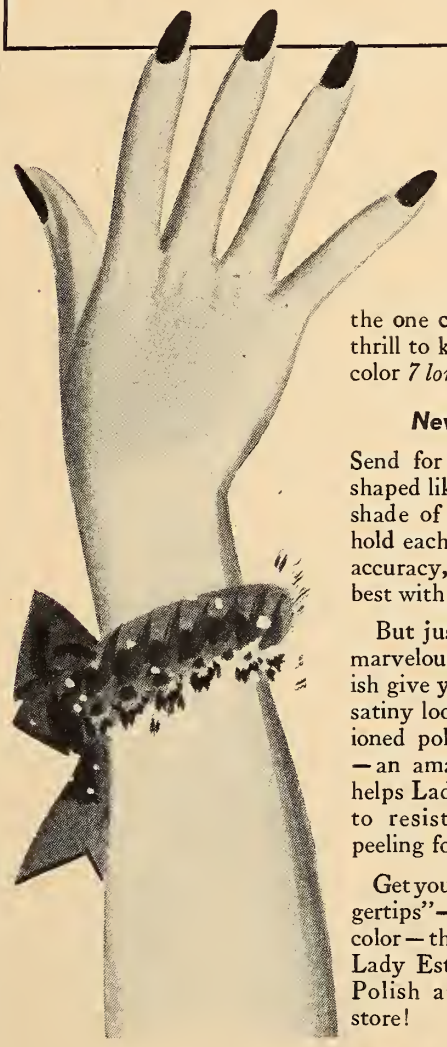
Because, as everyone knows who knows Ginger, she has always been and still is a kid for comfort. Mentally, physically and emotionally. She slips into

STAR ADDRESS LIST

Send o stamped, self-addressed envelope tadoy for o new list of Hollywood stors with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to hondle or keep in o scrop-book. Ta receive o list, oll you have ta do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing o lorge, self-oddressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, os no request con be complied with atherwise. Pleose send requests to Informotion Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Lady Esther says

"Wear your Nail Polish 7 LONG DAYS —find your lucky color FREE!"



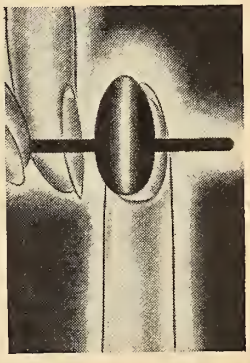
I will send you *free* my 12 Magic Fingertips so that you may try the 12 shades of my 7-Day Nail Polish

HOW WOULD you like to try on all the smartest, newest nail polish colors —to see them on your own nails, to find the one color most flattering for you? Then what a thrill to know you can wear that loveliest, luckiest color *7 long days at a time*... thanks to Lady Esther!

New Way to Find Your Lucky Color!

Send for my 12 *free* "Magic Fingertips." Each is shaped like your own nail and coated with a different shade of Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish. Simply hold each one over your nail and see, with uncanny accuracy, the one shade most enchanting for you—best with your costume colors.

But just as important as your *lucky shade* is the marvelous new BASE which makes Lady Esther Polish give your nails a rich, satiny look that old-fashioned polishes don't give —an amazing BASE that helps Lady Esther Polish to resist cracking and peeling for *7 long days!*



Get your 12 "Magic Fingertips"—find your lucky color—then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish at your favorite store!

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★ 12 shades FREE! ★

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)
LADY ESTHER, 7110 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (54)

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



● Not only have unit prices been reduced 30% to 50% in the past 2 years, but now there are new savings on brand-new thrilling set combinations. Visit your favorite dealer's this month for extra values. Every piece protected by the famous replacement offer! CorningGlassWorks, Corning, New York.

Good Housekeeping Institute

NEW! PYREX SETS AT NEW SAVINGS!



CHECK THIS NEW VALUE! Economy Set #179. 9-piece Ovenware set contains 6 custard cups (4-oz.) in a handy cooking rack, 9½" pie plate, and new 8-oz. level-full red-marked measuring cup! Grand start for cooking in glass. Gift packed. **79¢**



SPRING SPECIAL! Service Set #129. 10 selected Pyrex dishes. 6 custard cups (4-oz.), new 8-oz. level-full red-marked measuring cup, 9½" pie plate, 1½ qt. casserole with utility pie plate cover. Total value of individual pieces $1.35. Now packed in colorful new gift box, only..... **$1.29**



BRAND-NEW COMBINATION! Gift Set #245. 11 pieces: a special Pyrex ware value, containing 9⅛" loaf pan, 1½ quart knob type casserole, 10½" utility dish, 9½" pie plate, six 4-ounce custard cups, and handy new 8⅝" cake dish with handles. Gift packaged, only..... **$2.45**

PYREX BRAND OVENWARE FLAMEWARE

slacks and an old sweat shirt at the slightest provocation. Even on her honeymoon with Lew Ayres, Ginger shed her Paris gown right after the ceremony and hopped right into beach dungarees, a sweater, leather coat and beret for the motor trip. She used to tear along Hollywood Boulevard in a sailor's navy blue jacket, and still does. She's always hated fussing around or sacrificing comfort for looks. For years, Ginger has been going on shopping sprees, buying gorgeous evening gowns and hanging them in her closet until she finally has to give them away, still unworn.

That attitude toward clothes carries over into every phase of her life—except her career. Ginger will eagerly do anything an acting job demands without a whimper. In her home life, "Well, frankly," confessed Ginger, "I like to take it easy." As for social struttings, the fact is she just doesn't give a darn. Never has given a darn.

GINGER and Lew Ayres were known all their married life as Hollywood's most unexciting couple. They lived a pretty humdrum home life, by Hollywood standards, playing parlor games with their small circle of friends, taking in a neighborhood movie every now and then. Since Lew and she separated, Ginger hasn't altered the formula very noticeably. Her home, perched on the very top of Beverly Hill, where "Gee-Gee" (that's Ginger) lives with "Lee-Lee" (that's Ginger's mother), is more than ever her whole private life.

She manages the household to quiet any domestic urges, looks after her Afghan hound, "Sharma," if she feels maternal. Most of her spare minutes are spent in her current mania for sculpturing. She just finished a bust of her mother. And the greatest thrill she's had in months, she admitted, was when Joyce, Florence Lake's little girl, ran into the parlor, stared at the Rogers work of art and babbled, "Look — it's Aunt Lee-Lee!"

"I knew then," grinned Ginger, "I'd really arrived."

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THE ROSALIND ROAD TO SUCCESSVILLE

(*Continued from page 29*)

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"It comes down to a question of moderation. Then you can have your cake and eat it, too. You don't have to cut your friends for your career. You just don't see them as often. You don't have to quit going to night-clubs. You just go once in a while instead of regularly.

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PYREX BRAND OVENWARE FLAMEWARE

slacks and an old sweat shirt at the slightest provocation. Even on her honeymoon with Lew Ayres, Ginger shed her Paris gown right after the ceremony and hopped right into beach dungarees, a sweater, leather coat and beret for the motor trip. She used to tear along Hollywood Boulevard in a sailor's navy blue jacket, and still does. She's always hated fussing around or sacrificing comfort for looks. For years, Ginger has been going on shopping sprees, buying gorgeous evening gowns and hanging them in her closet until she finally has to give them away, still unworn.

That attitude toward clothes carries over into every phase of her life—except her career. Ginger will eagerly do anything an acting job demands without a whimper. In her home life, "Well, frankly," confessed Ginger, "I like to take it easy." As for social struttings, the fact is she just doesn't give a darn. Never has given a darn.

GINGER and Lew Ayres were known all their married life as Hollywood's most unexciting couple. They lived a pretty humdrum home life, by Hollywood standards, playing parlor games with their small circle of friends, taking in a neighborhood movie every now and then. Since Lew and she separated, Ginger hasn't altered the formula very noticeably. Her home, perched on the very top of Beverly Hill, where "Gee-Gee" (that's Ginger) lives with "Lee-Lee" (that's Ginger's mother), is more than ever her whole private life.

She manages the household to quiet any domestic urges, looks after her Afghan hound, "Sharma," if she feels maternal. Most of her spare minutes are spent in her current mania for sculpturing. She just finished a bust of her mother. And the greatest thrill she's had in months, she admitted, was when Joyce, Florence Lake's little girl, ran into the parlor, stared at the Rogers work of art and babbled, "Look—it's Aunt Lee-Lee!"

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How to have
EYES MEN ADORE



There I was—spending *another* Saturday night reading a magazine! I saw the words "Eyes Like Stars—try WINX."



I bought some WINX Mascara and found it gorgeously *easy* to put on. My lashes looked *naturally* longer and darker!...



"Why didn't I notice those big, beautiful eyes before!" said Bob the next time we met. "How about a date for dancing?"



GET the new WINX Mascara, also Eyebrow Pencil, Eye Shadow, and *Lipstick* in harmonizing colors! Good Housekeeping Approved! In the new Pink packages—at 10¢ stores *today!*

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THE FINER QUALITY MASCARA

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Sirs: Rush, without charge, (1) 32-page book with list of Government Big Pay Jobs. (2) Tell me how to qualify for one of these jobs.
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Address.....

Now I'm not addicted to repeating goo, so you can take it for the McCoy when I remind you that Rosalind is the most beloved lady in Hollywood. She has never been known to do a mean thing. She's always going out of her way for others. All the technicians, prop men, and cameramen, who have worked with Roz, are mad about her.

A few days before seeing Roz, I had talked with Stanley Dunn, property head at Columbia. We got to chewing it about actresses and I asked him for his favorite. He didn't hesitate.

"I've been here fifteen years," he said. "The finest actress I've ever watched at work, and the nicest woman I've ever met in person, is Roz Russell. She's so regular. Doesn't strain for the common touch. She just has it. There's only one word for her—genuine."

I repeated this to Roz. She flushed. Honestly, she did. "I would rather have the people I work with for my friends than any others on earth," she confessed. "I would rather sit in this room, and spend my time with good honest company, than do anything on earth. But whoa, I better not go soft on you!"

WE TALKED some more about her career. She said that, while few people realized it, she was an extremely thorough person. She dug down into things. In her most recent picture with Cary Grant, the slap-bang newspaper story, "His Girl Friday," she portrayed one of the inky-fingered sect. "I really do try to break a part down. In an effort to get away from Sylvia."

Speaking of difficulties, Roz, wagging a finger in her typical manner, shifting all over the couch, explained her greatest stumbling block. "Weak parts," she said. "It's so discouraging to be burdened with a watered and dull character. There's nothing to sink your fangs into. Remember 'Night Must Fall?' I had the third part in that. However, I consider it one of my best performances.

"An actress really faces a test when she has little to do—and does it well! Take Jean Arthur. That girl should have won ten Academy Awards for what she did in 'Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.' I really mean it, and I'll stand on rooftops and bellow it to the world!

"Jimmy Stewart did a magnificent job, but remember, his part was the star part. The action and situations centered on him. But all Jean Arthur was permitted to do was to sit behind desks, typewriters and in the Senate gallery. A secondary role. Yet, she did brilliantly. She gave that part a barrel of charm, motion, sex appeal—oh, just everything. That's what I call trouping.

"Every actress gets a certain quota of those parts. How well she does with them is the measuring rod of her ability. I hope, when those parts come, I can inject flesh and blood into them. I won't rebel against weak roles; they're a challenge. I will rebel against the same type of roles; they're a graveyard of monotony."

Roz made two predictions, concerning (a) feminine independence, (b) the state of matrimony versus R. Russell.

About feminine independence: "It's not here to stay. It'll go the way of wasp-waists, mah jong and yo-yos. I may be a fighter, but I'm not too independent. It's an utterly abnormal thing for women. Tell me, what woman wants to go on paying her own bills all her life. Freedom for women may have helped industry, but certainly not the individual. The girls will get darn sick of being so free one of these days."

About matrimony and herself: "While I'm not stepping out with any special person right now, and while I'm still alone and at liberty, I do expect to marry. When? Oh, eventually. Maybe soon. Just watch and see. I've no special type of man in mind. There's no way to know what you really want. If I swear I won't marry an actor, I'm liable to wind up with the biggest ham in town. Who can tell what'll happen? But this I know—when it happens to me, when I get the glow in my glimmers, I don't give a so-and-so who he is, where he is or what he is—I'll just grab him!"

I had forgotten about Roz the Rebel. I had forgotten about the Roz who would refuse stardom, who would continue toward success evenly and sanely.

Roz the Rebel and Roz the Actress were gone. There was only a beautiful, slender woman, with a jumping-jack voice, who was alone—who didn't intend to remain alone.

I straightened my tie, slicked back my hair.

"I hope you get a great man, Roz," I sighed. She will, of course.

Some gal, that Roz. And lucky guy!



Frank Morgan, turning the tables on the lady stars who wear trousers, can't get a rise out of Ann Rutherford, his pretty daughter in "Hooray, I'm Alive!"

STYLE YOUR LIPS

(Continued from page 44)

features under perfect control they can then portray any feeling or emotion they are called upon to register. Such facial discipline is a great aid to beauty and you don't have to be an actress to practice it. All you need is a little presence of mind and a few spare moments snatched from the routine of every day.

First of all, when you talk, open your mouth and speak out. Make your lips form every syllable separately and clearly. The ancient and time-honored device that was good enough for Demosthenes—the business of trying to talk distinctly through a mouthful of pebbles (modern substitutions permissible)—is still widely recommended by diction teachers for limbering tight cheek and lip muscles.

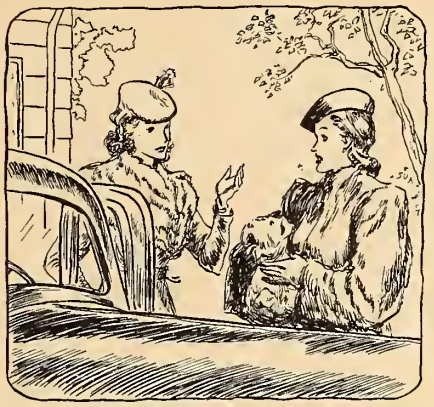
Chewing gum is a wonderfully simple and effective way to strengthen, shape and improve weak, sagging mouth muscles. And whistling is excellent for loosening tight, unattractive lips. Purse your lips in an exaggerated pucker. Practice blowing gently and vigorously by turns. Even a good, old-fashioned snarl with lips pulled back over your teeth and corners extended as far as possible is a grand beauty exercise, believe it or not. These two latter tricks, though, you'd better practice in the sequestered seclusion of your own room—any one seeing you going through them might get the notion that you are just a mite "tetched" in the head.

Open your mouth slowly, then close it tight. Turn up the corners in an exaggerated smile, then relax completely. If you have a mouth which droops in the corners, place a little finger in each end and pull gently. This won't stretch or injure delicate tissues if done carefully. Hold a bit of fruit or the like in front of your mouth but just out of reach. Then, with puckered lips, attempt to bite it. When you get up in the morning and again at night, with cold creamed fingers, massage around your mouth in a rotary motion. And every day, as often as you can, turn up the corners of your mouth and smile. Let loose a good genuine laugh every once in a while, too. It's good for more than your lips.

IF your lips are soft, mobile and expressive, you needn't worry about their shape. That's where lip-rouge comes to the rescue. A few tips, a few tricks, and a little practice and you'll look like a different girl. First, go to a mirror, pull your hair back and decide what type of face you have: round, oval, long, broad, square, pointed, heart or diamond shaped, and whether your nose is long or short. Then rouge your lips to suit your type. Never, of course, try to change that type. Accent it, dramatize it, play it up to the hilt—but don't ignore it. Nature is a pretty smart old lady and she knew what she was about when she put you together. Be wise, find out what she had in mind, then play up your good features, play down your weak, but don't get silly and try to change your pattern.

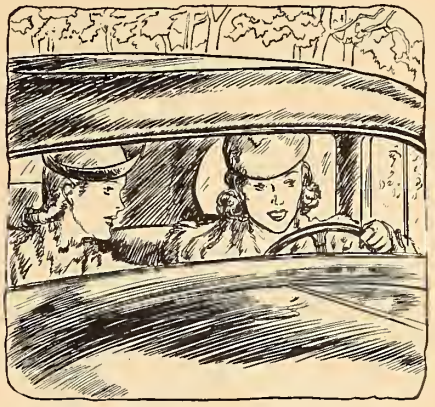
If your face is round like Marjorie Weaver's, your mouth will look best rather wide and gently curved. If your face is oval like Bette Davis', your lips should be full and natural but not too brightly colored. If you have a long, narrow face, like Ginger Rogers or Dorothy Lamour, make up your lips to be fairly wide, especially the lower one, and be sure to carry plenty of color

"I TOLD YOU SHE WAS TOO OLD TO HAVE A BABY!"



1. 1ST FRIEND: Great heavens! Susie's having trouble again!

2ND FRIEND: Well, what can you expect! Raising a first baby at *her* age! She's too set in her ways, I always said.



2. 1ST FRIEND: Don't be silly! Being up-to-date is not a question of age! It's a state of mind. And I'm going to tip her off right now.

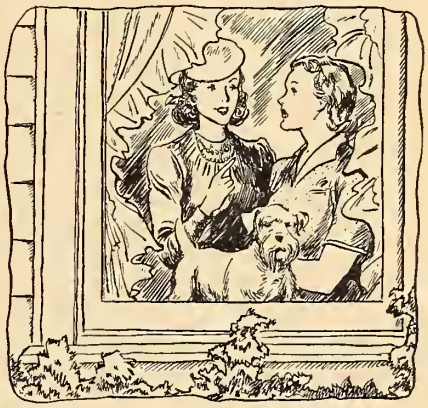
2ND FRIEND: She'll never listen. Mark my words.



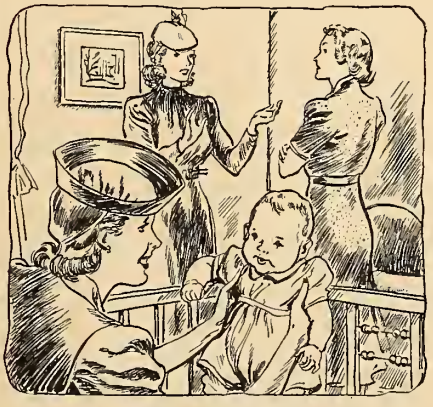
3. AT SUSIE'S HOUSE.

1ST FRIEND: Susie darling, we heard you were upset about your baby. And we thought we'd show you some of the new things we learned raising our babies.

SUSIE: New things? Name one!

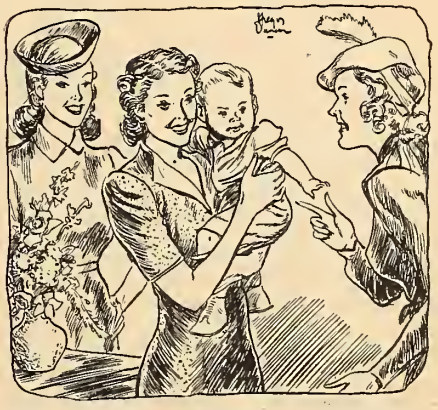


4. 1ST FRIEND: Well, for instance, there's all this *special* care the doctor has been talking about lately. He says a baby's system is too delicate to experiment with. So *everything* he gets should be made *especially* for him . . . from special baby food all the way to a *special baby laxative!*



5. SUSIE: A special babies' laxative!!!

1ST FRIEND: Sure! It's FLETCHER'S CASTORIA! And it's designed *especially* for a baby's needs. It has no harsh "adult" drugs, so it just can't cramp or gripe. And believe me, it's SAFE!



6. SUSIE: But what about the taste? My little Indian fights any medicine that comes near him.

1ST FRIEND: Don't you worry about Fletcher's Castoria. Even the *taste* is made especially for children . . . Try it. You'll wonder how you ever got along without it!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

MARY CARLISLE, lovely screen star



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GLAMOUR LIPSTICK

Men odore enchantingly fragrant, youthfully soft lips. FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK will instantly give your lips a magic flame of temptation... a seductive, alluring glow that men can't resist! An exclusive, water-repellent film gives satin-smooth protection and seals the vibrant color to your lips. You will never know how lovely you can be until you try this remarkable lipstick...in special shades that blend with all the new costume colors!

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It's our treat...let us send you 5 full triol size lipsticks, each in a different fascinating new shade, together with a pack of handy Lipstick Tissues. Just send 10¢ for mailing costs.

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ADDRESS _____

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• Also ask for FLAME-GLO ROUGE in harmonizing colors!



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FOR dull, drab, lifeless-looking hair

BUT, dull hair will shine like satin and drab hair, like pale cheeks, only needs a little makeup to have a healthy, peppy look or to hide a premature sprinkle of gray. These thrilling features can be had, by using the New Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse. The splendid new certified colors in the New Golden Glint are exciting and safe to use—like makeup, it washes out but won't rub off. Woman's most irresistible charm is bright, radiant hair, full of lovely, soft-glowing, colored highlights. Get the New Golden Glint at any drug, department and 10c store, or send for a full size trial offer, at half regular price.

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(PLEASE PRINT)
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City and State _____

PLEASE RUSH. Enclosed find Ten Cents (10c) in coin for handling charges. My shade of hair is . . . . .

☐ Brunette ☐ Blonde ☐ White or Platinum
☐ Brownette ☐ Auburn ☐ Lustre (Colorless)

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right into the corners. If you have a broad chin and cheek but a narrower forehead like Ann Sothern, make your lips appear both wide and long with upward curves at the corners. If your whole face is square, like Joan Crawford's, avoid any suggestion of a square mouth. Let your mouth be graceful but full enough to match your face. If your chin is pointed, like Carole Lombard's, stick to your natural lip line with curves that are on the wide and soft side. Heart-faced girls like Virginia Bruce should have lips that are softly, gracefully heart-shaped, too, with medium, never heavy, color. Then there is the diamond-shaped face like Merle Oberon's which needs lips with center fullness, soft curves and moderate color again.

A long, straight nose, like that of Barbara Stanwyck, needs a lower lip slightly wider than the upper one, whereas short, retroussé noses like cute Jane Wyman's or Alice Faye's should have a slightly wider upper lip. If you have a long, straight upper lip, round it out ever so little and curve your lower lip gracefully, too. A full lower lip, on the other hand, needs a rounded upper to balance it.

LIP rouge, whether stick, paste or liquid, should be applied, after other make-up is on, to a clean dry skin, recently washed with soap and water, cleansed with cream and finished off with a bit of skin freshener. One layer on top of another will never bring satisfactory results. Apply color to the upper first, then press both lips firmly together. This transfers the excess and prevents that solid, gummy, artificial look which makes so many husbands, friends and sweethearts gasp with justifiable indignation.

If you like, you may outline your lips with a lip pencil. But no matter what you use, stick, cream or liquid rouge, be sure to soften the edges slightly with your finger or a bit of tissue, for hard, over-dramatic lips are terribly offensive. Professional models and theatrical people often have to use such sharp outlines, but there's no excuse in the world for it in everyday walks of life. Lip make-up requires skill, practice and good taste and if you haven't got these—well, you'd better acquire them.

After both lips are filled in, blot off any excess color on a tissue placed between the lips. Some girls "set" the color with a dash of cold water, others like to finish off with a puff of powder. Of course you know, no doubt, that to make lips look longer, the color should be extended right into the corners. To shorten their appearance color should be shaded off subtly before reaching the corners. To make a full lower lip look smaller, concentrate color near the center, fading it gradually toward the corners. To widen a lip extend color ever so slightly over the edges. To narrow, keep color well within the natural lip lines. And always be sure to extend color far enough inside both lips so that no artificial line will show when you talk or smile. One last word, don't smear your lip rouge and don't get it on your teeth!

As for colors, the basic predominating tones of your own skin will give you an unerring guide to your most becoming lip make-up. For example, if your skin has underlying tones of ivory, cream, gold, tan or brown, wear lip rouge in the clear red or orange-red range. Whether light or dark depends on the intensity of your individual coloring. If your underlying skin tones are blue, white, pink or one of the florid family, you will look best in one of the blue-red lip rouges. If you're an unswerving neutral as to skin, hair and eyes, true, bright reds will bring out hidden high lights.

A good lip rouge is perfectly harmless. Few cosmetics are safer to use. The emollient base helps to protect the delicate lip membranes and the bright color not only makes you look healthier and more vital but also gives you a definite "lift." So much new courage and sparkle have seldom been achieved by so simple a means. Learn to use it discreetly and intelligently. For daytime, lips should look simply natural, not too wide, too vivid, or in any other way exaggerated. Night is the time for glamour. Exotic colors and lush outlines go with soft lights and formal costumes. Conservative shades will get you much further in day light. And no matter where else you hurry, use skill not speed in applying lip rouge. Make-up is an art and, when you deny it, the result is either comedy or burlesque of what might have been you at your dramatic best.

* * *

Now that Spring is almost here, aren't you becoming more complexion conscious by the minute? We are. So you can imagine our delight recently when we tried a thrilling new complexion lotion that serves a remarkable triple purpose. First, it soothes, smooths and cleanses your skin; second, it covers up surface blemishes such as large pores, blackheads, pimples and the like; and third, it forms a perfect powder base upon which to complete your make-up.

Blemishes that mar the smooth perfection that every girl covets for her skin can cause a great deal of self-consciousness and discomfort. But you can avoid such embarrassment because this unusual formula, for years part of the costly treatment in the exclusive salon of a famous dermatician, is now available to everybody everywhere. Although specially compounded to heal and hide those heart-breaking blemishes and to clear up excessive oiliness, this thin, flesh-tinted lotion also gives your skin that smooth, freshly powdered look that is so attractive. Men like to use the lotion too, for it soothes smarting, tender "after-shave" skin and at the same time hides and heals unsightly blemishes. It stays on without being the least bit noticeable, which is another great advantage from a man's point of view. A post card from you will bring the name of this exceptional formula.

* * *

Another Spring note—and an important one. Nothing is quite as detrimental to the illusion of feminine daintiness as the whiff of offensive odors on either your clothes or your person. Perspiration not only menaces a girl's chances for personal popularity, it also ruins her dresses. Even with the best efforts of your favorite cleaner, more clothes are permanently damaged this way than any other.

How needless and inexcusable all this is in these days of efficient deodorants! There is one particularly effective cream preparation which we'd like to recommend to you right now, for it not only eliminates those annoying odors but also actually stops perspiration for from one to three days. This greaseless, odorless new preparation is entirely safe, too. It soothes tender skin and will not stain or rot your best dresses. It is absorbed immediately, and can be easily applied as often as you find necessary. Why don't you try protecting yourself and your clothes with this handy new double-purpose deodorant? We'll be glad to send you the name. Write us today.

MAKING IT PAY

(Continued from page 32)

weather, elaborate grooming parlors, hospitalization, and training in house manners.

Charlie founded the kennels when he discovered his own backyard was too small to accommodate the twenty dogs he had personally acquired. Today there are two offshoots of the original undertaking. The first is the Ruggles-owned Terrier Shop in Santa Monica, which caters to dog fanciers. The second is the daily delivery service of food prepared at the kennels for pets living at home. The whole set-up is paying off nicely, confides Mr. R. And he also admits he enjoys his position as Hollywood's reigning master of the hounds—all 150 of them!

Connie Bennett's doing all right, too, thank you. About four years ago, after smearing some extremely costly creams on her lovely face, Connie shook her head and said, "Foo! I don't like this stuff." And it's no sooner said than acted upon where Miss Bennett's concerned. Very shortly thereafter she rented a two-room shop in Hollywood, hired a single chemist and went to work making her own cosmetics.

TO her great satisfaction, the result was some really splendid goo. Connie was so delighted she loaned her creams to a few friends, and they were so delighted they urged her to commercialize the venture. In addition to giving her the urge, they gave her both financial aid and publicity, and pronto the Constance Bennett Cosmetic Company was launched.

Connie's main products are her special face mask, a cleansing cream and a tissue cream which sell from 50c to $6 the jar. Distribution is national and international through department and drug stores. Although she has about one hundred people working for her in the considerably expanded laboratory and close to two hundred demonstrators doing promotion and display work throughout the country, Connie says her business is practically a babe.

Recently Boss Bennett ran a contest for the salespeople in the organization. Four trips to the film capital were the prizes, and the gleeful quartet who won were entertained royally with parties and trips to the studios. When she sent them home, they were rooting for her two hundred per cent.

Allan Jones' trailer tells his business tale. It simply isn't trailing any more. Instead, it's been converted into headquarters for the Bollan Stables, a flourishing boarding house for horses which is owned and operated by Jones and his well-known partner, Mr. Robert Young. The boys accidentally got into the stable business when they jointly bought a few old stalls and leased the land attached thereto, intending to provide a home for their own mounts. Several friends liked the idea and asked permission to bring their horses around too—offering a financial settlement, of course. Bob and Allan said okay, fixed the priced at $40 a month, and in three months had the stables moving along at a profit!

The stalls have been enlarged several times and at present the proprietors are lodging fifty horses, thirty-two of which are paying guests. The remaining eighteen belong to the firm and are hired out to non-horse owners at $1.50 for the first hour and $1 for each additional hour. Clients include the cream of the Bel-Air

PERSONAL INTERVIEWS WITH THE BEAUTIFUL

How LINDA DARNELL'S Beauty Nightcap keeps Glamour in her skin...

Lovely Linda reveals her discovery of the Woodbury Beauty Nightcap (a night treatment with Woodbury Cold Cream) to

Louella Parsons
Famous Movie Columnist



LINDA DARNELL, STAR OF 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE, "TWINKLE, TWINKLE LITTLE STAR"



1. Linda's a darling! She's only 17, you know, and like a smart girl, wants to guard her beauty. At a recent luncheon she met a skin specialist, quizzed him about complexion care. He advised, "Take a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap."



2. "This Beauty Nightcap, with Woodbury Cold Cream," the specialist said, "gives a 3-way service—*cleanses, lubricates, invigorates.*" Now Linda gives her skin this nightly care, says a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap keeps a good skin *good!*

Woodbury continues where other creams leave off

Woodbury Cold Cream gives your skin the three-way service vitally needed for bedtime beauty care. It *cleanses thoroughly*. A special ingredient keeps it *germ-free*. Woodbury smooths as it *lubricates*—its oils melt at skin contact. Woodbury *invigorates* – contains a skin-invigorating Vitamin. Leave on a light film overnight. $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

CLEANSES safely
Smooths as it LUBRICATES
INVIGORATES



WOODBURY
3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM

FREE!... MAIL NOW FOR GENEROUS TUBE
(Paste on Penny Postcard)
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6613 Alfred Street
Cincinnati, Ohio
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Please send me, free and postpaid, a generous-size tube of Woodbury 3-Way Beauty Cream, enough for several "Beauty Nightcap" treatments. Also 8 fashion-approved shades of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)



Don't let baby wear outgrown shoes. Baby feet grow so fast you *must* change to new shoes often. Baby doctors all over America tell mothers to buy Wee Walkers, those CORRECT baby shoes which cost so little. Infants' Wear Dept. of the following low-profit stores. Birth to shoe size 8.

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co.
H. L. Green Co., Inc. Sears, Roebuck and Co.
Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc.
Schulte-United Stores
Kinney Shoe Stores
Isaac Silver & Bros.
F. & W. Grand

WEE WALKER Shoes

MORAN SHOE CO.
CARLYLE, ILL.

WEE WALKERS for the *wee* walker

horsy set, but the facilities of the stables are open to everyone. Oddly enough, Bollan draws few tourists though infested with big names—so, if you're ever out that way, put it on your list!

Victor McLaglen's Fresno Ranch is another hobby that grew up. Only eight months ago, McLaglen bought the place with the idea of using it merely as a retreat from picture-making, but gradually his eyes opened wide to its handsome commercial possibilities.

The ranch represents an investment of nearly a quarter of a million dollars and covers 740 acres, 500 of which are planted in crops. When the last harvest time came, Vic realized he couldn't feed *all* the products of the land to the chickens. *Some* had to be sold—and if the dollars rolled in, who was he to stop them?

The cropless acres are used to graze cattle, sheep, and hunting and racing horses. Horse-breeding has long been a particular interest of Vic's and he's going into that more seriously, too. So seriously, that the ranch has already been expensively ornamented with his own private race-track.

Reginald Denny used to fuss around with toy airplanes. One day he noticed a lot of other people fussing around with them too. "Hmmm," said Reggie. "They gotta buy 'em from someone. Might as well be me!" So he scooped up $50,000 (movie actors can do that) and into business he went.

Today, the Reginald Denny Industries, Inc., enjoy an annual gross of $150,000, with an estimated 10 per cent net profit. And that's just kid stuff. According to Mr. Denny, his retail store on Hollywood Blvd. and his factory in Glendale have already outgrown the walls that enclose them. In the nearby future he intends to move to larger quarters.

Reggie reports that department stores, toy shops and hobby shops are his heaviest buyers, while his retail business is divided pretty evenly between children and adults. About three hundred planes are manufactured monthly in both kit and ready-built form. Prices range from 10c to $100 and shipments are made to every state in the union and every country in the world.

Not long ago, a huge order was prepared for rush delivery to a buyer in British South Africa. Cartons bearing the stamp "model airplanes" were carefully packed and scooted to a ship for immediate selling. To Denny's surprise, the boat's captain refused to carry the cargo, contending that Nazi subs would regard it as sufficient excuse for firing torpedoes! The shipment was finally labeled "toys"; the captain accepted it.

Chief engineer of the Denny company is Walter Righter, member of the Society of Automotive Engineers and a graduate of the California Institute of Technology. He and Reggie cooperate on developing new ideas and last year turned out a radio-controlled model plane that has been purchased by the United States Army. Details of the invention can't be secured, since they are a deep, dark government secret.

Denny-made miniatures also include submarines and battleships, part of a new line that sprang from interest in the European war, and model racing cars which are very popular among the movie folk. The cars sell from $23.50 to $100 each, and have been run at a record speed of 62.23 miles per hour. In the past few months, Eleanor Powell, Gary Cooper and William Powell were a few of the stars who ordered these playthings.

OF the 20,000 items handled by the company, Reggie's pride is the Dennymite motor, a one-cylinder, two-cycle miniature airplane engine. He designed it all by himself.

Dolores Del Rio has requested that her interest in a Santa Monica pottery shop be touched on lightly. Several years ago she made a necessary loan to the friend who runs the shop and now receives dividends on her original investment. The luscious Mexican has taken a deep interest in the store because it handles the art of her native country. She spends a great deal of time there, both as a customer and adviser and, if she isn't a come-on for the shoppers, we'd like to know what would be!

Yes, these movie people really know how to make ends meet. But what, you ask, is the secret of their business success? That's easily explained. All you do is dabble with your favorite hobby and keep your mind absolutely free of greedy or mercenary thoughts. Then, along comes Fate and lays a wreath of solid gold at your feet! After twelve years of stamp-collecting, we're going to sit back and wait for the gravy.



Richard Greene and "Spunky" spend a quiet evening at home. The twenty-five-year-old Britisher is currently starring in "I Was An Adventuress," opposite Zorino.

SCOUTIN' AROUND FOR TALENT

(*Continued from page 51*)

His name is Bob Prins. We put him under contract, then sent him back to finish out his senior year. Watch for Prins."

Scout Baiano hopped to his swivel chair, sat down, swiveled a moment and went on:

"Actually, though, we find talent everywhere. Jane Bryan was found in Jean Muir's Workshop Theatre. Wayne Morris and Julie Stevens, in the Pasadena Playhouse. One of our New York scouts found Brenda Marshall in a Federal Theatre back East. Talent is everywhere—tent shows, ribbon counters! Yesterday I saw a prospect, a girl at a hot dog stand down by Laguna Beach. I bought a hot dog from her and engaged her in conversation. I judged her personality, the angles of her face, her speech. I won't stand for bad English. If a girl uses "dese, dem, dose" she's hopeless. We have a hard enough time teaching newcomers acting, let alone English.

"There was Lana Turner. Publicity people say she was found eating lunch in a café across from Hollywood High. That's not true. I found her myself, so I ought to know. One day I went into Lloyd's Lingerie Shop on Hollywood Boulevard to buy my wife a pair of stockings—and there was Lana Turner. That's how and where she was found!

"But to prove that you never can tell, I'll give you an unusual locale for my last discovery. I dropped in at the Bliss-Hayden Little Theatre to catch the last act of a show. There wasn't anyone on the stage I liked. Disinterested, I allowed my gaze to wander over the audience. And there she was, four seats away from me, two rows back. She attracted me. After the show I made inquiries. Her name was Marilyn Merrick. She had never acted. She had just signed at the Bliss-Hayden, and would be in her first play within two weeks. I took her to the studio. She was tested and passed. Now she's under contract. And I found her in an audience! Tie that!"

SOLLY BAIANO explained that scouts brought Warners from two to three hundred "finds" a year. Of these, perhaps fifty were screen tested and about eight signed to contracts.

"Locating three hundred prospects is a job too big for just Mr. Golder and myself. Consequently, we have hundreds of unofficial scouts all over the nation, in every little village and big city. All our friends and our relatives are scouts. A Professor of Dramatics may give me tips. I would trust him, because he understands acting. Or Romain, the famous photographer in San Francisco, may take a picture of someone, like it and forward the portrait to me. Incidentally, I advise all our unofficial scouts to send pictures. I always demand four *unretouched* pictures at our expense; one of each profile, a bust and a full-length. If the photos interest me, I send someone or go myself to interview the prospect.

"We discover many actors and actresses through photographs. I saw Linda Winters staring at me out of my morning paper. She was in a small play at Carmel, California. I sent a man up to see her, and she clicked. Here, look at this



I love to kiss you!

Tangee, the Cream Base Lipstick, gives you smooth, alluring lips

Don't let greasy, painted lips come between you and the man you love. Tangee lips are warm, soft and tempting, thanks to Tangee's special cream base!

This world-famous lipstick doesn't blur or smear. It goes on smoothly, stays on, and helps prevent chapping. Tangee looks orange in the stick but magically changes, when applied, to your own most becoming shade of rose or red.

Ask for Tangee Natural today. Try Tangee's matching rouge, (Compact or Creme), and Tangee's remarkably delicate face powder. See how naturally lovely they look together. When you want more vivid color, ask for Theatrical Red, Tangee's new brilliant shade.



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Company, 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

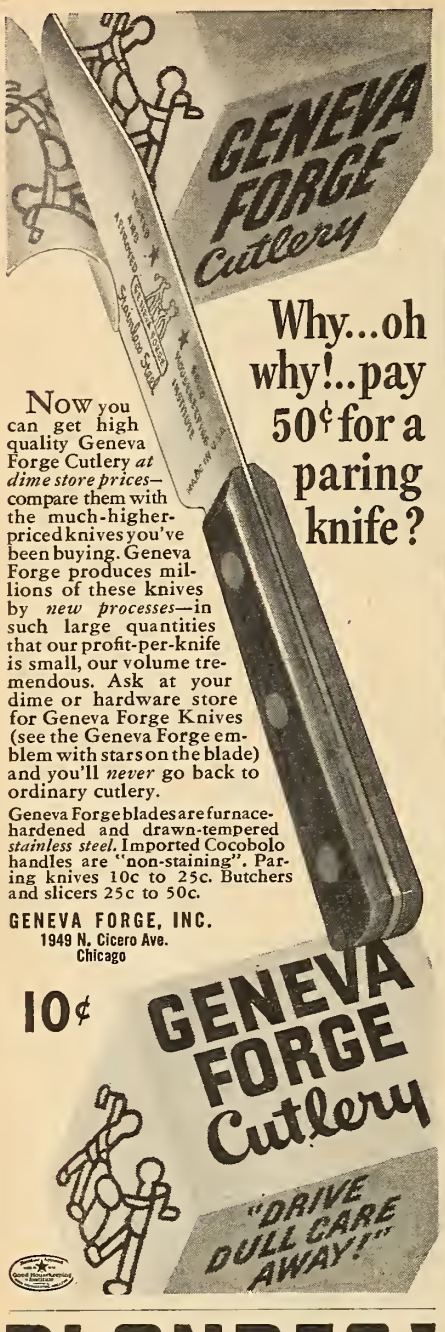
Check shade of powder desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ Tan

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(Please Print)

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ MM40





clipping on my desk. It's from the society page of the Examiner. Photo of a girl whose engagement was just announced. One of our unofficial scouts mailed it to me."

"I'll tell you about our craziest discovery. It was made by one of our unofficial scouts, my cousin, big Zeke Bonura, who used to play first-base for the Chicago White Sox. He wrote me about a radio announcer who was spieling games. He said the announcer was coming West for spring training with the Cubs, and that I should be sure to see him. 'He's a real prospect,' wrote Bonura. Well, I wasn't too sure of Bonura's taste; so I skipped it. One day, with nothing else to do, I went out to see an exhibition game. The announcer was there. Now, as a rule, I don't like radio announcers for the movies. They punch their words too hard. Their styles are choppy. But this fellow had what I like—and now he's with us, thanks to cousin Zeke Bonura. The announcer's name? Oh, you know, Ronald Reagan!"

"If you want to be found by a Warner Brothers scout, go to a sizable city, join a decent theatre that you are positive isn't a racket and act day in and day out. Constant acting will give you ease and naturalness. And if you have anything, we'll find you—some day!"

AT Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in a bungalow, I met the greatest hunter of thespians in the world. Only he doesn't like to be called a talent scout. "It makes me feel like some Daniel Boone with a fur cap and raccoon tail down the back. I'm not only a scout, but I'm a doctor and top-sergeant to talent. I'm an agent within these walls, trying to sell my finds to the producers. I'm a million things." He's also Billy Grady, a word-punching Irishman with an encyclopedic mind.

Grady, from behind his huge fortress-like desk, told me the story of the new M-G-M sensation, blue-eyed Ilona Massey. A studio scout saw her in a Vienna opera. He promptly sent the following cable to Hollywood: "Test Ilona Massey. She's marvelous. She's the kind of dame who would look naked wearing a fur coat!"

Ilona Massey came to the United States, to Bill Grady. "She had everything," he admitted. "Looks, voice, personality—and 142 pounds! The first thing I taught her, after she was signed, was how to eat. No more fats, sweets, European pastries. In two weeks she was down to 126. Then I taught her English. She knew only two words. When she first came into my office and met me, she said, 'Good-bye,' and when she left my office, she said, 'Hello.' That was Ilona Massey, and look at her now, after 'Balalaika.'

"You see, I'm not just a talent scout. I've got to develop the stars to the point where a producer will sign them and put them on a screen. And incidentally, Ilona's case gives you a fair idea of how thoroughly our scout department covers the world. We found her, I remind you, in Vienna. But that was nothing. We have 375 branch offices, or exchanges, scattered throughout the entire world, looking for talent. We even have one in India. Each of these exchanges has ten scouts on the payroll. We are not covering Europe now, because of the War. Our main sources for new people are Hollywood and New York."

"We're different than most studios. We don't pay attention to outside tips. Here's the way I feel. Only a master craftsman can pick talent. I'll give you an idea. You're not a carpenter, yet when I ask you about the chair I'm sitting in, you say it looks good. Sure. Because, to your uneducated eye, this chair does look good. But what's beneath the surface? You're not a craftsman, so you don't know. Bring an expert in, a carpenter, and he'll give you a real opinion about this chair. The same with talent scouts. They are experts. They are craftsmen, trained for their jobs.

"Laymen, are poor judges. They think talent consists of beauty. They can't see the intangibles—inherent ability and personality. And I'll tell you another thing about actresses. Don't let any of those books make you believe actresses are developed. No sirree. Actresses are born, not made. They are actresses right in the pink cradle, when they begin faking tears for an extra bottle of milk!"

"I find most of my talent in little theatres. Take my word, the little theatre is the foundation and future of the movies. In the old days, when I wanted talent, I covered a vaudeville show or visited the burlesque. That's dead. And now I depend on little theatres. They're swell—*if they don't teach kids to act.* Get me? Little theatres are good if they just give kids a chance to be natural and have an audience.

"The steady school diet of Shakespeare is no good. And too much diction, word mouthing, is terrible. When a girl walks through that door over there, I can tell if she is good or bad. If she gives me the old hip swing, the eye and that drama class affectation, well, she hasn't a chance, not with Bill Grady. But if she's sincere, natural, regular, I'll overlook a dozen other faults.

"And God help any prospect that lies to Billy Grady! I've been in this game forty years. I've seen every decent play there ever was to see. I've a record of every one produced, and covered by M-G-M. If someone comes in here with a cock-and-bull story about experience on Broadway, in such-and-such a show, four years ago, well, here's what I do—"

Billy Grady got to his feet, navigated around his desk to a wall case. He pointed to rows of black bound books.

"These books contain complete reports of every Broadway show. I check on the stories my prospects tell. If they are fibbing, out they go, on their ears."

THE veteran scout took one of the volumes from the shelf, brought it over to me. He flipped it open.

"Take a peek. Here are our scout reports for 1933. A play called 'The Curtain Rises.' Our scout calls it, 'Lousy.' Here, below, is a criticism of every player. Here, further down, a paragraph about a new actress named Jean Arthur. It reads, 'The greatest prospect in years. She has what Helen Hayes has. Grab her.' And that was seven years ago!"

"I'll never forget Patsy Kelly. She was rehearsing a play. She had on a rose coat, a red dress, and there were holes in her stockings. Her hair was a mess. She was drinking milk, and it dribbled down her chin, and spilled—but she just remained unaffectedly nonchalant. It made an impression.

"There was Ruby Keeler, hoofing in a line. She tripped, fell, almost broke her neck. Flustered? Upset? Naw. She just got up, neatly, easily, got back into line and continued. I admired her poise. I found Virginia Grey, in a Ziegfeld chorus. They were resting between rehearsals. Most of the kids smoked, talked about themselves, played poker. Virginia went into a corner by her lonesome and tapped. She was signed.

"The stand-out discovery in my mind was Eleanor Powell. Oh, I can't say too much for her. I first saw her in a mis-

erable rehearsal hall in Atlantic City. She was practicing new steps, hour after hour. When she was through, her mother pulled off her shoes. The feet of Eleanor's stockings were vivid with wet blood. Yet, the next morning at 8:30, she was back in the hall—practicing. How can you help but notice a girl like that?

"People don't have to worry about being found. I love my job. I live, talk and eat my job. It's a religion with me. I'm looking for new people!"

I believed him.

And later, I also believed Julius Evans, the new talent scout at RKO, when I sat with him in his swank office and listened to his soft-spoken opinions.

"A talent scout must be able to see below the exterior," Julius Evans pointed out. "He must have a great instinct. When a boy or girl with a smile breezes into the room, the scout must know if he is greeting star stuff. But he mustn't depend on a first impression. I always see a person two or three times before making a final decision.

"Why, some of our best people make terrible initial impressions. I've seen Helen Hayes as dead as a doorknob among new company. She was tightened and nervous. On a first impression, she'd be thrown out of this office, but observe, she's one of our greatest stage stars.

"When I travel and meet new actors, I try to dig under shy exteriors. And I make it a rule never to resent cocky persons. In fact, I sometimes like brashness. Because such people, with obvious personalities that register immediately, are often easiest to sell."

"We have a curious system," he said. "We don't work by ourselves, but with the aid of RKO theatre managers. For example, the manager of your neighborhood theatre may be one of our scouts. We welcome and expect his tips and suggestions. Sometimes an exhibitor will finance some really talented person's



Now that none of the money that American studios have in England can be taken out of that country, it is being put into the production of films over there. Bob Montgomery, among the first to be sent over, is shown with his wife en route to make "Busman's Honeymoon."

Sure to be "Soul Mates"..your Skin and one of Woodbury's 8 Powder Shades!



1. Popular Barnard Sophomore: "A girl who wants to have good dates must wear a shade of powder that blends with her skin. Among the 8 Woodbury Powder shades, Radiant proved the perfect match for mine. It's equally becoming by day and night lights. And since I've worn it I've had the best dates of my college career."

Betty Hanf, Barnard College, New York, '42



Outfit courtesy Abercrombie & Fitch

2. Attractive Skidmore Senior: "I tried the 8 shades of Woodbury Powder in sunlight and electric light. Brunette is the one that best dramatizes my personality. My skiing companion said, 'If you look like this in sunlight on snow, you'll *do!*'" Marjory Marschalk, Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.,'40



3. "Woodbury Powder clings even when I ski," adds Marjory Marschalk. "I *never* get shiny nose like other girls!" Of course you don't! Woodbury Powder stays lastingly germ-free, clear of the impurities that may aggravate oiliness, main cause of shiny nose. Woodbury's velvet-smooth finish lasts for extra long hours.



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SHADES THAT *DRAMATIZE* YOUR SKIN

FREE...SEND FOR 8 FASHIONABLE SHADES of Woodbury Powder. Beauty and fashion editors commend their smartness, say they give glamour plus. Among them you'll find your skin's "soul mate". Buy Woodbury Powder for shine-free loveliness. Only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

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Please send me, free and postpaid, all 8 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder . . . approved by leading fashion and beauty authorities for glamorous make-up. Also generous tube of Woodbury Cold Cream.

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trip to Hollywood. More often, we send someone to check up on tips.

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"In the old days, the movies had to have pretty faces. Those days are gone forever. Now a Spencer Tracy or a Jim Cagney, neither one pretty, can go far. Tracy and Cagney aren't Apolloesque, but they have manliness and personality instead. They need not be good-looking or even highly photogenic, as long as they possess the more essential assets.

"To find such people, we don't go only to little theatres. A star may be found in the most unbelievable or most ordinary place. And I don't say this just to be encouraging. I saw a woman shopping in a butcher shop once and had her tested. There was a young man being shaved in a barber shop. He appealed to me and was tested."

JULIUS EVANS was reminded of a recent discovery in an unusual place. In his own office! It seemed a woman named Harrington from Detroit was visiting in Hollywood with her little daughter. She had a letter to a producer at RKO, and to get rid of her, the producer turned Mrs. Harrington over to Julius Evans.

"She came in one morning with her daughter," recalled Evans. "The little daughter, Mary Lou, was a bad imitation of Shirley Temple, even to curls and gestures. I was about to dismiss her, when something occurred to me. I told her mother to leave the room, then I said, 'Listen, Mary Lou, take your curls and pull them back over your ears, tightly. Now I know your mother and family told you a lot of things to say and to do. Forget them. Just come here and talk to me."

"After ten minutes, sans curls and affectation, she was marvelous. You'll see her with Cary Grant and Irene Dunne in 'My Favorite Wife.' It illustrates how important naturalness is."

The RKO scout emphasized good posture, proper breathing and better diction. He claimed that recent discoveries like Linda Hayes, an ex-hat check girl, and Helene Whitney, of the Reynolds tobacco millions, had these strong points.

"To be found by a talent scout," he advised, "you must have strength deep within yourself. You must be sincerely charming and popular, first with family, then with relatives, then with friends and outsiders. Thus your sphere of influence will grow, more and more, until Hollywood recognition will come. Obtain a qualified coach. Not one who has read a book on dramatics and set up a school, but a reliable coach. And if you are too poor for even this, don't be discouraged. Start your own local play group. Nobody may hear of it for awhile. But one day, I may be in your audience, and RKO may want you!"

And so, after seeing Solly Baiano, Billy Grady and Julius Evans, I learned one thing: That Hollywood has the most decent and efficient men in the world looking for people to act in its pictures. And I learned that Hollywood is anxious to have its human bloodhounds run you down, stop you, and date you—for stardom. Billy Grady spends a million dollars a year and hires 3,750 men to watch for you.

No, you don't have to worry about being found. If you've got the stuff, your day will come, maybe tomorrow, maybe one year from tomorrow. Billy Grady is sure of that. But he's not sure of what'll happen to you after you get a contract. That's why he has that sign hanging over his desk. Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Joan Crawford have all read that sign. It says: "A halo has only to fall a few inches to become a noose."

EDITOR'S NOTE: After you've been "discovered" by a talent scout, what happens next? Where do you go from there? You'll find the answer in the second article of this informative series. It will appear in the May Modern Screen.



Director Ruggles can't decide whether to let Fred MacMurray, right, or Melvyn Douglas get the girl in the final fadeout of "Too Many Husbands." We think pistols for two, instead of books, would be more appropriate—with Jean Arthur the lady in the case.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

★★ Green Hell

Take a steaming equatorial jungle inhabited by six perspiring males and into this masculine background introduce, not just a woman; which would be illogical enough, but Joan Bennett, which is going too far, and you might have something on the order of Universal's "Green Hell."

The boys are looking for Inca ruins and gold, but what they actually uncover is one of the most inexhaustible bonanzas of banality, both in situation and dialogue, since the invention of the cinema. Your worst expectations are borne out when Miss Bennett is borne in on a stretcher, looking both feverish and glamorous—that is to say, running more of a temperament than a temperature. And after that, it's romantic Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., against a field of five predatory males.

Did we say that "Green Hell" is a veritable heaven for the cliche hunter? Following is an incomplete list: When George Sanders brings white orchids from the jungle and lays them at the Bennett shrine, Doug, Jr., cattily observes to Alan Hale, the elderly and therefore practically neutral prospector-archaeologist: "Don't you think Forrester is being just a bit obvious?" Then, looking out soulfully at the excavations in the moonlight (she's supposed to be in mourning for a dead husband), Miss Bennett murmurs, in voice that would make even an archaeologist shiver: "It must be fascinating digging in those ruins, not knowing what you may find."

And finally, when the drums start throbbing in the jungle, like a sinister pulse, old Doc Alan Hale takes the Grand Prix in the bromide sweepstakes by exclaiming: "That means we're in for it!" At this point only the most intrepid tropical hellion is going to be able to resist the cowardly impulse to call together his beaters and gunbearers and start making his way laboriously over intervening knees and laps back to civilization. Directed by James Whale.—*Universal.*

★★ Brother Rat and a Baby

"Brother Rat and a Baby" is a post-graduate "Brother Rat." It is a continuation of those light-hearted and amiable characters who seemed to be pretty well concluded in the original opus, which dealt with the academic and amorous tribulations of cadets at Virginia Military Institute. Here is Wayne Morris again as Billy Randolph, ostensibly in business with his father, but still emotionally unsettled, owing to the disturbing Southern charm of Priscilla Lane. He is still plagued by his unparalleled gift for getting himself and his school friends into complicated jams. And here is Eddie Albert as the slightly vacant but endlessly likeable "Bing" Edwards, with Jane Bryan as his mouse-like wife. Their son, "Commencement," played by a new baby star, Peter B. Good, is a winning young gentleman, a veritable Orson Welles of infants.

Making the best of a tough assignment—something like a surgeon, repeating an operation in the same vital spot, as an encore—the authors have scraped the bottom of the idea-bin and have come up with very thin fare. Essentially, the plot is nothing but a series of embarass-

CLAIRE TREVOR and JOHN WAYNE in a scene from Republic's "The Dark Command". Your hands, too, can be enchantingly soft if you use Jergens Lotion.



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ing contretemps into which Wayne (who is getting too unjuvenile looking to behave like that) precipitates everybody while trying to promote the job of head coach at the old Alma Mater for his friend, Albert.

The sequel is hardly to be compared in comical effectiveness with its predecessor, in which a baby was merely threatened. Indeed, whether you consider its forced and synthetic situations comical at all will be largely a matter of individual taste and of immediate background in the field of boisterous, post-prep-school humor. The final verdict might range all the way from hilarious, if you've been in seclusion lately, to unbearably dull, if you're exceptionally blasé. Directed by Ray Enright.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★ He Married His Wife

At the beginning of the picture, Nancy Kelly has just divorced Joel McCrea because of his fondness for horses. They are supposedly through with each other, until Nancy has Joel thrown into jail for not paying the alimony on time. Because she's really still in love with him, she bails him out and he gets busy figuring out a way to get her married to another man so that he can escape the alimony checks.

The men that enter into the story at this point are Lyle Talbot and Cesar Romero, both carrying on a campaign to win the fair Nancy. Joel is helping them with the aid of his lawyer, Roland Young. Mary Boland is doing all she can to help, too, by inviting the entire group out to her country estate. The action from there on is fast and furious. There's lots of hilarity and screwy comedy, so if you feel like having a laugh, look up "He Married His Wife." Directed by Roy Del Ruth.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Invisible Stripes

If you like George Raft in a convict role, then "Invisible Stripes" is your picture. He is discharged from Sing Sing and headed home to his family. When he gets home, he discovers all the problems that face an ex-convict.

When his kid brother, who is struggling to collect enough money to marry Jane Bryan, almost strays into a career of crime, Raft goes back to his old gang to collect enough money for his family to have the things they want. He succeeds but pays with his life. Humphrey Bogart as his cynical and very crooked partner in crime is excellent. But the supporting roles are overshadowed completely by the fine characterization turned in by Flora Robson as the mother of Raft and Holden. Other members of the cast are Margot Stevenson, Paul Kelly, Lee Patrick, Henry O'Neill, Frankie Thomas and Moroni Olsen. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—*Warner Bros.*

★★ The Invisible Man Returns

Guaranteed to scare the living daylights out of you, "The Invisible Man Returns" provides a field day for thrill seekers. This time the plot concerns a titled Englishman, Vincent Price, who is about to be hung for the murder of his brother. Nan Grey, his fiancee, and John Sutton, his best friend, try everything in their power to prove his innocence, and finally resort to the use of some mysterious fluid which makes Price invisible. The hero fades from the picture, to the delight of the audience and the complete mystification of Scotland Yard. From then on, the plot is a series of escapades, some as horrible as can be imagined, others hilarious. The complicating factor is this: Unless an antidote is discovered, Price will go completely mad.

In the cast, all give good accounts of themselves—almost too convincing in spots. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is noteworthy in a supporting role. Special mention should be given the trick photography. Directed by Joe May.—*Universal.*

★★ Adventure In Diamonds

The South African locale of this picture gives it a special appeal. The beautiful-at-times Isa Miranda is one of those mysterious and glamorous diamond thieves. Her accomplice in crime is John Loder. Together they baffle the mine owners, the police and George Brent.

Brent is a friend of Nigel Bruce, head of the local police, who asks Brent's aid in capturing the ring of experts. Since Brent has already fallen for the bewitching Miranda, he agrees to trap her friends and free her from their clutches. He fulfils his promise and succeeds in winning the affections of Miss Miranda.

Story action, the really interesting information on diamond mining, Nigel Bruce and George Brent give the picture enough sparkle to make it pleasant entertainment. Directed by George Fitzmaurice.—*Paramount.*

★★ Music In My Heart

Tony Martin's singing and Andre Kostelanetz's conducting make "Music in My Heart" worthwhile. There are several lilting tunes that will probably enjoy great popularity.

The story doesn't make much sense or a lot of difference. Martin is headed for the boat docks and deportation from the United States when his taxi collides with another taxi carrying Rita Hayworth to the same boat where she was supposed to meet her intended husband. They miss the boat, but don't miss falling in love. And believe it or not, the jilted millionaire goes big-hearted and fixes everything up for the happy couple.

In the supporting cast, George Tobias does the best work among names that include Edith Fellows, Alan Mowbray, Eric Blore and Joseph Crehan. Directed by Joseph Santley.—*Columbia.*

★★ Nick Carter, Master Detective

Who-dun-it fans of the horse and buggy era will gasp in amazement at the streamlined Nick Carter. Walter Pidgeon is a smooth detective and the plot is every bit as exciting as the old dime novel thrillers.

The story opens and closes with fast chases over land and ocean, and when Nick Carter climbs into an airplane to capture the robbers, his modernization is complete. The mystery concerns foreign spies bent on stealing plans for a new type wing for airplanes. When designs for planes are stolen right from the factory, Nick Carter sets to work to trap the clever smugglers.

Donald Meek as Bartholomew, the Bee Man, succeeds in stealing nearly every scene in which he appears. He helps Carter capture the villains and sees to it that Rita Johnson gets Carter. Good support is offered also by Henry Hull, Stanley C. Ridges and Addison Richards. Directed by Jacques Tourneur.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

(Continued from page 65)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Ebsen, Buddy	Dancer	Broadway Melody of 1936	1935	Rowing	Carpentry	T C F	Home—10360 Rochester Ave., Beverly Hills
Eddy, Nelson	Advertising copy-writer	Dancing Lady	1933	Baseball	Sculpture	M G M	Home—805 N. Alpine, Beverly Hills
Eilers, Sally	Dancer	Goodbye Kiss	1929	Dancing	Breeding Scotties	R K O	Home—609 N. Maple, Beverly Hills
Ellison, James	Film Vault Boy	Play Girl	1935	Riding	Raising Horses	R K O	Studio—780 Gower St., Hollywood
Erikson, Leif	Stage Actor	Wanderer of Waste-land	1935	Football	Collecting Miniature Steamships	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Ernest, George	Student	Human Side	1934	Hockey	Collecting Miniature Elec. Trains	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Erwin, Stuart	Reporter	Mother Knows Best	1928	Golf	Raising Thoroughbreds	T C F	Home—603 N. Foothill Drive, Beverly Hills
Fairbanks, Douglas	Writer	Stephen Steps Out	1927	Tennis	Writing Magazine Articles	R K O	Home—1425 Monoco Dr., Pacific Palisades
Farmer, Frances	Student	Too Many Parents	1936	Swimming	Collecting Old Jewelry	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Faye, Alice	Chorus Girl	Scandals	1934	Bicycling	None	T C F	Home—1100 Benedict Canyon Dr., Beverly Hills
Fazenda, Louise	Chorus Girl	The Bat	1926	Hiking	Stamp Collecting	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Fellows, Edith	Student	Madame X	1929	Roller Skating	Doll Collecting	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood
Field, Betty	Stage Actress	What a Life	1939	Riding	Raising Dogs	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Field, Virginia	Student	The Lady Is Willing	1934	Tennis	Collecting Lucky Charms	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood
Fields, W. C.	Juggler	Sally of the Sawdust	1925	Fishing	Juggling	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Fitzgerald, Geraldine	Stage Actress	Dark Victory	1939	Golf	Painting	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Flynn, Errol	Boxer	Mutiny on the Bounty	1935	Sailing	Writing Novels	W B	Home—601 N. Linden, Beverly Hills
Fonda, Henry	Scene Painter	Farmer Takes a Wife	1935	Handball	Making Airplane Models	T C F	Home—255 Rockingham Ave., Brentwood Hts.

(Continued on page 85)

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SHY BUT SLY

(Continued from page 27)

He felt uncomfortable with girls, so he thought they must feel uncomfortable with him. Particularly when they talked all the time about handsome movie stars, and he bent down to look in his mirror and saw no reason to hope he could ever be in the movie-star class. He didn't think much of his face.

It was at that time that he decided to become a writer. Nobody reading a story cared whether the author was tall or short, fat or thin, handsome or homely.

His father, a tall man, remembered suffering similar growing pains until he went to college and learned how to handle himself. Amused, but sympathetic, he cut short the mortifications of high school for Jimmy, and sent him off to a boys' school, Mercersburg Academy.

JIMMY felt more natural there. It was a bigger school, and made him feel smaller. And the absence of girls helped. Among fellows, a fellow's size didn't matter much. All that mattered was whether or not he was a good sport. Jimmy had no trouble being that.

At Mercersburg, there was an English teacher named Cass, who thought Jimmy ought to be able to act. His essays showed imagination, and he could read well. All he needed was confidence. Cass drafted him for a school play. Jimmy managed to get on and off the stage without stumbling over anything. But Jimmy wasn't sure he could do it over again.

He went to Princeton because his father had gone there. He chose to study architecture because by that time he thought any talents he had for self-expression ran to drawing, something a man could do in private.

Jimmy wasn't a misfit at Princeton. He wasn't a recluse or a grind. He got out with the boys. After the normal manner of a Princeton man, he wore baggy slacks, sport jackets and loud socks. And he did the normal Princeton things, including trying to steal the clapper of the bell. (There is a legend that, any day the bell doesn't ring, there will be no classes.)

The only thing he didn't do was to chase proms. He still felt awkward with girls. Determined to conquer self-consciousness at any cost, he took up the accordion. That he still plays it—and the flute besides—is all the proof anyone should need that he can't be as shy as he looks.

A determination not to be self-conscious was what led him onto the stage at Princeton. That, plus the fact that every year the Triangle Club took its show on tour to nearby cities. Jimmy was always in the market for anything that might take him to New York. It is worth noting that Jimmy wasn't terrified by New York, which has a reputation for scaring the shy.

For a time, his roommate at Princeton, was Joshua Logan, who was a class ahead of him. Josh, terrifically sold on "the theatre," became a stage director upon graduation. It was lucky for Jimmy that they kept in touch with each other.

Jimmy was one of those unfortunates who graduated from college at the height of the depression. Architects were laying off old assistants, not taking on new ones. Logan urged him to come up to West Falmouth, Massachusetts for the summer, and work with the stock company under Logan's management. To keep from going back to Indiana jobless, Jimmy grabbed at the chance.

The company operated a tearoom in connection with the theatre. Jimmy earned his keep by playing the accordion in the tearoom. In his leisure time he painted scenery and listened to Logan, Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullavan and other fellow-workers expound on the art of acting. He was a good listener. He took in what they said. They said that they weren't going to stop being healthy, wide-open normal people, when they became actors; they were going to be so natural that no one could tell where naturalness left off and acting began.

A New York producer came along with a play for the company to try out. There was one part left over—that of a chauffeur, with eight lines to speak. They gave it to Jimmy. Came Fall, and the producer wanted to take the company to New York for the Broadway production. Jimmy went along "for the ride" and because the eight-line role would keep him fed while he looked some more for architectural work.

When architects still couldn't use him, Jimmy began to wonder if he could make a career of the stage. He had won his first role completely by accident. He couldn't rely on any more chance happenings. If he hoped to get producers to buy his services, he had to have something they could use.

What did he have to offer? (1) An accordion. (2) A sober sort of face, not handsome. (3) A physique like a beanpole. (4) A general aspect of boyish inexperience. (5) A habit of looking self-conscious, even when he felt sure of himself.

He looked about him at other juveniles. They were sleek boys, self-possessed. He could try to be like them, or he could try to make good on the West Falmouth theory of homely naturalness. He had his choice. He chose the West Falmouth technique. He was smart enough to see that it would give him something that no one else had—if he could fit his mannerisms and his way of talking to the impression he gave.

He submerged the sophisticate that he had become, and let the small-town boy that he had been emerge again. Circumstances abetted him. He didn't become prosperous of a sudden. He starved. He had simple habits forced upon him. So much so that those habits became natural.

HE won a certain amount of success on Broadway, but it was in Hollywood that he came into his own. Seeming naturalness is rare in Hollywood, but seeming self-consciousness is even rarer. Hollywood is dedicated to the greater glory of self-sure heroes. Hollywood had Jimmy neatly tagged for weakling parts. Remember his roles in "Rose Marie" and "After the Thin Man?" But fans took an unexpected liking to him, because he reminded them of the boy next door.

That is now the press agents' favorite phrase about Jimmy, "He's like the boy next door." And so he is, in a great many ways. But he isn't self-conscious, except about being seen in a bathing suit. And he isn't shy.

He achieves the effect of self-consciousness by a simple method—he doesn't show off. He lives in a modest house in a modest district. He doesn't

(Continued on page 86)

(Continued from page 83)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Fontaine, Joan	Student	Quality Street	1936	Swimming	Print Drawing	R K O	Home—700 N. Linden, Beverly Hills
Foran, Dick	Railroad Investigator	Stand Up and Cheer	1934	Riding	Raising Horses	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Foster, Preston	Reporter	Last Mile	1932	Polo	Collecting Records	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Francis, Kay	Social Secretary	Gentlemen of the Press	1929	Tennis	Knitting	R K O	Home—8341 Delongpre, Hollywood
Gaal, Franciska	Musical Comedy Star	The Buccaneer	1937	Hunting	None	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Gable, Clark	Factory Time-keeper	What Price Glory	1926	Fishing	Taxidermy	M G M	Home—4525 Petit, Encino
Garbo, Greta	Saleslady	The Torrent	1926	Swimming	Giving Musicals	M G M	Home—165 Mayberry, Santa Monica
Garfield, John	Stage Actor	Four Daughters	1938	Baseball	Debating	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Gargan, William	Private Detective	Animal Kingdom	1932	Boxing	Collecting Miniature Sailboats	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Garland, Judy	Student	Broadway Melody of 1938	1937	Swimming	Designing Floral Decorations	M G M	Home—1298 Stone Canyon Dr., Bel-Air
Garson, Greer	Office Worker	Goodbye, Mr. Chips	1939	Basketball	Knitting	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet	Theatre Usher	The Johnstown Flood	1925	Riding	Designing Costume Jewelry	U A	Home—10424 Valley Spring Lane, No. Hollywood
George, Gladys	Dancer	Red Hot Dollars	1920	Football	Dancing	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Gleason, James	Writer	A Free Soul	1931	Ice Hockey	Horse Raising	R P	Home—807 Alpine Dr., Beverly Hills
Gleason, Russell	Student	Flying Fool	1929	Handball	Flying	R P	Studio—4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood
Goddard, Paulette	Model	A Kid from Spain	1932	Golf	Designing Miniature Sets	U A	Home—1085 Summit Dr., Beverly Hills
Grable, Betty	Student	Hold 'Em Jail	1932	Tennis	Dancing	P	Home—250 Chadbourne, Brentwood
Grant, Cary	Acrobat	This Is the Night	1932	Riding	Performing Card Tricks	C	Home—1018 Ocean Front, Santa Monica
Granville, Bonita	Student	Westward Passage	1932	Swimming	Collecting Ivory Elephants	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.

(Continued on page 87)



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(*Continued from page 84*)

drive a flashy car. His socks are still loud, but otherwise he doesn't dress in a bizarre fashion. His collars invariably look as if his mother had ironed them. And he has been known to wear one suit three years. He doesn't try to look like a movie star. He doesn't call new feminine acquaintances "honey" or "darling." He never talks about money. He has to be urged to talk about himself and then humorously belittles himself.

He doesn't go out of his way to attract attention. In college he studied psychology. And one of the elemental lessons in psychology is that, in a shouting throng, the silent person attracts attention.

Between scenes, he doesn't duck for his dressing-room and its privacy. He mingles with everybody on the set. He eats in the studio commissary, never by himself. He isn't nervous at work. Everybody else may "blow up," but he is sure of his lines. He likes radio work, which is a form of torture to self-conscious people.

In his pictures, he is invariably a one-girl boy. Once he finds a lovable companion who seems to prefer him, he doesn't wander off in search of others. But Jimmy, in person, is close to being a one-man Hollywood escort bureau. He doesn't go out with pretty beginners, who would be easily dazzled by him. He calls up glamour queens—the Norma Shearers, the Loretta Youngs, the Marlene Dietrichs and Olivia de Havillands.

If he isn't married yet, it must be because of slyness, not because of shyness.

CASHING IN ON NATURALNESS

(*Continued from page 47*)

notes, we see that we were sufficiently impressed by this fact to underscore it. However, the important thing was that for the first time in our life, there we were, contemplating that world-girdling Ameche grin, not merely in close-up, but in person. It is a fine, expansive, generous grin—a grin which we can only describe as that of a well-fed Cheshire cat, with a good sense of professional timing. And if it has a certain complacency, we attribute that to the fact that its owner is the father of a bona-fide family, instead of one of those synthetic adopted broods which are all the rage in Hollywood these days, like snoods, Technicolor and Orson Welles.

The three Ameche boys are Donny, who is six; Ronny, who is four; and Tommy, a newcomer, who is just five months old. Their mother, Mrs. Dominic Felix Amici, if you want to be formal—was born Honore Prendergast, and was Don's boyhood sweetheart back in Dubuque, Iowa, where Don went to school. The Ameches have been married for seven years, and though that falls short of the Hollywood record, it is still worthy of mention in this day and age. Incidentally, rumor has it that Don is one of the most attentive husbands in Hollywood among those who are most attentive to their own wives, though we hate to repeat gossip.

WE wish to note here that Don shakes hands firmly but not too athletically, and we are also happy to report that in a room flowing with ten-year-old Scotch, he ordered a glass of milk, and ordered it quietly, apparently because he really likes milk. Moreover, we sat there and watched to make sure that he drank it down; we never let a screen star get away with just *ordering* a glass of milk. Needless to add, this is a habit which, if persisted in, can hardly break down his health. But the chances of any kind of a breakdown in Don's case appear to be very slim indeed, unless it might be a fashionable nervous one brought on by overwork.

It appears that a scant three months before our meeting in Manhattan, Don had been a far different man from the smiling, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boy whom we looked upon that afternoon. The strain of too many labors, taking its gradual toll, had reduced him to the appearance of a man in a patent-medicine advertisement: haggard, hollow-eyed, rundown, sallow. The symptoms were obvious to everybody except, of course, to Don himself. In fact, Don would have gone right on, blindly making pictures, playing assorted dialect parts and singing duets or engaging in witty repartee with Dorothy Lamour and other glamour girls on the radio, if his studio had not paternally stepped in, and ordered him to take three months off, whether he liked it or not.

Rudely torn from his beloved drug, poor Don was like a caged beast for the first two or three days. Indeed, during the early adjustment period, it was feared that they might have to break him of work gradually, starting with a few milligrams of leisure at a time and carefully increasing the dose till he could stand a whole day of loafing. But the studio, which has no provisions for such cases, insisted on a clean break, and that was probably the saving of Don. When it was put to him like that, on the basis of loyalty to old Twentieth Century-Fox, he sternly buckled down to doing nothing until he had mastered the art.

DON AMECHE still plugs faithfully away at a professional career which began suddenly twelve years ago. At that time, recommended by his college dramatic coach, he stepped into a part in "Excess Baggage" vacated by an injured member of a stock company playing in Madison, Wis. Given twenty "sides," or pages of dialogue to learn at noon, Don played a 3 o'clock matinee without a slip-up and when the manager offered him the part for the duration of the play's run, Don "chucked his law books out the window."

Since that fateful day, Don has been a man in love with his work. That is why, although he obediently went and shot at small game in the High Sierras, as his studio had ordered, dutifully took one of those cruises to South America (the shortest one he could find) and meekly haunted the blistered shores of the Salton Sea, he never really learned to like what his Italian forefathers would call "dolce far niente." In fact the only consideration which seems to have enabled him to stand up under the strain of relaxing over such a prolonged period was the comforting thought that when he finally did return to work, it would be with a new spring in his step, a new gleam in his eye, and an increased efficiency.

Now, Ameche is back again at his old vice: working too hard and liking it.

(Continued from page 85)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Gravet, Fernand	Stage Actor	King and the Chorus Girl	1937	Fencing	Designing Military Miniatures	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Greene, Richard	Stage Actor (in England)	Four Men and a Prayer	1938	Badminton	None	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Grey, Nan	Student	Firebird	1935	Dancing	Drawing	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Gurie, Sigrid	Stage Actress (in Norway)	Adventures of Marco Polo	1936	Ping Pong	Crocheting	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Hale, Alan	Stage Actor	Cowboy and the Lady	1922	Riding	Inventing	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Hall, Jon	Student	Hurricane	1937	Swimming	Magic	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., N. Hollywood
Hardwicke, Sir Cedric	Stage Actor	Dreyfus	1931	Golf	Manuscript Collecting	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Hardy, Oliver	Stage Actor	The Rogue Song	1928	Golf	Horse Breeding	U A	Home—621 Alta Drive, Beverly Hills
Hayward, Louis	Stage Actor	The Flame Within	1935	Tennis	Directing Amateur Groups	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., N. Hollywood
Hayward, Susan	Model	Beau Geste	1939	Hiking	Collecting Dolls	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Hayworth, Rita	Dancer	Dante's Inferno	1935	Dancing	Writing Poetry	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood
Heifetz, Jascha	Musician	They Shall Have Music	1939	Riding	Composing	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., N. Hollywood
Henie, Sonja	Professional Skater	One in a Million	1935	Skiing	Designing Jewelry	T C F	Home—10451 BaLagio Rd., Beverly Hills
Henry, William	Stage Manager	Adorable	1933	Football	Book Collecting	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Herbert, Hugh	Vaudevillian	Goodbye Again	1927	Baseball	Raising Livestock	U	Home—12321 Moorpark, North Hollywood
Hersholt, Jean	Stage Actor	Girl on the Barge	1929	Fishing	Collecting First Editions	R K O	Home—612 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills

STUDIO ADDRESSES: *(C) Columbia, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.; (MGM) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.; (M) Monogram, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.; (P) Paramount, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.; (R) Republic, 4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood, Cal.; (RKO) RKO-Radio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.; (TCF) 20th Century-Fox, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.; (UA) United Artists, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.; (U) Universal, Universal City, Cal.; (WB) Warner Bros., First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.*

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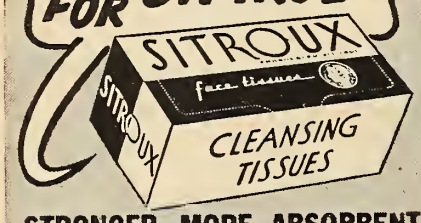
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OF MOUSE AND MEN

(*Continued from page 38*)

I've made a lot of plans in my time, but they've never worked out."

She recalled the day she took it on the lam from Manhattan's P. S. 84. She had absorbed all the arithmetic she could stand and was committing a sin known to all young spitball hurlers as "playing hookey." The truant officer searched all the haunts of Manhattan's roughneck West Side, but he never thought of looking for her on the stage of the Capitol Theater, which is where she had landed.

"I had it in my blood, I guess," she says. "I wanted to be on the stage. I didn't care how I got there or what I did after I got there, just as long as I was on it. Well, Chester Hale needed dancing girls, and there I was."

FROM this simple, pointless, thirteen-year-old start Alice Faye soared to her present heights as one of Hollywood's first ten attractions.

She didn't climb. She didn't plan. Things just happened—and she soared.

She worked at the Capitol for about two years; then she passed through the night club stages to become a chorine in George White's Scandals.

"I was in Atlantic City when it opened. Let's see, there was quite a cast; Willie and Eugene Howard, Everett Marshall, Ethel Merman, Rudy Vallee . . .

"I've never told anyone how I first shifted from dancing to singing. It was all by accident. Rudy Vallee's lawyer, Hymie Bushel, gave a party for the cast when we came to New York. He had just bought one of those home-recording machines, and he made records of every girl at the party singing a song. When he played the records back Rudy was listening. One of them interested him above all the others. It was mine.

"So I took voice lessons and joined the Vallee band at the Hollywood Restaurant and sang on the air. After that Rudy took me to Hollywood with the band to make a picture of the Scandals. It was Rudy who arranged for me to sing 'Nasty Man.' Then I was offered a movie contract by Mr. Zanuck, and I don't know any man who would have done what Rudy did. He tore up my contract with him so that I could sign one with Twentieth Century-Fox and he wished me all the luck in the world."

It is ironic and it sort of illustrates Miss Faye's no-plan philosophy, that while Rudy Vallee strove and spent fortunes trying to be a movie actor, the little songstress in his band slid into the industry's top brackets.

At first Hollywood cast her almost solely in singing roles, but Miss Faye has come a long way since then. Her films provide plenty of evidence of her acting worth and of the long hours she has spent under the kliegs. And if you don't think Mr. Zanuck got his money back on his investment, then the poll for the biggest box-office money-making stars of 1939 is wasted paper, because it places Miss Faye seventh.

Though an Academy "Oscar" seems nowhere within Miss Faye's reach at the moment, she blandly admits that she would like to win one some time, if it were only to prove to her own quiet satisfaction that she can act and that the happenings of the last few years are not a dream.

All this reads like such a rapid, easy and early success. Dispel the impression. Think of a cute little Tenth Avenue kid with a lot of talent. All Tenth Avenue kids with talent seem to have a lot of relatives, particularly when they are making money, and Alice Faye is no exception. It would take a comptometer to figure out the "pals" who climbed aboard her starwagon for a free ride when Miss Faye started toward success. And it took a lot of work to feed them.

"I want to be successful," she declares. "Perhaps it's because I want to submerge this shyness. Or maybe it's because I like to work. But I never mind it greatly when my vacation plans are killed, as they always are. When Mr. Zanuck calls



Hi ya, Duchess! This lovely bit of nobility is Helen Gilbert who plays the Duchess Diana in "Florian" opposite Robert Young. A newcomer to stardom, Helen used to be the only woman cellist in a large studio symphony orchestra. She never aspired to movie-fame, but was invited, no less, to sign a contract. Her greatest hope is one day to play in Carnegie Hall.

me for a picture I am all on edge and bubbling over with gratitude. I feel that the only way I can thank him is to plunge into the part and work like a ditch-digger to make good."

She has made good, and apparently taken care of all her "pals" because, to date, blackmail seems to be the one misery Alice Faye has been spared. She has been hit by swinging booms and falling lamps in the making of pictures. She has had ptomaine poisoning, la grippe, nervous indigestion, influenza, and falls down staircases, and has taken her banging around on the lot with patient resignation.

"You see, there isn't much that anybody can do to me that will really matter, so much has happened already," Miss Faye reminds, though she will admit without any reluctance that a certain New York movie critic can get her as "mad as all hell."

"I don't know what he has against me —unless he was there the day I spotted the mouse. Anyway, I'd like to meet him some time."

She says she ducked the parties at the studio this year in order to be with her husband, who was working in New York. It was the longest stretch they had had together since their marriage in 1937, and the way they made eyes at one another on their few prowls in the night clubs ought to cancel divorce rumors for some time to come.

"It was a swell trip this time, except that I got the usual cold. But it served as a good excuse to stay home and rest. We don't have much of a married life, I guess, the way things on both of our schedules get jammed up, but every now and then we have a real time of it together.

Despite her isolation both in New York and in Hollywood, it is considered self-imposed and unimportant at the studio. Other stars love to pass the time of day with her, and among the minor characters at the studio she is nothing short of a goddess.



Jane Withers turns her back on Gene Autry, her co-star in "Shooting High," — but just for an autograph! She collects them by the dozens.

She was pleased with the prospect of getting back to work the day she left New York. The weather was bad here, but on top of that there is always the friendly nonsense around the studio, at which she is rather adept. She still has a score to settle with Don Ameche. It started a few months back with his perfuming her dressing room with garlic—split and rubbed on the walls and furniture.

"Then, too, there is always the refreshing thought of getting up at five again every morning. Ah," she sighs in mock delight. "Ah, and getting my hair done every morning before nine. And then rushing into the arms of some leading man for a terrific love scene at nine in the morning. Ah nuts. There are times when I've sat back and wondered what life might have been if I had finished school and taken up typing. How simple everything would have been.

"No reporters, no getting fitted for corsets for Lillian Russell until you choke and your eyes pop out, no autograph hunters. . . . Ooogod!"

Something occurred to Miss Faye quite suddenly. She remembered that her maid had sat up at the window the night before when Nancy Kelly, who also stops at the Sherry-Netherlands, was coming home. It was freezing, but Miss Kelly obliged about fifty autograph collectors.

"I guess I'd better get my little pencil and go out on the corner and do my bit for Twentieth Century-Fox," was her parting shot.



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INFORMATION DESK



NOTE: *If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.*

James Packard, Chicago, Ill. Judy Garland is getting to be a big girl. She is five feet three and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Her eyes are brown and sparkling and her hair is brown too, with reddish glints. As for her likes and dislikes: She loves the "funnies" and particularly "Little Orphan Annie," all forms of sports, even baseball, chocolate cake and ice cream, flowers, mountains, and the color green. She doesn't like onions, two-faced people, getting up in the morning, and thunderstorms.

Carole Choitz, Chicago, Ill. Billy Halop, the Terrible "Tommy" of the Dead End gang, is seventeen and hails from Jamaica, Long Island. His father is a lawyer and his mother used to be a dancer. It was she who taught him all he knows and who started him off as a radio prodigy when he was six. She fancied him a pocket-edition of the great Caruso, and for a long while Billy sang over station WOR. Later, he played the part of Bobby Benson, the hard-riding little cowboy on a certain network. He also appeared with Colonel Johnson's Rodeo at Madison Square Garden. He went to Hollywood at Goldwyn's bidding and has proved himself an actor of no mean ability. His hobbies are mechanics, horseback-riding and tennis. He also likes coffee and girls, especially Judy Garland and Helen Parrish.

Scotty, Jackson, Michigan. The boy who played the part of Carlos, Movita's brother in "The Girl From Rio" is Alan Baldwin. You and your friends can reach him at Monogram Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

Virginia Jones, Columbus, Ohio. Yes, that was Gene Reynolds playing the part of Robert Taylor as a little boy in "The Crowd Roars." He did his own singing too. This little man has one of the most publicized faces in the country, having appeared since he was two on health food and milk advertisements. He is just fifteen, and is hazel-eyed and brown-haired. Gene claims that his Scotch-Irish - Dutch - German - French ancestry makes him All-American.

Matt Helreich, Philadelphia, Pa. You will find pictures galore of "darling Betty Grable" and also a few good stories about her in the August, 1938, issue of Modern Screen. Write to the Subscription Department, Dell Publishing Co., 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, inclosing ten cents, and it will be sent to you. Susan Hayward is twenty-one years old and is something of a miracle woman, in that she landed the leading feminine role in "Beau Geste," without having had one bit of movie experience. She was seriously considered for the part of Scarlett O'Hara, but was eventually relegated to the ranks of also-rans, in such good company as Jean Arthur and Norma Shearer. She used to be a textile designer and more recently a model. She hails from Brooklyn and is the second Brooklyn redhead to make good out Hollywood way. The first was Clara Bow.

George Catcott, Rockford, Illinois. Your idea of what a "movie-still' is is quite correct. It is a scene from a movie, about eight by ten inches in size. You may obtain one from a studio by sending them ten cents per still.

Dora Monday, Fouke, Arkansas. William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, on June 5, 1898. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. He is divorced from his first two wives and is now married to Grace Bradley. He has not been temperamental since his initial appearance on the stage, when he burst into tears and caused a near-riot. We can forgive him though, as he was only sixteen months old at the time. He has been in Hollywood since 1919, and you may reach him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

WE'RE THE SMARTIES WHO KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS SO FIRE AWAY AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A PERSONAL REPLY

Jean Padgett, Washington, D. C. Yes, Mickey Rooney is quite a song-writer. He has written a good many of them, but probably the best is one called "Oceans Apart" which he has sold to Irving Berlin Publications. Judy Garland is seventeen, and her birthday is January 10.

Marie Hasselhan, Maple Shade, N. J. Frankie Thomas, that incidentally is his real name, was born in New York City, on April 9, 1922. He made his stage debut at the age of nine months when he was carried on by his mother, a professional actress named Mona Bruns. Being a child of two professionals, Frankie, like Charlie McCarthy, spent most of his life in a trunk. His education was obtained in fits and starts. The lead in "Wednesday's Child" was his first big Hollywood part, and in that he proved himself worthy of his talented parents. His hobbies are dogs and ponies, and he is very fond of all sports, especially boxing. He is under contract to Warner Brothers, so we should be seeing plenty of him for the next few years.

Miss Burg, Bridgeport, Conn. The actor who portrayed the television inventor in "Television Spy" is William Henry. No wonder you liked his acting; he's been at it since he was eight. Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gernae Kausch, Jersey City, N. J. Mickey Rooney's real girl is a certain little blond high school student whose name Mr. R. won't divulge. He says he doesn't want to give her any unfavorable publicity. Yes, he likes Judy Garland too, and considers her one of his good friends. Twenty-five cents must always accompany requests for pictures to cover the cost of mailing. For stills from "Babes In Arms" write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif., and for some from "First Love" write Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Enclose ten cents for each still that you wish.



Incredible but true! That's relaxation Ann Sheridan is indulging in. The murderous-looking apparatus is a leaning-board to keep dresses unmussed.

Eileen Butts, Sandusky, Ohio. Jeffrey Lynn's violin and piano playing in "Four Wives" were strictly camera illusions. The ex-track star from Massachusetts is not particularly musical, although singing is one of his favorite hobbies.

Eileen Brown, Rosemont, Montreal. A telegram to David Niven's studio would no doubt be forwarded to him as quickly as possible. We have no other address for him and do not believe he has any definite address at present, being at the front at this writing. He is thirty years old and was born March 1 in the eastern Highlands of Scotland; was named David because he was born on St. David's Day. He had one line to say in his first picture, "Barbary Coast." The role he most enjoyed was that of David Merlin in "Bachelor Mother." The quality he most enjoys in people is naturalness, whereas he despises affectation. He is very lighthearted and went off to England smiling and confident that he will return before long. "Hitler has orders to shoot around me," he says.

Laurian M. Richter, Beacon Falls, Conn. That was James Corner who took your eye as Mickey Allen in "Winter Carnival." Betty Field, who played opposite Jackie Cooper in "What a Life", is twenty-two.

Charles Maynard, Jr., Bedford, Mass. As far as we can discover there has never been a movie patterned almost identi-

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Lana Turner's cute flame-red satin swim suit may look like the "don't-go-near-the-water" variety, but it is decidedly sea-going. Lana, currently featured in "Two Girls on Broadway" with George Murphy, is a swimming fanatic. Who wouldn't be—with *her* figure?

cally after "They Made Me a Criminal." You suggest that it might have been "The St. Louis Kid" starring James Cagney; we can tell you definitely that any similarity between these two pictures is purely coincidental. Warner Brothers produced them both and they tell us that the two stories are entirely different.

Mrs. Ida Wetzel, Brewster, N. Y. Barbara O'Neil, whose splendid acting as Boyer's wife in "When Tomorrow Comes," has brought her into the public eye, is twenty-eight and has been acting for at least twenty of those years. Her first role was that of "Mustard Seed" in an amateur performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." When she first came to Hollywood she was given one mother role after another, but finally was cast in more suitable parts. Watch for her as the countess in "All This And Heaven, Too." It is quite possible that she is the daughter of the people you mention, as St. Louis is her native town.

Katherine Apkins, Slickville, Pa. Ingrid Bergman, twenty-two-year-old Swedish star of "Intermezzo," is so unlike the usual "foreign importation" that, coupling her unostentatious behavior with her perfect English pronunciation, it is hard to believe she isn't 100% American. Ardently devoted to her art, Ingrid's favorite diversion is music, and she is an accomplished pianist. She likes simple, tailored clothes, the color white, and corn on the cob—which is still a delightful novelty to her.

Annette Lantergne, Shirley, Mass. Joan Blondell's son, Norman, is six. He is a native Californian. Barbara Stanwyck's seven-year-old son, Dion, is adopted. They are devoted to each other, and every night Barbara slips a note under his nursery door. Dion calls Robert Taylor "Gentleman Bob."

Emma J. O'Neill, Torrington, Conn. There are six "Dead End Kids," or "Mad Russians," as their director calls them: Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, Bernard Punsley, Gabriel Dell, Huntz Hall and Leo Gorcey. No, indeed, there are no girls in the "gang." No mere female could stand the pace!

Kathryn Irmscher, Ridgewood, N. Y. Kenny Baker, the dashing KoKo of Mikado fame, was born on September 30, 1912. That is his real name and he is American both "by birth and by cherce." He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, has blue eyes, and—don't swoon with jealousy—naturally curly brown hair. He is married to a non-professional.

Ed Dunn, Cleveland, Ohio. Ann Rutherford, she of the enormous brown eyes and long dark hair, was born in Toronto, Canada, on November 2, 1920. She is Californian by adoption, having moved there at the age of four months. She is five feet three, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, and is a very fine little athlete. Her tennis is above average and Robin Hood didn't have a thing on her when it comes to archery. She loves dancing and going to the movies. Her hobbies include raising turtles and canaries, playing the piano (very well, too) and writing poetry. She doesn't diet, drinks nothing stronger than tomato juice, and doesn't smoke because she "hasn't got time." She is as natural as the Hollywood sunshine and one of the most popular gals-about-town. Write to her at M-G-M, Culver City, California.

Louise Ellis, Meridian, Miss. Deanna Durbin and the "Dead End Kids" all have at least one private secretary. It does seem funny, doesn't it, for youngsters to have secretaries, but naturally they could not possibly handle all their own mail, as they get hundreds of letters each week, and you know what a chore just one little letter is!

INFORMATION DESK
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your up-to-date chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

THE TAMING OF A TOUGH GUY

(*Continued from page 37*)

he felt that the boy could understand him. Crude in some ways, Julie was in others mature beyond his years. Mr. Mann had a problem on his hands—on his head, rather. He was turning gray, which was bad for his business, and had toyed with the idea of dyeing his hair. It was a problem he wouldn't have dared lay before his daughters, who would have been horrified. He felt no shyness about consulting Julie, who advised him against it but wasn't horrified.

Roberta, however, had no intention of letting her parents' feeling influence her. Roberta is small and she talks quietly, but after five minutes of conversation you begin to realize the fund of controlled strength behind her dark, vivid face. She could make up her own mind. Woe, in fact, to anyone who tried to make it up for her.

Julie no longer frightened her, but she still thought he was queer. You could never tell what he might do next. One warm night they were sitting on the roof of her house. "I'm going to Chicago," said Julie.

He had no money. Graduation was just around the corner. "You're crazy," said Roberta. A couple of weeks later she got a card from him, postmarked Chicago. The medal destined for him at the Patri graduation exercises was put back into the safe.

Having been dropped from the Civic Repertory roster, he decided that his moment had come to see the world. Penniless, he started hitch-hiking across the country. Roberta would get a card from Nebraska—"I'm working in the wheatfields," from Austin, Texas—"I'm doing six days for vagrancy," from the San Joaquin valley—"I'm picking fruit. Wish you were here."

What could you do with a boy like that? There was no counting on him. But when she heard that he'd stumbled, sick, into his father's house and had been sent to the public ward of a hospital, she raced down to see him. His eyes were bright, and she sat on the edge of his bed while he talked his head off. His hair was tumbled, and she lent him her comb. Next day they wouldn't let her in. Julie had typhoid. Why she didn't get it is one of those mysteries only a germ could explain.

JULIE'S convalescence was an eye-opener to Roberta. She'd been used to seeing him alone or with two or three friends. To think of him in connection with other girls had never occurred to her. Now they surrounded his bed, laughed with him, teased him, brought him gifts. Hm, what a lot of girls he knew and how they went for him. That little one in red was certainly making a play for him, putting her hand on his forehead, pretending she wanted to feel his temperature. Who did she think she was fooling? Julie, maybe? A pang shot through Roberta, and vanished as Julie's eyes sought hers.

He was different, anyway, after his illness. More grown-up, more subdued, better integrated. Almost straight from his hospital bed, he'd gone to assault the door of a producer. "How do I know you can act?" he'd been asked. "How do I know you can produce?" he'd retorted. Maybe the producer liked them fresh. Anyway, Julie got a part in "Lost Boy" at twenty-five a week, then a job with the road show of Counsellor-at-Law."

He would spend his New York weekends with the Manns, and was looked upon as one of the family. He had never proposed to Roberta in so many words, she had never accepted him. But they were together as constantly as his work permitted, and they understood each other. "When are you two getting married?" their friends would ask, to which the comeback was, "When are you?"

Julie had come to know certain members of the Group Theatre, which sponsored the plays of Clifford Odets. His spirit was fired by their ideas. They were alive and honest and produced plays that had something significant to say. He wanted nothing so much as to join them. On the day he was invited to become a member of the Group, he tore uptown in a frenzy to tell Roberta.

He appeared in "Waiting for Lefty" and "Johnny Johnson," then started rehearsals for "Awake and Sing." One night Roberta came home to find a cosy group gathered round the table—father, mother and Julie, drinking tea and talking about weddings. She went over to stand beside Julie, who put his arm around her. "How about it?"

"Okay by me," said Roberta.

As she looks back on it, it was a funny

(*Continued on page 95*)

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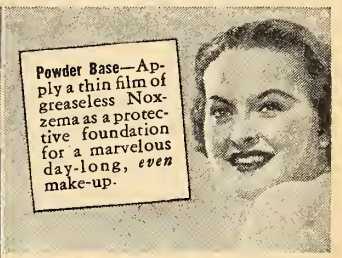


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Wonderful Powder Base—"I find Noxzema wonderful as a Powder Base—it makes my powder stay on so much longer and helps make my skin so smooth and fine."—*Mrs. Winifred Bloom, Lakeside, Cal.*

Blemishes Cleared Up—"My face was covered with ugly blemishes*. Our druggist suggested Noxzema and I've been thankful ever since—my face cleared up within two weeks."—*Miss Mildred Phalen, Minneapolis, Minn.*

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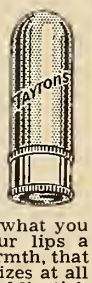
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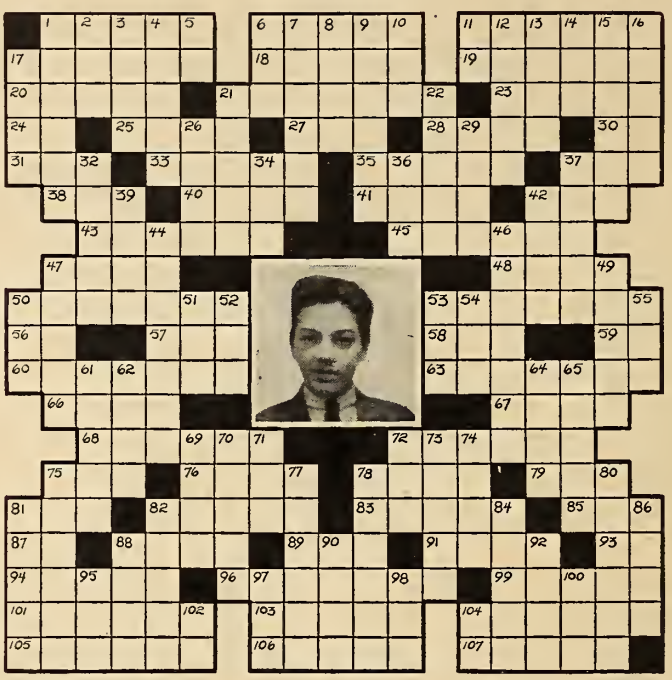
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Tayton's Lipstick — It Stays On.

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 105

ACROSS

1. First name of star pictured
6. An Italian silver coin
11. Last name of our star
17. Roger in "Too Busy To Work"
18. Signs
19. Actor in "Flying Deuces"
20. Star of "Goodbye Mr. Chips"
21. Removal from office
23. What we love to hear Deanna sing
24. One of "The Women": init.
25. One of "Four Wives"
27. Garbo's rival in "Ninotchka"
28. Lovely girl in "Career"
30. "Always - - odbye"
31. Woof in weaving
33. One who rants
35. Famed
37. "The Thin - - -"
38. Bark
40. "Strange - - - - s"
41. Nights preceding great events
42. Rita Hayworth's real name is - - - sino
43. Heroine of "Here I Am A Stranger"
45. Secretary of "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington"
47. 1,000 feet of film
48. Great lake
50. She's a reporter in "His Girl Friday"
53. Frenchy in "Destry Rides Again"
56. "Cardin - - Richelieu"
57. Alice F - - -
58. Bone
59. "Metropoli - - n"
60. Craved
63. He's opposite 45 across
66. Scat!
67. Stringy
68. Merited
72. Head of a publication
75. Sped
76. Glenda Farrell's birthplace
78. "Man of - - - -"
79. Leading man of "Hollywood Cavalcade"
81. A turf
82. English actor in "Adventure in Diamonds"
83. In the future
85. Born
87. Daughter of Fred Stone: init.
88. Cattle
89. "Fifteen Ma - - - n Lane"
91. Charles - - - - lin
93. "Wee Wi - - ie Winkie"
94. Group of eight
96. Different
99. Harasses
101. Labored
103. Shirley - - - - -
104. Melanie in "Gone With The Wind"
105. With our hero in "The Little Princess"
106. He and Andy Devine make a grand team
107. With 1 across in "My Lucky Star"

DOWN

1. "The Star Maker"
2. Joan B - - - ett
3. To shut close
4. Mrs. Manuel Del Campo
5. Star of "Remember": init.
6. Martha Raye's latest team-mate
7. Referee
8. - - - - Ames
9. Mad
10. She's featured in "Honeymoon In Bali"
11. "Swiss Family - - binson"
12. The Original Charlie Chan
13. Mud
14. "The D - - - l Is A Woman"
15. Actor in "Brother Rat And A Baby"
16. He writes, directs and acts for RKO
17. She's in "Drums Along The Mohawk"
21. Star of "Raffles"
22. After a lapse of time
26. Plot of grass
29. Cozy corner
32. "- - - - - In Arms"
34. - - - Le Gallienne
36. Eggs
37. She plays "dumb blonde" roles
39. Chief executive: abbr.
42. One of Shirley's famed features
44. Star of "Broadway Melody Of 1940"
46. The "woo woo" comedian
47. Reigns
49. Recorded item
50. Star of "French Without Tears"
51. Caustic substance
52. Guided
53. Joan Blondell's title in private life
54. Small island
55. Consume
61. Forward
62. Kind of horse
64. Director Sam - - - -
65. Protecting garment against soil
69. Gas for theatre signs
70. Concluded
71. "Each Dawn I - - -"
72. Before
73. To move nimbly
74. Measure of length
75. - - - - - Ates
77. Chauffeur
78. Star of "Vigil In The Night"
80. Girl's name
81. With our star in "Frontier Marshal"
82. John - - - - -
84. Large bird
86. Mrs. Charles Laughton
88. The ashes of seaweed
90. Handle
92. Ache
95. Former western star
97. Girl in "The Light That Failed"
98. He plays Charlie Chan's son
100. 56: Rom. num.
102. Olivia - - Havilland
104. Exclamation of surprise

(*Continued from page 93*)

four weeks. At the time she was too infuriated to see the joke. For she spent the month before her marriage in frosty isolation, refusing to talk to her bridegroom, her parents or her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Mann wanted a formal wedding. Roberta loathed the idea. She wasn't going to have a lot of people gaping at her. She and Julie would go down to City Hall, and be married with dispatch and no trimmings. It was strictly their business.

How he got married was a matter of indifference to Julie. But he wanted his parents-in-law to be happy. "You always take their side against me," stormed the bride. "Whose wedding is this anyway?"

Julie laughed. They all laughed. "She'll get over it," said Mrs. Mann. She severed communication with her loved ones. Her sister sent out the invitations. Her mother ordered the dress. One morning Julie ushered her into a taxi, and they drove down to the License Bureau. The legalities attended to, he steered her to a bar, ordered drinks, and gravely proposed a toast to their coming union. In silence she drank it, and in silence rode home. It wasn't until three days before the wedding that her sense of perspective overtook her and tumbled her, giggling, from her high horse.

They were as happy as they had hoped to be. Julie was with the Group he loved. They hadn't much money, but never having had much, they didn't miss it. It was enough to be part of an exciting world. Outside producers began to notice Julie, and he was offered the lead in "Having A Wonderful Time." He took it on condition that he could return to the Group when they put on Odets' "Golden Boy."

Movie offers came in, and he turned them down. He was afraid of Hollywood, afraid of stereotyped parts in stupid pictures, afraid of earning too much and getting soft. Then Warner Bros. sent him the script of "Four Daughters," and he was tempted. He and Roberta sat far into the night, weighing pros and cons. She too was opposed to Hollywood, but she knew that Julie made his own decisions. Her part was to keep his enthusiasm from obscuring his view. Even when she agreed with him, she argued against him, to make sure he saw both sides. The script, for instance. "Don't be silly, Julie. They can't possibly leave it the way it is. It dumps the whole picture right in your lap."

YOU know what happened. This is the story, not of John Garfield and his screen triumphs, but of Julie and Roberta. They're in Hollywood now. How long they'll stay is a touchy point with both the studio and Garfield. He wants fine scripts, lines and characters he can believe in, more than he wants big parts. He insisted on a clause in his contract, giving him the right to do one play a year. He's forever on the prowl for a play. "I'd die," he says, "if I didn't think I could go back."

Roberta eggs him on. "You're spineless," she taunts him. "You sit here, dashing off one part after another. It's beginning to look easy." She feels that such goading is part of her job as his wife. Yet she knows it would be senseless for him to go back till he finds the right play. For herself, she'd like to spend the summer on the coast and the winter in New York. "If only to wear my fur coat. In New York I never had one. Now I've got the coat and no weather to wear it in."

She still says, as she said on the roof that night, "Go on, you're crazy," when Julie broaches one of his more spectacular projects.

She finds him an easy husband to get along with, his spirits uniformly good except when he's been stepped on so hard that nobody else could stand it. Even then, a natural effervescence makes recovery rapid.

According to their lights, they live modestly in a rented house. The night spots don't know them. They play badminton, go to the movies and keep open house for their intimates. If two people come in, Julie will oblige with a strip tease all his own. If two more follow, he'll oblige all over again. A music-worshipper, he has an ingenious reason for denying himself a Capehart. "Once I buy that hunk of furniture, I'll be stuck here with it. It's too hard to move."

He's definitely uneasy in his role as an employer of labor, and harasses Roberta about whether the maid gets enough money, rest or time off. He'll wander into the kitchen and tell her to beat it, because he and Roberta are staying in that evening. He refuses to ring a bell for her, saying it smacks of feudalism, and yells instead. Roberta doesn't care much for bell-ringing either. "But I don't know that yelling is any politer, and it's certainly noisier."

"Chummier too," grins Julie. "She can yell back."

They have one excellent reason for lingering in California. She's the second woman in Julie's life. Her name is Katherine, she was born fourteen months ago, and spends most of her time in a play-pen, cultivating her sun tan.

To Julie, the baby is a thoroughgoing miracle. "How can anything look so much like me," he marvels, "and be pretty?"

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
*Abe Lincoln In Illinois (RKO)	3★
*Adventure In Diamonds (Paramount)	2★
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes (20th Cent.-Fox)	3★
Allegheny Uprising (RKO)	2★
Amazing Mr. Williams, The (Columbia)	3★
Another Thin Man (M-G-M)	3★
Babes In Arms (M-G-M) C	3★
Bachelor Mother (RKO) C	3½★
Balalaika (M-G-M)	3★
Barricade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower)	3½★
Beau Geste (Paramount) C	3★
Beware Spooks (Columbia)	2★
Big Guy, The (Universal)	2½★
Blackmail (M-G-M)	2★
Blondie Brings Up Baby (Columbia)	2★
Bluebird, The (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Brother Rat and a Baby (Warners)	2★
Call a Messenger (Universal)	2½★
Calling All Marines (Republic)	2★
Cat and the Canary, The (Paramount)	3½★
Charlie Chan at Treasure Island (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie McCarthy, Detective (Universal)	3★
Child Is Born, A (Warners)	3★
*Cisco Kid and the Lady, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Coast Guard (Columbia)	2★
*Congo Maisie (M-G-M)	3★
Dancing Co-ed (M-G-M)	2½★
Day the Bookies Wept, The (RKO)	2★
Daytime Wife (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Destry Rides Again (Universal)	3★
Disputed Passage (Paramount)	3★
Drums Along the Mohawk (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dust Be My Destiny (Warners)	2½★
Each Dawn I Die (Warners)	3★
*Earl of Chicago, The (M-G-M)	2★
Elizabeth and Essex (Warners)	4★
Escape, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Espionage Agent (Warners)	2½★
Eternally Yours (United Artists)	2½★
Everything Happens at Night (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Everything's on Ice (RKO)	2★
Fast and Furious (M-G-M)	2★
Fifth Avenue Girl (RKO)	3★
Fighting 69th, The (Warners)	3★
First Love (Universal)	3★
Flight at Midnight (Republic)	2★
Flying Deuces (RKO)	2★
Four Feathers (United Artists)	3½★
Four Wives (Warners)	3★
Full Confession (RKO)	2★
*Geronimo (Paramount)	3★
Girl from Rio (Monogram)	2★
Golden Boy (Columbia)	3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Goodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M) C	4★
Great Victor Herbert, The (Paramount)	3★
*Green Hell (Universal)	2★
Gulliver's Travels (Paramount) C	3★
Hawaiian Nights (Universal)	2★
Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence (20th Cen.-Fox)	2★
He Married His Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Here I Am a Stranger (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Heroes In Blue (Monogram)	2★
*High School (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
His Girl Friday (Columbia)	3★
Hunchback of Notre Dame, The (RKO)	3★
Indianapolis Speedway (Warners)	2½★
In Name Only (RKO)	3½★
Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists)	3★
Invisible Man Returns, The (Universal)	2★
Invisible Stripes (Warners)	2★
Irish Luck (Monogram)	2½★
Jamaica Inn (Paramount)	3★
Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President (M-G-M)	2★
Judge Hardy and Son (M-G-M) C	3★
Kid Nightingale (Warners)	2★
Lady of the Tropics (M-G-M)	2★
Light That Failed, The (Paramount)	3★
Little Accident (Universal)	2½★
Lone Wolf Strikes, The (Columbia)	2★
Llano Kid, The (Paramount)	2½★
Magnificent Fraud (Paramount)	2★
Main Street Lawyer (Republic)	2½★
Man in the Iron Mask (United Artists)	3★
Man Who Wouldn't Talk, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Marshal of Mesa City (RKO)	2½★
Marx Bros. at the Circus (M-G-M)	3★
Meet Dr. Christian (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire (RKO)	2½★
Mickey, the Kid (Republic)	2★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Mikado, The (Universal) C	3★
Million Dollar Legs (Paramount)	2★
Miracles For Sale (M-G-M)	2½★
Missing Daughters (Columbia)	2★
Missing Evidence (Universal)	3★
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia)	4★
Mr. Wong in Chinatown (Monogram)	2★
Music In My Heart (Columbia)	2★
Mutiny on the Blackhawk (Universal)	2★
Nick Carter, Master Detective (M-G-M)	3★
Night of Nights, The (Paramount)	2½★
Ninotchka (M-G-M)	4★
No Place To Go (Warners)	2★
Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO)	4★
*Of Mice And Men (United Artists)	3★
Oklahoma Frontier (Universal)	2★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Old Maid, The (Warners)	4★
On Borrowed Time (M-G-M)	3★
On Dress Parade (Warners)	2★
One Hour to Live (Universal)	2★
$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount)	2★
On Your Toes (Warners)	2½★
Our Leading Citizen (Paramount)	2½★
*Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount)	1★
Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Pride of the Blue Grass (Warners)	2½★
Quick Millions (20th Century-Fox) C	2★
Raffles (United Artists)	2★
Rains Came, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Range War (Paramount)	2★
Real Glory, The (United Artists)	2★
Remember? (M-G-M)	2½★
Remember the Night (Paramount)	3★
Reno (Universal)	2★
Rio (Universal)	2½★
Roaring Twenties, The (Warners)	3★
Rulers of the Sea (Paramount)	3½★
Sabotage (Republic)	2½★
Santa Fe Marshal (Paramount)	1½★
Second Fiddle (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Secrets of Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	3★
She Married a Cop (Republic)	2★
Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M)	3★
6,000 Enemies (M-G-M)	2½★
*Slightly Honorable (United Artists)	3★
Smashing the Money Ring (Warners)	2½★
Spellbinder, The (RKO)	2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal) C	2½★
Stagecoach (United Artists)	4★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Maker, The (Paramount) C	2½★
Stolen Life (Paramount)	2½★
Stop, Look and Love (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Stranger From Texas (Columbia)	2½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Sun Never Sets, The (Universal)	2★
Susannah of the Mounties (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Swanee River (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M) C	2½★
Television Spy (Paramount)	2½★
That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO) C	3★
These Glamour Girls (M-G-M)	2½★
They All Came Out (M-G-M)	2½★
They Shall Have Music (United Artists) C	3½★
Those High Grey Walls (Columbia)	2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal) C	3★
Three Sons (RKO)	3★
Thunder Afloat (M-G-M)	2½★
Too Busy To Work (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners)	2½★
Tower of London (Universal)	2★
Tropic Fury (Universal)	2★
20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Two Bright Boys (Universal)	2★
U-Boat 29 (Columbia)	3★
Undercover Doctor (Paramount)	2½★
Underpup, The (Universal) C	3★
Unexpected Father (Universal)	2★
Union Pacific (Paramount)	3½★
Wall St. Cowboy (Republic)	2½★
Waterfront (Warners)	2★
We Are Not Alone (Warners)	3½★
What a Life (Paramount)	3★
When Tomorrow Comes (Universal)	2½★
Winter Carnival (United Artists)	2½★
Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M) C	4★
Woman Is the Judge (Columbia)	2★
Women, The (M-G-M)	3★
You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners)	2½★
Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox) C	3½★

A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

(*Continued from page 17*)

accomplished figure. He has all Valentino's talents with far greater charm and intelligence. In a word, he is the Screen's handsomest actor.—A. Lenox, Washington, D. C.

Short And Sweet

You asked for it. Since frankness is the backbone of your column, I want to contribute my two cents' worth of criticism:

Dorothy Lamour: Dotty had better brush up on her acting. People in Hollywood who depend on beauty and curves do not last very long.

Ann Sheridan: Annie, throw away your "oomph!" You have real ability. Make them let you use it!

Greta Garbo: Three cheers to you for proving that you can make us laugh, too!

Tyrone Power: We've got to hand it to you. All the miscasting you have been through would have completely ruined any other star, but you have survived.

Rosalind Russell: Well, it's about time you got a break as Sylvia Fowler in "The Women," and opposite Cary Grant in "His Girl Friday." You deserved it!

Hollywood: Thanks for making such grand books as "Gone With the Wind," "The Rains Came" and "Rebecca" into pictures. We do appreciate them.—Richard Mayfield, Milford, Ohio.

Bing's Appeal

Every time I hear some one say that Bing Crosby can't act, I burn up! And as for his being a proud father harming his screen appeal—that's ridiculous. Suppose Bing isn't a wonderful actor, it's his naturalness that endears him to us. One thing sure, you can always depend upon him for good, clean entertainment.

Yes, Bing is a father, but this certainly doesn't rob him of his handsome, wide-eyed expression of youth. I'd be willing to wager that when most of the great actors and "streamlined Romeos" are forgotten characters, Bing Crosby, with his low, melodious voice and enthusiastic smile, will still be in good standing at the box office.

So here's to continued success for the man who hasn't let Hollywood, fame or fortune increase his hat size. The man who takes pride in his lovely wife, children and home as well as his work. As Bing might put it, when speaking of another, he's one of Hollywood's too few "solid citizens."—Willow Dean Wheeler, Jacksonville, Fla.

Robert Stack

Words fail me when I start to describe that new and delightful actor, Robert Stack.

His performance in "First Love" is something to write home about. Robert's chief charm lies in his naturalness and his youth.

He was perfectly cast for his debut. Here's hoping Hollywood will continue to cast him in roles opposite actresses his own age. In fact, why need the studio look further than Deanna Durbin as a permanent co-star for him? They are really a perfect pair. In any case, please don't give him leading ladies such as Joan

"No EXPERIMENTS for Me When My Child CATCHES COLD!"



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WHEN a cold makes your child feel miserable, all stuffed up—causes muscular soreness or tightness, irritation in the upper bronchial tubes or spasms of coughing—let the experience of other mothers help you to relieve the distress.

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Perc Westmore, Hollywood's beauty expert, tells you how to find your face type and how to make up to it.

Margaretta Byers, author of "Designing Women," gives you the low-down on how to choose your clothes that do the most for your figure.

Walter Thornton, leading model agent, tells what makes any woman lovely to behold.

Helena Rubinstein, beauty specialist, gives some tips to girls who wear glasses.

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Crawford, Norma Shearer, since they're so much older than he! Such a mistake was made when Ginger Rogers was given Tim Holt for her love interest in "Fifth Avenue Girl." It looked as though she were robbing the cradle.—Amy Ragsdale, Oregon City, Ore.

In Defense of Richard

Who says Dick Greene is a sissy? Just because he plays love interests is no reason why people should feel that way toward him.

I have always liked and admired him. One look at him is enough to knock me off my feet. It isn't only looks that make me like him—there's something so simple and irresistible about him which draws me to him. His unaffectedness sets him apart from the majority of stars, and, to my mind, his unassuming boyishness is his great charm.

I frankly admit that he isn't a great actor like Tracy, Muni or Gable. But why should he be? They're old-timers in the business, while he's a young kid. Furthermore, none of his parts have called for a great deal of dramatic ability and who knows whether he is a potential Academy Award winner or not? Of course, he has plenty to learn and with a few more years experience, I feel confident that he'll outdo any of them.

With those dimples and that wonderful smile, he's bound to get somewhere and I know he can!—Grace O'Halloran, New York, N. Y.

Alan Curtis

Now and then, you see a small part performed to perfection. I am referring especially to Alan Curtis' role of Nicky in "Hollywood Cavalcade." His fine acting, his good looks and his sympathetic attitude toward Alice Faye (Molly) all combine to make him stand out.

Ever since I saw the movie a few months ago, I have not been able to understand why Mr. Curtis is not starred in more pictures. I am sure, if he is given a chance to play the lead, he will give a brilliant performance. All he needs is the chance to show his acting ability.

Here's wishing him the best of luck in the near future.—Eleanor Troiani, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

So you've just left a movie and are bursting to tell the world about it! Fans, take pen and paper and speak your piece! Was it the best one you've ever seen? Was it the poorest you've ever sat through? Did some newcomer give you the thrill of "discovering a star?" Was it a supporting role of a veteran that entranced you? All the fans in the country are curious to know what you're thinking. You have your favorite and pet peeves and so have they. They'll argue with you, but that's the fun! Then, too, there's the chance of winning a $1.00 prize awarded each month to ten writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Send your letter or poem to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



Rita Johnson actually lounges at home in this softly draped yellow negligee! Those amazing open sleeves relieve the dramatic severity of the neckline, and the knotted belt helps Rita to achieve the fashionable tiny mid-riff. A fashion note is the double front panel formed by yards and yards of sash.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER CAME TO SEE

(*Continued from page 8*)

Mr. B., himself, was lyrical at the great find. After a nice "Haven't we met before?" he scooped her up with an enthusiasm which was, frankly, quite un-British. The opus, he told her, was to be called "Stand Up and Sing."

Anna Neagle heeded the title and then some. She also danced. You would have thought that the crochety London critics had got religion overnight, if you had read the reviews after the opening.

"Too many seasons have waxed and waned since we have been permitted to behold anything like the apparition listed on the programs as Miss Anna Neagle," one amiable typewriter tyrant set down for his astonished readers. And then, more cautiously, "This lady is eminently capable, and one dares prophesy great things."

ANNA NEAGLE had arrived, egged on by ambition, the exotic American brand. And the "great things" foreshadowed by the critic came to include such honors as Darling of British Musicals, Dancer Incomparable, and First Lady of the English Screen. In time, her roles ranged from naughty Nell Gwynn to good Queen Victoria and were so admired in this country that RKO imported her to serve as centerpiece of "Nurse Edith Cavell."

A sea captain's daughter in the habiliments of Queen Victoria, with His Majesty's government throwing open for her use the castles, towers, country houses, palaces and all the appurtenances of the late monarch, is something less than cricket. "It's amazing," as she insists.

No one is more surprised at her success than is Anna Neagle. She was born Marjorie Robertson, thirty-four years ago, in modest Forest Gate, London. Many ancestors had served in the royal navy, but her father had a definite leaning toward the Mercantile Marine. In fact, he captained the boat that first brought her to America.

For a seafaring man's daughter, she led a tranquil life minus adventure or excitement. Came 1928 and she had settled down to the noble profession of gymnasium teacher. Then, suddenly, her father became ill and the family needed money. Somewhat reluctantly she parted with her calling and looked for a better paying field than teaching.

One of her friends reminded her that she had a fair face, trim torso and a vast amount of verve.

"Why don't you get a job in a chorus? You can't miss."

Timidly she dropped around and interviewed the impresario of a scheduled revue called "Bubbly." He was impressed no end.

"You're quite all there," is how the man expressed it with wondrous restraint.

From "Bubbly" she went into the chorus of London's chic Trocadero Café. Then there came her brittle glory as a member of Mr. C. B. Cochran's "Young Ladies." She was simply one of the lovelies in the "line," as we'd say.

Finally she was hired to carry that poster in Charles Cochran's "Wake Up and Dream," the very show which took her to the United States where she bumped into our fabulous, native ambition. Which is where we came in, remember?



England's Anna Neagle is a radiant somebody with a heart-shaped face, svelte figure, trim ankles and a debonair quality that belies her age by ten years. Dense dark brows overhang her blue eyes which lean toward cobalt. By all odds England's most popular dramatic film star, thanks to her scampering through the pages of history and breathing life into amorous Nell Gwynn, irrepressible Peg Woffington and the awesome Victoria among others, she is nothing if not unspoiled.

When she made her first trek to New York as a leading light of the British cinema, she was accessible to everyone who wanted to quiz her, a shy, trembling fledgling from the high school paper over in Trenton, the cookery editor of the Herald Tribune or freelance journalists.

THE interviewers were struck, en masse, by her smart clothes, her cordiality but especially her ease. She was very plain on at least one point.

"I have no use for glamour, because to me it implies artificiality. I prefer to come down to earth."

Whenever she's in New York, she proves it. Quite likely she will slip into casual togs and go walking, afternoons, in Central Park. No sun glasses, no slacks, no disguises—nothing to attract attention. She feeds the ducks, visits the cheetah, talks with attendants and has herself a grand time.

Her chief hobby is her work. As soon as she gets assigned to a role, she begins to live the part. A trip to the library and she is in possession of all available material on her subject. To recreate Nell Gwynn she spent months in devouring the historians and scouring all records that carried the slightest critical reference to King Charles' stage-struck girl friend.

"Nurse Edith Cavell' gave her a liberal education. Not only did she master the geography of Belgium, where the Germans performed the execution, but she also studied the war records. Along with this she read the memoirs of Brand Whitlock, American minister to Brussels, and of Hugh Gibson, his secretary of legation. Then she ferreted out numerous letters written by nurses who had known Edith Cavell and had described her tragic death. She even uncovered an anonymous account of the execution by a German participant.

"Audiences know good acting from bad, no matter what great names are cast in the star roles," she feels sure. "I try hard to make audiences believe me."

Portrayer of noted English women though she is, in her native England she lives quietly, undramatically in a little cottage at Shenley, miles removed from London. Here she has neither swimming pool nor retinue of servants. One maid serves her amply.

She loves to cook. As a moppet of twelve, she used to help her mother with the culinary chores. She's wild about pies, the American type, that is, "with oceans of filling." English pies, she protests, are small affairs—more like tarts. Her favorites are lemon and cranberry.

She crusades for moderation in food consumption.

"I think the majority of people eat far too much," she'll tell you. "I find it practical to skip lunch. It makes one heavy and lazy—or at least it did me. My principal meal is dinner which I love and enjoy. I have an enormous appetite and eat practically anything that I want. Fortunately I don't have to worry about calories. I don't take on weight easily."

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As a former gym teacher (she calls it gym mistress) she's naturally sold on exercise. She recommends games.

"But the idea is to discover which games benefit one most." When in doubt, she insists, try walking.

She's the idol of her English public and that goes double. They flood her with gifts, telegrams, letters and "God-bless-you's" when they catch a glimpse of her on the street. The feeling comes close to being veneration. So much so that when her studio announced plans whereby Miss Neagle would bring to the screen the lusty life and adventures of Marie Lloyd, a music hall performer, there was general rebellion in the ranks of her fan hordes. Newspapers wrote editorials. After all, they argued, Britain's first lady of the cinema could hardly condescend to play a mere music hall troubadour!

To the logical come-back that the same lady had pirouetted as the slightly-scarlet Nell Gwynn, the Neagle worshipers reminded their opponents that the Gwynn woman, after all, was the playmate of no less a personage than good Charles II, God rest his soul.

Miss Neagle will not do "Marie Lloyd." Instead, even as you read this, she is in the midst of tapering off her starring assignment in RKO's cinema version of "Irene," that identical smash musical which was on view in Manhattan two decades ago when our doughboys returned from Over There.

"I simply love my role, and my dance numbers are really exciting," Miss Neagle wants you to know.

The pleasure, in all probability, will be definitely ours.

EGGS-ACTLY RIGHT FOR MICKEY

(*Continued from page 11*)

Place one of these rings on each ham-spread circle. Brush bread generously with melted butter. Place these rings on greased baking tin. Break an egg carefully into the center of each circle. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little paprika. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 12-15 minutes or until eggs have set to desired consistency. Meanwhile cook one package processed cheese with ⅓ cup rich milk, in top of double boiler, until melted. Season to taste and pour over the cooked Dinner Eggs. Garnish with parsley and serve immediately.

HOT LEMON PUDDING

1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
½ cup sugar
3 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons milk
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Melt butter, add flour. Blend well. Add the cup of milk, cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Remove from heat. Add sugar, stir until melted. Separate the eggs. Beat the yolks with the 2 tablespoons milk; add to first mixture. Add grated rind and lemon juice. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into ungreased baking dish. Set dish containing pudding in a pan containing an inch of boiling water. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 45 minutes or until puffed and firm. Serve hot, and top with whipped cream if desired. You'll love it!



Breath-taking Hedy Lamarr appears sans Oriental trappings in "I Take This Woman." This tailored, sheer wool dinner dress is in two tones of grey and features an exceptionally high waist and a softly draped bodice. The full bracelet-length sleeves add an interesting and very feminine note to this lovely Adrian creation.

RETOUCHING FOR SPRING



No. 2419—Bows and choir-boy collar for your sweaters.

No. 2402—Below, collar and cuffs, dainty as snowflakes.



No. 2404—Below, cascading jabot—frothy and feminine.





No. 2403—Frilly, dainty crochet to pep up your frocks.

DOES your wardrobe look a bit tired these days? Those dresses and sweaters you've been wearing all winter are crying for a little attention to help them through the in-between season. Perk them up with these bright spring touches. Dainty bits of lacy crochet for your frocks and a tailored collar and bows for your sweaters—all easy to make and amazingly inexpensive. Your most dejected togs will get a new lease on life!

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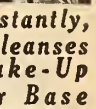
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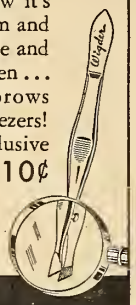
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KEEPING UP WITH BETTE

(*Continued from page 35*)

the most profound satisfaction in life.'

"That day I went to Butternut alone, I knew what my friend meant. And I knew that I'd know it more and more deeply as the years would go by. Yes, it's the best thing that has ever happened to me. So," laughed Davis, her face flushed, her eyes shining, "you can tell people that Davis went home!"

From the next room we could hear, now and then, a baby's voice, making the noises babies' voices make. Into that nursery Bette had taken me as soon as I arrived. It's her sister Bobby's baby, four months old, named Ruth Favour after the girls' mother. "The baby is with me," Bette said, "until Bobby is stronger; she's been so ill since the baby's birth. It's the first time I've ever had a baby in my house and I love it. Yes, she does look like me, even I can see it." I noticed that, characteristically, Bette, who never does anything by halves, had completely converted the room into a nursery; had ripped down drapes, moved out furniture, even had had shelves built for the toys small Fay will not be playing with for some months to come.

NOW I'm back in Hollywood," Bette went on. "Glad to be here. Do you know that I've bought a house here, too? Another thing I've always said I'd never do. It's a little house, a little brick house, walled in. It doesn't mean to me, of course, what Butternut means but it's a place to live in while I'm here working. It's quiet; it's a retreat.

"I've been in the thick of things ever since I got back," said Bette. "Good thing for me I'm equipped with all this health and pep. I'm still studying French for my role of Henriette in Rachel Fields' 'All This And Heaven, Too.' Lives there a girl who wouldn't be thrilled at playing opposite Charles Boyer? I doubt it," laughed Bette. "I very much doubt it. And speaking of French, his French is but divine. We are, I think, very much the same kind of people in the way we work, at least. We both work intensely; we are both absorbed into and by the character we play.

"Henriette, by the way, is the least violent woman I've ever played, which makes her rather a job for me. With the exceptions of Gaby in 'Petrified Forest' and the elder sister in 'The Sisters,' the women I've played have all been violent about their emotions. As I am," grinned Davis. "As perhaps I shall continue to be because I don't believe in destroying the very thing that makes us what we are. One picture I will always love is 'Dark Victory' because Judy Traherne is what I'm like. She was at least ninety per cent me.

"And I'm being very gay, dear," mocked Bette, at herself, as I gathered myself together for the take-off. "I'm going out, as you've doubtless read in the columns. But that's all there is to it—just going out. I'm doing very well for me. I've been out two or three times since I got back.

"This is the first time in my life, really, that I've been free and able to have fun, have dates, have romances. I married so young, and have worked so hard. Now I can play and flirt and be the Young-woman-about-town and what do I do? Comes ten o'clock and I'm so doggone tired I sit in a restaurant and all I can think of is my little white bed, turned down, and my book on the bed-table."

"Proving what?" I asked.

"Proving that, for me," said Bette, her gayety fading a bit, "there's only one thing in the world, really, and that's being married."

"Meaning," I said, "that you want to marry again some day? That you intend to marry again some day?"

"I hope so," said Bette. She added with a funny little laugh, "Butternut should have a little girl picking buttercups in its fields, you know, and a little boy shinnying up its trees. Then, maybe, later on, I'd live there all the time and do a play now and then, perhaps three or four plays in all, just to prove that I could. That's how I'd like to finish this career of mine, that's how I'd like to end it all. I told you," said Bette, "that I've found my way."



"Buck" Benny sports a tuxedo instead of his "chaps" for an evening of night-spotting with Mary Livingstone, his wife. Jack's just had a look at the check!

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 57*)

FATE COMES TO JEFF'S AID

No doubt about it, Jeffrey Lynn is smitten with the charms of one Annie Sheridan. For a long time he hasn't been reticent about the fact that "Oomph" Sheridan is his favorite actress, but he didn't have the nerve to ask her for a date. When it was announced that the two were cast in "It All Came True," Jeffrey was overcome with bashfulness. How, he asked his pals, could he ever get up enough nerve for their love scenes. The mere thought of holding Ann in his arms was enough to scare stronger men than himself. Came the day, however, when the picture was scheduled to start and the first shot was a love scene. Jeffrey timidly started to kiss the star, then put his arms around her and kept right on the job. "Hey," yelled the director. "Whadya think we got on this picture—a 'Gone With The Wind' production schedule?"

OLIVIA'S LUCK

Word comes from Olivia de Havilland's studio that she's caught the biggest swordfish of the season on one of her weekly deep-sea fishing jaunts. Imagine landing the biggest fish and Jimmy Stewart in the same season!

TACTFUL SHIRLEY

Shirley Temple exemplified the gracious hostess the other day when a little girl was brought on the set to meet her. The child looked at Shirley and said, "Why, I thought you had blue eyes. I saw you on Hollywood Boulevard one day and you had blue eyes." Shirley patted the little girl on the head and said kindly, "Maybe you're right. Maybe I was wearing my blue eyes that day."

AN ORCHID (?) FOR BING

Gary, oldest of the Crosby hopefuls, was the hit of the annual show staged by the Black Fox Military Academy. Gary crooned "An Apple for the Teacher" in an even throatier tone than Bing's and brought down the house. "It's an awful silly song," Gary told his father that night, "but with this bad cold of mine I sounded enough like you to put it over." Was Bing surprised!

PRIZE CRACK

Prize crack of the month was Mischa Auer's when a certain star came into the Victor Hugo the other evening. As she swept past the Auer table, deigning no glances for the common rabble, Mischa gazed after her thoughtfully and remarked, "I have never seen a face that's fallen in so many directions." Now, Mischa!

NICK'S WAITING

Though Marie Wilson is still away on that personal appearance tour, Nick Grinde is doing all the night-spots in town regularly —and alone. The other evening Errol Flynn left his party at the Trocadero and went over to Grinde's table to ask the writer to join his party. Grinde thanked him but shook his head at the invitation. "What's the matter," Errol asked, "waiting for something?" "Yes. Same thing I've been waiting for for a year," said Nick gloomily. "For Marie to say she'll marry me."

MARTYRS FOR ART

Lon Chaney, Jr., took a beating the other day on the set of "1,000,000 B. C.," the prehistoric picture now in front of the cameras. As head man of his clan, Lon was required to tear into huge hunks of roast pork for a feast scene. The scene was started first thing in the morning and by afternoon Lon was paling at the very sight of pork. "Look," he begged director Hal Roach, "can't I have a little barbecue sauce on it for a change?" Mr. Roach looked completely disgusted. "Haven't you any artistic appreciation? Barbecue sauce," he pointed out, "is about as prehistoric as a drive-in sandwich stand." Carole Landis, who plays Lon's cave gal in the picture, admitted right off that she had no artistic appreciation of her role. "How can I," she asked the director, "when this leopard skin doesn't hide my bow-legs?" Carole says she's always disguised them before by standing with one leg slightly bent, the heel off the ground and the knee turned in. "But I can't do it in this picture," she wailed. "A cave woman stood on her two feet and didn't give a hang whether her legs were straight or had a permanent wave in them."

CUPID DEPT.

Bill Powell's wedding gift to his young bride, Diana Lewis, was a matching ring, pin and clips set with ruby stones . . . Hal Roach, Jr., is taking Mary Beth Hughes to night clubs . . . William Holden is still escorting the beauteous Brenda Marshall around town . . . June Lang is giving all her dates to Lew Ayres . . . Lee Bowman is seeing to it that Phyllis Brooks forgets all about Cary Grant . . . Ann Sheridan is doubling up on the dates she gives to Jeffrey Lynn . . . Barbara Brewster, twin sister to Gloria, is scheduled to marry Dr. Lee Siegel . . . Bette Davis won't admit any romantic interest in Robert Foulk, the New York stage director, but she's spending a lot of time with him these evenings . . . Rudy Vallee doesn't have eyes for anybody but Patricia Dane . . . Marlene Dietrich is dividing her spare time between Eric Maria Remarque and Orson Welles . . . Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne are still in the honeymoon stage, and hold hands wherever they go . . . Jane Withers has fallen hook, line and sinker for Gene Autry . . . Ann Rutherford is turning her smiles on Rand Brooks . . . Penny Singleton is taking more than the usual interest in the producer of her pictures, Bob Sparks, who says he thinks every really good producer should spend as much time as possible with his star . . . Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund have agreed to agree from now on, and they're both beaming these days. It's good to see them together again.



WOMEN IN "YOUR 40's"

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Do you dread those "trying years" (38 to 52)? Are you getting moody, cranky and NERVOUS lately? Do you fear hot flashes and weakening dizzy spells? Are you jealous of the attention other women get? THEN LISTEN—

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WOW!

At a recent Trocadero party, the guests were asked to present cards of admission at the door. When George Raft and Norma Shearer arrived, Raft explained to the girl who was checking the guest list that he had forgotten his card. "But," he said with a Raftish smile, "I'm sure it's all right for us to go on in." The girl gave him an icy stare. "Those are not my instructions. I shall have to present your name to the host," she said. "What names shall I give him?"

WHAT THEY DRIVE

Charlie Chaplin can always be spotted when driving around town. His is the oldest Rolls Royce in existence, bar none . . . Lana Turner changes the model of her car but the color's always the same—titian, to match her hair . . . Clark Gable always has the newest and sportiest model on the market, with chromium gadgets all over it . . . Madeleine Carroll bangs around town in one of the less expensive makes of car—and it's three years old at that . . . John Carradine has a lemon-colored Duesenberg that has seen better days but it's the swankiest car in town for a' that . . . Myrna Loy dotes on a small coupe that's just big enough for herself, the groceries and her Irish setter.

THE BOYERS

Happiest man around is Charles Boyer. Says that nothing in the world can compare to the grand and glorious feeling of being a civilian. He and Pat Paterson have rented a home in Westwood Hills, where they'll stay until the lease is up on their own home which was rented when Boyer went off to the wars. The Boyers have slipped back into their Hollywood routine as if they had never been away, with Boyer working hard on his radio and screen roles, Pat accepting an occasional studio assignment and the two going over to the Tyrone Powers' house every Thursday night for the weekly bridge bout.

MEET A NEW PHOTOG

When Spencer Tracy appeared at the Lux Radio Theatre for a rehearsal the other day, he was besieged by amateur camera fans. Tracy obligingly posed with his best grin for all of them. When they asked him to get co-star, Bette Davis, out on the steps, Tracy refused to bother her. "But tell you what I'll do," he said. "Give me your cameras and I'll get a picture of Bette for each one of you." Eleven cameras were thrust at him and with the help of an usher, Tracy got them all inside. When Bette was informed of the deal, she ordered a spotlight set up and arranged herself with a bouquet of prop roses and an angelic expression for cameraman Tracy's shots. And they say Hollywood stars are snobs!

DIDJA KNOW

That Ann Sheridan never wears high heels except when a picture role demands a full length shot . . . That Leslie Howard had his natural blond looks tinted the right shade of strawberry red each time he went before the camera in the "Ashley Wilkes" role . . . That Orson Welles doesn't live next door to Shirley Temple any more because he didn't like the ribbings he got from owning a home with a swimming pool . . . That twin girls were signed for the "boy baby" role in "Forty Little Mothers," and Eddie Cantor thinks Director Berkeley did it on purpose . . . That Errol Flynn saw his first football game at the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day . . .



In her seventh picture, "It's A Date," opposite Lewis Howard, Deanna Durbin wears her first period costume. Of black chiffon velvet, trimmed with six hundred ermine tails, and featuring a hoop skirt, this beautiful gown is one of twenty-eight changes. It cost $1500 yet appears on the screen for only three minutes.



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- WHAT TO WEAR AND WHEN

modern manners

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That Ilona Massey is getting ten proposals of marriage every day since the release of "Balalaika" . . . That Gary Cooper is a chain smoker . . . That Jimmy Stewart hates to write letters . . . That Jeanette MacDonald winds up her concert tour this spring with a performance in Los Angeles which marks her first local appearance in a concert? . . . That Dorothy Lamour says she's through with radio work for a long, long time and wants to devote all her time to movies . . . That Freddie Bartholomew is begging his boss for a chance to do "Hamlet" on the screen?

ONE-TAKE DURBIN

On the set of "It's a Date," we watched Walter Pidgeon blow up on his lines time after time, while Deanna Durbin, in the scene with him, went smoothly through her dialogue. "Whew," Pidgeon exclaimed after the ninth take, and the ninth blow-up, "Deanna, if you'd only slip up on a comma sometime, I'd feel a lot better." No doubt about it, the little Durbin's poise is enough to shatter anyone's assurance. At the studio, they say Vaughn Paul is the only other human being that's cool, calm and collected enough to take it.

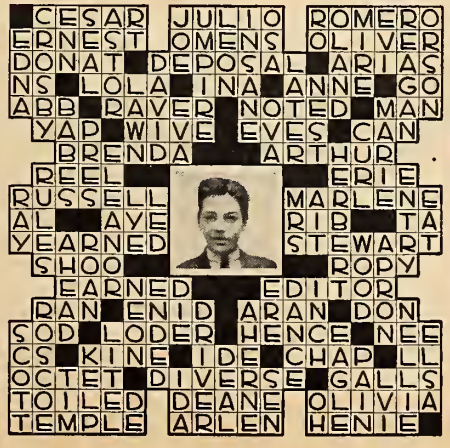
STRICTLY A BACHELOR PROPOSITION

When word got around that Cary Grant was building a new home in Santa Monica, he was besieged by requests to tell for whom the house was intended. All Grant will say is, "It's strictly a bachelor proposition—and I mean strictly!" Incidentally, Phyllis Brooks and Cary are now working on the same lot. They see each other daily in the RKO commissary, and always manage to exchange a few amiable nods so as to leave no doubt that they're still good friends.

SURPRISE ENDING

A traffic cop on Sunset Boulevard told us that the other day Loretta Young came whizzing down the street at fifty miles an hour. He pursued her for half a block and ran her to the curb. "Gosh, she's pretty," said the cop at this point in the story. "Those eyes! and how she can roll them!" Ummmmhmm, we thought, be a movie star and get away with anything. But our friend hadn't finished his story. "I just had to look away," he said, "or else I would have torn up that ticket."

Solution To Puzzle on Page 94



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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Consult your doctor regularly. Diet and exercise should be regulated from the earliest days of pregnancy. Your doctor's constant advice on the right foods and amount can control your weight and keep the baby the right size to facilitate birth. Above all, ask a doctor's advice on feeding infant.

SAFER *because easier to clean!*

HYGEIA

NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

all joking aside

BY JACK BETTS



FOR FIRE SEQUENCES, STUDIOS MUST EMPLOY REAL FIREMEN AT REGULAR GUILD WAGES, TO SEE THAT THE FIRE DOESN'T GET OUT OF CONTROL. THEY MUST ALSO HIRE THE SAME NUMBER OF REGISTERED EXTRAS -- WHO GET PAID -- FOR DOING NOTHING.



THEDA BARA WAS THE FIRST WOMAN TO SMOKE A CIGARETTE ON THE SCREEN. THE YEAR WAS *1916*



UNITED ARTISTS IS THE ONLY STUDIO WHERE LIQUOR IS SOLD; THE COMMISSARY SELLS BOTTLES OF WINE. *And* 20TH CENTURY-FOX COMMISSARY IS THE ONLY ONE WHERE A GLASS OF BEER IS **NOT** ALLOWED TO BE SERVED WITH A MEAL.



SONJA HENIE IS THE ONLY ACTRESS WHO HAS A MAN FOR A STAND-IN.



THERE ARE NEARLY 18,000 MOTION PICTURE THEATRES IN THE UNITED STATES, AND ONE SEAT TO EVERY TWELVE PERSONS!

-Betts

Printed in the U. S. A. by the Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



BEFORE USING MAYBELLINE

What a Difference Maybelline Makes

Stop . . . Look . . . Compare these two pictures of the same girl. Hair, nose, mouth, complexion — exactly alike. Everything the same, *except her eyes*. It's easy to see what Maybelline eye make-up means. The difference between blankness and beauty. Between dullness and sparkle. Between hidden charm and instant attraction!

Don't doubt your own eyes. See what Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can do for *you*. Lashes always take on this dark sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara — and notice how this makes the eyes appear larger, more brilliant. Depth and color are subtly accented with Maybelline Eye Shadow — and brows are tapered so naturally with Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Bring out the beauty of *your* eyes to your own thrilling satisfaction — today! You can get generous purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at any 10c store.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills 35c. Shades — Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) comes in dainty zipper case. Black, Brown, Blue—75c.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil in Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six flattering shades. Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



Actual color photograph—The girls help tie the leaves in bundles. The tobacco is part of better-than-ever crops grown by U. S. Government methods.

"Working with Uncle Sam,

farmers have grown the finest tobacco in 300 year



...and Luckies always buy the A-1 grades," says Tom Smothers, 20 years a tobacco auctioneer

THREE SIMPLE FACTS tell *why* we ask: "Have y tried a Lucky lately?"

Fact No. 1. In recent years, progressive tobac farmers have worked closely wirh Uncle Sam lear ing new, scientific growing methods. Result: T finest tobacco in history.

Fact No. 2. Tom Smothers, 15 years a Lucky Srri smoker, is rypical of the *independent* experts—au tioneers, buyers, warehousemen—who pref Luckies, 2 to 1. They *know* Luckies buy the choic grades of these improved tobaccos. Result: Lucki are better than ever!

Fact No. 3. After 2 to 4 years of aging, these fin tobaccos go through rhe "Toasting" proces which takes out certain throat irritants found all tobacco. Result: A better-than-ever smoke *pl* rhroat protection.

Try Luckies for a week. Check each fact. You' see why . . . WITH MEN WHO KNOV TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

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MODERN SCREEN

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE



"I'M *Not* BOY CRAZY!" SAYS JUDY GARLAND

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APR 29 1940
PERIODICAL DIVISION

Mrs. Oliver De Gray Vanderbilt III

"THE MILDER THE CIGARETTE, THE BETTER—
SO OF COURSE, CAMELS ARE MY FAVORITE"



"CAMELS are so *much* milder," says Mrs. Vanderbilt. "In fact, that's what first attracted me to Camels—their extra mildness combined with their fine, delicate taste and the nice, cool way they smoke."

When a cigarette is as mild as Camels, you just *know* it's slower-burning. Camel cigarettes yield extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor!

"Every time I smoke a Camel," Mrs. Vanderbilt adds, "I *enjoy* it—*thoroughly*. Camels are gentle even to *my* sensitive throat. Moreover, like *all* Camel smokers, I welcome that extra smoking in every pack of Camels!"

Until her marriage, Mrs. Oliver De Gray Vanderbilt III divided her time between New York and the South. She is now making her home in Cincinnati—will soon join the summer colony on Long Island. Mrs. Vanderbilt has a piquant Southern beauty—and a Southerner's talent for gracious living. She takes pleasure in running a household, entertaining, welcoming friends "just dropping in for a chat and a smoke." She says: "My friends enjoy Camels, too. And *I*—well, I can smoke Camels as steadily as I please and never tire of them. They're mild—these Camels!"

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



Extra Mildness *Extra Coolness* *Extra Flavor*

A few of the many other distinguished women who prefer Camel's mildness and delicate taste:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Alexander Black, *Los Angeles*
Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *Philadelphia*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, *Boston*
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. Malcolm E. McAlpin, *New Jersey*
Mrs. Nicholas Griffith Penniman III, *Baltimore*
Mrs. Thomas Edison Sloane, *New York*
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena*
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago*
Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS...*The Cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*



• *Her chic little bonnet of smart silken braid wears a striking veil, a red, red rose.*

A New Easter Bonnet can Halt a man but a Winning Smile can Hold him!



Your smile is yours alone...far too precious to risk!
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

THE EYE-CATCHING smartness of a new Easter bonnet—how quickly it captures a man's glance! But once his attention is halted, it takes a bright and winning smile to hold him.

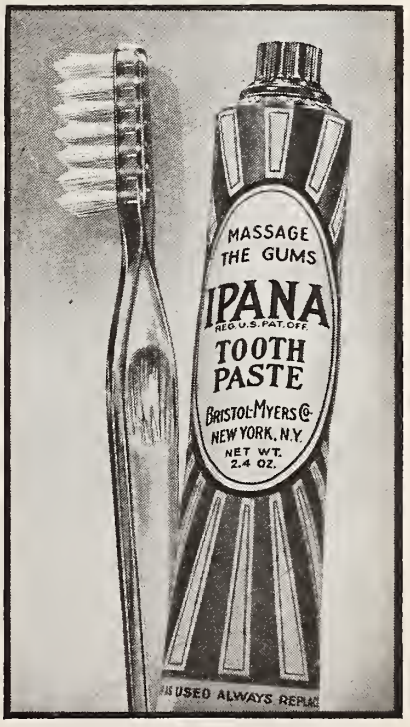
For no girl can make a lasting impression with a dull and dingy smile. Don't let *yourself* in for this tragic mistake. Never neglect your teeth and gums. Never dismiss lightly that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist at once!* It may not indicate anything serious, but let him decide. Often, he will tell you your gums have grown tender, flabby from lack of exercise. And the fault frequently lies with our modern soft foods. His verdict may simply be "more work for those weakened gums"—and, like many dentists, he may suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that delightful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage, as circulation awakens in the gums—stimulates them—helps make gums firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile you can be proud of!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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APR -3 1940

Modern Screen for May

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ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO, A BRIDE...TODAY, DO YOU FACE

Heartbreak Age?





You were such a shining bride! Are you still starry-eyed, still safe and happy in your love? Or are you a woman, afraid? A woman in flight from the grim gray shadow of Heartbreak Age?

Heartbreak Age! The time of the first gray hairs. Then you do not need sympathy—but the swift transforming wonder of Inecto-with-Lustrium. Amazing hair coloring and conditioning treatment!

Inecto, long famous for coloring the hair inside. And now Lustrium, the remarkable new conditioner, adding lustre to color, glinting highlights and silky sheen. The complete and undetectable hair coloring treatment! Achieving not only the look but the feel of beautiful youth-like hair . . awakening you to the fact that Spring's most youthful fashions are once again your very own.

Call your beauty shop now about your Inecto-with-Lustrium Treatment!

SEE ITS GLORIOUS RESULT AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP — WITHOUT OBLIGATION. Maybe you'd like to see an application of Inecto-with-Lustrium illustrated, before you have it. Just visit one of the more exclusive beauty shops near you. Ask to see "Heartbreak Age," their thrilling Inecto-with-Lustrium Presentation. It shows you every step in the actual application—to the final glorious result. See it NOW!

inecto WITH Lustrium

• colors hair inside
• hi-lights hair outside


A Great
AMERICAN PROJECT
The Life of Thomas A. Edison
"YOUNG TOM EDISON", starring Mickey Rooney, recreates the exciting boyhood which led to the flowering of Edison's genius in later life . . .
"EDISON THE MAN" finds Spencer Tracy as "the Wizard of Menlo Park", in another story of dramatic power.
Each film is complete in itself—two great motion picture productions—in which M-G-M takes extreme pride.
MICKEY ROONEY as "YOUNG TOM EDISON"
with Fay Bainter, George Bancroft, Virginia Weidler, Eugene Pallette
Original Screen Play by Bradbury Foote, Dore Schary and Hugo Butler
Directed by Norman Taurog • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
SPENCER TRACY as "EDISON THE MAN"
A CLARENCE BROWN Production with Rita Johnson
Lynne Overman • Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart
Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by John W. Considine, Jr. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

DON'T GET IN THEIR HAIR!

By Elizabeth Oldfield

INTRODUCING ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD HEADACHE—THE PROBLEMS CAUSED BY TOURISTS

'TIS SAID all roads lead to Hollywood. Certainly the Chamber of Commerce of Southern California has been trying for years to persuade the people back East that this is so. And their efforts have been successful. Tourists, lured by folders showing movie stars skiing at Lake Arrowhead or basking in the warm sunshine of Palm Springs, have flocked to the movie capital at the rate of one and a half million yearly.

Ninety-five per cent of the visitors have the same idea; they want to visit the picture studios, the Brown Derby and shake hands with their favorite star. About forty per cent seeking admittance to the studios try, sans credentials, to crash the gates by posing as exhibitors, newspapermen or stage players. Fifty per cent come armed with letters or telegrams from important people in their home towns. The remaining ten per cent are "biggies." These may be distinguished or titled foreigners, members of the President's Cabinet, Senators, diplomats or Chief G-Man J. Edgar Hoover who goes for theatrical folk in a big way. They arrive in Hollywood following an editorial bombardment of the Hays Office (the clearing house for the moving picture industry) and the newspapers. As a matter of fact such important personages could step off the train and get anything they wanted, but most of them insist upon coming heralded.

Anyway, by the time they arrive, film folk are prepared to show 'em Cary Grant in action and to feed them at the Commissary where they may marvel at Anita Louise eating roast beef and potatoes just like ordinary folk. The stars do their bit by throwing parties or inviting the guests for the week-end. In fact everybody from the producer down tries to sell them Hollywood. The visitors return to Washington convinced that everything about Hollywood is wonderful and that its people are the most hospitable in the world. And they are right! For everybody in the moving picture industry is a super-salesman bent on selling moving pictures not only to "biggies" but to the public at large. Perhaps it is this co-operation that has made the industry the fourth largest in the United States with estimated gross box office receipts of one billion—count 'em—dollars a year!

Statistics show that 300 persons apply daily to the moving picture studios for permission to enter the sacred portals. Actually, only thirty make the grade, for visitors, regardless of their importance, are costly. According to efficiency experts, four visitors on the set cost the studio hundreds of dollars in time and re-takes (filming the picture over again). Why this should be, will be explained later. First, we will go into a bit of motion picture history.



In the pie-slinging days when Hollywood Boulevard was flanked by daisy fields, when sound was unheard of and when moving picture actors were looked upon as freaks, producers welcomed visitors to the sets. They even built balconies around the stages, so that the tourists might get a good look at the funny folk who banged each other on the head with night sticks or flung themselves in front of railroad trains. Every bus-load of sightseers was doubly welcome, not only because the people served as unofficial press agents, but because the twenty-five cents admission fee they paid was a boon to the shoe-string producer.

The actors also welcomed the visitors. Most of them were former stage players accustomed to the response of an audience, and the boos and laughs of the sightseers put them on their mettle.

The barkers (who beat Rudy Vallee to the punch on the megaphone idea) would shout explanations of what the actors were doing and why. It was swell while it lasted, but it didn't last long. As the full-length picture replaced the one-reel comedy, actors and directors found that too many tourists (*Continued on page* 101)

DIABOLICAL

"Dr. CYCLOPS"

IN TECHNICOLOR

The picture made behind locked doors! Directed by Ernest Schoedsack, who directed the never-to-be-forgotten "King Kong" for producer Merian Cooper.

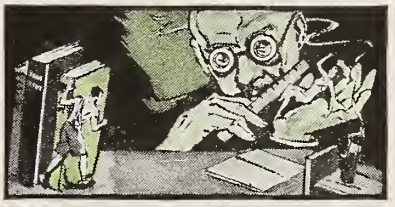
See him . . . he's real! See them . . . they're real! . . . Men and women only 14 inches in height and yet possessed of each and every one of their normal human functions!



UNBELIEVABLE . . . yet done before your very eyes!



Dr. Cyclops injects his new radium formula . . . shrinking victims to pygmy size!



A beautiful young woman shrunk to miniature size . . . yet breathing defiance!



A normal-sized cat becomes a huge ravening monster to the helpless victims!



Angered by their resistance, Dr. Cyclops attacks the little people with a shovel!



Dr. Cyclops' victims, maddened at the results of their size reduction, attack the gigantic doctor!

A Paramount Picture with Albert Dekker • Janice Logan • Thomas Coley • Charles Halton
Victor Kilian • Frank Yaconelli • Directed by Ernest Schoedsack • Original Screen Play by Tom Kilpatrick

Producer Selznick and his prize-winning Vivien Leigh meet at the Cocoanut Grove to accept the year's highest awards. Though Robert Donat took top male honors for "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Gone With The Wind" received 9 of the 21 awards.





Veteran Award-Winner Spencer Tracy, who left a sick bed to make some of the presentations, congratulates Thomas Mitchell. 44-year-old Mr. M. received the supporting actor award for his outstanding work as the doctor in "Stagecoach."

Fay Bainter turns over one of the coveted "Oscars" to Hattie McDaniel, who received the supporting actress award for her performance as "Mammy" in "G.W.T.W." This marks the first time a member of her race has been honored by the Academy.



THE NIGHT OF THE OSCARS

EACH YEAR, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences distributes about 12,000 ballots to people connected with the motion picture industry. Members of the Screen Actors' Guild are invited to vote on the outstanding acting performances of the year, members of the Writers' Guild on the outstanding writing jobs, and so on. Then, to avoid cries of "Fake," the Academy requests that all voters return their ballots not to them, but to the accounting firm of Price, Waterhouse & Co. There, they are properly audited and a member of that firm reveals the results three hours before the awards are made. Not even the President of the Academy knows who the winners are going to be. Despite these precautions, the awarding of this year's "Oscars" still looked like a planned affair, with the King of England and David O. Selznick the principal conspirators—for Vivien Leigh and Robert Donat, two of His Highness' loyal subjects, took the highest acting awards, while Mr. Selznick's "Gone With The Wind" strutted off with almost everything else.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., accepts the statuette awarded his father for "Outstanding Contribution to International Development of Motion Pictures."



Mickey Rooney puts his own stamp of approval on Judy Garland, who was given a special statuette for "Outstanding Performance of a Juvenile."

Lady Esther says Won't you please help your

"NEW-BORN SKIN"

To Keep Its PROMISE of NEW-BORN BEAUTY for you?



Careful! Your new skin depends on *you* to help remove those tiny flakes of older skin that can "smother" your new-born Beauty!

EVERY TIME the clock ticks—every time you breathe—your new skin is crowding eagerly upward, outward—and soon will make its bow before all the world—in new glory and new glamour, *if you will do your part!*

Why let your new skin be "born under a cloud," asks Lady Esther—when it *can* be flattering—*can* make you look a little younger, fresher, lovelier? Yes, each coming generation of your skin can bring you a new-born beauty—*if*—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove—tenderly and gently—those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin beclouding your complexion today—concealing the glory of your new skin!

For those tiny flakes of worn-out skin are the thieves that steal your beauty. Feel with your fingertips *now* the little rough spots they leave on your face. They can make you look older, for they keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—give you a lifeless, drab complexion!

My 4-Purpose Cream *permeates* those flakes. Soothingly and gently it whisks them all away—loosens embedded impurities—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—helps your skin to be smoother—lovelier—younger-looking.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

If he's a specialist on the skin—all the better! Follow his advice if you have a vitamin deficiency. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin via your face cream!

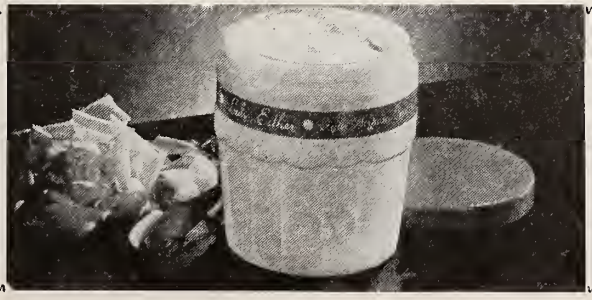
Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new, young skin about to be born!

Then try my face cream *at my expense*. Continue using it twice a day or oftener for two weeks. See if your powder doesn't look *lovelier* day by day. See the *glamour* of your new-born skin as my cream helps you keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample *FREE!*

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (55)

LADY ESTHER, 7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



Inviting, exciting Irresistible lips for you with Irresistible Lipstick... the softer, more lasting, non-drying lipstick that's **WHIP-TEXT** for greater smoothness. Whipped again and again by a secret new process to assure that tempting dewy-fresh look... and to achieve the clearer, lovelier colors that distinguish Irresistible Lipstick from ordinary lipsticks. In luscious new **FLASH RED, FUCHSIA PLUM, RED OAK, ORCHID** and other smart shades with matching rouge and face powder.

IT'S *Whip-Text*

FOR GREATER SMOOTHNESS



10c AT ALL 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

PUTS THE YOU IN IRRESISTIBLE YOUTH!

INFORMATION DESK



NOTE: *If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.*

Catherine Maguire, New York, N. Y. Eighteen years ago the Coopers' new baby was christened "Jack," but when he first went into the movies, aged five, the impressive "Jack" became the little-boyish "Jackie," which will probably stick even when he is doddering around playing character parts. Jackie Cooper is five feet, ten and one-half inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Those mischievous and roving eyes are hazel, and his hair is "dirty blonde." You'll love him in "Seventeen" with Betty Field.

Florence Ericson, Roland, Iowa. Bing Crosby's real name is Harry, but he won his nickname by shouting "Bing! Bing!" louder than the other kids in the game of "Cowboys and Indians." He was born in Tacoma, Washington, May 2, 1904, but considers Spokane his home town, as he was just a baby when his family moved there. He made his stage debut in the title role of a school presentation of "Julius Caesar" and changed the play into a riotous comedy that must have made Shakespeare turn over in his grave. In accordance with his rehearsed lines, Bing died nobly on the stage and watched the curtain sweep majestically down—down practically on top of the "corpse." Bing leaped to his feet and bolted backstage, while the audience howled and clapped him back for five encores. Although his parents wanted him to be a lawyer, Bing's heart was in singing, and in college he formed a partnership with another music lover, Al Rinker, with whom he left college and eventually landed in Hollywood. Al's sister, Mildred Bailey, was instrumental in starting Bing on the road to success via small cafe engagements, Paul Whiteman's band and the Cocoanut Grove. Bing is married to Dixie Lee, and they have four sons. His hobbies are short-story writing, horse breeding and reading detective stories.

Mildred Dann, Albany, N. Y. The little Idahoan who threw such a bombshell in our midst when she eloped not long ago uses her middle and last names for her nom de screen. The whole thing is Judy Lana Turner, but the studio thought the Judy was too chorus girlish. Lana Turner's favorite sport is swimming, but she's also said to pedal a mean bicycle.

Mary O'Neill, New York, N. Y. Charlie McCarthy was born nineteen years ago in Chicago, Ill. He cost Eddie Bergen thirty-five dollars and is now insured for upwards of $5,000. Charlie worked Eddie's way through Northwestern University, and since then the two have been an inseparable and irrepressible pair. Bergen, the man who, Charlie says, is responsible for all his mistakes, has provided for his side-kick in his will to the tune of a $10,000 bequest which will go, through Charlie, to the Actors' Fund of America. If you write the McCarthy a fan letter, you will receive a delighted reply, penned on his own stationery and signed with a distinguished signature which Bergen has devised for him. Eddie got his inspiration for him from a little newsboy who peddled papers near his school. His name was Charlie and he had a brazen manner and an unprepossessing but appealingly puckish face that Charlie's creator—even then something of a ventriloquist—felt should be immortalized in pinewood. Charlie's devilish, painted face, so familiar to all of us, is the very same one that Bergen had whittled years ago. He has tried to have duplicates made, but has never been satisfied with the results.

Eva Asanoff, Harrison, N. J. Pictures of Rudolph Valentino are still available. Send fifteen cents per picture to Artcinema Associates, Inc., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. Specify that you would prefer stills from "The Eagle" and a picture of him with Vilma Banky, if they are available. We are sure that they will be only too glad to promptly forward them to you. (*Continued on page* 12)

WE REFUSE TO BE STUMPED, SO COME ON, FANS, YOU ASK THE QUESTIONS AND WE'LL ANSWER THEM

Now! CAMAY brings you this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

Let Camay help you to a Lovelier Skin and a More Radiant Complexion . . . with these three Wonderful Aids to Beauty Cleansing!



THE MOMENT you open a cake of this wonderful, new Camay you'll *know* it's different. There's a new, entrancing fragrance that just lasts and lasts! Note, too, new Camay's abundant lather, its unusual mildness!

Women everywhere are turning to the new Camay . . . discovering in Camay their ideal beauty soap . . . adopting the Camay Way to Beauty. Perhaps you, too, can find new loveliness by following this Camay beauty method as printed on the back of the Camay wrapper.

Camay's 3 Advantages Proved by Tests!

Our tests against 6 other best-selling toilet soaps proved Camay's advantages. Time and time again, Camay proved it possessed a greater mildness than any of them, gave more abundant lather in a short time, had a fragrance that most women preferred!

Because of these tests, you can definitely trust yourself to Camay's gentle cleansing care and expect it to help you in your search for a lovelier skin, a more radiant complexion, new allure!

Go to your nearest dealer. Look for Camay in its famous yellow and green wrapper. It's cellophane covered to protect freshness. Get 3 cakes of Camay . . . give Camay every test you can think of . . . and feel your skin responding to its gentle beauty cleansing care!

Now—more than ever
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



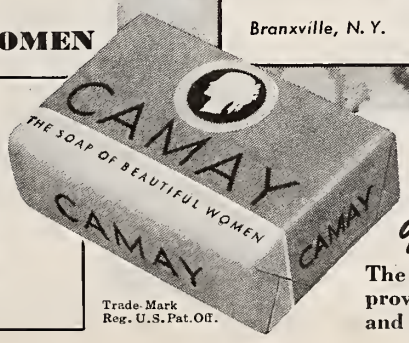
"A PERFECT BEAUTY SOAP!"
Read this interesting letter from Mrs. George D. Lawrence, Bronxville, N. Y.

Your new Camay is so mild, gives such marvelous, gentle lather, and has such a lasting, lovely fragrance. I find it a perfect beauty soap to help keep my complexion wonderfully soft and fresh and radiant.

(Signed) ELIZABETH L. LAWRENCE
Bronxville, N. Y. (Mrs. George D. Lawrence)

New, long-lasting Fragrance that 2 out of 3 women preferred!

We asked hundreds of women to compare Camay's fascinating, new fragrance with that of 6 other famous toilet soaps. Approximately 2 out of 3 women voted for Camay. *You'll* like Camay's new fragrance, too. It lasts in the cake just as long as there is a bit of soap left!



Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

The Camay your dealer now has is the New, Improved Camay. No change in the familiar green and yellow wrapper. The change is in the Soap.

Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?



Win—and hold—his love with lasting charm!
Keep safe from underarm odor—each day use Mum!

"AND HE fell in love with her *for life!*" A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in *real* life too... when you're lovely to be near always... when you're wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns—or kisses... just *which* you get depends on *you!*

So don't take chances. For where is the girl who can dare risk underarm odor—and expect to get away with it?

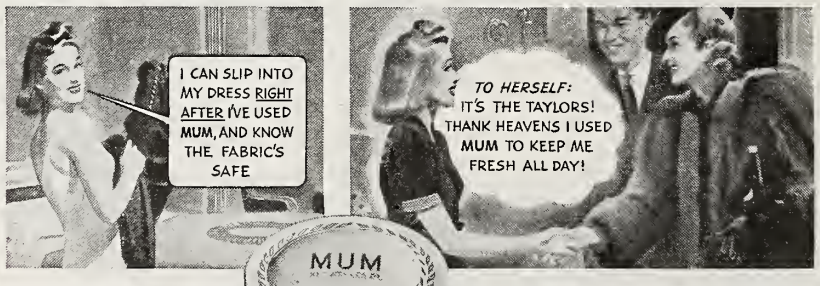
Don't expect even a *daily* bath to prevent underarm odor! A bath removes only perspiration that is *past.* To avoid odor *to come*... more women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so *dependable*—keeps underarms fresh all day!

SAVES TIME! Takes 30 seconds. And you can use Mum *right after* you're dressed.

SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. And it does not harm your skin.

SAVES ROMANCE! Without attempting to prevent perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. (Men like this pleasant cream, too.) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Use it for underarms, for hot, tender feet. Mum is always safe and sure... use Mum *every* day!

CONVENIENT! SAFE! MUM GUARDS POPULARITY



Avoid Embarrassment...
Because Mum is so safe...and so dependable...more women use it for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Try Mum this way, too!

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Jane Richards, Rome, N. Y. That handsome Welshman, Ray Milland, is a born adventurer. Above all else in this world, he hates monotony. His pre-screen career was very colorful, including a job on a potato boat which cruised around the Channel Islands, training horses on his uncle's stock ranch and riding in the ranks of King George V's personal bodyguard. Anita Loos saw him "hamming" in some mediocre English plays and was instrumental in getting him to Hollywood in 1930. With a few time-outs to return to his native land, he has been steadily employed there ever since. Married almost ten years, thirty-three-year-old Ray still hauls in plenty of fan mail and is one of Hollywood's most consistently popular stars. Watch for him next in "Untamed" with Pat Morison and "Irene" with Anna Neagle.

John Cappio, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., George Raft, one of ten children, was born in New York's "Hell's Kitchen." His grandfather introduced the merry-go-round into this country, and George could always get himself and his chums free rides at Coney Island. That little item, together with a natural quality of leadership and a pair of hard-hitting fists, made him the kingpin in his neighborhood. He had dozens of jobs before deciding that dancing was his real calling. He still claims he's just a hoofer and not an actor at all. After ten years of successful and continuous dancing, Raft decided to take a rest and went west to combine his vacation with a visit to some of his friends. He had no sooner arrived and was having a quiet bite at the Brown Derby, when Rowland Brown, the director, spotted him and signed him to a contract. The first picture, "Quick Millions," was followed by several others, but it took "Scarface" to put George irrevocably on the map. The ex-baseball player, ex-hoofer, slick-haired man-about-town claims to have no fears whatever. Hard as nails in all his roles, in reality he is a rank sentimentalist. He has forty-five suits, an entire bureau drawer of imported white handkerchiefs and he favors maroon and navy ties. He has been separated from his wife for years, but is not divorced.

Mrs. William Patton, Wissahickon, Pa. Another actress with the name Priscilla besides Miss Lane, is Priscilla Lawson, now playing in Westerns. In addition to Neil Hamilton, other actors with that last name include Hale, John and Margaret. There are two other Alexanders besides Ben. Katherine, a featured player, and Richard, who is in the Buck Rogers serials.

Janice Zwainz, Los Angeles, Calif. That's a pretty large order you've given us, but we'll see what we can do. It takes 282,000 employees to run the picture show business, all branches included, and they average an annual wage of $1,306.95. The motion picture audience is estimated at eighty millions. The picture retailers have in the United States almost eleven million seats and each of those is occupied 7.78 times a week, or just slightly more than once a day. Incredible, though it may seem to us, the moving picture industry is forty-six years old this year. You ask where the stories come from. Well, mostly from good books or plays or from the pens of studio scenarists. Not infrequently they start off as just an idea and more or less write themselves as they go along, with everyone on the set putting in his two cents'

(*Continued on page 103*)

The shadow of this woman

DARKENED THEIR LOVE!



Selznick International presents

Rebecca

starring

LAURENCE OLIVIER · JOAN FONTAINE

hero of "Wuthering Heights" — *in her sensational starring debut*

with **GEORGE SANDERS** • **JUDITH ANDERSON** • *Directed by* **ALFRED HITCHCOCK**

From the best-selling novel by **DAPHNE DU MAURIER** • *Released thru* **UNITED ARTISTS**

PRODUCED BY DAVID O. SELZNICK
WHO MADE "GONE WITH THE WIND"

MOVIE REVIEWS

★★★★ Pinocchio



All the charm which Hollywood has tried so hard to capture with living actors in fantasies like "The Blue Bird," is present in the animated cartoons of Walt Disney. "Snow White," his first feature-length production, received the most extravagant praise ever heaped on a motion picture. "Pinocchio" surpasses "Snow White" in all departments save possibly musical score and multiplicity of characterization.

And perfectly enchanting it is, from Jiminy Cricket's opening tenor solo (in the voice of Cliff Edwards) to the moment of his final splendor, when he receives a gold badge for distinguished service as Pinocchio's official conscience, from the Blue Fairy. She occasionally comes to earth to grant wishes of worthy people like aged and lonely Gepetto, the puppet-maker, who wishes that his masterpiece, a little-boy puppet named Pinocchio, would come to life; and like worthy Pinocchio himself, who wishes to become a real boy and earns his wish by bravely descending to the sea-bottom to rescue Gepetto from the belly of Monstro, the Whale.

The rest of the cast may be divided, first, into Pinocchio's friends: Cleo, the glamorous gold-fish and Figaro, the frivolous kitten. And second, into Pinocchio's enemies: self-seeking J. Worthington Foulfellow; his scatter-brained stooge, Gideon; Lampwick, a charming hoodlum; Stromboli, the slave-driving puppet maestro and a certain Charles Laughtonish coachman.

Disney's voice parts are as delightful as his drawings. The picture is as wonderful to look into as the fragile machinery of an old-fashioned music box, with its sweet tinkle. But there is nothing old-fashioned about the dialogue or his wise-cracks! Disney has outdone himself again.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★★ Northwest Passage



Red Injuns, red coats, red blood, red fire of burning frontier stockades, red sunsets—these are one's most vivid recollections of the cinematic tone poem made from Kenneth Robert's best-selling novel. And by red should be understood, not a feeble russet color, but a flaming Technicolor, a red to stop a freight train or to set fox-hounds baying. The picture has other exciting moments: Major Spencer Tracy marching and starving with his men to wipe out a murderous detachment of French and Indians; Ranger Robert Young heroically dragging himself across country with a bullet wound in his vitals; Walter Brennan being comical in the teeth of an almost certain pre-Revolutionary demise.

It is true that there are some patches of blue, green and yellow. For instance, during the picturesque marches across mountainous terrain and through dismal swamps, during the massacre of the Indian settlement, and during the decorative, weary, trek back to the deserted frontier base. But the red refrain is constantly repeated in the red coats of the British troops, in the red sides of beef which they parade before the starving Rangers, and finally, even in the surprisingly uncolonial shade of Ruth Hussey's lips which Mr. Young finds waiting for him on his return to New Hampshire. Oh, yes, we forgot that Mr. Young is a painter, and there is also the red of his palette.

Thanks to a sound screen play by Laurence Stallings and Talbot Jennings, efficient direction by King Vidor, an excellent cast and a sumptuously scenic production, "Northwest Passage" is saved from becoming an unrelieved chromatic fantasy. It's well worth seeing.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet



Although, at first blush, the story of how a certain compound for the treatment of a hitherto unmentionable social disease was developed by the German-Jewish bacteriologist, Dr. Paul Ehrlich, might seem a rather specialized subject for the movies, a notable picture has been made of it. Not since "The Story of Louis Pasteur" has the screen lent itself so auspiciously to the cause of science. Don't be fooled by the presence of Edward G. Robinson or by the melodramatic title. In spite of these ambiguous elements, the picture is a dignified and occasionally stirring account of a brave man's fight against human fear and disease, excellently acted by a splendid cast, tightly written by John Huston, Heinz Herald and Norman Burnside, and directed with his usual mastery by William Dieterle.

On the other hand, conservative medical opinion may question the wisdom of the film's climactic implication that syphilis has been destroyed by Ehrlich's arsenic compound, developed after 606 experiments. Also, there may be those who will deny that the Germany of Dr. Ehrlich's day was, with the exception of two or three friendly figures, a hot-bed of anti-Semitic and bourgeois obstructionism, as the picture makes out.

Mr. Robinson, in a beautiful series of beards, seems as much at home behind this scientific shrubbery as Paul Muni himself. Outstanding also is the performance of seventy-year-old Albert Basserman, a German refugee who, without knowledge of English, learned his speeches for the part of the great Dr. Koch by rote. Otto Kruger, Ruth Gordon, Donald Crisp, Montagu Love and Maria Ouspenskaya are other prominent members of the cast. They all are excellent.—*Warner Brothers.* (*Continued on page 79*)

HIGH SPOTS AND SIDELIGHTS IN THE CAREERS OF THE STARS ON REVIEW

Walt Disney



Walt Disney, the man who won't let us grow up, arrived in Hollywood in 1923 after a varied career of newspaper selling, ambulance driving and illustrating farm journals. He had exactly five hundred dollars in his pocket when he set up his studio and endeavored to sell sophisticated Hollywood his "Oswald the Rabbit." Though the next few years were lean ones, two events of importance did happen. First, he married Lillian Bounds, one of his two assistants, and then, following a long friendship with office mice, he evolved his masterpiece, Master Mickey. "All women hate mice," reasoned the producers, "therefore, they'll boycott your films." But Mickey made false prophets of them all and today, at twelve, he's carved a niche for himself in the Tussaud Museum in London, while Walt, at thirty-nine, has acquired honorary degrees, Academy Awards and a six-figured bank balance.

"Snow White," his first feature-length film, represented two years of work by eight hundred men. "Bambi," Disney's next, has an army of twelve hundred workers. These include idea men, gagmen, song writers and animators. The last named, the men who make the Disney actors act, receive fifteen dollars a week while taking his special three year art course. Their average age is twenty-six, and they must have three years of regular art school training behind them before Walt considers them eligible for his course. He insists on this long apprenticeship, although he confesses that his own art training, excepting brief courses at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, was negligible.

Ruth Hussey

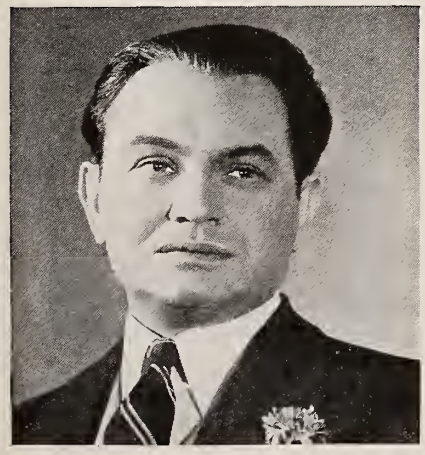


A lady endowed with an abundance of beauty, charm and talent is a mighty rare character, but that's just what MGM fell heir to when they signed Ruth Hussey. This lovely brunette New Englander never even aspired to movie fame. She was doing an amazingly good job of Kay in a road company performance of "Dead End," when the all-seeing eye of a talent scout settled upon her approvingly. A few weeks later, she had her first screen role and, from less than a dozen featured parts, she progressed to her current and much coveted role of Elizabeth Browne in "Northwest Passage."

Miss Hussey is one of those unique persons who could have been a success in a number of fields. She majored in art at Pembroke College and her deft handling of water colors and oils would have assured her a future in painting. Her charming speaking voice made her a good bet for radio, and she broadcast a fashion program for almost a year. She was also the editor of her high school magazine and college year book, to say nothing of having turned out some very clever advertising copy right after she won her diploma.

She really sounds too good to be true, but we are relieved to discover that she is delightfully human in spite of it all. A candid camera fiend par excellence, she is the terror of her unfortunate victims. She confesses to a weakness for mangy, stray cats, and, though it doesn't seem possible, by her own admission she is this world's "laziest critter" and would like nothing better than lounging abed till noon every day.

Edward G. Robinson



Edward G. Robinson doesn't do anything on a small scale. At an age when most little boys are modestly aspiring to be cops or firemen, Eddie had three ambitions—to be a minister, a lawyer and a teacher. Far from struggling with one required language, he mastered seven with ease. Eventually, he determined to make acting his profession and was acclaimed one of the finest performers on the American stage.

Small of stature but great of accomplishment, Eddie is the very antithesis in real life of the "Little Caesar" roles he portrayed for so many hair-raising years. A dyed-in-the-wool family man, he comes home every night laden with toys for six-year-old Mannie and perfume for Mrs. Robinson. The man who is, to quote him in an enthusiastic moment, "nuts about music" and a real connoisseur of nineteenth century French painting, revels in his stick-em-up portrayals. He likes his gangster roles but doesn't object to playing law-abiding citizens just as long as his characters are real and understandable, and he can smoke a cigar in the part. His friends say the only reason Eddie agreed to do "Dr. Erlich" was because he was told the doctor was famous for trailing cigar ashes all over his laboratory.

Eddie, when questioned about his plans for the future, cryptically replies in that terse, clipped way of his (the only hang-over from his shady past), "I want to be a guide on a round-the-world tour." If anybody could lure a war-harried world out cruising on a submarine-infested sea, we think that person would certainly be Mr. E. G. Robinson.

CHARTING THE STARS

THE SECOND HALF OF THE INTIMATE LISTING WHICH BEGAN IN OUR APRIL ISSUE

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Hervey, Irene	Student	Stranger's Return	1933	Riding	Singing	Universal	Home—120 North Cliftwood, Brentwood Heights
Hiller, Wendy	Stage Actress	Pygmalion	1938	Badminton	Cooking	M-G-M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Hinds, Samuel S.	Lawyer	Crime of the Century	1933	Golf	Untangling Legal Problems	Universal	Studio—Universal City, California
Hodges, Joy	Singer	Old Man Rhythm	1935	Riding	Collecting Perfume Bottles	Universal	Studio—Universal City, California
Holden, Fay	Stage Actress	Salomy Jane	1923	Tennis	Gardening	M-G-M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Holden, William	Student	Golden Boy	1939	Football	Playing Violin	Paramount	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Holt, Jack	Rancher	Light of the Western Stars	1918	Polo	Hunting	Columbia	Home—168 Granville Ave., Bel-Air
Holt, Tim	Student	History is Made At Night	1937	Badminton	Raising Cocker Spaniels	RKO-Radio	Studio—780 Gower Street, Hollywood
Hope, Bob	Vaudevillian	Big Broadcast of 1938	1938	Golf	Amateur Photography	Paramount	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Hopkins, Miriam	Chorus Girl	The Best People	1932	Dancing	Painting	Warner Bros.	Home—1400 Towergrove, Beverly Hills
Horton, Ed. Everett	Chorus Singer	Age For Love	1933	Sailing	Dog Raising	20th Century-Fox	Home—5521 Amestoy, Encino
Howard, John	Student	Car 99	1935	Baseball	Drawing	Paramount	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Howard, Leslie	Stage Actor	Outward Bound	1930	Cricket	Photography	M-G-M	Home—724 Linden Drive, Beverly Hills
Hudson, Rochelle	Student	Fanny Foley Herself	1930	Swimming	Collecting Corsage Ribbons	Columbia	Home—609 N. Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills
Hull, Henry	Mining Engineer	The Man Who Came Back	1924	Golf	Architectural Designing	M-G-M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Hull, Warren	Singer	Personal Maid's Secret	1935	Rowing	Growing Orchids	Monogram	Studio—4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Hunt, Marsha	Student	The Virginia Judge	1935	Tennis	Composing Music	Monogram	Studio—4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Hunter, Ian	Stage Actor	Downhill	1928	Riding	Reading	M-G-M	Home—126 Mayberry, Santa Monica
Huston, Walter	Engineer	Gentlemen of the Press	1929	Football	Cabinet Making	M-G-M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Jaynes, Betty	Student	Sweethearts	1938	Tennis	Collecting Charms	M-G-M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Jean, Gloria	Student	The Underpup	1939	Bicycling	Doll Collecting	Universal	Studio—Universal City, California
Jenkins, Allen	Stage Actor	Blessed Event	1932	Sailing	Raising Dogs	Warner Bros.	Studio—Burbank, Cal.

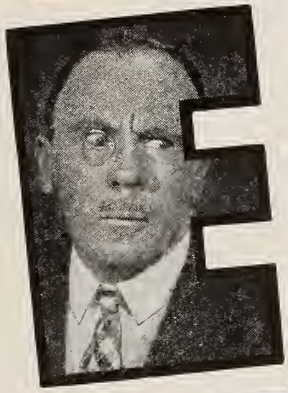
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"ALICE BLUE GOWN" "I'VE GOT ME OUT ON A LIMB" "IRENE" "YOU'VE GOT ME OUT ON A LIMB" "CASTLE OF DREAMS"

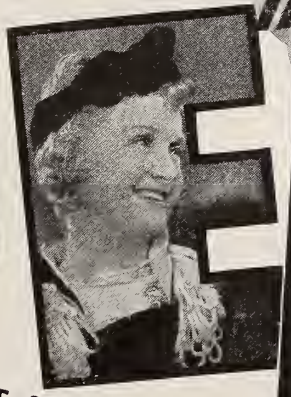


SHE'S DANCEABLE!...SHE'S ROMANCEABLE!
SHE'S ENTRANCEABLE!...









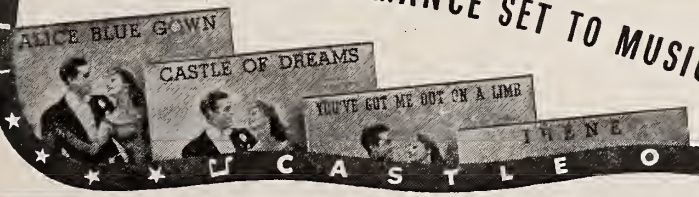
MEET 1940'S GRANDEST
GLAMOUR GIRL IN 1940'S
GRANDEST MUSICAL ROMANCE!...



Featuring a galaxy of stars ... the most singable, swingable of melodies ... the latest of springtime fashions and a love story that'll sing its way into your heart!

Anna Neagle · Ray Milland
IN
"IRENE"
WITH
Roland Young · Alan Marshal
May Robson · Billie Burke
ARTHUR TREACHER · MARSHA HUNT · ISABEL JEWELL · DORIS NOLAN
AN RKO RADIO PICTURE
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY HERBERT WILCOX
Screen Play by Alice Duer Miller from the Musical Comedy - "IRENE"
Book by James H. Montgomery · Music and Lyrics by Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy

A SPRINGTIME ROMANCE SET TO MUSIC





A snarling, vicious, killer-breed . . . in the eyes of the law! A hurt and embittered boy . . . to the girl who loves him! With bite and dynamite, this drama blasts the truth out of his heart!

Tyrone POWER
. . . not since "Jesse James" has he had such a role!

Dorothy LAMOUR
. . . revealing more of her allure than ever before!

in

Johnny Apollo

EDWARD ARNOLD • LLOYD NOLAN
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • LIONEL ATWILL

Directed by Henry Hathaway

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Rowland Brown • Original Story by Samuel G. Engel and Hal Long

•

Dorothy Lamour sings: "This is the Beginning of the End" by Mack Gordon and "Dancing for Nickels and Dimes" by Lionel Newman and Frank Loesser

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production


ANN SHERIDAN


MELVYN DOUGLAS

You'll LIVE this Romance . . . You'll LOVE its Stars!

MERLE
OBERON

Far more wonderful than ever before, as the girl with nothing to live for—but love!

GEORGE
BRENT

He's the man for Merle! The grandest role of all for the hero of 'The Fighting 69th'!



"'Til we meet again"

PAT O'BRIEN

GERALDINE
FITZGERALD

BINNIE BARNES

FRANK McHUGH

Be sure to learn where it's playing. If you want to see a *really* thrilling romance you'll want to *Be there!*

A New WARNER BROS. Success

Directed by
EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Warren Duff • From an Original Story by Robert Lord




MICKEY ROONEY


BETTE DAVIS


ELLEN DREW


MADELEINE CARROLL
as Livia Vayne
L. V.
I love you both too much, William, darling, to let my love come between you. You and Oliver—a son hating his father—a father despising his son because of me—it is better that I never see either of you again—
Livia
BRIAN AHERNE
as William Essex
LOUIS HAYWARD
as Oliver
My Son, My Son!
Howard Spring
Edward Small presents
MADELEINE CARROLL
BRIAN AHERNE
LOUIS HAYWARD
My Son, My Son!
The year's mightiest novel brought to flaming life upon the screen by a perfect cast!
with LARAINE DAY • HENRY HULL • JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON • SOPHIE STEWART
BRUCE LESTER • Screenplay by Lenore Coffee • Directed by Charles Vidor • Released thru United Artists
From HOWARD SPRING'S best-selling novel—praised by more than a million readers
(See it soon at your favorite theatre)

"I'M NOT BOY CRAZY!"

ASSERTS JUDY GARLAND, DEBUNKING THE HOLLYWOOD MATCH-MAKERS' GOSSIP

JUDY GARLAND plucked the knife from its place beside her salad and waved it dangerously. Her pert nose quivered. Her dark eyes sparked.

"Honestly, I don't know why, but all the gossip writers keep painting me as if I'm boy crazy! Maybe it's because of the songs I sing. Yes, that must be it. Those songs give the wrong impression. But gee, I'm not that way at all!

"Take the stories about Mickey Rooney and myself. I'll give it to you straight. The columnists keep saying I'm in love with Mickey. It upsets me so; really it does. Because I'm not at all in love with him. Not a single bit. Oh sure, we're swell friends, very good friends. Mickey is so full of fun and I enjoy working with him. I'm looking forward to our next picture, 'Strike Up The Band.' But outside of pictures, why, I rarely even see him! Neither one of us cares for the other—except as pals. And that's the truth!"

Judy Garland put the knife down, and absently contemplated her salad. When she looked up, she gulped, glanced around to see if anyone at the crowded tables in the M-G-M commissary had overheard her outburst, and then looked at me with her shy smile.

"Gee, you understand, don't you? The papers have it wrong. I don't go mooning over some new fellow every other day. It's all so unfair. Why, right now I haven't got a special boy friend. And I don't even go out much.

"Last night, for example, I was home reading that marvelous book, 'Masterpieces of Art' by Craven. Then, this morning—why—did you see this morning's paper? Someone reported that last night I was at Victor Hugo's holding hands under the table with some person I don't even know! It's very confusing, and I hope everyone doesn't believe all those things.

"The last time I went on a date was over a week ago. A concert violinist named Jimmy took me to see Katharine Cornell in 'No Time for Comedy.' I won't be going out again until the Ballet Russe comes to town. I have a date for that. I'm dying to see the Ballet Russe. Have you seen it? I can't wait!"

Judy unclasped her light fur jacket and allowed it to fall back over her chair. She went at the cottage cheese in her salad. It was her favorite cheese and it seemed to mellow her.

"I'm really not very enthused about going out places," she explained. "Why should I be, when I live in such a marvelous home? Sometimes I see different boys, maybe twice a week, but they come over to the house. We sit in my music room and listen to symphony records. Now that's real fun!

"Most of my friends are non-professionals. That is, they're not movie people. After all, I spent nine years in vaudeville, and I met the finest people that ever lived. They're still my best friends."

Judy's red hair crept out from under her turban. She violently put her hair in its place.

"Do you really want to know how silly those rumors about me are?" she inquired, dead earnest. "I'll tell you. First the rumors said I was in love with Leonard Suess, a musician. Now feature that. Why, I've known Leonard for ten years! He's a sort of brother to me, a friend of the family. He's only seventeen, and he supports his mother. Sometimes he works in my pictures.

"Then the rumors said I was in love with Peter Hayes, whose mother manages the Grace Hayes Lodge. Well, he's really a nice person. But I only went out with him three times in my life, and we were only pals.

"That's the way it is with everyone. When I make a new acquaintance or send someone I admire a note or flowers, I am immediately rumored madly in love. Imagine what people, reading about those different men and myself, must think. Boy crazy Judy, they must say. And I'm not at all like that!"

Judy's intensity left her breathless. She sat back against her fur jacket and took a deep breath. She was a young girl being very and delightfully sincere.

Suddenly Judy Garland's eyes widened, and she leaned forward with a secret. "But one day I *am* going to fall in love—and it won't be a rumor."

Her voice quickened. "The man I'm going to marry is going to be honest. Yes he is. He's going to be a colorful and exciting man. I want him to have strong, sincere opinions, even if they're wrong. And as for looks, gosh, how a man looks doesn't matter at all with me!

"I've always vaguely dreamed of getting married at twenty-four. That age sounds just right, doesn't it? If I'm still good enough to be in the movies, I wouldn't want to retire when I'm married. But I wouldn't



Judy premieres with Barron Polan, one of her legion of non-professional admirers.



The red-head from Grand Rapids rhumbas with Peter Hayes at the Beverly-Wilshire.

By James Carson



want a burdensome contract, either. My big dream is to have a husband, a big family, and do maybe one picture a year. That sounds ideal. Too ideal, I'm afraid. Maybe it's only a fairy tale dream. I suppose things never happen like that, do they? But I pray this does."

And this certainly will. For, while Judy is only sixteen, and much will happen to her as it does in all young lives, she will always and eternally be the same Judy—quick of enthusiasm, but sound of judgment and desire. She possesses an amazing sense of true values for one so young, and her seriousness and honesty are tempered by the most precious gift of all—laughter.

But Judy, at no one's expense, will always have her way and her desires, because she will always be Judy.

She hasn't changed a bit since she was Frances Ethel Gumm of Grand Rapids. Not even when, some seven years ago, she played on a vaudeville bill with George Jessel, and he said, "You can't get any place with a name like that—Gumm. Why, it sounds too much like crumb, bum or dumb. I'll christen you with a new name. I'll name you after my best friend, the drama critic, Robert Garland." Even when she came to Hollywood five long years ago, her feet were on the ground. Even when she tried to sing, and they said she was too young, and she sang anyway—and so well that Mr. Louis B. Mayer himself was dragged in to hear her and to sign her.

Today, with applause loud in her ears after "Babes in Arms" and "The Wizard of Oz," with critics and polls falling all over themselves to vote her among the best ten of the past year, Judy still manages to retain the old values. My contention is that, if the past five years haven't changed her, nothing ever will. She may be the great Judy Garland to the world but, in her heart, she's still plain Frances Gumm, who loves dill pickles, Debussy, Bette Davis, Italian operas (*Cont'd on page 89*)

Believe it or not, this little singer of swing is a traitor to "jive." She'd much rather listen to the classics!



"WE KNOW TRACY"

I'VE HAD the most delightful week gossiping my head off about Spencer. "Psstt," I've gone around saying to folks, "c'm here and tell me things about Spencer Tracy." And really, my dears, the slants you do get on Spence when you see him through the eyes of others!

I learned things about Tracy I could never have learned from Tracy himself. You cannot get Spencer to talk about himself; there's no use trying. Think up provocative questions as you will, the answer is "Ug" or, when he feels most chatty, "Glug." That's why I went "psstting" around behind Spencer's broad back and how I'm able to pass on to you more information about Spencer than I could possibly have gathered in any other way. For this is Spencer as others see him. And moreover, these others are the people who, among them, live the clock 'round with Spencer, see him at work and at play, in every mood, in every circumstance of his life.

Let's begin with Hedy Lamarr.

"If you ask me what I think of him," said Hedy, "I have to say it in one word, that word is 'Terreefic!' In every way, terreefic! What is his attraction for women? Oh, that is easy. His attraction for women is that he is every inch masculine.

"But," said Hedy, and very seriously now, "this is not the most truly and deeply that I see Spencer. No, what I think of him goes deeper in. You see, when I first started to work with him in 'I Take This Woman,' I was afraid of him. I was so new and all; he had such experience and greatness. I would start to say something in a scene and I would not be sure how to say it. I would somehow find myself asking him how I should say it. He would rehearse it over and over with me, so kindly, so patiently, not as a great star with a beginner, but as a friend with a friend. I was not afraid of him any more, because I knew that he was my friend. He is so natural himself, that you cannot be uneasy when you are working with him.

"Like all truly great people," Hedy said, laughing now, "Spencer is fun. We made so much fun and laughing on the sets. When I first came, I did not pronounce his name right; I called him 'Speenzer.' So then he called me 'Hedl' and it was Speenzer and Hedl all the way through. If I blew up on my lines he would kid me to death. He would look at me so funny and shake his head very solemnly and say, 'I don't know, Myrna never does that!'

"One day I found all the drawers of my dressing table filled with five-and-ten-cent bars of candy. Pretty soon in came Speenzer and I knew who had put them there. So we took a bite out of every one of them and the ones



Caught unawares! Spencer Tracy cuddles his five-year-old daughter, Susy, who rather likes the idea. Thirteen-year-old Johnny Tracy looks on approvingly. It wasn't a screen performance that won Spence the devotion of these two fans!

THE STUDIO GATEMAN, A WARDROBE GIRL, MR. T's WAITRESS, SECRETARY, WIFE AND KIDS TELL TALES ON SPENCE 'TIL HE HASN'T A SECRET LEFT

By Gladys Hall

we didn't like we put back in the drawer and the ones we did like we ate all up and ordered more!

"We had great laughs about our eating. In the picture we had a breakfast scene and when Speenzer came to the set and saw only grapefruit on the table, he said to the prop man, 'Is this all you got? I thought we would have real ham and eggs and coffee and flapjacks!' When he was trying not to eat so much he would order ice cream for me. Then, after a little, he would come around to my dressing-room door and he would eat some, too. I gained six pounds on that picture," laughed Hedy. "One night we had to work late and we had dinner in the studio commissary—Speenzer, Margaret and I. We were all getting fat. We made plans to go to Switzerland to live as peasants, carrying our stomachs on wheelbarrows! Oh, yes, he is terreefic," sighed Hedy.

Then I went out to the quiet valley of the San Fernando, through the plain, white wooden gates, up the short avenue bordered with alternating palms and oleanders. I was welcomed by eight beautiful red setters, and then by the low, rambling, one-story house which seems to hold out its arms to you. In the lovely, homey living and dining room combined, there were chintz divans, neutral-toned, woolly rugs, low tables, and books and magazines everywhere. There were pictures of children here and there but no photographs of Spencer.

I talked with Louise Tracy who makes this home. What a refreshing person she must be for an actor to come home to—out of artifice and applied glamour to this gray-eyed young woman with her smooth-parted, shining hair, no make-up and lovely smile. We just sat and talked, as women will, about husbands and children and the special problems they present. I quite forgot Tracy, the star, and found myself thinking of him as Spencer Tracy, the husband and father.

Small Susy, for instance, her mother told me, recently made a record of herself singing. Entranced with the result, she decided that she would like to go on the radio. She asked her father, "How much does it cost to go on the radio, Daddy?" Spencer explained (he always takes time to explain things to the children in detail) that it doesn't cost anything; that if you are good, the radio pays you. Susy then wished to know if he had been paid for his broadcasts. Spencer told her, yes, they had paid him.

"How much?" demanded Susy.

Spencer told her.

"Oh, they did not!" laughed Susy, doubling up, "they did not!" To small Susy, Spencer (*Continued on page 77*)

By James Reid

Loretta tosses off scenes like these with Robert Taylor (below) and Charles Boyer (far below) without a tremor. "It's just work to me," she says, but admits it's nice work.







For a chap too shy to mumble "I love you," David Niven's doing well.

THE MEN

'WAY BACK in 1933, when Loretta Young was twenty, she gave an interview entitled, "I Have Been In Love Fifty Times!" In that interview, she said, among other things: "I fall in love with all my leading men. If I fail to fall, it is just too bad for me and too bad for my love scenes. If I didn't fall a little bit in love with the men I play opposite, I could not do love scenes with them. I could not be fondled and caressed and kissed by any man, on a set or off, unless I felt an emotional interest in him. It would be impossible. If I don't feel a spontaneous attraction, I see to it that I work one up."

The other day, on the set of "The Doctor Takes a Wife," Loretta was amused at being reminded of what she had once said about herself and love scenes. In fact, she laughed outright.

"It was marvelous," she said, "what press agents could persuade actors and actresses to say in those days. The more unexpected things we said, the more 'colorful' and 'different' people thought we were. (At least, the press agents said so.) We all tried frantically to make amazing statements, but that time I *really* went overboard."

Which, in some quarters, might also be considered an amazing statement. No feminine star today is more famous for her love scenes than Loretta. When she is supposed to be in love in front of the camera, she has an eloquent light in those enormous eyes—a light that no other actress seems able to equal. But then, no other actress has been in front of the camera with so many of Hollywood's Great Lovers. There are millions of people unwilling to believe that Loretta is only pretending every time she plays a love scene.

However, that is what she insists they will have to believe. She laughs at any other notion. She laughs at her earlier self for having said anything to the contrary even for the sake of startling her fans.

MISS YOUNG KISSES AND TALKS!



Teamed five times, Loretta and Ty Power have no difficulty with clinches.



Miss Y. says Don Ameche has calmed down since she first played with him.

LORETTA HAS KISSED

"A love scene is work like any other scene," was the way Loretta put it. "It's nice work, if you can get it. But it's still work."

Work to be held close by Clark Gable? Work to listen to Charles Boyer's caressive voice? Work to look straight into Tyrone Power's brown eyes, or Robert Taylor's blue ones? What does the girl mean?

"Oh, I don't mean that love scenes are an ordeal," Loretta hastily explained. "All I mean is that so many other things enter into the making of love scenes that personal emotions are crowded out.

"There's your make-up to think about, and your hair. Your clothes have to be just so. You're subjected to a hundred blinding lights, glaring down on you from all sides with blistering heat. A microphone hovers over your heads. A camera stands a few feet away and you have to remember to stay in focus with it. A director tells you how to stand, or sit, for the best photographic effect. A script tells you what to say. Every change of expression, every movement you make, even the angle of your kiss, are all ordained in advance. You start at a signal, and you stop at another signal. The director doesn't like the first take. So you do the whole thing over and over, and then you do close-ups and retakes of close-ups, working harder and harder all the time to keep the sheer repetition of lines and action from turning you into two automatons.

"Who said movie stars can't help falling in love making love scenes? Did I? Imagine having personal emotions at such a time. The wear and tear on them would be simply terrific. As long as everything is impersonal, any amount of make-believe is possible.

"That's why I don't have to become acquainted with an actor before I can do a love scene with him. And why, if I were married, I'd hate to play opposite my husband."

Loretta paused to extract a cigarette from a porcelain box on a nearby table. Then she continued to reminisce.

"The first time I did a love scene, I was so self-conscious I could hardly stand it. The scene was with Richard Barthelmess, who was an idol of mine. His mere proximity was enough to set me to shaking, to say nothing of his taking me in his arms and kissing me.

"He sensed how wrought up I was. He asked, 'Are you embarrassed?' I managed to squeak, 'Terribly.' He said, 'You mustn't be. This is just another scene. Just part of the day's work.'

"I suppose every beginner goes through the same thing and lives to see the scenes as part of the business of acting and nothing else.

"Heavens knows you can't go on being embarrassed by them and hope to be an actress. Love scenes are going to be an important part of movies as long as the movies try to mirror life. Life, with most people, is a pursuit of happiness. And, to be happy, they have to love something or somebody—usually somebody."

She moved an ash tray within striking distance. "Naturally, some love scenes are more enjoyable than others. So many people think love scenes must be easy or difficult in direct proportion to the amount of pleasure you find in your leading man's company. That doesn't enter into it. What makes any scene easy or difficult is the way it's written.

"The most difficult love scene I've had in years was one in 'Eternally Yours' with David Niven, who is a friend of long standing. The setting was a bedroom. That always helps to make things difficult. The couple were having breakfast on the bed. He started to pick into her food. Then there were other light-hearted suggestions of intimacy, ending in a kiss. It was one of those borderline scenes. Done with just the right touch, it would amuse audiences; otherwise, it would embarrass them.

"A well-written love scene is a delight to do with anybody—that is, short of someone you can't abide. I've had some leading men I wasn't crazy about and the feeling was mutual, but we were able to (*Continued on page 69*)

AND, WHAT'S MORE, NOT ONE OF THE SCREEN'S GREAT LOVERS IS SPARED



Deanna Durbin Errol Flynn

By Irving Wallace

IN A GLOOMY private projection room, in the corner of some Hollywood studio, a middle-aged man slumps in a leather chair and watches the five hundred feet of film unreeling on the screen before him.

In this room, and by this man, every potential star in filmdom is found—or forgotten.

Here, Cary Grant and Vivien Leigh were found. Here, also, Deanna Durbin, Errol Flynn, Priscilla Lane and Bill Holden were discovered.

The producer watches the make-believe on the screen before him. He sees close-ups of the youngster, every angle of her face. He sees her walk, turn, sit and act. He isn't moved, just tired—for he has seen ten similar tests in the past week, and toiled ten nerve-wracking hours during the past day. Now he is weary, thinking perhaps of his indigestion, reflecting upon whether his wife will go to Bermuda, wondering who won the fifth race at Santa Anita.

But he remains alert. Because in this little room, when he was just as tired, he first saw Bette Davis, Gloria Jean and Ginger Rogers.

Suddenly, the man sits up. He leans forward, forgetting to puff on his expensive cigar. He is inwardly excited, for he has seen something. With eyes riveted to the screen, he pulls the curved bell of the dictaphone to his lips and speaks: "Send the girl in Test 4783 to my office tomorrow morning. I like her."

He likes her! The producer has spoken. The magic is already taking place. And a star is in the process of being born.

But what did the producer see, as he sat watching the short screen test? What quality in the unknown aspirant suddenly arrested his attention? What attracted him?

You want to know, don't you? Because, after all, one day that person in Test 4783 may be you. Oh, yes, it may. Joe Pasternak, head of Universal, told me that you have as much of a chance as the experienced entertainer, and Hal Wallis, high mogul at Warners, insisted that you don't have to be good looking. Because for every gorgeous Ginger Rogers with dancing ability and for every handsome Bob Taylor with acting experience, there have been a hundred like Ellen Drew, whose dramatic background was limited to serving chocolate sodas, or like Arleen Whelan, who slaved as a manicurist, or like Fred MacMurray, who blew himself dizzy on a saxophone. They didn't have extensive stage experience. Some didn't even



THE STARMAKERS SPEAK!

HERE IS THE SECOND ARTICLE OF OUR INFORMATIVE SERIES. THE TALENT SCOUTS MAY DISCOVER YOU, BUT IT'S ALWAYS THE BIG BOSSES WHO HAVE THE FINAL SAY



Lucille Ball | Cary Grant | Susan Hayward | William Holden | Priscilla Lane

have looks. But they scored in screen tests because they had what Artie Jacobson, Paramount's talent head, calls "that certain something."

You may have "that certain something." The day after tomorrow, when you go to the corner for a magazine, or stop in the drugstore for a milk-shake, a talent scout may see you. And a week later, you may be in Hollywood.

Then there will be a screen test. You will learn that a script has been prepared for you, a set built for you, men hired to handle you. You will learn that a producer has spent $750 to photograph you.

There'll be a camera, and those hot white kleig lights that make you see double, and technicians who are not paying any attention. You will start playing a short scene —part of a one-act play like "The Valiant" or a revised radio script—and you will have to make-believe.

When the torture is over, you'll wait. You won't have fingernails, and you'll have nerves in the oddest places. That middle-aged man with the cigar in his face will be sitting in his 40-foot projection room, staring at 500 feet of celluloid that contains your image.

Yes, maybe, one day soon, you will be the lucky girl in Test 4783—maybe the producer will see "that certain something" in you to start you out on a movie career!

That certain something? But exactly what? The answer depends entirely on the individual producer. In the past week, I went from studio to studio, on sets, in projection rooms, in ornate offices, chatting with those unpublicized giants who select and hire the stars. Each, I learned, possesses his pet ideas, prejudices and theories. And each knows specifically and definitely the qualities he wants in you—that is, if you are to be his star.

When I began my producer-hunt, the first place I went to was Universal, out north of Hollywood in the valley. There, in a white bungalow on the lot, was Mr. Headline himself, Joe Pasternak, who has given birth to eight smash hits out of eight times at the plate. That's batting in any league—and this is the majors!

Discoverer of Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean, the man who upholstered Marlene Dietrich's career, Pasternak proved to be a two-legged synonym for dynamite. Slender, fast-talking, vital, this ex-busboy from Simloul Silvania, Hungary, told me what he looked for in Universal's $800 screen tests.

"Sincerity, that's what I want!" he exclaimed, propping his feet on his desk. "Good looks (*Continued on page* 91)



Henry Fonda gets a make-up test required of all players. He perfected his characterization of Lillian's 4th husband by studying 3,000 feet of newsreel showing the two.

Alice "Lillian Russell" Faye finds a new use for stand-in, Helene Holmes. Under the plumes and spangles is the famous corset reducing Alice's waist from 24 to 20 inches.



ON THE SET

WITH "LILLIAN RUSSELL," 20th CENTURY-FOX'S NEW $1,000,000 EXTRAVAGANZA

LILLIAN RUSSELL was vibrantly beautiful. Born at the dawn of the Civil War, she lived her life with a boiling-point fervor which made that beauty felt by millions. As the most wildly-adored actress of her day, she scorched the headlines with her escapades, inspired "Bahs" and "Ahs" with her extravagances, and won four attractive husbands with her spine-tingling, head-spinning charm. Had she been less than this she could never have been nominated for Darryl Zanuck's Hall of Fame.

Over on the Will Rogers stage of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, Mr. Z's cameramen are busily recording Lillian's career. When they are finished, her name will again leap from every tongue and she will have earned her greatest triumph, the right to stand beside those other Fox immortals, Alexander Graham Bell, Jesse James and young Mr. Lincoln.

The casting of "Lillian Russell" was a snap. Any steno could have run her finger down the studio's contract list and done the job. Alice Faye as the heroine was a natural. According to the publicity boys, she's almost an exact counterpart of Russell—except for her size. True, there's nothing skimpy about Alice, but Lillian was still a good 28 pounds up on her. You may be certain, however, that this is one historical detail which will be blithely overlooked by the producer.

Also overlooked will be two of Lillian's mates. The researchers fought like devils to get every point down pat but somehow husbands No. 1 and No. 3 were lost in the scuffle. Of course, news that the survivors are being played by Don Ameche and Henry Fonda is enormously consoling and the hapless pair probably won't be missed.

Lillian's incidental romances will be more conspicuously absent. All have been thoroughly deleted with the exception of Diamond Jim Brady. With Edward Arnold on the lot, such an omission would have been unpardonable so, as the walking gold-mine who flooded the actress with gifts and affection, Eddie will eat much and laugh loudly and never get to first base with our Lil. It's unfortunate about the others but, as one star remarked, "We are not only dealing with history, we are dealing with the Hays' office!" Yes, you can bring the kiddies.

As is usual with pictures of this type, the producers have gone to incredible lengths to obtain authenticity of minute details which few movie-goers can check anyway. William Anthony McGuire, ace Hollywood writer, worked two years on the screen play, devoting at least half of that time to research alone. McGuire is a man who is entitled to his own bit of fame because he passes up the typewriter and writes entire scenarios in longhand. When he completed "Russell" he found he'd used 1,800 pencils and a few score erasers, while his manuscript, laid sheet on sheet, measured one foot, six inches from the floor!

Packed into the script are scenes demanding replicas of many of Russell's personal possessions. The most famous, for obvious reasons, is the $3,900 corset made for her by Madame Rosa Binner. The original was an ivory brocade creation with flexible gold stays, diamond clasps and $700 worth of Belgian lace. It was a gorgeous affair—as corsets go—but when Madame Binner laced Lillian into it she found that it bulged unflatteringly around her customer's well-rounded thighs. The outcome of this near calamity was the first corset garter, designed to keep the corset down—not to hold the stockings up as we of the two-way stretch era have come to think. Madame Binner is in Hollywood now as the picture's technical adviser on corsets. She will supervise the reproduction of the $3,900 garment and estimates that its (*Continued on page 103*)



Warren William, Lynn Bari and Edward Arnold are measured by an assistant cameraman for what they call "lens footage." A million details like this halt the day's takes.



Yes, they all punch time clocks! With her homework—script to you—under her arm, Lynn Bari checks off the set. In the picture she's Edna McCauley, Lillian's best friend.

Irving Cummings, director of the film, tells Edward "Diamond Jim Brady" Arnold that, in his youth, he was the glamorous Russell's last leading man. And he isn't kidding!

Alice and Don Ameche, who plays Husband No. 3, take time out. The "rats" used to build up the lady's coiffure had to match her locks exactly and cost the studio $300.





THE VERVE

VIVIEN LEIGH'S INSATIABLE



In her new picture, "Waterloo Bridge," versatile Vivien shows a "Scarlett" fever-stricken world that she does not intend to rest on her past laurels.

THREE HUNDRED and sixty-five days ago, Vivien Leigh was the girl no one wanted to see as Scarlett O'Hara. Today, she is the girl everyone is feverishly paying to see. Paying so feverishly that already the staggering cost of "Gone With the Wind"—nearly $5,000,000—has been met. And the picture's travels have hardly begun.

No other girl ever had such a triumph. Yesterday, the most unwelcome unknown in Hollywood history; today, not only Hollywood's most sensational star, but the most famous girl alive!

Vivien herself isn't taking her triumph big. She sizes it up this way:

"No matter what I do, after Scarlett, it's going to be difficult to startle anybody. I'll try, naturally. But in case I don't succeed, I want to have something to show for my efforts. I want to be sure that, meanwhile, I'm learning more about acting. That's why I don't care what roles I do, as long as they are assorted.

"I'm not going to start being afraid of the future, until I find a role that doesn't teach me something new."

Anyone capable of playing Gerald O'Hara's daughter as Vivien Leigh played her should have nothing more to learn about acting, you think. Vivien

A quartette of Britishers—Benita Hume, Ronald Colman, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. The Leigh-Olivier merger is anticipated in August.

OF THAT GIRL!

By George Benjamin

ZEST FOR ACTING IS EXCEEDED ONLY BY HER UNBOUNDED ZEST FOR LIVING

doesn't think so. That she doesn't is a tip-off to a wide streak of modesty behind her self-assurance. It is also a tip-off to something else. She isn't acting for what she can get out of it. If she were, she would leave well enough alone, with fame here and riches on the way. She's acting for what she can get out of herself.

Here is no "accidental" actress, who landed on the stage because of her face or figure, made good by courtesy of the Great God Luck and now suddenly has acting ambitions. As long as she can remember, Vivien has wanted to act. Her entire life has revolved around that one urge.

Her earliest memory is of taking part in charity shows staged by English exiles in India. "You know, the sort of thing given on the terrace of the country club on a Saturday afternoon. But I loved them. I said then that I was going to be an actress all my life. I couldn't have been more than four or five years old."

She was born in Darjeeling, India, a resort town in the foothills of the Himalayas, whither her mother had gone to escape the seasonal heat of Calcutta, where her father was a stock broker. The date was November 5, 1913. According to the old jingle, Vivien should be "full of woe," for she was born on a Wednesday.

The press-agents have broadcast that Vivien, like Scarlett, teems with French-Irish blood. Her mother, nee Gertrude Robinson, is Irish, right enough. She came from Connemara in the peat-bog country. "One of my father's grandmothers was French, so that makes him one-quarter French, which isn't enough to show. No one would ever take him for anything but a Briton. Especially when he has the name Ernest Richard Hartley."

From neither parent did she inherit any theatrical blood. "My father wanted to be a singer when he was young. Both he and my mother were interested in the theatre as spectators. That was as far as it went. There's a story out that they objected to my becoming an actress. That isn't true. Rather, when they saw which way the wind was blowing, they encouraged the twig to bend that way."

Vivien's memories of India are hazy, for she didn't live there long. She was six when her parents decided to get her out of the tropic sun and give her a chance to have an English complexion and an English education. Her mother took her to England and enrolled her in the Sacred Heart Convent at Roehampton, on the outskirts of London.

After that, for several years, she saw her parents but once a year, when they "came home" to be with her during summer vacations. She grew up pretty much by herself.

Perhaps you have a mental picture of Vivien, a spitfire of a child, rebelling against the strict discipline and the regimentation of the convent.

Vivien shakes her head. "I know it would make a better story if I had been a little more like Scarlett. But I wasn't like her then, any more than I am now. I loved Roehampton. It was a very beautiful place with enormous gardens. And the most terrible punishment of all was to have to wear one's own clothes, not be able to dress like the other girls. I know; it happened to me. What I had done, I don't remember. I don't remember, either, what I had done the year I wasn't allowed to see the Passion Play, or the year my heart was practically broken because I wasn't allowed to hear a lecture by a South Pole explorer. But I'm positive I wasn't a rebel. I'm more inclined to believe I was just experimenting with some impulses."

At Roehampton at the same time was Maureen O'Sullivan. The press-agents relate that both of them were in a school production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at which time Vivien, aged eight, told Maureen, "I'm going to be (*Continued on page 66*)





ALL WORK AND NO PLAYBOY

IS BOB STACK, WHO JILTED THE EASY LIFE OF TRAVEL AND POLO FOR THE BUSINESS OF ACTING

Robert Stack's first role before the cameras demanded nothing but a school-boy kiss. "The Mortal Storm" gives him a chance for dramatics.

By Ralph Richards

THE BIGGEST moment in my life," confessed 21-year-old Robert Stack, "was that publicized moment when I gave Deanna Durbin her first movie kiss. Not that the kiss itself was so enjoyable because, God knows, I was too scared to realize whether it was fun or not. But that smack on the lips was important as a symbol—the turning point in my life. It was a sort of mental hurdle and, when I cleared it, I knew where I was going."

Robert Stack, of course, didn't know, then, how far he was going. He didn't know that overnight he would be on the receiving end of countless mash notes and fan letters. He didn't know that columnists would pick him as "the best discovery of the past year." And, of course, he didn't know how quickly he would graduate from the toothy juvenile in "First Love" to the sullen and unsympathetic Nazi in "The Mortal Storm."

And it all began, mind you, with a kiss. Robert Stack, with the body of a weight-lifter and the face of Apollo, tilted back on his chair in the studio mess hall and recalled his big moment, now relegated to history. Clean-cut, talented, unknown, Stack had been taken from the stage of a little theatre on Hollywood Boulevard and selected to commit osculation with the comely Miss Durbin. Before the kissing scene, Stack had fortified himself for the ordeal with a lunch of clam chowder. Returning to the set, he was told by a director that he reeked of onions. This unnerved Robert to the extent of making him miserable and uncomfortable in his big scene and lending an authentic touch of realism which thrilled moviegoers from California to the Cape.

Producers saw something else in him—a latent fire. When he went on a recent trip to Manhattan, he was interrupted by a telegram. It read: "You have been loaned out to M-G-M stop You will play with Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullavan in 'The Mortal Storm' stop My faith in you is justified stop This is a big step so keep plugging and don't stop (signed) Joe Pasternak."

And so, before you could say Frank Borzage who, by the way, was to direct the epic, Robert Stack jumped into a stray airplane and flew back to Filmtown. It took him one day to return. M-G-M didn't bother to test him for the new role. They knew he was good. He began work the following morning.

"I read the script a dozen times," Stack told me. "The story held me like glue. I knew it would be a great picture and a great opportunity. 'The Mortal Storm,' you know, is from the best-seller novel of the same name by Phyllis Bottome. She wrote 'Private Worlds.'

"This movie begins in the home of a typical German family. Have you been out on the set? Well, then you saw the professor's home, with all the old-fashioned furniture and framed pictures of mattress-chinned ancestors. A setting like that gets you in the mood."

Robert Stack, blue-eyes glistening, became a storyteller.

" 'The Mortal Storm' begins on that evening in 1933 when Adolf Hitler came into power. It deals with a brilliant Jewish professor, played by Frank Morgan, and his wife, who is an Aryan.

"The professor has three sons. I've been playing one of them. This role won't get me any nice fan letters like my role in the Deanna Durbin picture did. It'll get me a lot of hisses, though. I'm a young Nazi and entirely unsympathetic. Margaret Sullavan plays my half-sister. Jimmy Stewart and Bob Young are her suitors. Jimmy



"It's a funny thing in Hollywood," says Robert, "but you go with a girl twice in a week and everyone has you engaged. . . . Sometimes those rumors give girls ideas." You really can't blame them, Mr. S. After all, with your looks, talent *and* the cold two million that you inherited on your 21st birthday, you'd be quite a catch. Above, we witness cute Peggy Moran giving Bob a gentle Leap Year warning.

Stewart is on the side of tolerance and, despite the rise of Hitler, he keeps his head. Bob Young becomes a relentless Storm Trooper—who would and does kill a member of his own family for the Party.

"Believe me, it's all very terrific. The picture shows how the new Nazi regime breaks up a happy intelligent family and brings violence, hate, sorrow and, in the end, death."

Suddenly, Robert Stack halted, and blushed. "Gosh, I guess I sound like a trailer for the picture. But if the ending is left intact, I really have some meaty scenes. In the past, on the stage, and in my one picture, I've been confined to juveniles and wishy-washy romantic roles. But now—well, you know how it is, every comedian wants to be a tragedian, and every leading man wants to be a character actor.

"Another thing, which I suppose you'll find pretty hard to believe. You know, lots of fans choose Margaret Sullavan and Jimmy Stewart as their favorites. Well, not so long ago, I used to be a regular fan and, so help me, precisely those two people were my favorites. But now, instead of writing letters to them, I'll be on the same set with them.

"During the shootings, I've learned so much from Margaret and Jimmy. The only trouble is that I don't get enough time to stand off and watch them work. I'm in so many scenes and Borzage won't permit me, or the others, to slack down."

An hour or so spent with Mr. Stack would assure you that he is a very serious young man. Not that he can't play a gag as well as the next fellow, because he is quite adept at delivering the notorious hot-foot and other practical jokes. But he is dead serious about his work and his future. And with the certainty of youth, he has everything pretty well figured out in advance. He has his career under control.

"For example, even if I could, I wouldn't want to star in a picture during my first year," he admitted. "It's utterly stupid to think of trying to carry an entire picture when you don't understand all the technique and know all the tricks as well, f'r instance, as Jimmy Stewart does.

"And I have so much to learn! Before, when I was on the little theatre stage, I was told to overact, be full of voice, broad of gesture. Now, before the cameras, I am told to underact, to speak as softly as I am speaking to you now, to be entirely natural.

"I love the movies and the people in the business. They're more alive than others. More interesting. I used to hang around with musicians—and they were terrible! I like music, but when the musicians gathered around and spent hours arguing about fugues, movements and the 3rd bar minor in such-and-such symphony, I was terribly bored.

"The big-shots in Hollywood are democratic. Look at Spence Tracy over there. You heard him stop before and ask about my mother and everyone. You saw him chatting with extras and technicians. Would the stodgy head of a business firm be so considerate or thoughtful?

"I'm in films only because I love the work. Monetary gain is not the issue. I think you have to approach acting with a deep love for it. Do you know Sam Hinds, who played the Mayor in 'Destry Rides Again?' He told me what he thinks of movie work. 'I get paid for having a good time,' he said. That's the way I feel—though, for heavens sakes, don't tell the producers that!"

Mr. Stack is six feet one inch tall, and his best weight is about 172 pounds. He looks like an animated Esquire ad. He is poised, cultured,

(*Cont'd on page 82*)

LAMOUR'S IN



When they were cast in "Typhoon," Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston disliked each other on sight. Now, he calls her Pete, and she calls him Pres. Says Dotty, "I'm the best friend he has or ever will have."

By Ida Zeitlin

Though her name has been linked romantically with one escort after another, since her divorce from Bandleader Herbie Kay a year ago, Lamour of the 36-inch-long hair has narrowed the field. If you see her knitting a masculine-looking sweater these days, you can be sure it's for Pres.

THEY used to call her Miss Sobersides at the studio. Not any more. There's a new lilt in Dorothy's voice, a new sparkle in her eye. A year ago she was like Klara in "The Shop Around the Corner"—"psychologically mixed up." Now the kinks are ironed out. On the screen she may be a siren in a sarong—a silken, sultry singer of torch songs; but off it, she's a girl whose happiness brims and spills over, a girl who's having fun for the first time in her life.

Bob Preston is largely responsible for this release of spirits. It was his finger, anyway, that touched the spring. Through her childhood and early girlhood, her mother's energies, and later her own, were engaged wholly in struggling with the wolf at the door. Those years left their logical mark on Dorothy. She didn't know how to be gay. She turned up her pretty nose at boys of her own age and their callow ways. She went out with older men because, by her earnest standards, they had more sense.

She was Herbie Kay's wife when Paramount tagged her for pictures. Warned and re-warned against the Hollywood perils of marriage, they were resolved to preserve their own. With her husband away most of the time, Dorothy could scarcely play the hermit. So when she stepped out, she'd wire or phone Herbie where she



LOVE

AND THE SULTRY SIREN OF THE SARONG ADMITS SHE'S HAVING FUN FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE

was going and with whom. It was an artificial and rather dreary arrangement. As success came to both and separations grew longer, they did try desperately to keep their marriage going. It proved to be a losing battle.

Dorothy moped, hiding away first from the rumors, then from the mechanics of divorce. She was glad to be able to step into "Typhoon" last July, after the decree was granted. Bob Preston, fresh from his triumphs in "Union Pacific" and "Beau Geste," played opposite her. They disliked each other on sight—or in Bob's case, before sight. "Uh-huh! Miss Exotic! Probably goes round dripping glamour all over the place." Feeling his hostility, she stuck her own nose in the air. And there could have been the start of a beautiful feud. Except that one day Bob took her unawares with a crack that hit her funnybone. She threw her head back and howled. "My God, she's human!" gasped young Mr. Preston to himself. So it was the beginning of a beautiful friendship instead.

A professional cynic, working hard at his profession, might be able to withstand this Dorothy and her newfound glee. She's disarmingly like a kid, with her arms flung open to wonders. "All of a sudden," she says (we were about to write "sings," for it has the effect of a carol), "without warning, I found someone with whom I could have fun. We just look at each other and laugh. If I feel like being crazy, it's okay with Pres, and no questions asked. There are times when he feels like being crazy, too, so he understands. That's one of the nicest things about him. He understands without a lot of explanations.

"He knows the whole story of why Herbie and I divorced, but he doesn't talk about it, and I don't either. At first, we used to go to night clubs, because he thought I wanted to, and I thought he wanted to. Personally, I didn't care if I never saw another night club. One evening he said, 'How'd you like to go see some friends of mine? They have a little place down at the beach.' I said I'd love it.

"We never went to a night club again. We go to visit his friends or we go horseback riding. When we have free time, we pile into the car and drive a hundred and twenty-five miles to San Jacinto to play the marble machines. Nobody bothers us there; it's nice to get away from people who are sure to stick you into a gossip column next morning. If we have an afternoon off, we sometimes drive to Santa Barbara for a hot dog sandwich.

"One day we had a flat tire. (*Continued on page 71*)





Bette Davis, looking very girlish in her "cover-up" dress and big hair-ribbon, chats with Anatole Litvak, a heavy suitor these days.



Mrs. Hugh H
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Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, with confetti and rice still in their hair, were a starry-eyed and most inseparable twosome.



Eddie Cantor, lacking only the proverbial villain's handle-bar mustache, reduced the crowd to hysterics with his inimitable antics.

STRIKE UP

FASHIONS, FOOD AND FLOOR-SHOW VIE

WHEN A COLOSSAL studio throws a mammoth party, the result is bound to be something for which there is not yet a word. The missing term, whatever it may be, is the only one worthy of describing the sixth annual ball held by the Warner Club at the nifty Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles.

Although the movie colony is notorious for its cults and cliques, the Warner Club remains one of the most interesting organizations ever to spring up in the town. It was formed twelve years ago and today has over 10,000 names on its roster. Every man, woman and child who earns his bread at Warner Bros. is enrolled, from President Harry Warner—who earns enough for butter, also—to the girl who files requisitions for a certain leading man's new toupees.

Membership in the club is not a matter of "sign up, or else . . ." but the advantages of joining are so numerous, not even the stars pass up the opportunity to get their cut of the benefits. For a quarter a month, each enroller is entitled to $50 when he marries, another $50 every time a new baby hits his family and $15 and a bouquet of flowers whenever he's sick. Since weddings, babies and illnesses are as common with the studio as prison pictures, the dues don't do very much about counteracting the outlay, and yearly it becomes the privilege of the Brothers, Harry, Jack and Albert, to dig deep into their own trousers and pull up nearly $100,000 to keep the fund from going dry.

The ball, in keeping with the rest of the organization, always offers more than it takes. This year, tickets, which were sold to members for $3 and to outsiders for $5, entitled guests to an expensive dinner, a smooth dance floor, a rhumba orchestra, a swing orchestra and a lightning-fast floor show, m-ceed by Rudy Vallee and headed by Eddie Cantor, Bob Hope, Ruth Terry and the inimitable "Rochester."

Actresses, mingling for the occasion with studio secretaries, prop girls, wardrobe mistresses, local glamour hopefuls, bit players, script girls and wives of producers, directors and cameramen, had to depend upon their beauty and individuality to steal the fashion parade, for the gowns of the unknowns vied with those of the famous in their striking appearances. However, the stars, evidently taking their cue from studio designers, snubbed extreme styles and wore gowns that were cut simply, but



Wayne Morris escorted —naturally—his vi- acious wife, who was retty blasé about ose dozens of orchids.



Errol Flynn, with an absolute dead-pan, signs "Cary Grant" to a stunned autograph seeker's book, while Lili Damita stands by.



t must be true-love ith Rosemary Lane d Buddy Westmore its path doesn't run ooth. The romance "on" at the party.



Jimmy Cagney and his tiny wife, Billie, need re-fueling. They had a hectic time finding their table and poor Jimmy was ravenous.

THE BAND

FOR HONORS AT THE WARNER CLUB BALL

becomingly—each one setting off its wearer's beauty.

Bette Davis, the studio's ace Academy Award winner, could have taken another prize as the ball's best-dressed woman. She looked as demure as a small girl, dressed in a pink and black slipper satin formal with a large black velvet bow catching her hair in back. Her gown had the new "covered-up" look, with little puffed sleeves, squared neckline and tiny waist.

Dancing to the rhumba orchestra with her new husband, Actor Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman wore a pale yellow crepe gown, accented by a gold bracelet and gold earrings. Over her chair was slung a long white fox coat on which she had pinned a single huge white orchid.

Screen youngster Judy Garland who stopped in for a short while was not in formal clothes but appeared more sophisticated than many of the older stars in her cherry-dyed silver fox coat, hat and muff. Her dress was black, but she kept it covered during the evening by her wrap.

Rosemary Lane looked like the first breath of spring in her silk jersey print formal and chartreuse turban. Squared neckline, off-the-shoulder sleeves, soft shirring on the hips and full skirt made the gown as striking as Rosemary, herself. Around her neck was clasped an old-fashioned cameo and, as the night wore on and the room chilled, she slipped into a full-length mink coat.

The fashions, food and floor show were all good enough, but the greatest kick of the party was the unreeling of screen "blow-ups," a hilarious compilation of mistakes made by the stars during the enacting of scenes. These shots are caught by enterprising cameramen who continue to grind after an actor or actress has messed up his lines. "Blow-ups" never get to the screen except at the Warner Club balls, and there's an excellent reason for keeping them from the general public. Unfailingly, performers both male and female express their disgust with their errors by flinging out cuss words and gestures that are sufficiently off-color to bring the Hays office and the cops a-running. Such well-mannered ladies and lads as Bette Davis, George Brent, Pat O'Brien and Binnie Barnes exhibited an amazing but enviable knowledge of what not to say in polite company. Deep blushes bathed the faces of some of the "blow-uppers" present; others laughed good-humoredly, and the party broke up, as even the best parties will, with delicious profanity ringing in every ear.

KEEP YOUR SMILE IN STYLE

HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE IN HOLLYWOOD WHERE TEETH ARE PRICELESS ASSETS TO SUCCESS

WHAT A lot of things a girl has to think about if she wants to be really beautiful! Lovely skin, hair, features and figure aren't nearly enough. In fact they're just the beginning. You may at first sight appear to be a perfect paragon of all that's charming and desirable—until you open your mouth. But what then? A girl can't just go around looking like a gallery portrait or a fragment of old porcelain, however exquisite that may be. She has to have life and sparkle and animation. She has to smile and talk and laugh.

Haven't you often been enchanted with a new face only to have an awful let-down when the girl opened her mouth? We have, and it isn't pleasant. Haven't you often seen a belle with perfect but "dead-pan" features and faultless grooming dropped like a hot potato in favor of a much less perfect but more animated and vivacious girl whose smile sparkled and whose laughter rang with warmth and good camaraderie? We saw that happen recently and felt no pity for the flawless beauty until she opened her mouth. Then we understood. That girl had been afraid to laugh and "let go." She couldn't afford to, because she had discolored, defective teeth which utterly ruined the perfection of her appearance.

No movie beauty, however talented or otherwise dazzling, is ever allowed to pose for a single picture until every slight imperfection about her mouth and teeth has been entirely corrected. Can you imagine Lana Turner, Ann Sheridan, Deanna Durbin or lovely Linda Darnell with smiles that reveal neglected, unhealthy teeth? Hardly!

The care of teeth for the sake of both health and beauty is not a new idea. The ancient Egyptians used tooth brushes twenty-five thousand years ago, the Romans made dentifrices out of egg shells, pumice, ashes and myrrh and the ancient Hebrews were no slouches either when it came to dental care. It remained, however, for American dentists and manufacturers of the last twenty-five years or so to make the biggest advances in knowledge and also to educate the general public, not only to the importance, but also to the workable simplicity of the methods necessary to guard and beautify smiles.

There are three important points to remember in connection with tooth and mouth beauty. The first is cleanliness; the second, exercise; the third, dentistry. Cleanliness is essential not only to tooth beauty but also to your general good health. And, in this case particularly, you can't have the former without the latter. It doesn't matter whether you use paste, powder or liquid dentifrice. That's a matter of purely personal choice, but do get yourself a dentifrice that you like and enjoy using—one that is mild and smooth, free from excess grit, soap, starch or sugar. The teeth should be brushed at least twice a day, morning and evening. After each meal is even better.

The brush you use is important, too. Medium stiff bristles are usually best, unless you have some special condition which calls for either soft or hard bristles. Small to medium-sized brushes are preferable to large ones for most mouths, because your brush should be small enough to get around all the curves and corners comfortably and thoroughly. In brushing your teeth use a rotary or circular motion, neither horizontal nor straight up and down. Concentrate on a few teeth at one time and brush each group thoroughly on both inside and outside surfaces.

A tooth brush should be dry and firm every time you use it. If possible, keep two going so that one will always be dry. Keep your brush in a clean, airy place, too—sunny, if possible. Don't bury it in the depths of a dark, closed cupboard.

DON'T FORGET your gums. They need stimulation and massage, too. You see, with the soft foods we eat, our teeth, gums and muscles don't get sufficient natural exercise. And when the muscles and gums lose tone, the bones suffer. This weakens the teeth. So it goes in an endless circle. You never heard of Eskimos having tooth trouble, did you? No, because they haven't yet fallen heir to the soft living and soft foods that we enjoy. However, you can enjoy the graces of civilization and still have good teeth, if you'll counteract your luxuries with a bit of extra care. Good teeth are well worth that and much more.

Another good way to exercise teeth and muscles is by chewing gum. Many dentists as well as beauty experts advise it, and so do the elocution teachers who train your favorite stars in Hollywood. In fact, any day on the movie sets you can see practically every player in the cast chewing away for dear life both to loosen up her facial muscles and to exercise her teeth as well.

Before we get clear off the cleanliness subject, don't let's forget dental floss. Even if you slant your brush diagonally, rotate it with a circular motion and do all the other oral gymnastics in the best prescribed fashion, those crevices between your teeth just can't be reached without floss. Tartar deposits not yet solidified can be reached this way, too. But don't jerk the floss or you'll cut a tender gum. With average care, however, you'll have no difficulty and you will have a cleaner mouth. Don't forget your tongue and other smooth oral surfaces, for many a microbe sets up housekeeping and (*Continued on page 96*)



Keep teeth clean with paste, powder or liquid dentifrice.



Brush teeth with a rotary motion and then massage gums.



Use dental floss to clean the crevices too deep to brush.

By Carol Carter



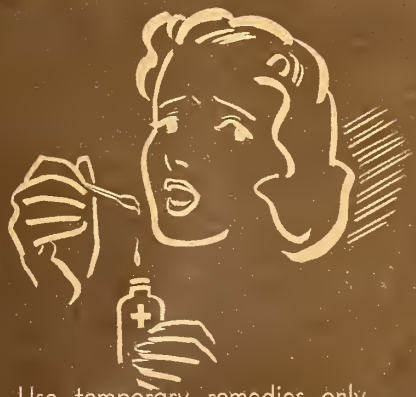
LANA TURNER



Mouthwash swished around vigorously sweetens the breath.



Chewing gum exercises teeth, gums and facial muscles, too.



Use temporary remedies only until you can see a dentist.



Since childhood, Doug has lived beyond his years, but now at thirty he's hit his stride.

FACED WITH NEW RESPONSIBILITIES AND A CHALLENGE, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IS RIGHT

ON HIS TOES

By Kirtley Baskette

LAST DECEMBER ninth Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, was thirty years old. At his birthday dinner, his father, "Doug" to the world but always "Pete" to his son and namesake, celebrated with him and Mary Lee, his wife. Two nights later, without fuss or farewells, gallant, joyous, incomparable "Pete" set out on his last and greatest adventure.

The death of his famous father has profoundly affected Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. Coming, as it did, when he had just discarded the irresponsible twenties, when he had just discovered the real love of his life and had just learned of the approaching birth of his first child, it has brought valid maturity to Hollywood's prince of precocity.

For Douglas is no longer "Junior," a name which he resented so much that his family thought up "Jayar" (from "Jr.") to please him. He is Douglas Fairbanks now. He has inherited his father's famous name and, with it, new responsibilities. He has been handed a challenge to carry on. For the first time in his comparatively carefree life, Doug must meet these things, face to face.

The other afternoon, I discussed these new responsibilities with Doug. It was in the Pacific Palisades home he is going to abandon for the California Riviera estate he recently purchased from Elissa Landi.

It was the first time that Doug had talked about his father's passing, his own marriage to Mary Lee Epling Hartford or his approaching child. He was still officially in mourning. The day before, Doug had gone into Beverly Hills for lunch. It was his first appearance in public since "Pete" went away.

The lines are deeper around his mouth, it seems, but little good-natured wrinkles are still sketched around his eyes. Nothing, I believe, could ever eradicate the Fairbanks *elan* or destroy the Fairbanks smile.

"Yes, I'm settling down, all right," admitted Doug. "But on my toes—ready to go somewhere. I'm still the same sort of fellow I always was, I guess," he grinned. "A chap with one foot on a cloud—and the other on a banana peel! I mean, I'm bursting with plans and dreams that are quite likely to slip away from me. But whether or not my plans ever materialize, the point is—I have them! Now, more than ever, I know what they are and what I want to do about them!

"The last time 'Pete' and I sat down to talk things over," continued Doug, "we talked, as we often had, about me and my future. My father always had definite ideas on the subject of my career. He believed I should be establishing myself on the screen in adventurous, romantic, dashing roles. I don't think he ever wanted



Independent to a fault, Doug wants to make his own name in the world and not trade on his dad's.



Sharing a love for fun, Doug and Mrs. Doug agree that all play makes life intolerably dull.

me to imitate him. He was unique. It would seem not only sacrilegious to me, but impossible to try to follow in his footsteps.

"You know," said Doug, warming to the subject, "I've been running 'Pete's' pictures over and over again recently. I've wanted to see just what the essence of his art was, and if I had any of it. I've come to realize that my father's most famous 'stunts' were not acrobatics at all. They were dances—almost ballets. I remember now how he used to time every leap, every bound to a metronome. Tick—here—tick—there—tick—over there! It was like that. The real thing he had was grace and ease. Everything he did was set to a musical score. He used to study and figure them out months before he ever did them on the screen. They were really rhythmic dances.

"I never could do that, and I know it. But," said Doug, "what I can do, and what I am going to do, is carry out the general plans my father and I had. Before my father died, we definitely planned to do a film together, produce it ourselves and act in it. It was the story of Joaquin Murrietta, the early California Robin Hood. We even had a title—'The Californian.' We had plans, too, for a romantic comedy on the life of Lord Byron."

HE LOOKED around the room, and I followed Doug's eyes to the photograph of himself and his dad, both in cutaways and striped trousers, both smiling. It was taken the day last April when Doug, Senior, was best man at Doug, Junior's, wedding. There were other pictures of the pair in a large leather album on the table. Smiling, having fun, looking like affectionate brothers. More and more, I thought, as they both grew older, had Doug Fairbanks, *pere* and *fils,* resembled each other, in looks, mannerisms, spirit and speech.

Emil, Doug's valet, who used to be his father's man, had met me at the door. While we talked, Tom Geraghty, one of his father's best friends called up for a long telephone chat. Doug's bull mastiff ran around outdoors, barking in the sun. The mantle of Douglas Fairbanks hangs heavy over his son's home.

This is not strange, but it is a change. Doug, Junior, had always been so completely independent of his father. In fact, up until the time he made good on his own, his strivings were tinctured with a rebellious "I'll show him" resolve.

"They say," smiled Doug, reminiscing, "if you aren't a rebel at twenty, you haven't a heart. If you aren't a conservative at fifty, you haven't a brain!"

Until only a few years before his death, Doug and Doug, Junior, stayed on their respective owns. Even after they became marvelous friends, the boy remained hypersensitive about trading on his father's famous name. He was always reaching ahead of himself, trying to prove to the world he was a man and an actor in his own right. His greatest enemy was his youth.

Doug's circle of friends have always been older, always more worldly-wise than he. Even his bachelor romances—his flings with Gertrude Lawrence in London and Marlene Dietrich in Hollywood—were with older women. His first wife, Joan Crawford, was his senior. In his middle twenties, Doug was running around with the Mayfair big league, the gay but mature lords and ladies of London, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Windsors and the smart London crowd.

At thirty, he's a veteran of thirty-six ocean crossings, a man who still keeps a flat in London, a member of smart sets in the East, London and on the Continent. He's a young gentleman who belongs to the world. I wondered aloud whether settling down in Hollywood would be enough for Doug Fairbanks.

"Frankly," he said, "I don't know. It never was before, I'll admit. But things were different then. I'm married now; I hope soon to be a father. I have opportunities here. In a way, oddly enough, I used to feel that my opportunities lay outside of Hollywood. It looked as if I would always be just another leading man, here. That's one reason I stayed in London. Production was opening up in England, and I saw a chance to do something there with Hollywood methods. Well, the collapse of the British producing industry killed that. War has sealed it for the time being. Professionally, then, I'm stuck here. Not that I mind.

"I'll be honest. I like Hollywood, but there are other places I like every bit as well and some much more. If I had my 'druthers,' I'd like to live three months here, three in New York, three abroad and three in Virginia, my wife's home. I'd like to be an international commuter. I hope I'll always be restless. I know I'll always want to see new places and new things. If I have a great personal ambition, it still is to travel. I've done enough of that, Heaven knows, but it still isn't enough for me! I have friends all over the world. I correspond regularly with a flock of people abroad, country folk in England, London socialites, pub owners, assistant directors in Elstree, an old nurse of mine in Ireland, friends in the army—all kinds of people. The point is, my interests are spread all over. So, if I had my choice, I'd probably be spread all over the world, myself," Doug laughed. (*Continued on page 87*)

HOW HOLLYWOOD SPENDS ITS

WHEN CASH BURNS HOLES IN MOVIE FOLKS' POCKETS, THEY RUN TO BILLY SEYMOUR,



A small corner of Saks-Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills is 34-year-old Billy Seymour's entire shop. Paulette Goddard, wearing a fortune in star sapphires, is about to sign over a nice sum to Mr. S. This little lady has a genuine passion for diamonds.



Joan Crawford is another good customer. The star sapphire clip, ring and bracelet set which she is wearing was enough to keep Billy's business going for some time. Now, we hear that she's planning to add a brooch to the group.



One of Seymour's window displays. Top to bottom: A $3,250 diamond and ruby twin pear brooch; a $7,000 platinum and diamond clip with a 9.05 carat star ruby nestled in the center; a $1,450 ruby and diamond spray brooch.

PLOP IN the heart of Movietown is a collection of jewels that could make the Shah of Persia cross-eyed with envy. But if the Shah ever came to town, he wouldn't stay envious for long. He's a big shot and would probably march right up to Billy Seymour, who owns the collection, slap him on the back and say, "Billy, my boy, I'll give you eleven wives and a life pension if you sign over the entire works!" And Billy, being only human, would very likely grab the offer. If he did, Hollywood would lose the most popular and best-trusted jeweler it's ever known.

Billy comes from New York. Fourteen years ago he began his career as a jeweler for "high society." Since most people try to better themselves, it is interesting that he voluntarily switched from Blue Bookers to picture folks. His present clients, besides liking him personally, have complete respect for his good taste and judgment and, with chest proudly puffed, he tells you that over his counter have passed the checks of Robert Taylor, Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Blondell and Andrea Leeds, among others.

As foremost jeweler for the stars, Billy has learned better than any man what makes them coo—and order. He knows, for example, that Madeleine Carroll, Joan and

WEALTH

THEIR PET JEWELER



These diamond earrings, bracelet and ring that Gracie Allen is airing at a night spot are neither rented nor paste. They are three of the many fine pieces of jewelry Gracie owns.

Constance Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald, Hedy Lamarr and Joan Crawford are star sapphire addicts. Even at this moment, Miss Crawford is thinking of adding a 200-carat brooch to a star sapphire clip, bracelet and ring set given her by a certain Mr. Franchot Tone. The new trinket is so enormously expensive that Billy is permitting her to wear it "on trial." He's a gracious business man and wants Joan to be positive she's sold on the piece before he demands cash on the line.

Miss Lamarr and the Bennetts have soft spots for rubies and diamonds, too. Such an affection is a teasing itch to most women. However, these three are able to back their fondness with the necessary cool green bills. All own joy-giving and bank-breaking specimens of both gems. Yet there is satisfaction for the rest of us in the knowledge that the pretty baubles couldn't swing from lovelier arms and throats.

Lest anyone misunderstand, Billy would like it known that he does not run an exclusive salon for ladies. Hollywood husbands frequently appear at his shop to take an active part in the selection of their wives' jewelry. Sandra Shaw Cooper has an exciting gold group built around suggestions made by her devoted Gary, while Robert Taylor recently adorned his spouse with some of the most gorgeous costume pieces ever seen in these parts. Bob was wholly responsible for the design of his gifts and displayed an alarming streak of sentimentality by ordering a gold clip fashioned of two clasped hands—his own and Barbara's. Then, he had the clip open to reveal a ruby heart in his palm and a ruby wedding band in hers!

Basil Rathbone, Joel McCrea and Gene Markey are others who put as much sentiment as money into the tokens they give the missus—but they'd blush to the gills before admitting it.

The women, curiously go much easier on the whimsy when selecting gifts for their men. Babs Stanwyck followed up Taylor's presents to her by handing him matching studs, cuff-links and ring, done simply in gold and set with cat's-eyes. Cat's-eyes, incidentally, are superstition-tainted gems reputed to have a deadly effect on anyone daring enough to wear them. But this is no occasion to leap at Barbara. She certainly harbored no evil thoughts on the happy night she gave her husband his gift. Like most of the stars, she just doesn't give a rap for superstition. Why should she? A few months ago Andrea Leeds bought her groom a cat's-eye set—and he's still doing all right!

Sometimes Billy's customers surprise him and act as salesmen—without commission. Dolores Del Rio was in the store the other day and spotted an emerald and ruby bracelet almost as eye-stopping as she is. She dawdled over the piece and though it didn't quite click, thought it too lovely to pass up. Suddenly an idea walloped her. Marlene Dietrich! Emitting the Mexican equivalent of "Wow," she rushed from the store and in a short while was back with Marlene. Billy trotted the bracelet out again; Miss Dietrich looked; Miss Dietrich bought; and both women left feeling they'd done a good day's business. Billy didn't feel so bad, himself. (*Cont'd on page 94*)



25-year-old Mary Martin eloped with a Weatherford.

IT WAS A ROCKY ROAD, BUT THIS DYNAMIC DIXIE BELLE, WHO WOULDN'T SAY "DIE," HAS GONE RIGHT TO THE TOP!

JUST LEAVE IT TO MARY

By Radie Harris

THERE IS no trick to meeting famous people *after* they have arrived at the top. Everyone seeks out celebrities, if for no other reason than just the vicarious thrill of shining in their reflected glory. Even Noel Coward unashamedly confessed in his autobiography, "Present Indicative," that it was the apex of his ambition to know important people well enough to call them by their first names. A far greater thrill is to have been on intimate terms with Joan, Ty and Doug before Hollywood catapulted them to overnight fame and fortune.

I remember Laurence Olivier, when Garbo didn't think he was important enough to have as her leading man; Bette Davis' first fur coat; Burgess Meredith's understudy in "Flowers of the Forest"—a dark good-looking boy named Tyrone Power; Margaret Sullavan scurrying up the steps two at a time, to see if any agent had phoned about a job; and Geraldine Fitzgerald, Betty Field and Martha Scott, when they were my next door neighbors at the Hotel Algonquin.

With the same thrill I remember Mary Martin when she came to call on me on the very day of her arrival in New York. Larry Schwab had discovered her singing at the Trocadero in Hollywood and had signed her for a Broadway musical. A mutual friend of ours had suggested Mary look me up as she knew no one in the Big City. My first impression was of a very pretty girl, who was an amazing combination of Claudette Colbert and Jean Arthur. My second, was of a natural friendliness and warmth that I quickly discovered is her greatest charm.

We started talking as if we had known each other all our lives, and I soon learned that she came from Weatherford, Texas (population 4,000 at the last census). She had taught dancing at home and had gone to Hollywood three summers ago to study the newest steps with Fanchon and Marco. She had no screen ambitions, and her ultimate goal had always been New York and a Broadway show.

She told me that she gave voice lessons, too, and that her first break in Hollywood was singing over a local network. Then she was tested by practically every movie studio and unanimously turned down. Finally, signed as soloist on the "Good News" program at $250 a week, she could hardly believe there was that much money in the world.

Now, at last, she was in New York. During the first month of her stay, things kept on happening and happening! The show in which Larry Schwab had hoped to put Mary was called off. There was no other new musical pending. And then, the long arm of coincidence, which we are always reading about, reached out in real life. June Knight, who had been rehearsing in "Leave It to Me," suddenly decided to withdraw from the cast, and an SOS for a substitute was frantically sent out. Larry quickly arranged an audition for Mary, and she got the job!

I went to the orchid and ermine opening night at the Imperial Theatre. No fond parent whose doting offspring is about to perform could have been more nervous than I. Turning to my escort, I whispered, "You know Mary Martin has never even set foot on a stage before, and here she is, competing with such showmen as Sophie Tucker, Vic Moore and Bill Gaxton!"

An hour later, when she sang her famous "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" and took blasé Broadway like Olivier took Leigh (and vice versa!), he turned to me and twitted, "Is that the little girl you were so nervous about?"

Ever since that fateful night, people are always asking me whether Mary's meteoric success has changed her. And my answer is, "Superficially, yes." Where before she lived on the wrong side of the Hollywood tracks in an inexpensive furnished apartment, she now has a lovely home, with swimming pool to match, in the fashionable Bel-Air district. Where before she was just a very pretty girl dressing on a limited budget, she is now as chic as a page out of a fashion magazine. Where before her phone used to ring a few times a day, it now rings incessantly. Will Miss Martin make a Cole Porter Album for Decca? Can she accept the invitation of Winthrop Rockefeller to dine at El Morocco? Will she pose for color pictures and a double page spread in a magazine? Will she christen a boat, endorse a cigarette, model a hat, receive the press, play a benefit, tell what she thinks of the future of television, etc.?

BASICALLY, and miraculously, all this hasn't changed her. Her hat may now be a Lily Daché, but it's still the same headsize. She is every bit as unspoiled and unaffected as she was before she made "Daddy" the most discussed man of the hour. Certainly, Weatherford, Texas, can attest to this. Mary went back there for the local premiere of "The Great Victor Herbert," and the town gave her a royal welcome.

Since the major picture emporium, the Palace, boasts only a seating capacity of five hundred, the second run house, the Princess, was also pressed into service, with Mary making personal appearances at each. The proud owner of both theatres depleted most of his profits for the year to stage a real premiere. With arc lights flooding the streets, and the population for miles around crowding the sidewalk, Mary, swathed in a full-length ermine coat (which still has all the local citizenry gasping) drove up in an open touring car. But there the grand entrance ended.

Neither the Palace nor the Princess is equipped with a backstage dressing-room or entrance, and so, to reach the stage, Mary had to walk down the center aisle. Each step of the walk was interrupted with shouts of "Hi'ya, Mary!" from her old teacher; "Honey chile, you look perfectly beautiful!" from Aunt Nona, who taught her piano when she was just a baby; "I'm so proud of you, sugar!" from Auntie Flo Hutchinson, her "expression" teacher—and so on from all the home folks who knew her "when." But perhaps the proudest person in the theatre, with the exception of Mary's mother, was "old Billie," her colored mammy, who sat in a special reserved seat upstairs.

Mary stayed on the hill, in the big house in which she was born, but which is now filled with nostalgic memories. For it was here that the Daddy to whom her heart really belonged died last year. Her mother now makes her home with Mary in Hollywood, where Mary's eight-year-old son, Larry, gets (*Continued on page 86*)

CAMERA-SLY JULES BUCK SNOOPS AND SHOOTS TO BRING YOU NEWS OF MOVIETOWN



Forrest Tucker and Girl-friend Helen Parrish share and share alike. The six-feet-four youth makes his debut in "The Westerner."



Hedy Lamarr, Gene Markey and Lamarkee step out for an evening of fun. The last named is what the gagmen christened Gene's new moustache.



Reggie Gardiner's newest imitation—Flesh and the Devil! This time his accommodating and trusting stooge is comely Natalie Draper.



Super Cowboy Gary Cooper, who always takes our breath away when he's dressed in evening clothes, goes gadding with Wife Sandra Shaw.



Bob (Brown Derby) Cobb and his be-orchided missus, Gail Patrick, leave the old camping-ground to see how things are done at Ciro's.



Two colorful personalities have a chat—Marlene Dietrich and newly divorced Orson Welles. Marlene's next picture? "Seven Sinners."



One of the love-in-bloomingest couples we know. The Gene Raymonds attend the Stokowski-Rachmaninoff concert in Hollywood.



Bandleader Roger Pryor and wifie, Ann "Maisie" Sothern, carry their heads high and walk right into the camera at a recent premiere.



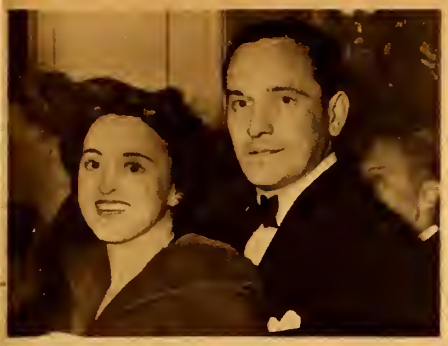
A glamorous guy from Glamorgan—cross our hearts that's Ray Milland's home town in Wales—takes his little woman to the Trocadero for a spree.



Jack Benny and Bob Hope watch Connie Boswell aim to sing louder than Bob's tie. After all, there's no limit to what a girl can do!



Newcomers Robert Stack and Linda Darnell dine out. "Is it good?" the gentleman wants to know, before going further into the situation.



The Fredric Marches are in the Hollywood swing again. "Susan and God" is Freddie's first movie since his stage hit, "The American Way."



Bill Powell has been making the rounds of the night clubs since his surprise marriage to Diana Lewis. And he looks so happy!



The sombrero-ish hat is the Spanish (of which there is plenty) in Rita Hayworth coming to the fore. She's rhumba-ing with Hubby Ed Judson.



As they gaze into each other's eyes, John Payne and Anne Shirley are making big plans in anticipation of a summer visit from the stork.



Nancy Kelly two-times her Broadway beau, Edmond O'Brien. We caught her having a gay time with Bob Cummings, the director's son.



Found: A wife who laughs at her husband's jokes! Mischa Auer panics Mrs. A. and a doorman as they say "adieu" at Sardi's.



Old Meanie Humphrey Bogart does a bit of grinning off the record. That's his cute wife, Mayo Methot, who is laughing with her "Bogie."



'Member when Conrad Nagel used to thrill you from the screen? Now, he's a radio mogul and greets Claudette Colbert at a broadcast.



Jimmy Ritz, who wouldn't marry Ruth Hilliard till she retired from the movies, casts an approving eye on Career-girl Alice Faye as they dance.



Andrea Leeds, the lady with a yen for poetry and philosophy, tete-a-tetes with the real light of her life, Socialite Hubby Bob Howard.



Fred MacMurray turns on that high voltage smile, and wifie, the beauteous Lillian Lamont as was, obligingly retaliates in kind.



Cary Grant and lovely divorcee, Fay Wray, are not an unfamiliar twosome since Cary split up with his old flame Phyllis Brooks.

By Lois Svensrud

OUR HOLLYWOOD REPORTER KEEPS THE WIRES SIZZLING WITH THE LATEST CINEMA CHATTER


GOOD NEWS

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND OUTWITS HER SUITORS

Despite the scarcity of eligible men in Hollywood, Olivia de Havilland seems to be holding her own. She's been dating three attractive men lately—Jimmy Stewart, George Brent and Tim Durant. The other afternoon all three dropped in for a cup of tea, and no one was more surprised than Olivia. It seems the three gentlemen had conspired on the situation and decided to find out which one would get the most attention. They left equally baffled, for their hostess passed out smiles and orange pekoe without the slightest cue.


GOOD NEWS

MUSIC HATH CHARM, COMPLAINS EDGAR BERGEN

Edgar Bergen makes a number of personal appearances in neighboring towns and generally manages to meet a very attractive girl. The members of the Chase and Sanborn cast always know when a new acquaintanceship has been started, for the young lady comes to the following Sunday's broadcast—accompanied, in each case, by either her parents, an aunt or a few cousins. "Somewhere, something's wrong," sighs Bergen. "Every member of the family thinks I'm swell. But the girl always falls for some guy in the orchestra."

DESIGNING ACTRESS

Ann Rutherford tells us that every time she goes into one of the de luxe dress shops in town the clerks watch her from the moment she enters until the door closes behind her. "Admiring me?" she laughed. "Well, not exactly. They're just keeping an eagle eye on me because I copy their designs." With one squint at a swanky model, three yards of silk crepe and an evening at home, the little Rutherford gal can produce a Paris model.

IT DIDN'T WORK

Myrna Loy has had a masseuse for some time. But awhile back the star noticed that the woman was skipping lightly over her nightly massage, obviously in a hurry to leave. After a few tactful questions, Myrna learned that the woman was in a terrific hurry to get home every evening to listen to the radio installments of "I Love a Mystery." "Tell you what we'll do," said Myrna, "we'll turn it on right here every evening. Then we can both hear it while you're working on me." It seemed like a brilliant idea to the star. "But the trouble now is," she told us, "that my treatment takes twice as long. The masseuse has to stay and work out the kinks in my nerves after I've listened to the program!"

SAY IT WITH LIMES

Incidentally, when Myrna Loy appeared on the Screen Guild radio program, every member of the cast and production crew received a present from her—a large box of limes. They were the home-grown products of the Hornblow ranch—the results of Myrna's scientific gardening. She takes care of the entire four acres of fruits and flowers with the help of only a part-time gardener.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

"My, how you've grown," said May Robson, when she met Cecil B. DeMille on a recent Lux show. That's Miss Robson's customary greeting to the director, and it's been going on for more years than Mr. DeMille would want us to mention. You see, Miss Robson used to work for DeMille's father when he produced plays on Broadway with David Belasco. "And I used to give him many a spanking in those days," she told the cast. "Mighty cute he was, too, in those three-cornered pants."

A FOUR-STAR SHOW

No wonder the Kraft Music Hall is one of the most popular shows in town. Bing Crosby and Bob Burns give a rehearsal for the benefit of the audience that beats any entertainment on the air-waves. Bob works the audience into the proper frame of mind by telling them that he and Bing have decided they are the brightest looking group of people ever gathered together in one place. He winds up by requesting that they refrain from applauding. "We had applause here once," Burns admits, "but it was so skimpy we decided to do without it altogether."

BABY TALK

Carole Lombard was at Westmore's the other day having her hair shampooed and waved. After the star had left, Miss Lombard's hairdresser took her next appointment—a [illegible]ar almost too excited to talk. "Tell me all about her," begged the customer. "Is she going to have a baby like the newspapers say? Wouldn't it be wonderful if Clark and Carole had a baby? Why, America would go wild!"

PROUD INVENTOR

Reg Denny ought to know better, but he got so excited about a new gas-model airplane he'd invented that he brought it right into the breakfast room to show to his family. "Hear how it hums," he explained enthusiastically, giving the motor a quick turnover. The little plane began to throb, and Denny was balancing it on the back of a chair when, zup! Away it flew! It bounced off the wall, knocked a picture awry, flicked a flower vase onto the floor, dived at a frightened Mrs. Denny and finally plunged nose-first into the breakfast marmalade. Breakfast, plane and the Denny family's morning disposition were wrecked. But Reggie himself was unperturbed. "Anyhow, it flies," he said.

BENNY IN BLACKFACE

At the Jack Benny broadcast the other day, the audience was given a preview of

Rochester's song and dance version of "My, My." After the thunderous applause had subsided, Jack stepped up and addressed the audience. "From the looks of it," he said sadly, "my next picture will probably be "The Life of Booker T. Washington."

STUDIO PLAYGROUND

Though "The Dictator" sets were closed to visitors, word leaked out from time to time that a swell time was being had by all. In fact, the lot was a family affair during the picture's production. There is a tennis court, a badminton court and a swimming-pool at the Chaplin studios, and wives, husbands and children of the members of the cast were welcome guests. Paulette Goddard brought the Chaplin boys, Junior and Syd, to the studio almost daily for a fast game of tennis with her and a dip in the pool. Chaplin, Sr., sometimes joined in the swim, but the tennis game he left to the "youngsters."

MICKEY'S IDEAL

We caught Mickey Rooney in a confidential mood the other day and asked him to tell about his latest romance. "I can't divulge her name," said Mickey regretfully, "because I don't know it yet. But I'll tell you exactly what I'm shopping for. It's a girl who doesn't know all the answers . . . someone who gives a guy a feeling of peace. In short, the home-loving type." The line forms to the right—but are there that many home-loving girls left? Mickey, incidentally, is beginning to look as conservative as he sounds. Gone are the striped shirts, and suits that used to be his pride and joy and the only plaid you'll find in the Rooney wardrobe is an occasional necktie. "I've noticed that important men show very quiet taste in clothes," Mickey explained. "Men, you know, like Clark Gable, Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard and Mr. Roosevelt."

WIFELY PRIDE

The Spangler Arlington Brughs—okay then, the Bob Taylors—are mighty career conscious, too. Barbara says she has no intention of giving up her career as long as the public will pay to see her, but she admits that Bob's work comes first. When congratulations began pouring in on her for getting the excellent role in "The Night of January 16th," Barbara took the compliments patiently, but could hardly wait to interrupt with "Have you seen Bob in 'Waterloo Bridge?' Now there's an actor!"

FRIENDLY CRITICISM

The Metro casting department ran into a snag the other day when the problem of casting a glass-blower for "Edison, The Man" confronted them. They had figured that any actor could play the role, but found to their dismay that an honest-to-goodness glass-blower was needed to make the scenes in Edison's laboratory look real. Finally, someone in the department had an idea—Max Goeppinger had been working for years in the studio's special effects department as a glass-blower par excellence. Max was sent for and given the role, much to his amazed delight. But his pleasure was short-lived. For in the eyes of his co-workers, Max had lost caste. Whenever he comes around the prop department now, the boys delicately hold their noses and refuse to talk to him. "Whew! A ham!" are the only remarks Max can get from his former pals.

A NEW FAD

Dolores Del Rio has been the envy of the glamour ladies lately because she has stolen the spotlight with her beautifully draped turbans, matching every gown. Where those stunning chapeaux came from, Dolores refused to divulge. But now the secret's out. The actress has her favorite milliner drop by the house just before she's ready to leave for a party, and gets "wound up" for the festivities.

ANOTHER CONQUEST

Now that Ginger Rogers is finally getting that divorce from Lew Ayres, those in the know contend that she's seriously considering taking over the title of Mrs. Howard Hughes. The famous Mr. H. has rushed about every beauty in town the last few years, but since he met Ginger the other glamour girls are no longer the objects of Howard's affection.

JEANETTE MACDONALD

If Jeanette MacDonald's concert tour is interrupted by a mousy looking gent with a summons in his hand, the gorgeous songstress shouldn't be at all surprised. For she foisted just such a character off on Director Robert Z. Leonard as she finished "New Moon." Bob used to hang his raincoat in Jeanette's portable dressing-room on the set. When the picture was completed she had her lawyer draw up a legal looking document, charging Leonard with rent, storage, wear and tear on the door hinges, and a big chunk of hush money for Gene Raymond.


GOOD NEWS

FANS FEAST AND IRENE DUNNE PAYS DOUBLE

After a preview the other evening, Irene Dunne was surrounded by a crowd of youngsters begging for autographs. Irene was shivering in a new spring suit, and taking a look at the number of autograph books thrust at her, she shook her head and said, "Oh, I can't. It's too cold." Then she hastily amended, "Too cold for you, too. Tell you what, let's go in here." "In here" was Brown's ice-cream parlor, where Irene stood them all to Brown's world-famous hot fudge sundaes—and signed all of their books before leaving.


GOOD NEWS

GEORGE BRENT ENLIGHTENS HIS NEIGHBOR

When George Brent made a guest appearance on the Silver Theatre program recently, it was the first time he and Director Conrad Nagel had met. Since they were neighbors in Brentwood Heights, they were naturally pleased to meet one another. Said Nagel to Brent: "You know, there is so much light on your tennis court at night, I can sit on my front porch, a hundred yards away, and read my evening newspaper." Brent laughed good-naturedly. And two days later, Conrad received a letter from his neighbor, enclosing a light bill!

Leonard was a bit taken back, at first, by the imposing aspect of the warrant, but when he realized it was only a rib, he promised to get even. Knowing Bob's agile mind, Jeanette should be prepared for the worst!

A HELPING HAND

On a tour of inspection at Paramount Studios the other day, a group of visitors were surprised to hear the guide say casually, "The gentleman sorting the mail at the end of the counter is Bing Crosby's father." No, it's not Mr. Crosby's regular job, but every day he stops by the studio mail-room to pick up Bing's fan letters and generally winds up by spending most of the day there. "You boys look kind of rushed," he will say, "so guess I'll just give you a hand for a while."

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

Edward Arnold's role as Diamond Jim Brady in "Lillian Russell" is causing him no end of grief. In the first place, Mr. Arnold has been trying to streamline his waistline. But with all of the delicacies which he had to consume for his screen role, he held out no hope for his figure. The last three days of the picture, however, presented an even worse

JACKIE COOPER



problem. In a restaurant scene, Mr. Arnold had to drink glass after glass of champagne. Champagne on the set is, of course, ginger ale. And the unfortunate actor is allergic to ginger ale—it tickles his nose and makes him sneeze. "This is a fine thing," said Arnold to the director. "I can't even take my indigestion pills. Every time I get one in my mouth, I sneeze and lose it."

ONE WAY TO FAME

Since David Niven's left town, Reginald Gardiner has taken over his role of Ribber No. 1. Latest Gardiner prop is a dime store flute, with which he bewilders ladies at the best night-clubs. The other evening at the Trocadero, he took a table behind that occupied by a certain uppity star. Every time she opened her mouth to say something to her escort, she was accompanied by a few flute notes, all sour. Was she surprised!

LOVE ME, LOVE MY CHILDREN

The George Raft-Norma Shearer romance is beginning to look like a family affair. As soon as Norma brought her two children back from Sun Valley, Raft began taking them to tennis tournaments, to the famous Hollywood indoor rinks for ice-skating and, our sleuth reports, to the Venice Fun Pier where the three always have a wonderful time on the roller-coasters. Mr. Raft seems to have won the popularity contest on all sides.

GREER GARSON



SIGN HERE, PLEASE

Proudest collegiate at U.C.L.A. is Bob Holden. Every morning when he arrives on the campus, his car is besieged by pretty co-eds. The attraction? Well, it isn't entirely Bob. You see, his brother William drives him to the campus every morning en route to Paramount. The co-eds are after autographs, not dates. Bob's already warned them that Brenda Marshall is leading lady in Bill's private life.

LUCKY LINDA

You girls who wistfully sigh for the life of a movie star may be interested in a short-shot of Linda Darnell's day. Linda, you know, is not yet sixteen so the Board of Education is hot on her trail. That means she hasn't a moment to call her own during the day, with hairdressers and make-up men demanding time from the moment she awakes, at five, until the cameras start grinding, at eight. For the rest of the day, when not in front of the camera, Linda does geometry and geography. If she's lucky, she's home from work—and we mean work—at seven. After the make-up is off and a lounging robe on, Linda collapses into bed and has supper off a tray. "Reading about the glamorous night-life of Hollywood is the closest I ever get to it, too," says this movie star.

EXPENSIVE LESSON

An important scene in the "Son of Monte Cristo" takes place in a Swiss mountain village and the picture's stars, Joan Bennett and Louis Hayward, have to do some expert skiing in the sequence. When Director Rowland Lee told them about the scene, he discovered that neither Joan nor Louis had ever been on skiis. After a hasty conference with the producer, Lee told his stars they'd have to go to Arrowhead, high in the San Bernardino mountains, and spend a week learning the sport. Joan couldn't leave her children and Louis couldn't leave Ida Lupino, so there was nothing to do but send them all and let the production budget take the beating. Now that's really nice work—if you can get it!

RICHARD GREENE



THAT'S TELLING 'EM

When Lana Turner suddenly became Mrs. A. Shaw, everyone was interested in Judy Garland's reaction when she showed up at the studio after hearing the news. Judy was her usual beaming self and, when asked point-blank how she felt about this new turn of affairs, she said, "Why, swell! And I hope they're happy. Why, look at this," and she held out her hand with Jimmy Cathcart's fraternity ring glistening on her ring-finger. "It still looks better to me than all the solitaires in the world."

IT'S SMART TO BE THRIFTY

Paulette Goddard, believe it or not, is one of the most practical girls in town. Though always looking like a cool million, the prices of her dresses would make other stars swoon with jealousy. For most of them come from the ten and fifteen-dollar racks in Hollywood Boulevard shops. According to Paulette, it isn't the clothes hung on the frame that makes a girl attractive, but the vitality of her face and figure. And that, she points out, is within the reach of anyone who has a little gumption and a pair of sports shoes comfortable enough for a three-mile daily walk. It could hardly be said that the fabulous diamond necklace which Charlie Chaplin gave her recently could come under the heading of "practical." But Paulette added the Goddard touch to that situation, too. She found a pair of paste earrings in the Paramount prop department that were of similar design to her costly present. Says she purrs as much over the earrings as the necklace!

LAMOUR AND PRESTON

If you think Robert Preston's only interest is Dorothy Lamour, you have been misled. For Bob has a fifty per cent interest in a prize

fighter named Wayne George. The first time Wayne fought under the new ownership arrangement, he won the fight and enabled Preston to collect enough money in bets to take the Chicago trip to see Dottie. So everyone's happy about the whole thing.

BON VOYAGE

When Jean Cagney, Jimmy's sister, found that she was going to be given a vacation

MYRNA LOY



from the studio, she was faced with a problem. For she wanted to take a boat-trip, but she also wanted to take her mother, Mrs. Carolyn Cagney, along. And Mrs. Cagney gets very sea-sick. Brother Jimmy came to their rescue with the suggestion that they use his yacht, tied up at Newport Bay—as a house boat. It was a cinch, and the two spent three weeks on board, never setting sail from the wharf.

THE REAL THING

Jackie Cooper's flaming romance of the moment is with Mary Jane Bather, one of the attractive "Seventeen" girls. After four consecutive dates, our sleuth asked Jackie if he had finally given up carrying the Garland torch. "It's pretty serious," Jackie admitted. "Gosh, she's so pretty. Looks just like Judy Garland."

THE ANSWER TO A WAITER'S PRAYER

Ask any of the waiters at Ciro's, Hollywood's newest and most elaborate restaurant, to name their favorite movie star and the answer is always "Mischa Auer." Mischa's been a frequent patron since its opening, and never fails to seek out the Russian waiters and chef in the kitchen for a good long chat in Roosian.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

Bob Hope and his wife and baby have moved into a new North Hollywood home. According to Bob, "It's really a very swell place from what my wife tells me." Actually, between picture work and radio rehearsals, the master of the house has yet to see it by daylight. As soon as his present Paramount picture is completed, the actor's going to take a week's vacation, and he'll do nothing but stay at home.

MOVE OVER, VIRGINIA

The glamour girls around town would surely appreciate it if Virginia Field would be sporting enough to tell them what's what. "Either marry the man," say the g.g.'s, "or put him back in circulation." The controversy, of course, concerns Richard Greene who had announced some time ago that a lot had been purchased and house plans were under way for his and Virginia's love nest. Now the news is out that the lot has been re-sold, the plans are shelved, and the two are just "best friends." But our spies report that neither has dated anyone else.

IT'S AN ILL WIND . . .

You can't keep a good man down—even when he's in a cast. And especially if he's Joe E. Brown. The actor's been having the

CHARLES BOYER



time of his life during his convalescence. He's taken trips to all the surrounding resorts and claims he's had the best vacation in years. "How can I miss?" he asks. "I go to Palm Springs and while everyone else is getting sun-burned I'm in the cool shade of my cast. Up at Arrowhead, while everyone else is down with a cold, I don't even feel a draft."

NICE GOING

Two movie actors who have received enviable titles lately are Bing Crosby and Johnny Weismuller. Bing's just been presented with a life membership certificate in the Professional Golfer's Association—the second person ever to receive such an honor. Johnny's just been informed that he's now the captain of the Los Angeles County Life Guards.

EXCUSE IT, PLEASE

Frank Morgan broke his famous "ad lib" record when he appeared on that recent Screen Guild Theatre broadcast. Actual count showed that he made 57 of them—and actual count showed that the director paled visibly fourteen times. That was for the first fourteen ad libs, and after that he managed to take them with calm. Though Morgan is notorious for confusing every radio cast with which he's appeared, the comedian is so genuinely and pathetically sorry about his ad lib failing that he's yet to go unforgiven by a single co-worker or sponsor.

CHARITABLE, ALL

This interesting fact has just been unearthed about the Screen Guild Theatre—that the waiters at the Earl Carroll Theatre, where the broadcast and rehearsals are held, give their time gratis when they serve at rehearsals. You know, of course, that all stars donate their time. And several of them, including Claudette Colbert, Norma Shearer and Loretta Young have begged to be allowed to appear on the program as often as possible.

CAN'T BLAME THE GENTLEMAN

Humphrey Bogart claims that acting is acting and he has no preference between stage, radio or screen. But there's one "must" in his radio contracts—Bogart must be a hero and not a mug. "Sometimes I get scared I'll turn into one," he says. "Why, do you know that I can't even go to sleep any more without reading a thriller of some kind? When a guy gets to the point where his literary interests are limited to mug mags, it's time to watch his step."

WHAT A TRIP!

Roger Pryor has very little on his mind lately but aviation. So the other day, when

LORETTA YOUNG



he received his pilot's license, he was overjoyed and in a great hurry to make his first trip. He rushed home, got Ann Sothern, and they tore out to the flying field to get a plane and headed for Palm Springs. The only one available was a three-cylinder plane but, undaunted, they climbed in and took off. By the time they reached their destination Roger's enthusiasm was noticeably dimmed. Seemed there was a terrific wind to buck. "And it was very discouraging, you see," (*Continued on page 104*)



True Love? 'Twould seem so here. Yet, 24 hours later, Greg Bautzer learned that Lana was another man's bride.



New Love! It was the last thing anyone thought of, but that's how Lana explains her marriage to Swingmaster Shaw.

"WE'RE IN LOVE, YOU SEE..."

ON the morning of February 13th, M-G-M felt it had been knifed in the back, and Lana Turner was responsible. Or, more specifically, Lana's marriage was responsible. Announcement of her elopement with Clarinetist Artie Shaw came as a mean blow to the studio which would like to have the complete confidence of its little charges—especially where marriage is concerned.

But shock wasn't all the studio felt. They were incredulous, too. They'd watched Lana and Artie work together on the set of "Dancing Co-ed" and certainly no two people ever seemed less in love. It was recalled that the pair had battled incessantly during the making of the picture and at one time Lana had become furious enough to describe the abdicated King of Swing as "the most egotistical, unpleasant man I have ever known." She charged, he hogged the camera and spent more time with the hairdresser and make-up man than any actress on the lot.

According to the newlyweds, however, they've done nothing very strange. They want each other, and that's all there is to it. Of their former quarrels Lana says simply, "I guess that's love." And it must be, for she even consented to an elopement which is exactly the sort of thing she hates. In a recent interview she called elopements "disillusioning" and added that when she took the leap she'd also take the trimmings: music, flowers, bridesmaids and a veil. Somehow or other she forgot all that.

In Las Vegas, where she married, Lana didn't even have a ring. There hadn't been time to get one. She and Artie had only intended to take a late drive, but around 3 A. M. had found themselves talking of home and kiddies. One thing led to another and, almost before they realized it, they were in a plane headed for the Nevada town. As soon as they landed they rounded up two witnesses, and within an hour, a half-asleep Justice of the Peace had made the 19-year-old actress the third wife of the 29-year-old jitterbugs' delight.

Probably the most surprised person of all was Attorney Gregson Bautzer. For three years he and Lana had been an accepted twosome and, toward the end, it seemed just a matter of minutes before they would make their vows—to each other, of course. In fact, on the two evenings prior to her elopement Lana had dated Bautzer and no one, least of all he, suspected what was to come.

Having his romance snipped under his nose wasn't fun for Greg, but he was in good company. Three thousand miles away, in a New York musical comedy, Betty Grable heard the news with open-mouthed amazement. Only a few days earlier she had received a letter from Artie which left her believing *she* was top girl in his life. Marvelled Betty, "It sure came on them suddenly!"

CUPID SLIPS AND LANA TURNER TRIPS TO LAS VEGAS WITH BANDLEADER ARTIE SHAW

At Atlanta's World Première

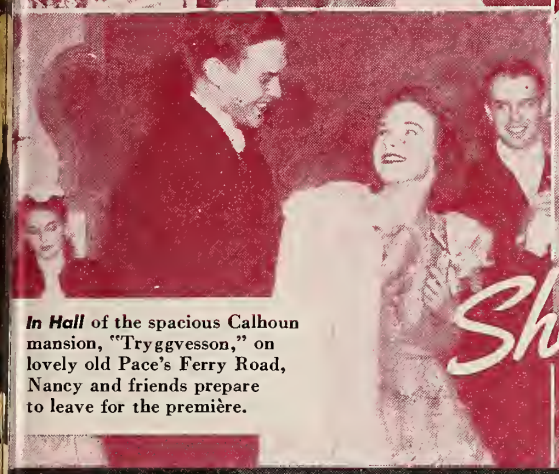


An Ardent Horsewoman, Nancy often rides along the road which winds through long-leaf pines, magnolias and Spanish bayonets on the picturesque Southern estate.





Miss Nancy Calhoun, charming debutante daughter of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, smiles from the porch of Tara Hall, which was restored for the plantation scene at Atlanta's "Gone With the Wind" Ball.



In Hall of the spacious Calhoun mansion, "Tryggvesson," on lovely old Pace's Ferry Road, Nancy and friends prepare to leave for the première.

She was a Belle of the Ball

-She wrote it up



—BOTH ARE SOUTHERN BEAUTIES —AND BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN LOVELY WITH POND'S

Susan Jones Medlock, bright young reporter, originated the *Atlanta Journal* column called "Peachtree Parade" in which she records Society's doings.

We interviewed Miss Calhoun . . .

QUESTION: *So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexions, Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!*

ANSWER: "Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for *me!* Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: *Do these two Creams do anything else for your skin?*

ANSWER: "Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smooths little roughnesses right away, too!"

We talked with Susan Medlock . . .

QUESTION: *Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?*

ANSWER: "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: *Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?*

ANSWER: "My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours."



Before the Première—Atlanta was alive with parties—Susan Medlock interviews guests on "new" 1860 gowns at buffet supper, while Mammy's serving old Georgia punch—"sillibub."



In a Box at the Ball, our reporter gets highlights for her column—rushes back to her office to meet the deadline with comments on the festivities.



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVE, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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(*Continued from page 16*)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Johnson, Rita	Waitress	London By Night	1937	Badminton	Collecting Oriental Jewelry	M G M	Home—13341½ Miller Drive, Hollywood
Jones, Allan	Truck Driver	Reckless	1935	Fishing	Raising Horses	P	Home—120 N. Cliftwood, Brentwood Heights
Jory, Victor	Boxer	Sailor's Luck	1932	Motoring	Writing Short Stories	W B	Studio—Burbank, Cal.
Joyce, Brenda	Model	The Rains Came	1939	Tennis	Hiking	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Karloff, Boris	Farmer	The Meddlin' Stranger	1927	Cricket	Raising Prize Flowers	U	Home—9932 Toluca Lake Ave., N. Hollywood
Kelly, Nancy	Stage Actress	Submarine Patrol	1938	Swimming	Collecting Odd Jewelry	T C F	Home—624 N. Arden Ave., Beverly Hills
Kelly, Patsy	Dancing Teacher	Going Hollywood	1933	Golf	Composing Music	M G M	Home—520 Foothill Road, Beverly Hills
Kelly, Paul	Stage Actor	B'way Through A Keyhole	1933	Riding	Farming	W B	Home—513 Canyon Drive, Beverly Hills
Kent, Robert	Bank Messenger	The Country Beyond	1936	Boxing	Antiques	M	Studio—4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Kibbee, Guy	Rancher	Lilly Turner	1933	Golf	Raising Horses	M G M	Home—10830 Oxnard, N. Hollywood
Kilburn, Terry	Student	Lord Jeff	1938	Tennis	Miniature Collecting	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Korjus, Miliza	Singer	The Great Waltz	1938	Dancing	Singing	M G M	Studio—Culver City
Kruger, Otto	Musician	Turn Back The Clock	1933	Badminton	Composing Music	W B	Home—724 N. Linden, Beverly Hills
Lake, Arthur	Student	When Love Is Young	1924	Swimming	Raising Dogs	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood
Lamarr, Hedy	Script Girl	Ecstasy	1934	Sailing	Astrology	M G M	Home—505 Camden Drive, Beverly Hills
Lamour, Dorothy	Elevator Operator	The Jungle Princess	1936	Hiking	Baseball	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Lane, Lola	Musical Comedy Star	The War Song	1928	Tennis	Designing Dresses	W B	Studio—Burbank, Cal.
Lane, Priscilla	Singer	Varsity Show	1937	Bowling	Gardening	W B	Studio—Burbank, Cal.
Lane, Rosemary	Singer	Varsity Show	1937	Ping Pong	Bridge	W B	Studio—Burbank, Cal.
Laughton, Charles	Stage Actor	If I Had A Million	1933	Hunting	Book Collecting	R K O	Home—Garden Of Allah, Hollywood
Lederer, Francis	Delivery Boy	Lion Of Two Worlds	1934	Sailing	Painting Landscapes	W B	Home—1974 Sycamore, Hollywood
Leeds, Andrea	Student	Come And Get It	1936	Swimming	Writing	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Leigh, Vivien	Stage Actress	The Village Squire	1933	Badminton	Interior Decorating	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Linden, Eric	Student	Are These Our Children	1931	Polo	Writing	M	Studio—4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Lindsay, Margaret	Student	Cavalcade	1933	Riding	Collecting Theatre Programs	W B	Home—8493 Mountain, Hollywood
Litel, John	Insurance Salesman	The Sleeping Porch	1929	Baseball	Painting Landscapes	W B	Studio, Burbank, Cal.
Livingstone, Bob	Writer	West Point Of The Air	1934	Riding	Horse Raising	R	Studio—4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood
Lockwood, Margaret	Stage Actress	Wild Justice	1935	Fencing	Crocheting	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Logan, Ella	Singer	Flying Hostess	1936	Bicycling	Reading	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Lombard, Carole	Dancer	The Perfect Crime	1928	Boating	Hunting	R K O	Home—4525 Petit, Encino
Lorre, Peter	Bank Clerk	Mad Love	1935	Golf	Sketching	T C F	Home—525 N. Foothill, Santa Monica
Louise, Anita	Stage Actress	The Music Master	1927	Tennis	Painting Furniture	R K O	Home—Sunset Plaza Apts., Hollywood
Lowe, Edmund	Stage Actor	Silent Command	1923	Fishing	Composing Music	U	Home—801 Deven, Los Angeles
Loy, Myrna	Dancing Teacher	What Price Beauty	1925	Riding	Painting	M G M	Home—9550 Hidden Valley Road, N. Hollywood
Lugosi, Bela	Stage Actor	The Silent Command	1923	Hunting	Sculpturing	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Lukas, Paul	Stage Actor	Loves Of An Actress	1928	Fencing	Designing Airplanes	M G M	Home—539 N. Vista, N. Hollywood
Lundigan, William	Radio Announcer	Armored Car	1937	Football	Writing Radio Plays	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Lupino, Ida	Stage Actress	Her First Affair	1932	Swimming	Collecting Figurines	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Lynn, Jeffrey	English Instructor	Cowboy From Brooklyn	1938	Basketball	Sketching	W B	Studio, Burbank, Cal.
Lynn, Leni	Student	Huckleberry Finn	1939	Swimming	Collecting Photos	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.

(*Continued on page 62*)



Take the screen stars' tip—try this ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL *for 30 days*

COSMETIC SKIN: unattractive little blemishes and enlarged pores—spoils good looks. So don't risk *choked pores*. Use cosmetics all you like, but take Ann Sheridan's tip. Remove dust, dirt and stale cosmetics *thoroughly*. Let ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap protect the beauty of your skin—help keep it smooth, attractive.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

(*Continued from page 60*)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Lys, Lya	None	Jimmy & Sally	1933	Riding	Automobile Racing	W B	Studio—Burbank, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeanette	Chorus Girl	The Love Parade	1929	Swimming	Gardening	M G M	Home—817 Nimes Road, Brentwood
MacMurray, Fred	Saxophone Player	Roberta	1935	Fishing	Composing Music	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Mahan, Billy	Radio Player	Every Saturday Night	1935	Skating	Designing Airplanes	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
March, Fredric	Bank Clerk	The Royal Family	1928	Riding	Amateur Photography	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Marshall, Brenda	WPA Actress	Espionage Agent	1939	Skiing	Knitting	W B	Studio—Burbank, Cal.
Marshall, Herbert	Accountant	The Letter	1929	Motoring	Dog Raising	R K O	Home—10916 BaLagio, Beverly Hills
Martin, Mary	Dancing Teacher	The Great Victor Herbert	1939	Dancing	Fortune Telling	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Martin, Tony	Orchestra Leader	Sing, Baby, Sing	1936	Baseball	Collecting Ivory Pieces	C	Home—1100 Benedict Canyon Dr., Beverly Hills
Marx, Chico	Vaudevillian	The Cocoanuts	1932	Hockey	Astronomy	M G M	Home—932 N. Bedford, Beverly Hills
Marx, Groucho	Vaudevillian	The Cocoanuts	1932	Greyhound Racing	Writing	M G M	Home—710 N. Hillcrest Rd., Beverly Hills
Marx, Harpo	Vaudevillian	The Cocoanuts	1932	Golf	Composing Music	M G M	Home—701 N. Canyon Drive, Beverly Hills
Massey, Ilona	Salesgirl	Rosalie	1937	Dancing	China Collecting	M G M	Home—8102 W. 4th St., Hollywood
Massey, Raymond	Salesman	The Old Dark House	1932	Ice Hockey	Taxidermy	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood
McCrea, Joel	Student	The Jazz Age	1929	Surf Board Riding	Farming	U A	Home—1802 Angelo Drive, N. Hollywood
McHugh, Frank	Stage Actor	Bright Lights	1931	Golf	Law	W B	Home—4200 Navejo, N. Hollywood
McLaglen, Victor	Boxer	Beloved Brute	1924	Wrestling	Raising Horses	U	Home—214 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills
McPhail, Douglas	Gas Station Attendant	Born To Dance	1936	Fishing	Singing	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Menjou, Adolphe	Restaurant Manager	Man Behind The Door	1914	Golf	Collecting Old Autographs	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Meredith, Burgess	Seaman	Winterset	1936	Fishing	Singing	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood
Merkel, Una	Show Girl	Eyes Of The World	1930	Skating	Reading	W B	Studio—Burbank, Cal.
Milland, Ray	Stock Rancher	Payment Deferred	1932	Riding	Horse Racing	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Miranda, Isa	Model	Hotel Imperial	1939	Swimming	Designing	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Montgomery, Robert	Mechanic's Helper	Possession	1921	Tennis	Composing Music	M G M	Home—144 Monovale, Holmby Hills
Montgomery, Douglass	Stage Actor	Paid	1931	Bowling	Building Miniature Theatres	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Moore, Constance	Singer	State Police	1938	Badminton	Collecting Perfume Bottles	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Moore, Victor	Clerk	Chimmie Fadden	1915	Boating	Raising Chickens	P	Home—628 N. Palm Drive, Beverly Hills
Morgan, Dennis	Radio Actor	Susy	1936	Football	Singing	W B	Studio—Burbank, Cal.
Morgan, Frank	Cowpuncher	Dangerous Nan McGrew	1932	Golf	Collecting First Editions	M G M	Home—1025 Ridgedale, Beverly Hills
Morris, Chester	Stage Actor	Alibi	1928	Fishing	Wood Carving	R K O	Home—917 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills
Morris, Wayne	Salesman	China Clipper	1936	Fencing	Collecting Suitcase Stickers	W B	Home—470 Layton Dr., Hollywood
Mowbray, Alan	Clerk	Alexander Hamilton	1931	Polo	Farming	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood
Muni, Paul	Stage Actor	The Valiant	1928	Tennis	Collecting Dictionaries	W B	Home—10066 Valley Spring Lane, N. Hollywood
Murphy, George	Tool Maker	Kid Millions	1934	Dancing	Stamp Collecting	M G M	Home—614 N. Oakhurst, Beverly Hills
Nagel, Anne	Singer	I Loved You Yesterday	1933	Volley Ball	Constructing X-word Puzzles	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Naish, J. Carrol	Engineer	Cheer Up And Smile	1930	Golf	Cooking	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Neagle, Anna	Dancing Teacher	Magic Night	1932	Badminton	Dancing	R K O	Studio—780 Gower St., Hollywood
Niven, David	Lumberjack	Without Regret	1935	Cricket	Raising Dogs	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood
Nolan, Lloyd	Stagehand	Stolen Harmony	1935	Baseball	Inventing	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood

(*Continued on page 85*)

25 Yards in this Skirt...

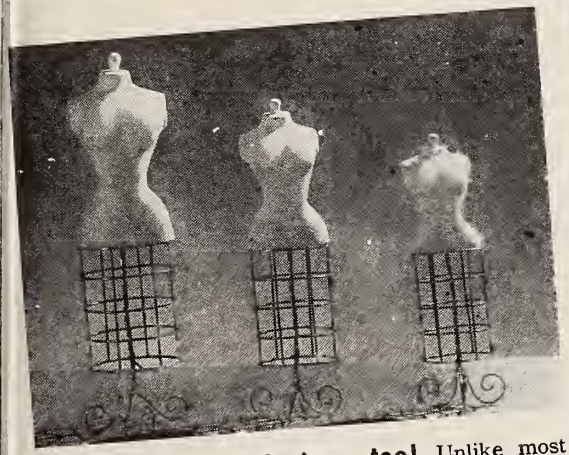
...yet, due to skillful designing, there's not a hint of bunchiness or bulk!

The same applies to Kotex sanitary napkins! Made in soft, smooth *folds*, with more absorbent material where needed...less in the non-effective portions of the pad, Kotex is *less bulky* than pads made with loose, wadded fillers! Less apt to chafe, too—for it's entirely sheathed in cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!



Don't fear an audience! A moisture-resistant panel is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad—to give extra protection!

And what confidence it brings to know there are no tell-tale bulges to give your secret away! Flat, pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make revealing outlines . . . the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do.



Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes—*Super*—*Regular*—*Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels." *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*



FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS
PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY
COMPARE ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS



"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Try Flavor-Town's delicious gum and don't be tense when crises come

. . . for Beech-Nut Gum is always refreshing and restful. There are 6 delicious kinds to please your taste — Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of candy coated BEECHIES, Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin. Below is the "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N. Y., famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.



Beech-Nut Gum



OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 105

ACROSS

1 & 9. Beautiful singer pictured
18. Hero of "Remember the Night"
19. Immortality
20. Altar end of a church
21. She's in "The Farmer's Daughter"
22. Indians
23. Row
24. 1 across was in "The - - - and the Fiddle"
25. Model wife in "Another Thin Man"
26. C - - - a Bow
28. What person?
30. "That Certain - - -"
31. Varnish
33. Set over again
35. "Chasing - - - - - - day"
37. Carpenter's tool
38. Ethel Turp in "A Call On The President"
40. Portuguese coin
41. Heroine in "Little Old New York"
43. The "Czar of Motion Pictures"
44. Pheasants' broods
46. Performs
49. Singer in "Swanee River"
50. What censors do to objectionable films
51. Tarzan's animal friend
53. Greeting
54. Husband of our star
57. He's married to Margo
60. Hair that grows on the face of a man
61. Women's fleecy headdress
62. Fortress
64. What foreign stars try to lose
66. "Here I - - A Stranger"
67. Weight of India
68. Tot in "Honeymoon In Bali"
69. Sweden's gift to comedy
70. Male lead in "House Across The Bay"
73. Beauty in "Geronimo"
76. 1 across' rank in cinema skies
78. "The Westerner"
80. Lennie in "Of Mice And Men"
82. Deeply affected
84. Thing in law
85. Frothed
88. Gene Autry's "Champion" is one
89. 1 across' co-star in "Maytime"
92. Priest in "Fighting 69th"
93. Armed conflict
95. Chop
96. Attorney in "Reno"
97. Otto Kr - - - r
98. Our star was in "Naughty Mari - - - -"
100. Her first film: "The Love Pa - - - -"
102. Fish sauce
104. Range
105. Co-starred with 1 across in "The Merry Widow"
107. Bootlegger
109. Evening songs
110. In carpentry, girders

DOWN

1. Olivia de Havilland's birthplace
2. Hedy Lamarr's most famous film
3. "The Rains C - - -"
4. Greek letter
5. Star of "Virginia City"
6. Flat metal receptacle
7. Director - - - Garnett
8. Buttonholes
9. Charles Laughton's lovely protege
10. Siamese coin
11. Masticate
12. Showy
13. Our star was in "The Vagab - - d King"
14. Ace of "dumb" comics
15. Native of Asia
16. Loyal
17. Challenger
18. Aromatic spice
25. Opposite 1 across in "Broadway Serenade"
27. A perennial woody plant
29. Atop: poet.
32. Leading lady of "My Little Chickadee"
33. Cowboy singer
34. Attempt
36. Ocean
38. Baby - - - - y
39. Tom - - - -
41. Distant
42. Johnny Mack Brown's home state
43. Treated
45. With our star in "San Francisco"
47. Building for dramatic spectacles
48. Cedric Hardwicke's title
50. Menace in "Black Friday"
52. Evoke
55. Affirmative answer
56. Small rug
58. "R - - - cca"
59. Famed dog: - - - Tin Tin
62. Rod
63. Wanders from the truth
64. Actor in "Green Hell"
65. Cunning
71. Zasu Pitts' typical gesture
72. Actor in "Oh Johnny, How You Can Love"
74. Printer's measures
75. She's in "High School"
76. He got his start with 1 across in "Rose Marie"
77. Man's name
78. Solidify
79. Confirmer
81. Our star's new film: "- - - Moon"
83. Small mound
84. Clara Bow's hubby
85. Judge Hardy dons these to read
86. The rooster crows for this film company
87. "Our Gang's" girl
89. Notches
90. S-shaped moldings
91. Close
94. Hostile invasion
96. Ten
99. Hail!
101. She's cast in "My Son, My Son"
103. Gail Patrick studied for this before films
104. Consumed
106. Article
108. "Swe - - hearts"

"TOPS FOR *Flair and Wear*"

SAY SMART FASHION CREATORS





The gayest fingertips—in the gayest places this spring—will be wearing Cutex, smart fashion creators prophesy!



Dancing in harmony! The latest in evening frou-frou . . . the latest in Cutex nail tones—romantic, glamorous, heartbreakingly feminine.



Guaranteed to wear longer than any polish you've ever worn . . . or your money back.

If the new Cutex Salon Polish doesn't wear longer than any polish you've ever used, simply return the bottle to us and we will cheerfully refund your original purchase price! (Offer good during 1940 only.) Buy a bottle of Cutex Salon Polish today—at any toilet-goods counter.

THE smartest, longest fingertips will be wearing Cutex Salon Polish this spring, smart fashion creators prophesy. In Cutex shades, they predict, you'll find the right answer to what to wear with every fabric color from deepest "Storm Cloud" shades to palest nude pink . . . With Royal Air Force blue, Legion red, Scandinavian green, Chinese tea . . . And the newest neutrals—Turtle gray, putty, greige.

It's smart to wear Cutex, too—the fashion oracles say—because it gives your nails that all-important well-groomed look. For flair and wear—choose the new Cutex Salon Polish this spring!

Northam Warren Corporation, 191 Hudson St., New York

GADABOUT: Vivid blue-red to go places with your dashing new exposed-midriff, hooded-head gowns.

HIJINKS: Red-red—just what you'll want with the new military influence—braid, cockades, "uniform" pockets.

CEDARWOOD: Mauvy-rose flattery to feminize man-tailored toppers and suits.

OLD ROSE: Rich rose—an added romantic touch with your innocent off-the-face hat.

CLOVER: Deep winy red to tone down your noisy plaids, stripes, checkerboard fabrics.

LAUREL: Rambler pink—delicate, young. Perfect with your new pinafore frocks.

NEW CUTEX *Salon Polish*

Irene Dunne in RKO-Radio's "My Favorite Wife"



Do your lips feel DRY?

try this Hollywood

LIPSTICK

HERE'S a new lipstick created by *Max Factor Hollywood* that is an answer to your every lip make-up problem. Just note these four amazing features...

1. *lifelike red of your lips*
2. *non-drying, but indelible*
3. *safe for sensitive lips*
4. *eliminates lipstick line*

For a thrilling new lip make-up experience try *Max Factor Hollywood* Tru-Color Lipstick...$1.00





Powder.. Created in color harmony shades, *Max Factor Hollywood* Powder imparts the look of youthful beauty..$1.00

Rouge.. The color harmony shades of *Max Factor Hollywood* Rouge give the right color accent for your type...50¢

Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD

★ *Mail for* POWDER, ROUGE and LIPSTICK *in Your* COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Book, "THE NEW ART OF MAKE-UP". FREE 24-5-58

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray check here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

(NOT GOOD IN CANADA)

THE VERVE OF THAT GIRL

(*Continued from page 37*)

an actress when I grow up." Vivien doesn't recall the incident. "I remember Maureen and I remember that production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," because it was my first play. It's very possible I did say such a thing. I was always thinking it."

No one at the convent encouraged her particularly. "I didn't need encouragement," she says. But something she did need, she decided at the age of fourteen, was more knowledge of foreign languages. Spending vacations in Switzerland and the South of France, she noticed that the French spoke more dramatically and more musically than the dignified British. She wanted the training of speaking French and persuaded her parents to transfer her to a French convent of the Sacred Heart in San Remo, Italy.

"I was there a year, spoke nothing but French and learned a lot, though I wasn't as happy as I had been at Roehampton. I minded the clothes, especially the extraordinary bathing suits we had to wear, with long sleeves and skirts reaching down to our knees."

Her next stop was Mlle. Manileve's School for Young Ladies in Paris, where the principal attraction (for Vivien) was Mlle. Antoine, an actress at the Comedie Francaise who taught dramatics. At fifteen, Vivien at last had the chance to study acting.

THE only trouble was that, at sixteen, she found herself a graduate of Mlle. Manileve's School for Young Ladies. She was too young to get into a regular dramatic school. Seventeen was the minimum age. She had to mark time, so she decided to pick up another language, while waiting. She enrolled in Baroness von Roeder's finishing school in Bavaria and learned German.

She meant to stay only six months. She stayed eighteen. "It was a new experience for me. It wasn't at all like school, as I had known it. We were allowed to feel grown up, taught to do womanly things, taught to enjoy the little things in life, as well as art in all its forms, given holidays in Vienna three times a year, and constant trips to Salzburg, two hours away. I began to live. It was a marvelous experience. I don't suppose anything will ever equal it."

This zest for living convinced her then, more than ever, that she could be a dramatic actress. She won her parents' permission to try to get into the Academy of Dramatic Arts in London. That involved a terrifying entrance test. "They give it to frighten away all but the determined," she says. She came through it highly commended.

Today she says, "I was very lucky. I've always been very lucky. I haven't had a bitter, discouraging struggle. My discouragements are all to come. When I was looking for my first job and didn't find it, I thought, 'This is dreadful.' But I wasn't down to my last meal or anything like that. It must be romantic to look back on a time when one went hungry, trying to make a dream come true. And it would make a beautiful story for the interviewers."

At the Academy of Dramatic Arts, she had fencing, dancing, voice projection and the usual things. She was very intense about all of them. Every term the students put on one Greek play, one French play (in which her ability to speak French like a native was no handicap), two Shakespearean plays and two modern plays.

She is positive that anyone with the serious ambition to act must study Shakespeare. "No other plays will ever demand more variety of vocal expression from you."

Very simply, she says, "While I was at the Academy, I married. And, after a three-week honeymoon, I went back to the Academy. My husband was always very kind and very interested in the theatre. He didn't object to my trying to do something in it. The proof of that is my stage name, 'Leigh.' I took his Christian name for my last name." His full name was Leigh Holman. His profession, law."

Vivien was a wife at nineteen and, at twenty, the mother of a little girl named Suzanne. But she still hadn't fulfilled her dream of the theatre. No one likes to give up a lifetime hope. Vivien was only human in not wanting to give up hers. Before she could be completely happy, she had to have a taste of the stage. Her husband realized this. Everyone who knew her realized it. And everyone understood.

So, when her baby was old enough to be entrusted to a nurse, Vivien set out anew. None of the London theatrical managers seemed interested. So she went around to the casting offices of the film studios just outside London. She landed two small roles. "I didn't take them very seriously. I never meant to be a movie actress." But the two small picture roles got her an agent who, in turn, got her a role in a London play, "The Green Sash." The critics noticed her. More important, a producer named Sydney Carroll noticed her and gave her one of the four parts in the play, "The Mask of Virtue," in which she made an unexpected hit.

"That was when I was really discovered," she says, amusedly, "despite what anyone has said since. It was the most exciting thing that has ever happened to me. It was also the most frightening thing. I was just starting out, and people were apt to expect more than I was qualified to deliver. I was afraid of the future then. I didn't have experience to give me confidence."

SHE had Hollywood offers then, but she turned them all down. She wasn't afraid of Hollywood. She simply wasn't interested. Hollywood had a habit of typing people, if it used them at all. "I had seen so many English girls come over and waste a whole year with nothing to do. I didn't want to take the chance of having that happen to me. Time is too short in the acting profession to waste any of it."

She did sign a contract with British producer Alexander Korda to do two pictures a year, which would still allow her six months on the stage. Several of the pictures she made were released here, but not widely. Americans didn't notice her in the supporting roles she played until she almost snatched Robert Taylor away from her old Roehampton schoolmate, Maureen O'Sullivan, in "A Yank at Oxford." Even then they didn't see her as star material.

Bob Taylor did. He came back from England, raving about "this girl, Vivien Leigh," and said it was too bad she

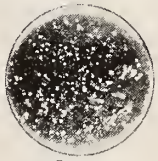
(*Continued on page 68*)



GOODBYE DANDRUFF

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Soap Shampoo

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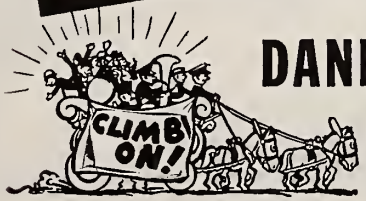
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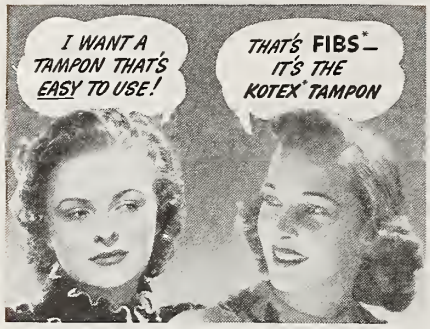
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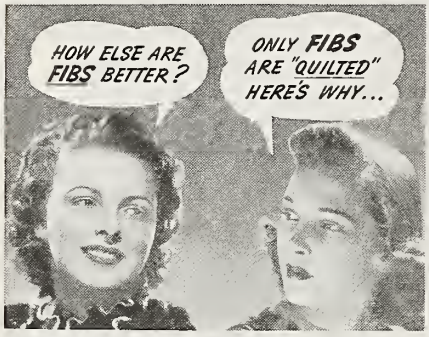


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wouldn't come to Hollywood. Charles Laughton also saw her possibilities and, two years ago, gave her that colorful role in "Sidewalks of London."

How did she happen, then, to come to Hollywood if she had a prejudice against the place? "I came over to see friends. I had no intention of working here. I was going to be here a week, then going back to do "A Midsummer Night's Dream" on the London stage. If it had been a new play I was going to do, rather than one I had already done two or three times (playing a different role each time), I would have gone back. I wouldn't have stayed to test for the part of Scarlett."

The story of how she won the role needs no repeating here. Neither does the story of the staggering amount of work demanded by the role, nor how, during the last month of shooting, she had to live on tonics to keep going. Enough has been said about Scarlett, as far as Vivien is concerned. "Right now, I'm busy trying to be as different from her as possible."

SHE looks different, certainly. In "Waterloo Bridge," in which she has Robert Taylor (with a brand-new moustache) as her co-star, she isn't wearing Civil War crinolines. She is wearing the styles of the World War era and sacrificing glamor to realism, even to the extent of encasing her shapely legs in black cotton hose. She talks with a crisp English accent, not a crisp Southern one. She doesn't look like a temperamental vixen, but like a war-worried girl very much in love.

Off the screen, she looks like an alert young modern—nearer seventeen than twenty-seven. She is small; no more than five feet three. She is slight; she can't weigh much more than a hundred pounds. She dresses simply, preferring sports frocks that either button all the way up or zip all the way down. She likes them better than slacks because they're easier to get into in a hurry. She's always in a hurry in the morning; she stays abed "till the last possible minute." You wouldn't expect someone like that to have such lively eyes. They're officially described as green, but when she wears blue, they look blue. Her hair, which she wears in a loose bob, is a natural dark brown.

She has a talent for naturalness, off the screen as well as on. This surprises people. They expect her to be deliberately provocative, a conceited charmer. She isn't. The other day a well-known press-agent, who has met them all, met Vivien for the first time. Afterward he said privately and appreciatively, "Now there's a girl who has all kinds of sex appeal, without throwing it at you."

To hear her tell it, she is "the world's worst" girl athlete. She swims like a rock and can't hit any kind of ball. She's better at party games, the question-and-answer sort of thing. She's wild about American football; a demon fan. She refused to go to the Rose Bowl game last New Year's Day, because her favorite team, UCLA, which she thought deserved to represent the West, didn't get the chance.

For a Briton she has a strange aversion—tea. She has no use for salads and she can't understand why people will eat pies. She thinks both British and American foods are too heavy. Her English cook has instructions to cook everything French style.

The thing that has impressed Vivien most in America? "People here work much harder than people anywhere else. And they're open-minded people; they're willing to change their viewpoints They're not hide-bound. I had a fine opportunity to find that out. People here hated me at first; now they are very pleasant and very kind."

She lives in a modest bungalow in Brentwood—a house much too small for her collection of books. She has thousands. She reads constantly. This doesn't mean that she doesn't like dancing. She does, but she can't stand night clubs. "I'm oppressed in them by the feeling of time being wasted."

As this is written, she isn't wasting her evenings. She is rehearsing "Romeo and Juliet" with Laurence Olivier and company, preparatory to their taking it to San Francisco, Chicago and New York. The project isn't some bright manager's idea. "It's something Mr. Olivier and I have wanted to do for quite some time."

Her sense of good taste won't let her tell how or when she and Leigh Holman drifted apart, or how or when she and Laurence Olivier drifted together. It is no secret that she and "Mr. Olivier" are deeply in love. They have no immediate wedding plans, however. "We can't make any wedding plans until August, when our absolute decrees will come through."

Vivien Leigh has no far-reaching future plans. She's going to live life as she finds it. "And," she says with a smile, "not be afraid of the future—unless something happens to keep me from acting. I don't ask to do bigger and better things. Only different things."



The theatre's loss was the movies' gain in Lee Bowman's case. Snagged by a talent scout who saw him in "Berkeley Square," this attractive young bachelor is being groomed for stardom.

THE MEN LORETTA HAS KISSED

(*Continued from page 31*)

work together. I've yet to do a love scene with someone I disliked. I don't think I could. Acting, after all, goes only so far.

"I don't enjoy the groping, grabbing kind of love scenes. I don't like to play rough. It's no fun being mauled. I prefer something a little more subtle and sensitive.

"Also, for my taste, the less I have to say and the more I can concentrate on expressions, the more effective a love scene is. I haven't used the words 'I love you' in a long time." She smiled. "I've been using my eyes instead."

She squashed out her cigarette, one-third smoked. She has never been known to finish a cigarette.

"The love scene I've most enjoyed doing in recent pictures was one in 'Alexander Graham Bell' in which the word 'love' was never mentioned. It was a proposal scene. They were riding in a buggy along a country road." (She didn't say "we." She said "they," impersonally.) "He was moody. He started talking about whether a man should keep on trying to make something of an idea, starving, losing out on the happiness other men had, or give up his idea, get a job and earn enough to support a wife. She told him, very simply, that the man should keep on with his idea, because the girl would wait for him. 'She would?' he shouted, surprised, exuberant. That was all. But there wasn't any doubt about how much they loved each other.

THAT'S an illustration of what I mean about suggestion being much more effective than the actual doing or saying of a thing.

"There was another love scene in 'Alexander Graham Bell' that I liked. She was deaf, you remember. That, in itself, made her sensitive. He led her out of the bright hall into a dark room at one side, to hold her in his arms, tell her he loved her. She said, 'It's so dark in here, and I do so want to hear you say it.' He said again, almost in a whisper, 'I love you.' Her fingers were against his lips, 'reading' them. The tenderness of that scene was a thrilling thing to me. More thrilling than any crushing clinch has ever been."

The assistant director was paging her. For a while, Loretta had to think about "The Doctor Takes a Wife," a comedy about a career girl who becomes famous for a book, entitled "Spinsters Ain't Spinach." Then, after she falls in love with Ray Milland, she has to write another book, "Marriage Ain't Measles."

When she returned to her dressing-room and lighted another cigarette, which she put out after two puffs, she said, "This is the first picture I've done at Columbia since 'A Man's Castle' with Spencer Tracy. That had some of the most beautiful scenes I've ever had to do. Never once did they say they were in love. They were inarticulate people. But their eyes told, every time they looked at each other.

"I love delicate love scenes. There was one in 'Second Honeymoon,' on a dock. They sat there, reminiscing about their elopement. The audience hadn't seen that elopement. The audience had to imagine how they had looked and what they had been like. The tone of



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their voices, more than their actual words, told the story.

"Then there was a scene in 'Private Number' with Robert Taylor. He sat on the ground, and she was in a hammock beside him. They talked about very casual things, but from the tone of their voices you sensed their longing for each other.

"What made each of those scenes memorable to me was a good situation, dramatic, sensitive and in good taste."

Even if you give Loretta the benefit of the doubt and take her word for it that a love scene is strictly business, still it's hard to believe that some of her co-stars haven't been a bit on the memorable side, too.

She laughed at the suggestion. "Clark Gable was memorable, all right. He wore a beard throughout the picture. Imagine getting Clark for a screen lover, and then having a script writer put whiskers on him! There ought to be a law. I had fun in that picture, however, largely because of Clark. He puts anyone at ease. He's genial, friendly, has no small qualities. He has a sense of humor, which always helps. Jack Oakie was also in the picture. Between the two of them, there were laugh riots.

"Ronald Colman is the most courteous man I've ever played with—the most genuinely thoughtful of a mere leading lady. Other actors may let a girl precede them off a set or find her a chair between scenes, if they think of it, but Ronnie never forgets. There is nothing personal in his attentiveness; it is simply good breeding, which is both very rare and very charming. It may not be exactly conducive to chumminess, but it makes working with him an experience to remember.

"I worked with Bob Taylor just after the big furore about him got under way, and he was being hailed as the new Great Lover. I don't know what I expected him to be like, but I found him a surprisingly normal person, neither fussed nor conceited. He was simply doing his work and letting matters take their own course. It's always easy to get along with anyone like that.

"Tyrone Power has much the same attitude. This goes a long way toward explaining how we have been able to make five pictures together. Ty is one of the most easy-going people I know. He has more poise than any other two men put together. I played with him in his first picture, 'Ladies in Love,' and even then he was like that.

"Working with Spencer Tracy is a great experience, because he is a great actor. You never have a feeling, with him, that a scene is artificial; he is so perfectly natural, himself, in any situation. Nothing throws him.

"I worked with Don Ameche in his second picture, 'Ramona,' and then again in 'Alexander Graham Bell.' He learned a great deal in the meantime. He wasn't so intense. Radio actors are trained to put everything they have into their voices, and Don was still doing that in 'Ramona.' Now he has calmed down and relaxed. Working with him is as much of a pleasure as being with him.

I'VE played with Charles Boyer twice. The first time was really the memorable one. It was 'Caravan,' which was his first picture in this country, and which both of us mention nowadays in ghastly whispers. Charles' caressive voice was having considerable difficulty with English, and his embarrassment was further aggravated by the silliest looking curly wig that you can imagine.

"David Niven, I'm afraid, is still a little fussed about love scenes. They're still so new to him that he hasn't got around to realizing that they're just part of work. Of course, he knows me so well that he could confess to me how 'frightfully embarrassed' they made him. 'If you can't say "I love you,"' I told him, 'just mumble it.' He thinks if he mumbles it long enough, he may eventually be able to shout it.

"No, it doesn't make me nervous to have the leading man go nervous. The only thing that bothers me is when an actor doesn't register any reaction to my lines, except the ones that gives him his cues to talk. Making a love scene with someone like that is agony.

"Oh, yes," Loretta said, with a provocative smile, "there's one other thing: The legend that I have to fall in love to make a love scene. It 'tain't so."



Gloria Jean, the cunning singing starlet, shows you part of her huge collection of dolls. To prove she hasn't a whit of professional jealousy, she has two Deanna Durbins, one of which she's holding. The most expensive member of the family cost $20; the cheapest, a mere fifty cents. She treasures most a replica of Basil Rathbone, her favorite star.

LAMOUR'S IN LOVE

(Continued from page 41)

There was no service station around, and Pres didn't know how to change it. So he got under the car, and I stood there tugging, with my hands and face and dress all covered with grease. Both of us were laughing our heads off. When he finally crawled out and took a look at me, he yelled, 'Oh, for a photographer to shoot the glamour girl now!' I'd have said, 'Shoot and be darned!' I had more fun that afternoon than I'd had in years."

Since meeting Pres, she's gone out with nobody else, "except Rocky." Rocky is Wynn Rocamora, her manager and friend. "Sometimes we make a three-some of it, and sometimes I'll go out with Rocky when Pres is busy. But mostly it's just Pres and me.

"There's no marriage in the offing, though, if that's what you're thinking. Pres has his career, which I have more faith in than I have in my own. I think he's a very fine actor. I want to be, but wanting to be and really being are two different things. I'm just the best friend he has or ever will have." The shout of laughter that greeted this seemed to surprise her. "I mean it," she said, nodding with the vigor of an earnest child. "And he's mine." She fell silent for a moment while a little smile touched her lips. "He never calls me Dorothy. It's always Pete. No reason. Just calls me Pete. I think it's cute, don't you?" We did.

EVERYTHING'S fun since Pres entered the picture. Buying clothes, for instance. They were asked to a party at Hal Roach's one night. Pres was going to pick her up at seven-thirty—white tie and tails. She ought to have a new dress to do him and the party justice but, up at six and working all day, when could she possibly shop?

She had forty-five minutes that afternoon for a hair change, and one second for an inspiration. While the hairdresser worked on her, she phoned to Saks. She'd seen a dress she liked in their window. Would they send it over? It arrived in ten minutes flat. Dotty sneaked enough studio time to try it on, and the wardrobe woman did what fitting was necessary. When Pres appeared, he found a lady radiant in red.

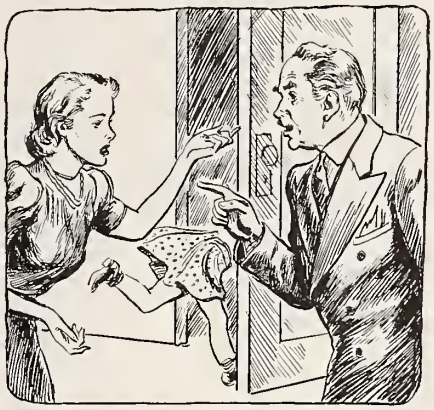
She'd never worn red before. Wisely, she doesn't go in for vivid colors, except in accessories. Wisely because, though she doesn't say so, her face gives her all the vividness she needs. She sticks mostly to blue and black and white, always black for street wear, with various accessory changes. Because she's so busy in Hollywood and because Jay-Thorpe in New York has the kind of clothes she likes, she does most of her buying in the East. She'll wire them ahead, so that they can prepare sketches and designs for her. With definite ideas about what she can and can't wear, she goes over the sketches with the designer, approving, suggesting and changing. "I love full fluffy things," she sighed, "on Madeleine Carroll, but I know they'd look awful on me. The most I can sport in ruffles is something like this." "Something like this" was the slightly flared skirt of the black tailored frock she was wearing, fitted to below the hips. Its smart lines and a small silver clip at the throat were its sole adornment.

Pres helped her to decide between having her tonsils out and playing opposite handsome Tyrone Power in "Johnny

"This child will HATE you some day, Mary!"



1. MARY: Oh, uncle...you're always imagining things.
UNCLE: I don't need much imagination to know when a child looks plumb scared to death.



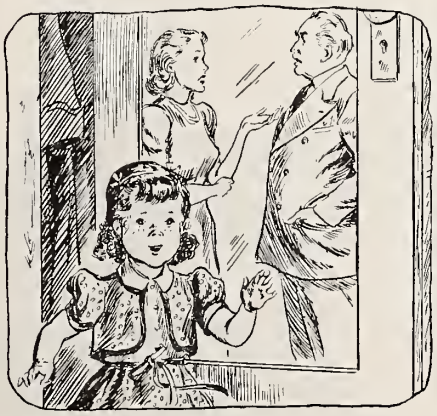
2. MARY: She's just acting. But she can't fool *me!* I'll *make* her take it!
UNCLE: You don't mean to say you're going to use force! Why, that's as old-fashioned as goose grease!



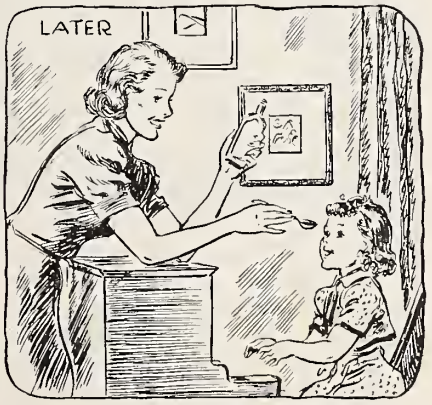
3. MARY: I don't want to argue any longer! She *needs* a laxative and she's going to take it whether she likes the taste or not.
UNCLE: Using force won't do a mite of good. Fact is, it can throw a youngster's nervous system clean out of kilter.



4. MARY: Who said so?
UNCLE: The doctor I play golf with. I told him about your laxative battles. He said a child should get a nice-tastin' laxative. but *not* one made for grown-ups. So he suggested Fletcher's Castoria.



5. MARY: Fletcher's Castoria! I thought that was only an infant's laxative . . .
UNCLE: Doc says Fletcher's Castoria is made for *all* children up to 11. It's SAFE. It has no harsh drugs, it doesn't gripe. You can't find a better-working laxative!



6. LATER. ***Mother giving child Fletcher's Castoria.***
HELEN: Oooooh, Mommy, I LOVE this!
MOTHER: It's Fletcher's Castoria, just like Uncle Joe suggested. You won't be scared of Mommy any more, will you?

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Dad saves the Day for Junior!



MOTHER: How I dread giving Junior this laxative! He raises such a fuss!

FATHER: You can't blame the kid. I wouldn't want to take it myself!



MOTHER: Well, what else can I give him? You know he needs a laxative.

FATHER: What about Ex-Lax? It tastes like chocolate and works fine!



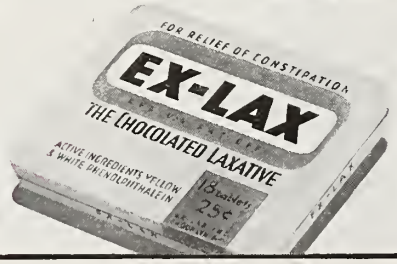
LATER

MOTHER: S-a-ay! Ex-Lax did wonders for Junior! And he took it without even a whimper.

FATHER: That's what I like about Ex-Lax! It not only tastes good — it's good *for* you!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



Apollo." They had just finished "Typhoon." Dotty had been battling bad tonsils for six years—first, because she couldn't afford to have them out, later because she hadn't time. Now, with a few weeks off, the time had come. But Twentieth Century-Fox intervened with an offer. Would she play opposite Tyrone Power in "Johnny Apollo?" Paramount left the decision to her. They've never been eager to lend her to other studios. She and Pres read the script together. "Oh, Pres," she cried when they'd finished, "it's the kind of really dramatic part I've always wanted to play."

"Then play it, Pete, or else you'll always wonder what would have happened if you had. You've had the tonsils six years. They'll keep for another six weeks. Besides, it won't hurt you to be in a picture with Ty Power."

So she played the gangster's moll with a heart of gold and had a very good time doing it. "But I wish you'd say this," she insisted, "and you can't say it too strongly to suit me. There's been so much talk about my hating sarong parts. It isn't true. If it weren't for sarongs, I wouldn't be here today. The studio's boss and the studio knows what makes money. Highbrows and big-brains may not like them, but the kids eat 'em up, so I'm grateful to the kids. Much as I'd like to play dramatic parts, as long as these other pictures make money, I don't care if I wear a sarong the rest of my life." Which should put the quietus on that. To those interested: She wears a sarong in "Typhoon," and Pres, as an ex-navy officer, loves her in it.

She still has her tonsils. She hopes they'll be out by the time this story is out. Almost immediately after her picture was finished, she started on a personal appearance tour. Business took Pres East at about the same time. "Not that he wasn't pleased to have it happen that way. Me, too," she says with delectable candor.

What made the trip really exciting was a bid to the President's Birthday Ball. Before she left Hollywood, the studio phoned her. "We have an invitation for you."

"Invitation to what?"

"Never mind, we'll send it over."

"Why couldn't they tell me?" she wondered. "Oh, well, I suppose it's just one of those things—"

Why they couldn't tell her was to spare the wires. They knew their Dotty would go wild and, by her own admission, Dotty did and continued in that state across the continent. Even Pres couldn't soothe her. "If I'd been asked who in all the world I wanted most to see, I'd have said President Roosevelt. At the same time, I was so nervous I couldn't stand it. I've got a terrific inferiority complex, which I've tried to camouflage since I've been in the movies. But it was certainly working overtime on that trip. Who was I, anyway, to meet the President of the United States!"

The Hollywood guests, among others, were asked to luncheon at the White House. As Dorothy walked in, knees knocking, she murmured, "Watch me fall on my face"—a feat she would have achieved except for her companion's prompt action in seizing her arm. They were introduced to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. From Dotty's dry lips came a mumbled, "How do you do?" She heard the guest behind her chirp, "Happy birthday, Mr. President," and writhed at her own ineptness. But it was after stealing a glance at the place card she'd been handed that she almost fainted. She was to sit at the President's left.

The first few moments were exquisite anguish. But when Mr. Roosevelt turned and smiled at her, she managed to assemble a few of her scattered wits.

"I hope you'll forgive me, Mr. President," she stammered. "I forgot to wish you many happy returns, but I'm so nervous—"

He broke into one of his broad grins and told her to forget it. He asked her about her latest pictures and said they'd have to get prints for the White House. Then he proceeded to tell her the story of the Baroness Eloise de Wagner Wehrborn, who had lived on one of the Galapagos Islands, and of her strange disappearance and her supposed murder. He suggested that—with a happy ending, of course—it might provide the theme for a good Lamour picture. Before he turned to his neighbor on the right, he had put Dotty so thoroughly at ease that she felt she could cheerfully talk to him forever. Before his broadcast that night, he bent a solemn gaze on Dorothy and some of the other movie folk down front. "Now watch," he said, "and get a few tips on how to use a mike."

As for Mrs. Roosevelt, Dotty went into ecstasies. "You don't feel scared with her for even a minute. She's so simple and cordial. She showed us through her house just as any woman would, just as I might show you through mine. They're just



Their much publicized rift o thing of the post, Moestro Hordy obligingly beots it out for virtuoso Lourel in o screwy scene from "Two's Compony."

two grand American people, and I'd like to hear anyone tell me different."

From Washington she went to Chicago for her initial week of personal appearances. It was while she was running an elevator at Marshall Fields' that she got her first audition and her first job as a singer. So whenever she gets back, it's old home week at the store.

Her ex-boss, Douglas Singleterry, used to give her time off for auditions and forget to dock her. What's more, he'd send one of the other girls along—Mary Utsinger, as a rule—to see that no one put anything over on Dotty. Mary's married now, with a baby due before long, and Dotty handles her like something rare in eggshells. The news photographers wanted a picture of Miss Lamour running an elevator as of old. The hitch was that these elevators were new and run by a different system. Dotty was willing to take a chance, till Mary stepped into the cage beside her. Then her eyes flashed fire. "Get out, Mary, you get right out of here. You're going to have a baby, and suppose I dropped you." It was then that a dozen cameras clicked in glee.

Dorothy had promised the elevator girls a clock for their locker room at Christmas. But when Christmas came she'd had only enough time to dash out and buy gifts for her mother, Pres and Rocky. Mrs. Lamour had done the rest. (Incidentally, she bought Pres a wrist watch, and he gave her a beautiful French evening bag, white brocade, with a little baguette clasp.) So she bought the clock when she reached Chicago and presented it then to her ex-fellow workers.

THAT night a delegation of the girls came to her dressing-room with a florist's box. It held one perfect orchid and brought on a flood of tears from Dorothy.

"Oh, Rocky," she wailed after the others had left, "they make $14 a week! I know what it means, because I used to have crooked heels on my shoes and couldn't afford a quarter to have them fixed—"

"Is that why you're blubbering now?" asked the mystified Rocky.

"Well, if I'd chipped in for an orchid in those days, I'd have had to go without my lunch and I'll bet that's what some of them did. Where's your handkerchief?"

She wore the flower out front that night, because the girls were in the audience as her guests. Then she pressed it between the pages of a book. Sentimental, these glamour queens.

She wants to sell the Georgian Colonial house she built when she was married. Her ideas on houses, as on many things, have changed. It's much too formal for her now. What she'd like is a little ranch-house with lots of chintz.

Meantime she lives there with her mother and stepfather, with Peanuts and Popcorn and Queenie. Peanuts and Popcorn are Scotties. The former was sent her by a fan. He arrived one day in a box tied with blue ribbons and was just as terrified as if he hadn't been fixed up so fancy. Dotty gathered him into her arms and murmured comfortingly: "Why, you're no bigger than a peanut." So Peanuts he became, and Popcorn was acquired as a playmate. Queenie's father was an airedale; her mother, a German boxer belonging to Frank Freeman, boss of Paramount. The union produced a blonde and a brunette pup, so he dubbed the one Madeleine Carroll, the other Dorothy Lamour, and gave each to her namesake.

As we got up to go, the phone rang. Dotty's head turned quickly. "Is it Pres?" It was, so we hastened our exit. After all, we'd come to interview Dorothy. And the happy girl who ran to pick up the phone was plainly Pete Lamour.



"Great Caesar's ghost! What's the matter, Tortoise, old man? Where's the old pep—the old ginger—the old up-and-at-'em spirit? Are you the fellow that beats rabbits in foot races? Doesn't seem possible!"



"Oh, you aren't feeling up to scratch, eh?. . .Well, sir—I see why. You've got quite a case of shell-chafe—haven't you? Wrists and ankles, too? Say, that's tough. MOTHER! Where's the Johnson's Baby Powder?"



"Here it comes! When that soothing-soft powder starts gliding into your creases, you can tell chafes and prickly heat to go climb a tree. Your neck will feel so slick, you'll be pulling it in and out just for fun!"



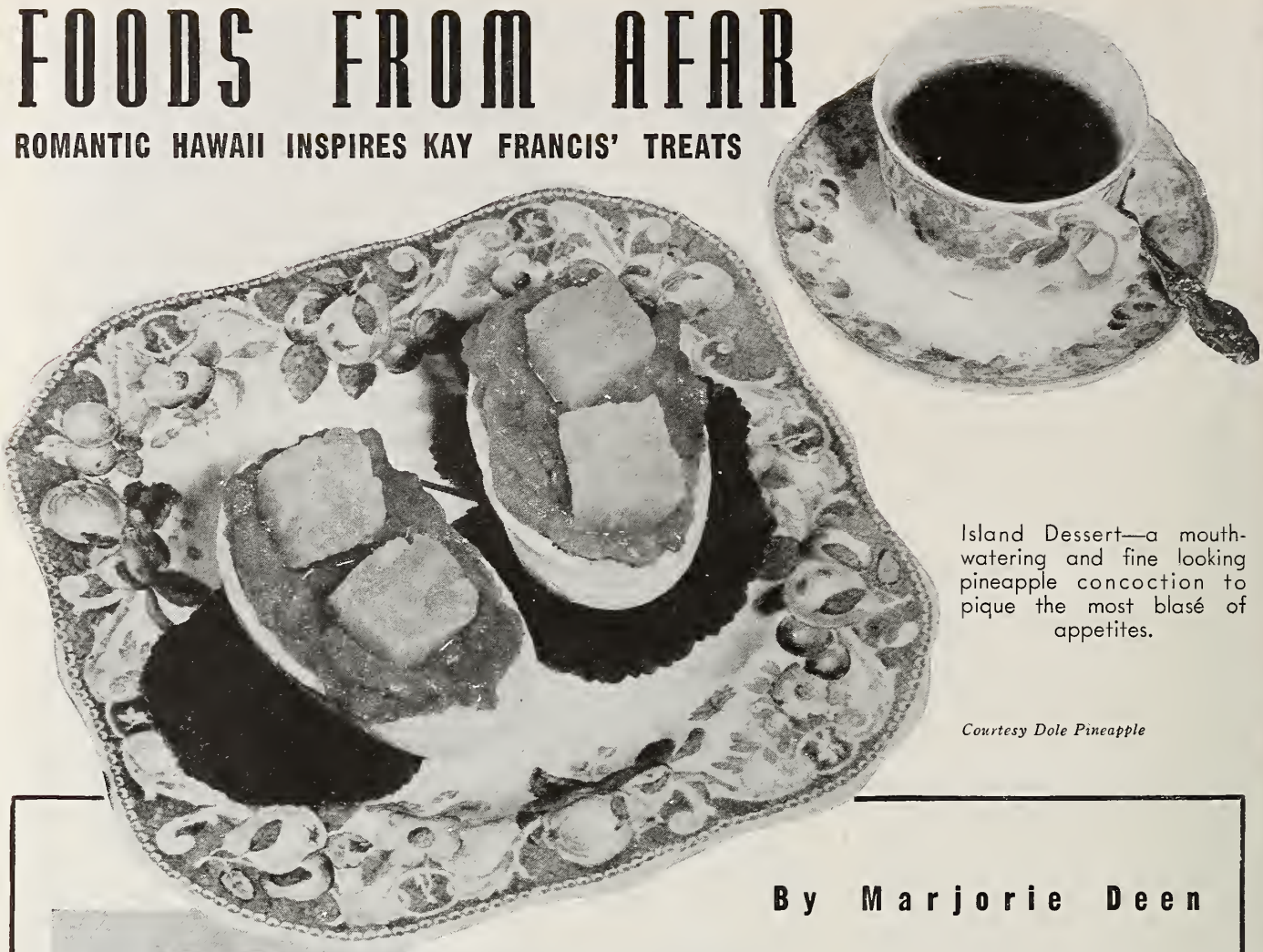
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FOODS FROM AFAR

ROMANTIC HAWAII INSPIRES KAY FRANCIS' TREATS



Island Dessert—a mouth-watering and fine looking pineapple concoction to pique the most blasé of appetites.

Courtesy Dole Pineapple

By Marjorie Deen



Kay Francis, Deanna Durbin's very charming mother in "It's a Date," goes native with a vengeance for some Hawaiian sequences—even to the *lei* and *poi!*

HAWAII, LOVELY land of romance, provides an intriguing background for many scenes in Deanna Durbin's newest starring picture, "It's a Date." In this film, you know, the part of the young star's actress mother is played by Kay Francis—certainly as glamorous a parent as one could imagine! Thanks to this combination of interesting locale and imaginative casting, your cooking editor is now supplied with some unusual recipes of Hawaiian inspiration.

These food ideas are certain to have particular appeal for those of you who occasionally yearn for "something just a wee bit different" to serve to your family and friends. So here they are, as suggested by Miss Francis herself after a day spent eating *poi*.

Poi, as you probably have no reason for knowing, is a native Hawaiian dish made from the taro root. It has its ardent devotees, but hereafter Kay is not likely to be among them. In the interests of motion picture accuracy, a supply of genuine *poi* (which cannot be secured on the mainland) was flown by clipper from the Moana Hotel in Honolulu to California for the Hawaiian scenes in the picture. But, after a day spent in eating it before the cameras, Kay vows never to touch it again. However, she does recommend another dish that, although Hawaiian in type and unusual in flavor, is more to our taste. Furthermore, it is made of foods that can be procured at local markets from coast to coast.

This tasty chicken dish was adapted from more typical native dishes by an Island chef. The recipe, secured by Kay, follows shortly. Her claims that it turns out to be similar, but also superior, to many chicken dishes of Chinese origin are no exaggeration. Both dumplings and vegetables, you will notice, are a part of this dish; while the whitest and fluffiest of cooked rice grains should accompany it. The only other thing you need serve with it is a salad of mixed greens.

Dedicated to the role of the young "pineapple king," played by Walter Pidgeon in this same picture, is the fruity treat that, according to Kay Francis, should by rights follow this substantial main course. Called, appropriately enough, Island Dessert, it is pictured for you here in all its glory, although it would take a color photograph to do full justice to the creamy tone of the meringue shells in contrast to the rose of the Lanai Sherbet and the gold of the small pineapple gems which garnish it. The sherbet itself is also delicately flavored with pineapple. The growing of pineapples is the second largest industry in Hawaii, besides being the one most frequently associated with the isles' culinary treats.

It's *Aloha*, then, but not before reminding you that Kay's suggestions follow in recipe form.

HAWAIIAN CHICKEN DISH

1 (4½ pound) chicken for fricasseeing
1 slice onion
1 cup diced celery
1 thin slice lemon peel
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
a dash of nutmeg
1½ cups boiling water
2 cups cold water
6 thin slices broiled ham
12 canned pineapple gems, well drained
12 canned artichoke hearts, or hearts of palm (optional)
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
6 chicken-liver dumplings (described below)

Have a 4½ pound chicken cut for fricasseeing. Wipe each piece carefully with a damp cloth. Place chicken pieces—with the exception of wing tips and neck—in stewing kettle. Add onion, celery, lemon peel, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Add the boiling water, cover tightly, bring to a boil, then continue cooking at simmering heat. Meanwhile place wing tips, neck and chicken liver in saucepan. Add 2 cups cold water. Simmer gently until tender. Strain off and add this liquor to the chicken in stewing kettle. Chop the liver, also the meat removed from the neck. Reserve this mixture to use in making dumplings as described further along. When the chicken in kettle is tender, take out the pieces, remove bones and skin, leaving meat in as large pieces as possible. Strain the broth, discarding the onion and lemon peel but reserving the celery. Place slices of broiled ham in large casserole. Top with chicken meat. Add celery and pineapple. (Also add hearts of artichoke or hearts of palm, if desired. These are not strictly necessary for the success of this dish but they *do* add a certain note of distinction, according to Miss Francis.) Skim fat from chicken broth and measure 2½ cups, to be used in making sauce. (If there is too little chicken liquor add water or, if there is too much, boil it down to make required amount.) Melt butter, stir in flour, add chicken liquor. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Pour over contents of casserole. Add Liver Dumplings, cover tightly and bake, without removing cover, in hot oven (425° F.) for 20 minutes, to cook dumplings. Just before serving, sprinkle with grated coconut (fresh or moist-packed) which has been spread on a baking sheet and placed in oven until toasted to a golden brown. Serve in casserole. Pass Fluffy Boiled Rice separately. Serves 6.

LIVER DUMPLINGS

1 cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons baking powder
a pinch of sage
chopped chicken liver mixture (see above recipe)
1 egg
⅓ cup milk, approximately

Sift flour, measure. Add salt and baking powder and sift again. Add the sage and chicken liver. Break egg into measuring cup, add enough milk to make ½ cup liquid in all. Beat slightly, add to flour mixture to make stiff dough. Drop by teaspoons on top of Hawaiian Chicken Dish, cover and cook as described above.

FLUFFY RICE

Bring 8 cups (2 quarts) of water to a boil in deep saucepan. While the water is heating, wash 1 cup rice in several waters to remove loose starch. Drain. When the water in saucepan is boiling violently, add 1 tablespoon salt. If the

How I turned my ostrich into a peacock!



Granny gave a party one day and I noticed my little Betty hiding like an ostrich—as if she were ashamed to be seen. Later, the poor kid told me that some of the youngsters had been joking about tattle-tale gray—they said her dress had it bad.



I was so upset, I wept. And Granny was furious. "Why wash with lazy soaps that leave dirt stuck in the clothes?" she stormed. "To get clothes really clean, just use Fels-Naptha—bar or chips!"



Well, I practically flew to the grocer's after Granny told me to switch to Fels-Naptha Soap. And tattle-tale gray dropped right out of my life! My washes are a dream since I put Fels-Naptha's richer, *golden* soap and *gentle, dirt-loosening naptha* on the job! Every towel and sheet so breezy-sweet and bright! Every dress so snowy-white, it's no wonder *my* little girl is the *proudest* little girl in town!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap—*BAR or CHIPS*



"Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs. See how it makes the greasiest, grimiest dirt let go—without hard rubbing. See if you don't find it the grandest bar soap you've ever tried!"





"And if you use a washer . . . try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. The only chips holding richer *golden* soap and *naptha!* They move dirt faster because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And my, what rich, creamy suds you get—they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder."



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Check Shade of Powder Desired:

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water you use for cooking is "hard" water, also add 1 teaspoon lemon juice, or 1 tablespoon vinegar, or ½ teaspoon cream of tartar to make sure that the rice, when cooked, will have the desired "snowy" whiteness. Add the rice to the boiling water so slowly that boiling never ceases. Shake the pan occasionally and lift the rice with a fork, if necessary, to keep it from sticking to the bottom of the pan, but do not stir it with a spoon at any time. Boil rice until tender. (This will take from 12-25 minutes. Rice is cooked when a grain pressed between thumb and finger is completely soft—but not mushy.) Turn cooked rice into a colander, run a little hot water over it, drain. Cover rice with a cloth and place colander over a pan of hot water, or in the oven, for a couple of minutes to dry out the rice while keeping it piping hot.

ISLAND DESSERT

To serve Island Dessert, as pictured: Place 2 Meringues Glacées shells for each person on individual serving plates. Fill hollows in shells with Lanai Sherbet. Top each with 2 well drained pineapple gems. Serve immediately. If you do not wish to make the Meringues Glacées and cannot purchase them, you can make a delicious and almost equally "dressy" dessert by placing several gems in each sherbet cup and topping them with servings of the Sherbet. A sprig of mint adds an attractive note of color. "Gems" are spoon-sized pieces of pineapple convenient for use as garnishes and for countless other purposes.

LANAI SHERBERT

1 (14 oz.) can pineapple gems
½ cup pineapple liquor, drained from gems
2 cups fresh strawberries or raspberries
1 tablespoon lemon juice
⅔ cup sugar
½ cup boiling water
1 teaspoon granulated gelatin
½ cup cold water
1 egg white, beaten

Drain juice from canned pineapple gems. Reserve the fruit to use as a garnish, as described later on. Measure and reserve ½ cup of the pineapple liquor. Wash, cap and crush the berries. Add lemon juice and ⅓ cup of the sugar and allow to stand for 1 hour to draw out juices. Strain berries through fine sieve, mashing them gently so as to get as much of their juice as possible, yet without getting much of the pulp. Measure resulting berry juice and add enough water to make 1 cup. Combine remaining ⅓ cup sugar with the boiling water, boil together 5 minutes. Add gelatin which has softened 5 minutes in the half cup of cold water. Stir until gelatin has dissolved. Cool, add measured berry and pineapple juices. Freeze to a mush in tray of automatic refrigerator. Remove from tray to a chilled bowl, beat thoroughly with rotary beater, then fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Return to freezing tray, turn cold control to rapid freezing point and freeze, stirring once when half frozen. Leave cold control at a point slightly colder than you usually have it, to store sherbet until serving time.

MERINGUES GLACÉES

½ cup egg whites (4 or 5 eggs)
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon almond extract

Add salt to measured egg whites. Beat whites until very stiff, using an egg whisk, not a rotary beater. Beat in half of the sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time. Mix baking powder with the remaining half cup of sugar and fold gently into egg white mixture. Add flavoring. Rinse a cookie pan with cold water; then cover moist pan with unglazed brown paper. Shape meringue mixture on this paper lined pan in oblong mounds—2 inches apart. Place pan in unlighted oven; then light oven and regulate or set oven control for very low heat (250° F.). Bake for 30 minute at this temperature; then raise temperature slightly (to 300° F.) and continue baking meringue approximately 30 minutes longer, or until they are dry and a golden tan in color. When baked, remove from pan immediately. If meringues stick to the paper, simply place the paper on a moist surface and meringues will then lift right off. With a spoon scoop out centers from the *underside* of meringues, leaving boat-shaped shells. Return these to unlighted (but still warm) oven to dry out.



Believe it or not, the lovely Hungarian star, Ilona Massey, was once told she might develop into a dancer, but that she'd never learn to sing. She was sent to Palm Springs for a rest after "Balalaika," but the minute the studio's back was turned, we caught her capering like a two-year-old in a modern version of her native peasant dress.

WE KNOW TRACY

(Continued from page 29)

Tracy is not the movie star but just Daddy, who tells the funniest stories.

Sometimes, Louise Tracy told me, Spencer is indulgent with the children, saying, "Oh, why not let them do this or that, it won't hurt them." Then the next time he's strict with them about something really inconsequential. Like all fathers, everywhere, we decided. On the whole, they have a lot of fun with him. He tells them fantastic tales, kids with them a lot and takes a real interest in their interests. Johnny, now thirteen, gets out a weekly newspaper on his own. It was Spencer's suggestion that he send his secretary out to Johnny every Saturday to help "get the edition out." Spencer rides with both children, and swims and plays tennis with Johnny.

We talked about Spencer's insomnia—how he seldom sleeps more than three hours a night, never more than five hours. When he gets his five hours it's practically a matter for a flag-raising. I learned that he will not eat anything with cream sauce over it, nor any gravies, nor "left-overs," nor anything he can't identify. All these things seemed much more important than a discussion of his characterization of "Edison, The Man."

I LEARNED that Spence is deeply appreciative of things done for him, great and small. "Whenever we buy anything new for him," said his wife, "he always notices it instantly and makes a fuss about it. I recently bought him a stand for the encyclopedia in his room, and he was especially pleased with that. When Clark Gable gave him a camel's-hair robe for Christmas he was like a child about it. He went around wearing it and saying, 'I bet he had this made especially for me.'

"He's thoughtful, too. He never forgets our birthdays. Recently he's even shopped himself for my birthdays. On my last he gave me a lovely ring which he designed himself and had made with two horseshoes, one of diamonds, the other of rubies. He never lets us forget *his* birthday, either," laughed his wife. "For weeks ahead he'll go around saying, 'What you going to buy me, huh?' He makes a great to-do about Christmas and holidays, too. We always have a big tree and all the fixings. Not that Spencer would raise a hand to put an ornament on the tree himself, but he is wonderful at directing!

"He doesn't like parties, you know. We never have more than eight or ten people here at one time. He hates parlor games. He won't play bridge and he hates to go to night clubs, except once in a great while when he'll go and sit and listen to the music. He won't dance, of course.

"As for clothes," sighed Mrs. T., "well,

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just any old coat and any old pair of trousers are all right for Spencer—whether they have any reason for being worn together or not. He does like ties and shirts. But, as he always buys plain colors, I never know whether he has a new tie on or not. Yes, he does notice my clothes. Rather oddly, he's a very noticing man about women's clothes. He likes plain things, sports dresses and sports hats. I never buy a hat," laughed Louise Tracy, "that I don't buy it with the reservation that I may send it back, if he doesn't like it. Men are like that, most of them, I think. Anyway, that's how Spencer is."

Margaret, the wardrobe girl, was my next tattle-tale on Spencer.

"Well," Margaret told me the day I waylaid her on the M-G-M lot, "he's got a big heart, that feller. He sure loves those kids of his. That's one of the things I like best about him. I'll tell you another thing, one special thing I've noticed about him—he never says anything out of line. You know how some of them are, how they give a girl the eye, say 'Mmmm, nice dress,' or something. But not Spencer. And when he says things about people, he always says something nice. That's the truth.

HE hurts very easily, too," said Margaret. "He's awful sensitive, you can tell. One day I came on the set and I was kidding and I said, 'Well, I saw "Intermezzo" last night and now I have a new favorite, Leslie Howard.' All day Spencer kept saying, 'You don't like me any more, huh? You like Leslie Howard. Well, you're in the doghouse.' Of course he was kidding me, but at the same time, he wasn't kidding.

"There's another thing about him. Most actors have to get into the mood and all this and that before they go into a scene. But not Spencer. He can be laughing and horsing around and the director will call, 'Okay, Spencer,' and he'll go right into the most terrific scene and just tear your heart right out of you. He's a lot of fun, too. He kids people all the time, but himself most of all. Like he'll sit in front of the mirror once in a while and he'll say, 'Gee, ain't I good-looking? Ain't I handsome? I bet Gable wishes he had what I have!' Well, he's not handsome," said Margaret, summing up, "but I tell you what it is, he's so awfully masculine. He has so much in his eyes."

"Like a child—that's how I see him," Mabel, Spencer's waitress in the commissary, told me. Mabel takes care of the directors' and writers' table where only three actors, Spencer, Gable and Bob Taylor, are permitted to sit. "He's like a little boy. He wants to get thin and yet he eats pounds of butter. He loves desserts. Pineapple sundae is his favorite, and he always has to have three dippers of ice cream. He nearly always starts off with soup. He loves fried egg sandwiches and canned salmon. He usually ends up with hot tea, pots and pots of it.

"He likes to sit a long time over his lunch, talking. He's a great one to talk. They talk about pictures mostly, pictures, the horses and the war. He's never in a hurry about anything, and so I've never seen him impatient or cross. If you are asking me what *I* think of him," concluded Mabel, "I think he's cute, just as cute as a bug's ear!"

"I see him as a helper of people," said Spencer's studio secretary, Peggy. She takes care of his fan mail, acts as studio hostess to his studio guests and does some shopping for him now and then. Peggy told me. "I don't mean so much the way he helps people personally; he wouldn't allow me to talk about that. But I know from his fan mail, for so much of it is from people who tell him how the characters he plays help them overcome problems in their own lives. It comes from children so young they print their letters to very, very elderly people. None of them are silly letters. They read more like letters to a friend. I believe that's the way people see him," said Peggy, gravely, "as their friend.

"Woody" Van Dyke, who pulled "I Take This Woman" off the shelf, gave me the wink when I came "psstting" to him about Spencer. "He's a crab," he told me, happily. "He crabs from the minute he gets on the set till he goes off. What about? About everything. The direction stinks; the dialogue is lousy; the cameras are in his way! He doesn't mean a word of it, of course. He's got the grandest sense of humor. Hear about the wire he sent Gable when Gable went to the 'Gone With the Wind' premiere at Atlanta? 'Remember Parnell?' it said, that was all—just 'Remember Parnell?' Few weeks ago, just before we previewed 'I Take This Woman,' he bet me a hundred dollars that it would still be a bad picture. I took the bet. The day after the preview, he came in and, without a word, handed me his check for one hundred dollars. On it he'd written, 'For what I don't know about pictures!'

"He never takes himself seriously," said Van. "There he'll sit, crabbing away, and then he'll go into a scene and, boy, you don't have to rehearse him forever! If the director wants to switch a scene around, he'll help switch it. Anything's all right with him. The only trouble you have with him is that you have to tell him to brush himself off. Every time anyone comes near him with a comb and brush and mirror, you'd think they were going to kill him!

"I always think," chuckled Van, "of the smart guy up in San Francisco, a man high in the business, who gave me ten different reasons why Tracy would never make good in pictures. He said Spencer had no sex appeal, that he could only play typed parts and would never make a hero or a lover."

"Well," I asked, "what's your answer? Why has he sex appeal?"

"He's rugged," said Van. "He's masculine, every inch of him." (Ha, there, Hedy!) "He's rough and tough; he's a man. Can't add anything to that."

ON my way out of the studio I stopped by the set of "Edison, The Man." Clarence Brown came over to greet me. He told me that this was the first time he'd ever directed Spencer.

"How goes it?" I asked.

"He's like an old shoe," said Clarence, appreciatively. "He fits into the part; he fits into the direction. It's all as smooth and explicit as though we'd been working together for many years. The art is called trouping," he added with a smile.

At the gate, as I was leaving the studio, my car paused and I said to the gateman, who sees them all come in and go out, "Spencer Tracy?" The gateman smiled and told me that Tracy was a man after his own heart, a man who's always going places in his imagination—today it's a cove with a sandy beach he's after; then tomorrow it's South America he's off to. He collects travel folders, Tracy does."

So this is Tracy, the Man, through the eyes of those who live with him and those who work with him. Who should know the real Spence better than they!

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 14*)

★★★ Young Tom Edison

Persons who experienced adult qualms at the news that young Mickey Rooney was going to play "Young Tom Edison" can be reassured on one score: Master Rooney plays it straight. It is too bad that one cannot say as much for the script writers. They seem divided between a sentimental urge to turn the Edisons into a Hardy Family of the 1860's and an even stronger temptation to make the biography of a budding inventive genius a howling melodrama, for which a more appropriate title would be, "Hellzapoppin in Port Huron." The result (so far as honest biography is concerned) is an unsatisfactory compromise between two equally offensive extremes.

Undoubtedly the biggest strain on credulity comes at the point where the future inventor of the Mazda saves his mother's life by rigging up a light brilliant enough to suit the town surgeon. Tom does it with a mirror which he obtains by burglarizing a store and then, without a moment's respite, he dashes out and prevents old Number 7 from being wrecked in a bridge washout.

In the light of these Herculean happenings, it is going to take all of the well-known talents of Spencer Tracy (in the forthcoming sequel, "Edison, The Man") to keep the wizard's later achievements, such as the invention of the phonograph and the motion picture, from seeming like an anti-climax. Certainly, for sheer cinematic punch, in the style of Mr. Edison's own early movie melodrama, "The Great Train Robbery," "Young Tom Edison" is going to be a tough one to follow.

Among the film's assets, aside from a quaint, Horatio Alger atmosphere of the period, must be included Fay Bainter as Mama Edison, George Bancroft as Father, Virginia Weidler as "Tannie," Tom's Morse-code-conscious sister and Eugene Pallette as a Currier & Ives train conductor. Norman Taurog directed.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★ Grapes of Wrath

In spite of gloomy predictions, the film version of John Steinbeck's bitter and dramatic record of wholesale dispossession in the Dust Bowl has proved to be a brilliant and biting example of cinematic reportage. For the first time in years, the generally near-sighted and escapist cameras of a major Hollywood company have been thrust into the heart of a sad and insupportable reality: A desolately factual area of human misery, hunger, loneliness, heartache, and blind bewilderment. Don't go to see this picture unless you are prepared to leave behind your conventional, Hollywood notions of entertainment; if you are, don't miss it, for it will give you a new and richly rewarding experience.

For this almost literal transcription from life, the wretched life of the migrant "Okies" who form the majority of California's floating population of fruit and cotton pickers, Darryl Zanuck has assembled a perfect cast of veteran screen players. The face of Jane Darwell as "Ma" Joad, though a trifle on the well-fed side, is haunting in its despair-begotten courage. Charley Grapewin as the fumbling and, within Hays office limits, profane Grampa, is a joy during the brief time in which his tough and enduring spirit manages to cling to his

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frail flesh. John Carradine as the Preacher who has "lost the call"; Frank Darien as Uncle John, with his splendid, Early American face; John Qualen as "Muley," haunting the land, from which he has been evicted, like a thin and querulous ghost; Russell Simpson as Pa Joad; Zeffie Tilbury as Grandma; Frank Sully as Noah are all uniformly excellent. And, of course, anyone except Henry Fonda as Tom Joad, the hard-fisted proud ex-convict who has to teach himself to talk small, would be simply unthinkable.

The younger contingent do commensurably well, notably Dorris Bowdon as "Rosasharn" (Rose of Sharon) who looks so sweet and lovely in her natural dishevelment that Nunnally Johnson, author and associate producer of the film, married her soon after the New York premiere. The story, as you probably know, tells how the Joads are driven from their barren acres by the tractors of an Oklahoma City Trust Company, how they are driven, by dreams of a land of milk and honey, to California, and how, in that earthly paradise, they are driven from one false hope to another by the clubs and gun-butts of local mobs and deputy sheriffs. Upon this miserable and tragic Odyssey, John Ford, the director, has trained a ruthless and brilliantly documentary camera. The result has been a picture of which not only its producers, but the screen itself, may well be proud.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★★ Swiss Family Robinson

The readers of Johann David Wyss' book, "Swiss Family Robinson," though never subjected to a Gallup poll, are estimated in astronomical figures, and Producer Gene Towne has a theory that the way to the public's heart and pocketbook is through such well-worn paths of cumulative circulation. That there is something in the Towne theory will doubtless be proved by his and Graham Baker's film version of the famous story. Shrewdly addressed to the escapist or desert-island urge of every good moviegoer, and based on a period like the present, when a dictator calling himself Napoleon I was ravaging Europe, and the civilized world must have seemed a beautiful place to escape from, the picture should prove quite effective for general-entertainment purposes.

It is true that between its passages of action, the film is rather heavily loaded with pompous and old-fashioned sentiments and dialogue. But for the average moviegoer these defects should be outweighed by such matters as the storm at sea, the shipwreck, the cozy matter of unloading the hulk and storing its treasures in the tropical tree-house and, finally, by the spectacle of the lightning storm which shatters everything in sight.

You will appreciate the mildness of the story when we tell you that its sole element of conflict centers around the pampered person of Mama Robinson (Edna Best) who quite sensibly opposed this somewhat screwball pilgrimage from the start. The four sons gradually fall in love with the pleasures of papaya-picking and goat-milking, but Mama holds out for the superiority of the family mansion in Mayfair, which they left because Papa, a prosperous Swiss clock merchant, suddenly decided that the vanities of London were corrupting his offspring. These gentlemen, by the way, are Freddie Bartholomew, impersonating a young fop of the period; Terry Kilburn as a priggish little bookworm; Tim Holt, as a fatuous young army officer; and Baby Bobby Quillan, who doesn't grow an inch during all the vicissitudes of the family fortunes. How Mama is gradually won over to the healthy outdoor life may seem, at times, rather a thin thread of plot on which to hang a full length picture, but there it hangs by some minor miracle known only to the Messrs. Towne and Baker. Directed by Edward Ludwig.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★★ Vigil in the Night

If you're looking for fun and frivolity to take your mind off this workaday world, "Vigil in the Night" will not fill the bill. A. J. Cronin's story revolves around the problems which confront a nurse in her efforts to make a genuine success of her chosen life-work. Against the sombre background of British hospitals, the heroine (Carole Lombard) battles with plagues, unsympathetic employers, lack of funds and misunderstandings on all sides—to say nothing of constant troubles caused by an unruly sister (Anne Shirley). No, this picture could hardly come under the heading of relaxing entertainment. But certainly it is intensely interesting and admirably played from start to finish.

Carole Lombard has the grimmest role of her career, with not a smitch of make-up or a becoming gown to perk up the proceedings. But at all times her characterization of the idealistic, self-sacrificing nurse is convincing. Anne Shirley bids fair to steal many a scene which she shares with Miss Lombard and can chalk up another capable role to her credit. A notable performance is that of Julien Mitchell as the greedy, narrow-minded head of the hospital board.

Of course, there's a handsome and idealistic young doctor to provide romantic respite, and Brian Aherne takes over in this capacity with satisfactory, though far from spectacular, results. Brenda Forbes, in the role of a cynical nurse who's been through the mill, furnishes some lighter moments, and Ethel Griffies turns in an excellent portrayal as the matron of the hospital. Directed by George Stevens.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★ The Man From Dakota

Set in the days of the Civil War, "The Man From Dakota" is a rough and tumble adventure of the efforts of two Union prisoners and a girl to get through the Confederate line, without being hung from a tree or having cannon balls shot at them.

And it's Wallace Beery, as the dirty, unshaven sergeant who steals the picture from his supporting players, John Howard and Dolores Del Rio. He saves the film from being just another "we must get that message through to our troops" movie. John Howard, as the honest, brave lieutenant, provides the love interest together with Dolores Del Rio, who makes her first screen appearance in several months. As the Russian girl who has killed her cruel fiance in self-defense, she is apt to become too melodramatic, but she is as beautiful as ever. Wallace Beery provides welcome chuckles throughout the picture. His constant eating and "dropsicle" stomach make him one of the funniest sergeants to come out of Hollywood.

Taken from MacKinlay Kantor's book of the same name, the screen play by Lawrence Stallings, is well-written, but could have been improved upon by a quickening of the tempo. Better timing in the direction of the film would have helped, too, in saving it from being drawn out and somewhat repetitious in spots. Directed by Leslie Fenton.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★ My Little Chickadee

Mae West and W. C. Fields are co-starred in this one and, if you like sixteen acts of vaudeville with those two favorites, this is your picture. However, many moviegoers will feel that they have been short-changed on the story end and just exposed to a round of West-Fields gags that are hardly elevating.

With a background of the wild and woolly West, when men were brave and women scarce, the story presents Mae West as a lady of dubious repute, who has a tough time getting along with the staid and stuffy ladies of her town. W. C. Fields, a traveling salesman, gallantly offers his fine old family name for her protection. Miss West accepts with alacrity and gets a former pal of hers, Donald Meek, to conduct a phony marriage ceremony. Thus when her real heart—the masked bandit—finally gets serious, she has no trouble shaking W. C. The masked bandit is played by Joseph Calleia in his usual dashing manner. Supporting roles are adequately handled by Margaret Hamilton, James Conlan, Dick Foran and Ruth Donnelly. Directed by Edward F. Cline.—*Universal.*

★★ I Take This Woman

Hedy Lamarr's the woman in the case—and that's enough said for a lot of moviegoers! For those of you who like a bit of acting thrown in for the price of your ticket, there's Spencer Tracy. Mr. Tracy's role is a far cry from the admirable ones he's been handed in the last few years, but he manages to make the most of it and to rescue the picture every time it bogs down. Verree Teasdale is in there pitching, too, and she gives a grand account of herself in a role that suits this fine actress to a T.

To get back to Hedy Lamarr, she looks even more gorgeous than when she was a lady down in the tropics, though her role does not demand much histrionic ability. The story is a weak one, with Hedy a broken-hearted girl who is saved from suicide by the stalwart Mr. Tracy, an earnest young doctor trying hard to get along. Miss Lamarr fixes that by taking him from his free clinic to join a crowd of hypocritical "sassiety" doctors. You can imagine the terrific suspense of wondering whether the hero will find himself and whether Spencer and Hedy will find each other! Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★ Little Old New York

The gist of the plot in this one concerns Robert Fulton (Richard Greene) and his efforts to launch his famous steamboat. Before that event takes place, you are apt to be too exhausted to care. However, Alice Faye and Fred MacMurray gamely see Richard through to the last reel, so maybe you can too.

The title is a bit misleading, since the picture skips lightly over the interesting aspects of little old New York. Most of the background is the water-front section, principally the inn kept by Irish lassie Alice Faye. Fred MacMurray's her sweetheart, though she really loves Mr. Robert Fulton Greene. However, that gentleman's interests are in his steamboat and Brenda Joyce, the niece of his financial broker. Andy Devine comes into the proceedings with a role of ferryboat man; Henry Stephenson is Brenda's uncle; and Ward Bond and Ben Carter have supporting roles.

Historically, the picture is interesting because of its story of the first steamboat and because of the many celebrated names which are brought in. Directed by Henry King.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

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ALL WORK AND NO PLAYBOY

(*Continued from page 39*)

charming and, yet, really quite boyish.

For one with his surface ease, it is startling to learn that his biggest handicap has been an inferiority complex.

"I'm always battling lack of confidence in myself," said Stack. "I can better illustrate this by telling you about the one thing I'm really good at—shooting. I used to lack confidence in my shooting ability, even though I was fairly good. And it wasn't until I'd won about two dozen major tournaments that I was able to go ahead, loose and easy, without a feeling of inferiority hindering my progress. An ego, of the inoffensive variety, an unshakable faith in self, is even more important in acting. I haven't got that yet. When I've made two dozen major pictures, I'll have it."

Robert Stack's remarkable outward poise is a result of athletics. Anyway, that's what he thinks. Polo and skeet shooting used to be his specialties.

"I fractured my collar bone and broke my wrist four times in polo," Stack grinned. "Those champions, Pedley and Roark and the rest, were tough to match mallets with. I broke so many parts of my anatomy that I had to quit as a matter of self-preservation."

As for skeet shooting, which is merely a fancy way of labeling the art of taking a rifle shot at a moving target, Stack was a real top-notcher. With a collection of 50 different shotguns and rifles, he made two All-American teams, won enough trophies and medals to go into the hardware business and, at the age of 18, set the world's accuracy record by hitting a target 364 times in a row!

"I haven't got time for skeet shooting any more," he sighed. "But I would really like to box. My weight is mostly in my shoulders, and I might make a good light-heavyweight. The studio says no. They're afraid some expert pug might pancake my nose. I'm thankful for every moment I've spent with a rifle and on a polo pony. I'm thankful, too, that I once took tap dancing lessons. All these things have given me body coordination and poise, which enable me to act older than my age."

Of course, the leading indoor sport for men in Hollywood is women. Robert, not entirely unconscious of the sidelong glances that cute young ladies give him as he walks through the M-G-M lot, gets fairly heated on the subject of the feminine gender. True, he thinks women are here to stay and likes the idea. But he has some very, very definite ideas about the opposite sex. In fact, his ideas are so definite that I'm sure he is quite shy.

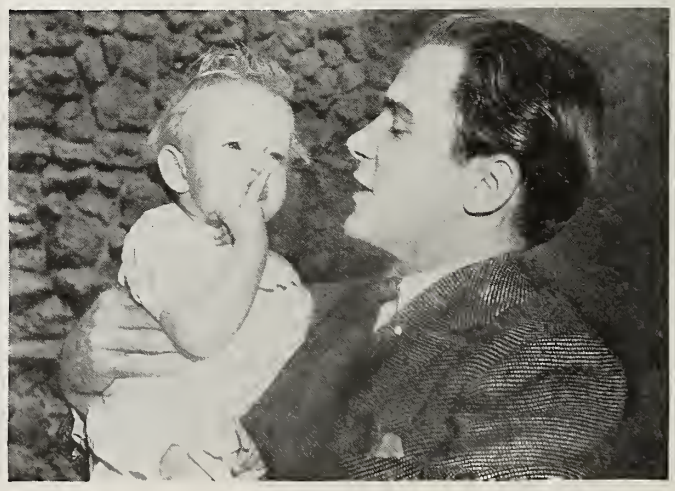
"Despite rumors, I'm not going with any special girl right now," he insisted. "It's a funny thing in Hollywood, but you go with a girl twice in a week, and everyone has you engaged. It becomes quite embarrassing for you and the girl, and sometimes—" at which point Mr. Stack smiled sheepishly—"well, sometimes those rumors give girls ideas. So my theory is to play the field and be safe.

"There's been a lot of nonsense about Cobina Wright, the heiress, and myself. Well, there's nothing there. It's all backfence talk. Oh, Cobina's a great kid. We get along fine. But gosh, that's all. And when I went to New York not so long ago, everyone had us practically married. That's the way it is—date a girl, and everybody drags out wedding bells, orange blossoms and Mendelssohn for you. The day I broke into the movies, they asked me *if* I was going to marry. Now they just ask *when* I'm going to marry.

"I'm not prepared for marriage yet. I want to establish myself in this business first. I want to be sure of myself, like Jimmy Stewart, who can get the pictures he wants. I want career security so that I can have a stable home life, so that I won't have to confine my married bliss to worrying about options. Marriage is too serious a step for me right now.

"But I do know the kind of girl I one day want. I must have things in common with her. Now, when I go out dancing, I take a girl who enjoys dancing as much as I do. When I go to a concert, I take a different girl who likes concerts. But when it comes to a wife—she must enjoy all these things. Most important, she must have a sense of humor. But I suppose she would have a sense of humor—to marry me! I want a girl with social poise, one who would feel at home and be presentable if I took her to the swank President's Ball or slumming to some dive in Chinatown.

"As for marrying a glamour girl—there are none left now that Lana has married Artie Shaw! Seriously, most of the glamour girls in Hollywood are already going steady with big stars, producers or writers. And those who aren't are as ambitious as I am. You take them out, and they have to be home at nine or



"Sandy Is A Lady" reads Miss Henville's next movie title, but she certainly is as ruthless a scene-stealer as we've seen. Richard Carlson is the courageous chap who poses with her.



ten. They say it's good for their complexions, and beside they have to be at the studio early. So, if you don't mind, and if it doesn't ruin your story, I'll confine my amours and emotions to a daily bout with the camera. At least the camera doesn't wear its hair up.

"Yes, that's my pet peeve. At the risk of bringing the wrath of the D. A. R., Junior Leagues and fashion magazines down on my head, I tell you I can't stand women who wear their hair up and permit strands of it to hang down in back, until they look as though they're wearing shredded wheat!"

Aside from his celluloid future and his opinions about the opposite sex, Mr. Stack is very much a curio. To give you an idea, he was born in Los Angeles. If you didn't know it, I'm telling you now that a native Californian is as hard to find as the man who voted for Landon.

Moreover, Robert Stack is something new in background. He is society. He is culture. He is wealth. His background is very different than that of other stars. Most came to Hollywood the rags to riches way, from little mid-western towns, struggling middle class families, crowded tenement districts. Most stars were once poor. Their poverty gave them the necessary drive toward fame.

THIS makes Robert Stack interesting to Filmtown as an experiment, a human guinea pig. Because, since he never needed riches, and in his circle, he already had fame, Stack, without pull, got to the top. Somehow, somewhere, he mustered up the push and courage to toss over the too-easy days of idling, of travel, polo, dances and plunge himself into the most heart-breaking business on earth, acting.

Mr. Stack, modestly, gives most of the credit to his mother. "She did more for me than anyone else in the world. It was she who encouraged me to do what I most wanted to do, but was afraid to attempt. When she was young, they wrote a Broadway play around her. She never appeared in it. She might have become a great actress, but instead of giving birth to a career, she gave birth to me. Like most mothers, she has tried to see that I got what she missed. She inspired me with her fire."

In an autobiographical frame of mind, Stack recalled that he had lived in Paris from the age of five to eleven. "I wish I could tell you about Paris. Especially some romantic interlude. Paris spells romance. But you see, I was too young for that. Aside from long strolls through those marvelous Parisian parks and months of dreary rain, I remember only one silly incident. My mother was in bed. I went out in the streets and learned it had snowed. The city was bathed in white. I scooped up some snow, put it in a matchbox and ran upstairs to show it to my mother. I told her there was snow outdoors and, to prove it, opened the matchbox, but alas, all the snow had melted. She spanked me for the lie. Later, when I proved I was right, my allowance was doubled.

"When I returned to Los Angeles from France, I couldn't speak a word of English. Can you imagine? I knew only French and Italian—and I had to have an interpreter to speak to my own brother."

FOR a short period, after he returned, Robert Stack took singing lessons from Andre de Segurola. It was there he first met Deanna Durbin. She was a shy, awkward girl, trying to break into the movies, and she, too, was taking vocal lessons from Andre.

"I soon gave up my lessons," explained Stack. "I was a terrible singer. Besides, my uncle, Richard Bonelli, the Metropolitan Opera baritone, was famous, so there was little reason to have another singer in the family. I turned to acting. In my first little theatre plays, I received offers from Wanger and Universal. I turned them down. I wasn't ready and, since I didn't need the money, I knew I could afford to improve myself. When a scout saw me again and wanted me to play opposite Deanna, I felt I was better prepared and couldn't resist."

Stack is still a bug on music. He likes a new song every week. Bing Crosby is, by far, his favorite popular singer, with Lawrence Tibbett and Uncle Bonelli his favorite baritones. Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey he rated as the best dance bands.

Robert Stack, satisfied with a good lunch, loosened his trouser belt a notch. This remotely reminded him of his quick rise to fame.

"You know," he said, "when I was in high school I got a place on the debate team. Once, during an important debate, my belt snapped beneath my vest, and my pants began to fall. It was a real test of poise. I spent a miserable evening while my oratory warred with my pants. The pants lost. It was humiliating, and I remember I thought I'd die from embarrassment. I never imagined, at the time, that one day I would kiss Deanna Durbin while a million people watched me, and that one day I would be holding hands with Margaret Sullavan. Things like that only happen in dreams.

"Maybe I've been dreaming. Instead of sending me a fan letter, it wouldn't be a bad idea if someone came over and pinched me. You know, to make sure . . . Ouch! Sa-ay, I was only kidding!"



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3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

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At stores which sell toilet goods
5 rinses 25¢
2 rinses 10¢

LOVALON HAIR RINSE

LOVALON

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO)	4★
Adventure in Diamonds (Paramount)	2★
Allegheny Uprising (RKO)	2★
Amazing Mr. Williams, The (Columbia)	3★
Another Thin Man (M-G-M)	3★
Babes in Arms (M-G-M)	C 3★
Balalaika (M-G-M)	3★
Barricade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower)	3½★
Beau Geste (Paramount)	C 3★
Beware Spooks! (Columbia)	2★
Big Guy, The (Universal)	2½★
Blackmail (M-G-M)	2★
Blondie Brings Up Baby (Columbia)	2★
Blue Bird, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
*Broadway Melody of 1940 (M-G-M)	2★
Brother Rat and a Baby (Warners)	2★
Call a Messenger (Universal)	2½★
Calling All Marines (Republic)	2★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners)	2½★
Cat and the Canary, The (Paramount)	3½★
Charlie Chan In Panama (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie McCarthy, Detective (Universal)	3★
Child Is Born, A (Warners)	3★
Chump At Oxford, A (United Artists)	2½★
Cisco Kid and the Lady, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Congo Maisie (M-G-M)	3★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic)	2★
Dancing Co-ed (M-G-M)	2½★
Daytime Wife (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Destry Rides Again (Universal)	3★
Disputed Passage (Paramount)	3★
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners)	3★
Drums Along the Mohawk (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dust Be My Destiny (Warners)	2½★
Earl of Chicago, The (M-G-M)	2★
Elizabeth and Essex (Warners)	4★
Escape, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Espionage Agent (Warners)	2½★
Eternally Yours (United Artists)	2½★
Everything Happens at Night (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Everything's on Ice (RKO)	2★
Farmer's Daughter, The (Paramount)	2½★
Fast and Furious (M-G-M)	2★
Fifth Avenue Girl (RKO)	3★
Fighting 69th, The (Warners)	3★
First Love (Universal)	3★
Flying Deuces (RKO)	2★
Four Wives (Warners)	3★
*Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Geronimo (Paramount)	3★
Golden Boy (Columbia)	3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Great Victor Herbert, The (Paramount)	3★
Green Hell (Universal)	2★
Gulliver's Travels (Paramount)	C 3★
Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence (20th Cen.-Fox)	2★
He Married His Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Here I Am a Stranger (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Heroes in Blue (Monogram)	2★
*High School (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
His Girl Friday (Columbia)	3★
Hollywood Cavalcade (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Honeymoon In Bali (Paramount)	3★
Housekeeper's Daughter, The (United Artists)	2★
Hunchback of Notre Dame, The (RKO)	3★
Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists)	3★
Invisible Man Returns, The (Universal)	2★
Invisible Stripes (Warners)	2★
Irish Luck (Monogram)	2½★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
Jamaica Inn (Paramount)	3★
Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President (M-G-M)	2★
Judge Hardy and Son (M-G-M)	C 3★
Kid Nightingale (Warners)	2★
Light That Failed, The (Paramount)	3★
Little Accident (Universal)	2½★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Lone Wolf Strikes, The (Columbia)	2★
Llano Kid, The (Paramount)	2½★
Main Street Lawyer (Republic)	2½★
Man From Dakota, The (M-G-M)	2★
Man From Montreal (Universal)	2½★
Man Who Wouldn't Talk, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Marshal of Mesa City (RKO)	2½★
Marx Bros. at the Circus (M-G-M)	C 3★
Meet Dr. Christian (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire (RKO)	2½★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Mikado, The (Universal)	C 3★
Million Dollar Legs (Paramount)	2★
Miracles For Sale (M-G-M)	2½★
Missing Daughters (Columbia)	2★
Missing Evidence (Universal)	3★
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia)	4★
Mr. Wong in Chinatown (Monogram)	2★
Music In My Heart (Columbia)	2★
Mutiny on the Blackhawk (Universal)	2★
*My Little Chickadee (Universal)	2★
Nick Carter, Master Detective (M-G-M)	3★
Night of Nights, The (Paramount)	2½★
Ninotchka (M-G-M)	4★
No Place To Go (Warners)	2★
*Northwest Passage (M-G-M)	4★
Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO)	4★
Of Mice and Men (United Artists)	4★
Oklahoma Frontier (Universal)	2★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Old Maid, The (Warners)	4★
On Borrowed Time (M-G-M)	3★
On Dress Parade (Warners)	C 2★
One Hour to Live (Universal)	2★
$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount)	2★
On Your Toes (Warners)	2½★
Our Leading Citizen (Paramount)	2½★
Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount)	2½★
Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Pinocchio (RKO)	C 4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)	2★
Pride of the Blue Grass (Warners)	2½★
Quick Millions (20th Century-Fox)	C 2★
Raffles (United Artists)	2★
Rains Came, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Range War (Paramount)	2★
Real Glory, The (United Artists)	2★
Remember? (M-G-M)	2½★
Remember the Night (Paramount)	3★
Reno (Universal)	2★
Rio (Universal)	2½★
*Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)	2★
Roaring Twenties, The (Warners)	3★
Rulers of the Sea (Paramount)	3½★
Sabotage (Republic)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Santa Fe Marshal (Paramount)	1½★
Secret of Dr. Kildare, The (M-G-M)	3★
She Married a Cop (Republic)	2★
Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M)	3★
Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release)	3★
*Slightly Honorable (United Artists)	3★
Smashing the Money Ring (Warners)	2½★
Spellbinder, The (RKO)	2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C2½★
Stagecoach (United Artists)	4★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Maker, The (Paramount)	C2½★
Stop, Look and Love (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Stranger From Texas (Columbia)	2½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Swanee River (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO)	C 3★
Television Spy (Paramount)	2½★
That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO)	C 3★
These Glamour Girls (M-G-M)	2½★
They All Come Out (M-G-M)	2½★
They Shall Have Music (United Artists)	C3½★
Those High Grey Walls (Columbia)	2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)	C 3★
Three Sons (RKO)	3★
Thunder Afloat (M-G-M)	2½★
Too Busy To Work (20th Century-Fox)	C2½★
Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners)	2½★
Tower of London (Universal)	2★
Tropic Fury (Universal)	2★
20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Two Bright Boys (Universal)	2★
U-Boat 29 (Columbia)	3★
Underpup, The (Universal)	C 3★
Union Pacific (Paramount)	3½★
*Vigil in the Night (RKO)	3★
Wall St. Cowboy (Republic)	2½★
Waterfront (Warners)	2★
We Are Not Alone (Warners)	3½★
What a Life (Paramount)	C 3★
When Tomorrow Comes (Universal)	2½★
Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M)	C 4★
Women, The (M-G-M)	3★
*Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Young Tom Edison (M-G-M)	C 4★

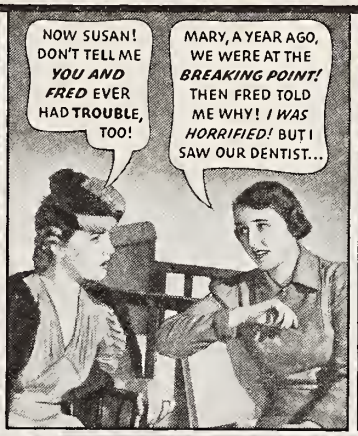
(Continued from page 62)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Oakie, Jack	Clerk	Finders Keepers	1928	Fishing	Growing Flowers	R K O	Home—193 N. Carmelina, Brentwood Heights
Oberon, Merle	Stenographer	Wedding Rehearsal	1932	Riding	First Editions	W B	Studio—Burbank, Cal.
O'Brien, George	Boxer	Iron Horse	1924	Handball	Raising Horses	RKO	Home—523 N. Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills
O'Brien, Pat	Chorus Boy	The Front Page	1931	Swimming	Collecting Irish Literature	W B	Home—12921 Marlboro, Brentwood
O'Keefe, Dennis	Salesman	Saratoga	1937	Water Polo	Sketching	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Olivier, Laurence	Stage Actor	The Yellow Ticket	1931	Squash	Modeling Clay	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood
O'Neil, Barbara	Secretary	Stella Dallas	1937	Tennis	Stamp Collecting	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
O'Sullivan, Maureen	Student	Big Shot	1931	Rowing	Sketching	M G M	Home—527 Camden Drive, Beverly Hills
Overman, Lynne	Jockey	Little Miss Marker	1934	Riding	Collecting Sea Shells	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Page, Gale	Radio Actress	Crime School	1938	Ping Pong	Cooking	W B	Studio—Burbank, Cal.
Parker, Cecilia	Singer	Honor Of The West	1930	Croquet	Needlework	M G M	Home—300 N. Maple, Beverly Hills
Parker, Jean	Model	Divorce In The Family	1933	Swimming	Designing Clothes	M	Home—10812½ Lindbrook, Los Angeles
Parrish, Helen	Child Actress	His First Command	1930	Dancing	Singing	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Patrick, Gail	Teacher	The Mysterious Rider	1933	Riding	Raising Dogs	C	Home—426 S. Highland, Hollywood
Payne, John	Poolroom Manager	Dodsworth	1936	Sailing	Flying	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Pendleton, Nat	Importer	Laughing Lady	1927	Wrestling	Writing	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Pidgeon, Walter	Vaudevillian	Her Private Life	1929	Golf	Hunting	M G M	Home—710 Walden, Beverly Hills
Powell, Dick	Singer	Blessed Event	1932	Baseball	Collecting Horns	C	Home—711 N. Maple, Beverly Hills
Powell, Eleanor	Dancer	George White's Scandals	1935	Hiking	Gardening	M G M	Home—727 Bedford, Beverly Hills
Powell, William	Usher	Sherlock Holmes	1921	Swimming	Reading	M G M	Home—10772 Chalon Road, Bel-Air

(Continued on page 95)

BAD BREATH ALMOST BROKE UP OUR HOME!







COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!



"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."







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Choose your color by the **FINGERNAIL CAP**



Only Dura-Gloss has it! New "fingernail cap"—coated with the polish that's in the bottle. Shows exact shade. Banishes guesswork, disappointment.

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Good Housekeeping Bureau

Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey

LEAVE IT TO MARY

(*Continued from page 51*)

much more attention than Mary, herself.

Of course, all the wire services tried to promote a romance between Mary and her childhood chum, Ralph Kindel, now a clerk in the Weatherford bank. Mary and Ralph have been playmates ever since they first began to walk and talk. Ralph always wanted to be a writer, but the only writing he does is his amusing non-stop stream of letters to Mary. When she left her home town to continue her personal appearance tour, he kept her informed of Weatherford's reaction to her visit, with descriptions like the following:

"Really, honey, you sure slayed the natives! They are still talking and will still be when our children have children. Ever since that picture of us appeared in the magazines, my life hasn't been the same! The native share croppers are certainly cocking their eyes around at me and doing that gentle nod of the head to each other behind my back. Now I want to know, are you going to ask me to marry you or not? Someone has to save my honor and protect my soul!"

As you can see for yourself, their relationship is a gay comradeship that will last forever, but it's not the big romantic stuff that will lead them to the altar.

NATURALLY, the combination of Mary's good looks and success has made her the object of affection for the men-about-town in Hollywood and New York. But make no mistake about it, underneath those golden brown locks of hers lies plenty of gray matter. Mary's success, when it eventually came, was one of those quick, overnight ascendencies, but the road that led to it was full of hard knocks and disappointments. Now that she has achieved her goal, she is going to keep her name in the columns because of her work—not because of her love life.

She was in New York for several months before she saw the inside of the Stork Club. I'll never forget the first time she rode up sixty-five floors to Mr. Rockefeller's Rainbow Room. "My goodness, honey," she exclaimed, "this is sixty-two flights higher than any building in Weatherford!" Later, she made her supper club debut in this room, where the social elite thought she was "too, too divine" as she sang "Listen to the Mocking Bird" in swing time.

At present writing, Mary's number one admirer is Fred Drake, vice-president of a class magazine. He's a charming, cultured man, but their individual careers now necessitate a 3,000 mile separation. Whether any romance can survive under these trying circumstances, only the future can tell. It is my secret hunch, though, that Mary's first love, for a long time to come, will be her career.

Right now, she has a working schedule that is keeping her so busy that I doubt even if Rhett Butler came to call she'd have time for him! Paramount, to which she is under contract, has three stories in preparation for her. The first is to be a co-starring vehicle with Bing Crosby, and as Al Jolson would say, "Folks, you ain't heard nothin' yet," until you've heard Mary and Bing harmonize!

Watching her screen debut in "The Great Victor Herbert," it seemed almost incredible that she had never faced a camera before (except, of course, for all those tests that were turned down). But Mary used the same principle behind the cameras as she does in real life—she was completely natural. Of course, she gives the lion's share of credit to Director Andrew Stone.

"He rehearsed with me every day, long before the picture went into production, so that by the time we began shooting I felt perfectly at home in the part," she told me.

Her studio is so sold on her histrionic ability that, after the Bing Crosby picture, she will play one of the plum roles of the year, Cindy Lou in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." The ironic part of this casting is that, after years of trying to tone down her Southern accent, Mary will have to be as Southern as the Confederate flag!

In addition to these picture commitments, she is appearing on the "Good News" program with Dick Powell. By a strange coincidence, it was on this same program that Mary appeared two years ago, before her name had any commercial value. Her salary is now four times as much as it was then. At that time, Robert Taylor was master of ceremonies. Mary still likes to recall the afternoon she was home, nursing a very bad toothache, with her face all swollen, when Mildred, her room-mate, suddenly came in and announced, "Bob Taylor is outside!"

Mary impolitely laughed in her face and exclaimed, "Now I'll tell one!"

"I wish you could have seen Mildred, signaling me madly that he could overhear every word," Mary giggled. "Sure 'nuff, there he sat in my front parlor, grinning up at me! It seems that Bob had heard from his stand-in, who lived in the same apartment, that I wasn't feeling well and so he dropped in to see me. Somebody had sent me a box of candy—a fine thing to send anyone suffering with a toothache—so Bob ate it for me!"

A year later, when Bob came to New York, he told me that the biggest kick he got out of his entire visit (aside from his long-distance calls to Barbara S.) was being an eye-witness to Mary's success.

Bob was merely echoing the sentiments of every one who knows Mary. In a profession of two gestures—a slap on the back and a kick in the pants, she has no ill-wishers who resent or are jealous of her success. For, in the words of the poet, "To know her is to love her!"

Results of the February Questionnaire

Thanks for your enthusiastic response to the questionnaire which we ran in the February issue. They were very close races, but this is the way your final scorings stood: Best actress, Bette Davis; best actor, Spencer Tracy; most handsome man, Richard Greene; most beautiful girl, Hedy Lamarr; most promising newcomers, William Holden and Linda Darnell; scene-stealers, Frank Morgan and Baby Sandy; best juvenile actor and actress, Mickey Rooney and Shirley Temple; best-dressed man and woman, Tyrone Power and Loretta Young; favorite cowboy, Gene Autry; best movie of 1939, "Dark Victory"; and worst movie of 1939, "Winter Carnival."

ON HIS TOES

(Continued from page 47)

"But I belong in Hollywood now, and I'm going to stay here. The house I've bought is on a hilltop overlooking a green valley, with the sea on two sides. It's more or less a shambles now," Doug grinned, "with decorators and things. But it's going to be our permanent home. My family is still here. I don't know yet how my father's estate will turn out, but I may have other property interests here, too. All in all, this is where it's best for me to be, so I'm sticking."

The Fairbanks clan, which Doug now heads, includes his six cousins. One of them, Lucile Fairbanks, has just made her bid for Hollywood fame at Warners where, incidentally, Doug got his first important screen recognition. Lucile has a bit in "The Sea Hawk" and "A Fugitive From Justice." Of course, being the only seasoned star left in the Fairbanks family, Doug gets the calls to hand out advice. The Fairbanks clan is very close. They gather every week at one or the other's houses. "And when I make a bad picture," confessed Doug, "I'm up on the family carpet—and no punches pulled!"

Just what his exact share of the estate will be, Doug still doesn't know. "It's still in trusteeship," he told me, "and terribly complicated. There are holdings within holdings, and all that sort of thing. We'll be lucky if things are straightened out inside a year or eighteen months. My share may be nowhere near the $600,000 announced by the papers. In any event, there isn't any assurance that it will make me financially independent."

The possibilities of Hollywood responsibilities which may accrue to Doug, however, are these: The fifth interest in United Artists, which would make him all the more concerned about producing his pictures; a three-thousand acre orange ranch at Rancho Santa Fe, which requires some looking after; and other pieces of Southern California real estate, in which much of Doug, Senior's, wealth was invested.

DOUG, JUNIOR, has always been canny about his money. He has made it and he has kept it, too. His new wife is well off. If and when Doug comes into his father's inheritance, he will be one of the wealthiest young men in Hollywood. But that doesn't impress him.

"I'll never retire—anywhere," affirmed Doug. "To me, retirement would mean death. After a while, I tire of every place that I'm crazy about. It was that way in London. I'm wild about the English countryside. My wife's family has a sixty-five acre farm near Hot Springs, in Virginia, a lovely place, with a house two hundred and fifty years old, sheep grazing all about and everything. It's wonderful, too, for a while. But doing nothing drives me wild. I've got to keep moving!

"I can't imagine anything more deadly than just sitting still in Hollywood and playing. I love to swim, play tennis, golf, ride, sail and do everything that's so much fun to do outdoors here. Mary Lee loves it, too. But neither of us could ever be strictly play people. Life is far too dull that way.

"Even when I was young and more carefree than I am now, I could never content myself with pure pleasure. I liked fun, but I always wanted to be doing something important. I still do; I still must."

Doug, it's true, never was a mere playboy. In spite of his gay carryings on with the *haut monde* in points cosmopolitan, his restless energy always has kept something brewing. If he isn't working, he's learning. He has never qualified as an idler or carouser. He's proved, too, very consistently that he's not afraid of work.

Years ago, after his first youthful fiasco in Hollywood, Doug, Junior, ran off to Paris. He spent several months by himself, licking his wounds by studying art and trying to scribble a little. "Then one day," Doug related, "I was walking down the Rue St. Martin. I met 'Pete.' 'I saw your picture,' he said. 'Come over to the hotel.'

"He spent hours pointing out the terrible mistakes of my first acting venture. Finally 'Pete' said, 'And do you still want to act?' I said I did. 'All right,' said 'Pete,' 'don't lose any more time. Go back there and try starting at the bottom. There's a lot you have to learn.' "

Young Doug returned as a lowly Paramount stock player and by dint of tireless work and study, he went about building

MARY WITBECK, LOVELY CORNELL JUNIOR, SAYS:



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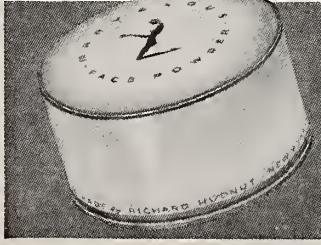
Today women want makeup that is subtle . . . that gives complexions the *natural* beauty of gay, young "collegiennes." And that's what Richard Hudnut has created in Marvelous Face Powder, the powder you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

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So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, it's *easy* now to find the powder that is exactly *right* for you. Just ask for Marvelous Face Powder—the pure, fine-textured powder you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

See how *smoothly* Marvelous Face Powder goes on . . . how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbing for hours and hours! For *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

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up the background his famous father had prescribed. While he played the meagre bits that were his lot then, Doug rehearsed play after play on the stages of small-time Hollywood theatres. He opened and closed them, too, for practically no salary. When one, "Young Woodley," finally came along and brought him some recognition, it was notice well earned.

Probably the greatest boost Doug ever had came then. One night Charlie Chaplin waited for him backstage. He'd been impressed by something Doug, Junior, had shown on the stage. The pair walked miles through the empty Hollywood streets that night and sat on a curb until four o'clock in the morning, while Chaplin poured out advice and encouragement. Doug has never forgotten that. He showed me a book, too, that Doug, Senior, had given him in memory of "Young Woodley." It is a copy of "The Drama" by Sir Henry Irving. On the flyleaf, in Doug's bold script, is written his fatherly counsel, lifted from Hamlet's advice to his players: "Let your own discretion be your tutor."

"That's the way it has always been with me, too," said Doug. "I've had to row my own canoe. If I ever stopped, I'd be lost and I know it. So I'll never stop."

FOR the major decisions Doug must make now, he is pretty well prepared. All decisions in his own private life, since he grew out of knee pants, have been his own. His marriage to Joan Crawford, for instance, the typically Hollywood marriage of "Billie" and "Dodo," came about by Doug's own stubborn choice and against the approval of Pickfair. That it was destined to failure probably proved Pickfair right, but certainly did not prove Doug wrong in deciding about his own happiness.

His romance with Mary Lee Epling, which has resulted in the more mature and better-starred union, was one of those spontaneous things that happened without benefit of advice or matchmakers.

Doug met Mary Lee, a tiny, soft-voiced Virginia belle with large, dark eyes and sable hair, when she was visiting Merle Oberon in Hollywood. "It was just one of those things that happened all at once," recalled Doug. "It was love at first sight. Anyway, I saw her when I went through New York on my way to England. I saw her on my way back to Hollywood. Before I knew it, I was proposing. That's all there was to it!"

From 1932, when he and Joan Crawford were divorced, to 1939, when he married Mary Lee, is seven years. But while a man is supposed to change every seven years, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, never altered his convictions about love in that span. He has never been a Casanova. When he had romances, they were one-woman romances. Doug never played the field. Rather, in his bachelor days, the stag life with a few good buddies, always appealed to him more. In Hollywood, his tiny beach shack, which his friends christened "Cirrhosis-by-the-Sea" and which Robert Benchley once described as "about the size of a small pore," was the gathering place of the Colony's more witty and entertaining bachelors.

But bachelorhood, *per se*, never particularly appealed to Doug, he admitted. He was always looking for the right girl and he knows he has found her. For Mary Lee is an easy, earthly girl with a sense of humor to match Doug's. She likes to do things, she's athletic enough and at home in any company. On their honeymoon, Doug and his bride went from picture location at Catalina Island to Newport's exclusive Bailey's Beach, as guests of the John Jacob Astors.

Like Doug, Mary Lee is pretty much of a cosmopolite herself; like Doug, she has been married before; like Doug, she's intelligent. "She's a Southerner, born and bred, of course," related Doug. "On Lincoln's Birthday, I bought her every book on Lincoln I could find. The joke was on me. She'd already read them!"

Mary Lee has fitted perfectly into the small, intimate Hollywood set in which Doug moves. Their friends include the Ronald Colmans, Reginald Gardiner, Bob Coote, Merle Oberon, of course, Tom Geraghty and the Fairbanks clan.

The many people both Doug and Mary Lee know back East and in England are always dropping in as welcome house guests. As Pickfair was once the official host house of Hollywood, so may Doug's and Mary Lee's new home carry on that settled tradition. Although, at the suggestion, Doug winces slightly.

There is one thing certain, however. If the Douglas Fairbanks' new baby is a boy, the fifteen-year-old Hollywood tradition of Douglas Fairbanks and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, will live once more. Settling down as Doug is and raising a family, it was only natural that that issue should arise sooner or later.

"Yes," admitted Doug, "if the baby's a boy, he'll very probably be named Douglas Fairbanks. It's my wife's idea," he added, rather apologetically. But he didn't look at all upset about it.



Pat O'Brien chats with two charming "furriners"—Australian Merle Oberon and George Brent, who used to tend sheep in the Irish countryside for a living—on the set of "We Shall Meet Again." Pat shares honors with beer, in making Milwaukee the famous city it is.

"I'M NOT BOY CRAZY!"

(Continued from page 27)

and new, silly charms for her bracelets.

It is a sign of sophistication among the young to consider mother love naïve and blasé. Well, Judy Garland isn't sophisticated. There's only one way to put it—she's nuts about her mother.

"I just want everyone to know this," she insisted. "I've the most marvelous mother that ever lived. She's got such a regular sense of humor. She's so different from other movie mothers. She's not at all bossy. She never comes on the sets and tells me what to do. When I ask her advice, she gladly gives it, though she prefers that I do things on my own. And do you know, on certain matters, she even asks my opinion. Isn't that swell?

"She never used to lug me around to casting offices, either, like some stage mothers did. The first casting office I ever saw was when I came to Hollywood at the age of eleven. And she's considerate. I'll never forget my last birthday. I woke up early in the morning, and there was a string tied to the bed. Beneath it was a note from Mother reading, 'Follow this string, Judy, to your present.' I followed it through all the rooms in the house, to all sorts of little gifts, then down through the living-room and through the door and into the street, where the string was tied to the bumper of a brand new wine-colored coupé. It was something I'd always wanted. I almost fainted!"

Next to her mother, and waiving other members of her family like Sister Suzanne "who I talk to for hours and hours," Judy's favorite is chubby Oscar Levant, whom you all know as the music expert on the radio program "Information, Please!" He's always been a sort of long-distance godfather to Judy.

"Oscar Levant is one of my truly best friends," Judy confided to me. "In fact, he's now married to another friend of mine, June Gale. Oscar's so intelligent. He's brilliant, absolutely. In the days when I was struggling, and when I was often blue, each week he would write me two and three letters, with good common sense in them. They would inspire me. I still have all his letters, tied with a ribbon." To this day, they still correspond.

SPRINKLED through Judy's conversation are loads of names—big names and small names, friends and idols. People are her hobby.

"There's Alfred Vanderbilt. He's so nice. And his wife's baby is one of the cutest I've ever seen. And I adore Lana Turner. She's so outspoken. We make the funniest couple, Lana and I—she's so glamorous and I'm so unglamorous!"

Suddenly, in her conversation, Judy stopped cold. Her eyes were shining. They were staring over my shoulder. "Look!" she squealed. "It's Rhett Butler!"

I turned and saw Clark Gable, sleek in a dark gray afternoon suit, coming into the commissary. He waved to Judy. She waved back enthusiastically.

"Clark Gable is grand, isn't he?" she said to me. "I saw him in 'Gone With the Wind' and I'll never forget his performance. He's another friend of mine. I mean, not as close as magazine stories make out, but a friend anyway. I'll never forget that song I sang to him on his birthday. I gave it all I had, because I admire him so. The next morning, a package arrived for me. In it was the most gorgeous charm bracelet in the world, with a miniature gold book attached. The book snapped open, and inside was Clark Gable's picture and the inscription, 'To Judy, my best girl, from her most ardent fan, Clark Gable.' What a thrill! And I love his wife. Carole Lombard is so intelligent and frank. Aren't they the grandest couple?"

The lunch was almost over. Judy's salad was reduced to ruins. She licked her lips and murmured, "Dessert time." She wanted a chocolate sundae. After the sundae materialized, and the blue-aproned waitress, humming a tune, left our table, Judy took up the humming and started in on her favorite conversational topic, music.

"My favorite popular song, the prettiest and most beautiful in the world, is 'Over the Rainbow,'" she said. "I think it's a relief from some of the other numbers you hear. Aren't the tunes the orchestras play on the air awful? They're all so loud and sound exactly alike.

"When it comes to good orchestras, though, I'll settle for Duke Ellington. He's my choice, by a mile. I also enjoy Glenn Miller. But I'll let you in on

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Beautify Your Hair at Home



something private. My brother-in-law, Bob Sherwood—he's married to my sister Virginia—now has a band of his own. He plays the guitar. It's a string band. Strings that swing. He'll be great yet, watch and see.

"My personal preferences go to the classics. I love to listen to classical music, but I have no desire to sing it. I'm satisfied with the popular stuff I do now. It gives me a kick. When I'm on the listening end, I prefer Ravel, Dubussy and Tchaikovsky. I suppose Wagner was the greatest, but he's too heavy for me."

IN the past year, she composed three songs of her own. At first she was hesitant about speaking of them. Then, finally, she did. "Robbins, the publisher, wanted to bring out the three songs I composed, but I wouldn't let him. I don't know, I think they're just not good enough, though my mother thinks they are wonderful. My best song is called, 'I'm Not Supposed To Know.' The idea of the song is that, while I go to school and learn everything, I'm not supposed to know about love. It's a cute idea, I think. I do wish I had more time for composing."

On the subject of her own warbling, Judy made a confession. "Yes, I'll confess, I never took a singing lesson in my entire life. I bet some of my critics think I should have! But, anyway, two years ago Nelson Eddy's voice teacher took me aside and said, 'Don't ever get it into your head to take singing lessons, Judy. You're an instinctive singer. You have good memory and a good ear. Lessons will only mix you up.' I followed his advice. I can't read a single note of music! Can you imagine that? I just have a band play a tune over a couple of times and I get it that way."

Then, excitedly, Judy told me about her new home and about the special and spacious room she has for herself. With broad gestures, she described the white rug on the floor, the fireplace and the bed that resembled a chaise lounge.

She told me that she sleeps in a silk nightgown, that she must have eight hours of sleep or she's a wreck and that she often gathers her friends in her room and holds a back-scratching party. Everyone sits in a circle and scratches everyone else's back. "If you haven't had your back scratched, you haven't lived!" Judy said. "It's entirely inane, but so comfortable! Of course, everyone thinks we're crazy. We are. At dinner, our house is a madhouse.

Discussing home life led, of course, to a discussion of the root of all evil. I asked Judy if she received an allowance.

"About a year and a half ago I was put on an allowance of $5 a week. But at the end of the first week I had $4.78 left. I never spent money. I don't know why. But now I've discovered clothes—and bracelets. I have a passion for bracelets and shoes. And stockings—why, I wear out two pairs of stockings a day. Isn't that terrible?"

Like most humans, Judy is filled with a thousand different and sometimes contradicting likes and dislikes. She hates mayonnaise. She loves tea and hot chocolate. She is crazy about perfumes. She dislikes jitterbugging, despite publicity photos to the contrary. She spends hours having her red hair fixed in different styles. She doesn't ever want to be a typical glamour girl. She believes in having an outside income "in case of hard times" and owns a flower shop on Wilshire Boulevard. She gets a kick out of riding a bike, but prefers her car. "Love Finds Andy Hardy" is still one of her favorite pictures. She hopes to wear her grandmother's wedding gown at her own wedding.

And as for her Number One amusement, "I'll tell you, if you promise not to laugh. Movies!" Judy grinned. "Busman's holiday, I suppose, but when I have time, I would rather go to movies than do anything else. I never get tired of them. And Bette Davis is my very favorite. I saw her in 'Dark Victory' five times—and I cried myself sick!"

She glanced up at the wall clock and gasped. "Oh dear, I'm twenty minutes late for school. I'll get killed for this!"

She pulled on her jacket and explained, "I have a private instructor in my dressing-room. It's loads of fun. I graduated from high school courses last year, but the state law says you have to attend school until you're eighteen, so I'm taking a post grad course of my favorite subjects, music appreciation, art appreciation and French. I'm learning oil painting, too. I've been at it five days. And I'm learning the history of art. When I visited the Museum in New York, I could tell who painted what without even looking at the names underneath. School isn't really bad this term. But last year! Ouch! I had geometry! And that was terrible!"

In a moment she had a mirror in front of her face, for a hurried check-up. If her fans, that moment, could have peeked over her shoulder, they would have seen an even more attractive Judy Garland. They would have noticed her light make-up and carefully rouged lips, her glistening eyes, tilted nose and determined chin.

AS she gathered her belongings, her fans would have marveled at five feet two of animation. When she rose, they would have guessed her to be 110 pounds in weight and they would have been right. They would have thought her off-screen figure amazingly slender, and one of the fans—a male, no doubt—would have emitted a whistle at her beautiful legs.

She left me with a wink and a lilting, "Be seeing you soon."

I wish I could pay her a compliment. Not only for her talent, but for her genuine lovableness. I wish I were smart enough to think of something startling and different.

However, I have heard it said that when a fellow sees a girl and immediately thinks, "There she is, the kind of girl I would one day want to marry," he is then paying her the greatest of human compliments.

I have heard those who know Judy pay that compliment to her. Judy need not blush. Those who know her realize she is everything a fellow could want. They realize she's not boy crazy, not Hollywood, not anything more than little Miss Gumm from Grand Rapids.

And you see, Judy, I wrote this for those who don't know you, just to let them in on it and to reassure them that —well, that in the robust language of sportdom—you're the real McCoy!

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THE STARMAKERS SPEAK!

(Continued from page 33)

you can always develop, but that enthusiasm and fire, that warmth of personality must be in the blood. It is a rare thing, believe me. I will illustrate. Just yesterday I talked with a 19-year-old girl, a gorgeous specimen. Perfect face. Perfect figure. Everything! But not for me. Not for Joe Pasternak—because she was cold. I would speak to her, question her, and she would reply 'U-huh.' I told her to relax. I made her walk around the block. I asked a million provoking questions. No use. She had nothing to give. Probably a million boy friends told her she was beautiful. Well, yes, she was. But that's all. And that's not enough!"

Joe Pasternak swung his feet from the desk, shouted an order for drinks and planted himself in front of me.

"Beauty is unimportant. After all, there are no homely women. If there were, sixty per cent of our women would be old maids. But they aren't, because somewhere there is always someone who thinks a girl is the most beautiful in the world. Now take Deanna Durbin—" and Pasternak's eyes lit up. "She didn't have the poise and beauty she has today when I talked with her the first time. But she was sincere. And natural. There was a freshness about Deanna, and her face was unusual. I was positive she couldn't fail. She didn't.

"I will tell you something. I do not believe in screen tests. For this reason—it's the camera that's being tested and not the person. The tests are usually slip-shod. I prefer to meet beginners, size them up, question them. I can learn more in fifteen minutes of personal interview than in ten screen tests.

"I made an unusual discovery recently, through this personal interview system. I needed some youngsters for 'The Underpup.' I sent word to a local dramatic school and told them to send over their best kiddies. Well, they brought the whole school over—even two six-year-old students, whom they were afraid to leave behind because they might wreck the school. The two six-year-old roughnecks were Billy Lenhart and Kenny Brown. I saw them tucked away in a corner. I asked Billy what he had with him. He said it was a bull fiddle. He was taking lessons. I asked him if he wanted to be in the movies. He said yes. I wanted to know why, and he answered, 'Because I wanna fix my mama's teeth.'

I SIGNED him on the spot. He was natural—and not simply because of his youth. I've known six-year-olds who became hams before they were little pigs!"

Pasternak paced the room, a bundle of nervous energy. As he walked, I fired a steady bombardment of question marks at him. His answers were simple and direct. "I don't make discoveries," he said. "I only give people chances. After that, it's up to them." And again, "Stardom can be in anyone from anywhere. But training isn't enough. I think stars are born." And later, "I have a prejudice. If talent is equal, I would rather hire a person who needs money than one who doesn't. There was a woman from Detroit who came to me with her child. Her husband was making $700 a month. I told her that an extra mink coat never made anyone happy, and that her child couldn't eat more than four sodas a day anyway. I sent her back to Detroit."

Pasternak concluded with this: "I do not hire stars by formula. I am a creature of instinct. If someone's honesty appeals to me in person or in a test, I gamble a five year contract. So far, I've been lucky."

My next stop, still out in the valley, was Warner Brothers, stretching for acres and acres beneath the mountains. And there I found that strange Merlin of the Movies, Hal Wallis, former electrical supply salesman, who bowls with Paul Muni, is married to Louise Fazenda and subscribes to Farm Bureau Monthly.

In the past year, Warners made 200 different screen tests, which enabled Hal Wallis to discover twenty-one new actors and actresses. Each of these tests was made at a cost of $500—except several tests that were made on second-hand sets, when the cost was then kept down to as low as $50.

Every Friday afternoon, Hal Wallis sits in his projection room and studies the week's tests of little theatre actresses, beauty contest winners, milkmen, clerks and collegians. And as he studies the greenhorns, he not only looks but listens—and very carefully.



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"The voice is so important," he pointed out. "Beauty of face and figure are really minor things. Actually, beauty sometimes leaves me cold. There may be something lacking that is much more vital and essential to an arresting personality. A warmth, glow, spark, electric appeal, animal magnetism—call it what you will.

"But always the voice, always. If there is one thing I can suggest to your readers and to their elders, it is this: Cultivate an appealing speaking voice, learn to enunciate clearly and distinctly, rub off all sharpness and harsh edges, watch your consonants and handle the vowels without affectation."

We discussed discoveries. Wallis told me about Errol Flynn. It seemed that Flynn was given a $500 test in London, a test which was shipped to Hollywood and temporarily shelved.

"Well, we had 'Captain Blood' all ready for production, sets built and everything, when we received word that Robert Donat, who had been signed for the leading role, either could not or would not leave England. We turned to our own source of talent supply. I looked at the early test of Flynn. He registered. Good voice. Pleasing. He got the part. We took a big chance on him, and, suddenly, he was set for the rest of his life."

I now learned something new. That studios have a mutual agreement to swap tests. If Warners tested someone, and didn't like the test—they passed it around to other studios. It was in this way, Wallis told me, that Warners found Ann Sheridan. Paramount brought her "oomph" to Movieland, tested her, gave her a few small parts and dropped her.

Hal Wallis saw her old test, and picked her up.

"I saw in Ann Sheridan the same allure that made Clara Bow the 'It Girl' of her day and Jean Harlow the sensation of a later period. All Ann needed was a little more careful handling by the make-up, hairdressing and wardrobe departments, and a type of role that would let her get that 'oomph' across."

In search of additional first-hand opinions, I went to Columbia. There, two ante-rooms guarding his private office like twin moats, I found husky, forty-nine-year-old Harry Cohn, founder and head of Columbia. With teletypes banging faintly in the distance, I listened to Cohn, as he swung around on his swivel chair behind an immense horseshoe desk and permitted himself to be interviewed for the first time in three years.

"There are two things to watch for in a screen test," said Cohn. "A person must have both. He must be photogenic and at the same time talented. I'm interested in experienced performers whose abilities are mature. Give me a person who can act and mix him or her with a sound story—that's my recipe for stardom!"

Cohn told me that he personally studied 550 screen tests a year—most of them from other studios. Columbia, itself, makes about two a week, at a cost of $300 each. Once, Columbia built a period set and ran a costume test on it that amounted to almost $10,000!

AFTER over twenty years of sitting in on tests, Cohn said, "The biggest fault with most aspirants is that they're amateurs. They don't know enough. They're not prepared. Film audiences have grown up and become too clever to swallow anything amateurish. Even veteran stage stars can sometimes be amateurish for the movies—that is because the two mediums are so different. A stage actor is seen from 40 to 80 feet away and he exaggerates his actions on the boards. When we focus a camera on his face, he's miserable.

"The most natural actress I ever found in a screen test was Grace Moore in 1934. She had everything and was easy to handle. Even though she had failed once before, portraying the character of Jenny Lind, I had faith in her. In 'One Night of Love,' we made her a household word, even though she wasn't the best singer in the world. And then something happened to her. It should be a lesson to everyone. She became hard to handle. I put Frank Capra on one of her pictures, and Grace thought she knew more than he did.

"Today Grace Moore is through. She said she paid us to quit Columbia. It's a lie. We paid $60,000 to get rid of her. And I want to say, now, that we want people who are not only easy to direct, people who can master characterizations—but people who can also keep their heads when they get up high in the rarified atmosphere."

It was Harry Cohn, you may remember, who saw the photo of a four-year-old child on the cover of a popular weekly magazine. He wanted the child for his "Blondie" pictures. Hundreds of mothers in dozens of cities claimed the mag had run a picture of their child. Cohn's scouts spent forty-eight frantic hours, and finally located the cover baby—little Larry Simms—living nine blocks from the studio itself! Larry Simms became "Baby Dumpling" because Cohn



The Jon Halls recently gave Rudy Vallee a luau—feast to you non-Tahitians — and they just couldn't hold off till the guests came. It was Mrs. H.'s (Franny Langford) idea of a novel way to celebrate her "discoverer's" new radio series.

liked the cover of a five cent magazine!

At RKO, in an effort to find Garson Kanin, their sensational twenty-eight-year-old genius, I went to police court. Well, that is, I went to a courtroom set, picked my way through prop men and engineers, and found Kanin acting out a rollicking scene with Cary Grant for "My Favorite Wife."

Kanin, the soft-spoken, gesticulating, producer-director of the new Irene Dunne-Cary Grant vehicle, gestured me into the jury box and a moment later was beside me.

"When I view a screen test," he began, plunging into his favorite subject, "I look for a person who has imagination, who is sensitive and intelligent. Looks don't matter at all. With our modern high grade make-up departments and advanced photography, we can make the most average face breath-takingly beautiful.

"The trouble with most newcomers is that they are stage-struck. I'll explain with a story. Edna Ferber once said to me, 'Success or failure depends entirely on whether you want to be an actor or want to act.' Too many people just want to be actors. Do you know what I mean? They want to be known as a star, to be worshipped, publicized, rich and famous. I've seen hundreds of girls here who worry only about their make-up, their clothes and with whom they are seen. They won't succeed.

"But those who are interested in the art of acting, who love it, who can concentrate on their work and not on themselves, will get there. Look at Irene Dunne. There's a girl who loves to act. She showed up yesterday with a sty on one eye and a pimple on her nose. Did she care how she looked? No. She only wanted to get into her character. That's what counts in making an actress!"



Yvonne Duval of Alsace-Lorraine was recently adjudged owner of Hollywood's most photogenic figure. The twenty-one-year-old's first pcture will be "Ma! He's Making Eyes At Me."

Kanin hailed Cary Grant, who was powdering his face for the camera, bummed a cigarette from him and went on: "I want you to know this. While RKO has recently landed Lucille Ball, Dorothy Lovett and Katherine Adams by screen tests, I don't believe in tests. They cost from $200 to $2,000 each, and the money is usually wasted. The tests are done in a hurry, without decent direction, support or script—and the newcomers show up badly.

"You'll read of one studio's passing up a girl, and another studio's grabbing her and making her a star. Why, I turned down Mary Martin myself. She did a song and dance in her test, and I thought she was weak. But listen, it's not that we producers are incompetent, it's that screen tests are incompetent.

"You want me to give some general advice? Well, the best advice is not to give any. It's a dangerous thing to toy with. But I would tell anyone serious about entering the movies to retain his patience and industry, and work like hell! Though, frankly, if anyone is really serious, he won't need advice. He'll get there!"

Following his own line, Kanin got there. In a few short years he graduated from obscurity to the summit. With little money and his own huge talent, he made "The Great Man Votes," the best small-budgeter in years, and then clicked again with "Bachelor Mother." I left wispy, blue-eyed, sandy-haired Mr. Kanin with mingled regret and admiration. He was one doctor who took his own medicine—he worked hard and possessed what he most demands of others—a vivid imagination.

At Paramount, beneath a shingle labeled "Talent Department," through a

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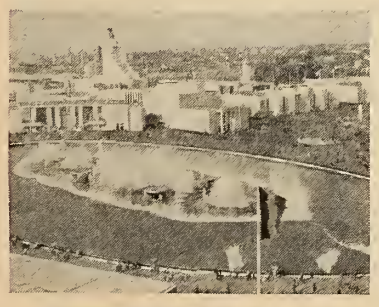
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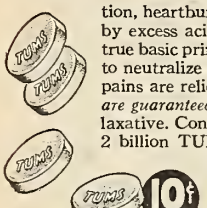
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corridor, and into a bright office, I found affable Artie Jacobson, spokesman for the producers on the lot—a super-star-Dunne in "Love Affair?"

"I'll take a pound of personality to an ounce of beauty," Jacobson remarked. "We at Paramount really give tyros a break. Our producers study 1,000 tests a year. In a back room, we audition 2,000 more. In 1939, we signed twenty-eight new people. Of those beginners under contract, twelve came through screen tests—and each test cost the studio $750. You see, we want new talent and pay to find it.

"Frankly, I myself am another of the many not sold on those screen tests. I've developed something better, an audition room where I stage 'living tests.' Would you care to see it?"

I SAW it. It was a huge room divided in two by a large glass panel. On one side was a small stage that was wired for sound. On the opposite side were cushioned chairs and a loudspeaker for producers.

"I sit in this room with a producer," explained Jacobson. "The lights are turned down so the actors can't see us and become frightened. It works perfectly. I discovered sixteen stars-to-be in this audition room last year—and that's including Susanna Foster, who sang, acted and was signed within twenty-four hours."

We walked upstairs to a tiny projection room, a glorified telephone booth, containing only thirteen seats.

"Would you like to see a real screen test?" asked the talent head.

In a moment we were in the darkness, watching a screen test of someone called Janice Logan, an attractive blonde. Her measurements and age were flashed on the screen, then much footage devoted entirely to her face—laughing, smiling, frowning, crying.

"You see," said Jacobson, "the producer is able to observe every angle of her face. The jaw line there is very important. Now that girl is natural. Breathing a little hard from nervousness, but natural. Most new people, however, are afraid to be themselves. Their voices go up or down and become terribly affected. Watch that girl now. She's going to do a little playlet, adapted from a radio script. It required from nine in the morning until six in the evening to shoot it. We could have given her a scene from a Claudette Colbert show, but the producer would then mentally compare her to Colbert immediately, and Janice wouldn't have a chance. So she does a new script."

Janice Logan was genuine. She ran the gamut of emotions, from sobbing as though her heart would break to giggling like a school girl. Poured on the sob. Stabbed at the heart.

"She's good," I ventured.

"You're darn right she is. We've signed her on the basis of the 900 feet of film you've just seen.

"My assistant, Lewis, saw Bill Holden made up as a ninety-year-old man in a little theatre play; he wasn't impressive. Later, Lewis went backstage to see someone else and saw the kid taking off his make-up. He saw—well, that certain something, and shooed Bill Holden to me. But Holden was strained, afraid to be natural. I told him to see me the following day and to please be himself. The next day he was better. His hair was cut wrong. And he walked with a slouch. But he was vital. I liked him. He was tested, but we were slack in signing him—and Cohn at Columbia grabbed him for 'Golden Boy.'

"That's how it is. Susan Hayward walked in here one day, picked up a cold script and read it like a veteran. She was a natural, a neglected Scarlett girl, and we signed her pronto."

THE job was done. I had visited five studios. I had heard the starmakers speak. Now to add up their ideas:

They spend from $50 to $10,000 to make a single screen test of you. They demand sincerity, good voice, acting ability, imagination and personality. They test and audition thousands a year in search of such qualities.

Some place, dear reader, in these frank statements that movie producers have made, you will find the sesame, the formula, the platinum key to movie success.

Next month, when I'm at Paramount, watching Test 4784 with Artie Jacobson, I hope he'll exclaim, "Now that's some gal! She's got—oh, that certain something. The test cost us a fortune, but we signed her! Yeah, she's some girl!" And I hope she's you!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *You may photograph better than Hedy Lamarr and be able to act circles around Bette Davis, but you still need something else to be a star. That "something" is a good agent! Don't miss the third article of this informative series in the June Modern Screen.*

HOW HOLLYWOOD SPENDS ITS WEALTH

(Continued from page 49)

In the seven years he has been in Hollywood, Billy has watched many a jewelry vogue come and go. The current trend, he advises, is toward heavy gold settings in bracelet, ring and clip sets for daytime costumes. Platinum still holds the lead for evening wear. Favored stones are topazes, aquamarines, rubies and emeralds. Wedding bands are either gold or platinum, but usually extremely plain. Charm bracelets have gone out, and many stars have had their more valuable tokens put on compacts. Jewelry remodeling is always very popular, especially with Paulette Goddard, who does her own designing.

Having set their fashions and sold them everything but nose-rings, Billy now feels qualified to explode a few funny ideas people have about his customers' jewelry. His pet peeves are:

1. In public, stars wear fake gems.

Nonsense, explodes Billy! They do have their valuable pieces heavily insured, but any time you see an ornament, it's the real thing—not a paste replica.

2. Stars rent their jewels.

That's bunk, too, according to our expert. Studios sometimes hire a piece for a scene, but there's no 50c-an-hour arrangement with individuals!

3. Stars prefer gaudy jewelry.

This is the unkindest cut of all. Time and again movie folks have proved they want nothing more than fine workmanship and design, and flash can go hang.

4. Lupe Velez wears junk.

Just a malicious rumor, says Billy. Lupe owns many beautiful things. In fact, any time she's mad at the world she drops in to see him, orders a stunning clip or bracelet and leaves feeling fine. As wouldn't you, my dears?

(Continued from page 85)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Power, Tyrone	Guide	Girl's Dormitory	1936	Bowling	Collecting Charms	T C F	Home—139 Saltair, Brentwood
Preston, Robert	Lifeguard	King of Alcatraz	1938	Fishing	Making Model Airplanes	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Price, Vincent	Camp Counsellor	Service De Luxe	1938	Bicycling	Art Collecting	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood
Prouty, Jed	Salesman	Smile Brother Smile	1927	Golf	Raising Orchids	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Raft, George	Dancer	Quick Millions	1931	Boxing	Collecting Jade Elephants	W B	Home—450 N. Rossmore, Hollywood
Rainer, Luise	Stage Actress	Escapade	1935	Sailing	Amateur Photography	M G M	Home—543 N. Cliftwood, Brentwood Heights
Rains, Claude	Call Boy	The Invisible Man	1933	Cricket	Farming	W B	Home—1354 Club View, Los Angeles
Rathbone, Basil	Insurance Solicitor	The Masked Bride	1925	Football	Raising Dogs	C	Home—5254 Los Feliz, Hollywood
Ratoff, Gregory	Guard	Symphony of Six Million	1932	Fencing	Sculpturing	T C F	Home—721 N. Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills
Raye, Martha	Vaudevillian	Rhythm on the Range	1936	Swimming	Collecting Curios	P	Home—1345 N. Hayworth, Hollywood
Raymond, Gene	Child Actor	Personal Maid	1932	Riding	Dog Raising	P	Home—817 Nimes Road, Brentwood
Read, Barbara	Stage Actress	Three Smart Girls	1937	Tennis	Photography	R K O	Studio—780 Gower Street, Hollywood
Reagan, Ronald	Sports Columnist	Love is on the Air	1937	Baseball	Rifle Collecting	W B	Studio—Burbank, Cal.
Rice, Florence	Writer	Fugitive Lady	1934	Hiking	Music	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Ritter, Tex	Radio Actor	Song of the Gringo	1936	Riding the Surf	Collecting Cowboy Ballads	M	Studio—4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Robinson, Edward G.	Stage Actor	The Hole in the Wall	1929	Golf	Art Collecting	W B	Home—910 Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills
Robson, May	Stage Actress	Angel of Broadway	1927	None	Crocheting	W B	Home—610 N. Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills
Rogers, Ginger	Dancer	Young Man of Manhattan	1930	Bicycling	Dancing	R K O	Home—8818 Appian Way, Beverly Hills
Rogers, Roy	Truck Driver	Under Western Stars	1937	Riding	Collecting Chinese Charms	R	Studio—4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood

(Continued on page 106)



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KEEP YOUR SMILE IN STYLE

(Continued from page 45)

wreaks a lot of mouth havoc because tongues and gum surfaces are blithely skipped over, when scrubbing time comes around.

And that brings us right down to the delicate question of how's your breath? Is it like a May morning, as every lovely girl's should be—or is the least said about it the better? Unpleasant breath may spring from a number of sources, some local, others systemic. Spongy, bleeding, infected gums may be to blame. Or is it your decayed teeth? They'll do it every time. Acid indigestion is a common cause and so are infected tonsils, adenoids, sinuses, bronchial or lung conditions. Nasal catarrh is another offender. Even infections in far removed corners of the body are carried to the lungs by your bloodstream and so evidence themselves in your breath. However, much of it comes from careless or incomplete local cleansing. If you've been indulging in onions, garlic or other volatile and flavorful bulbs, the best thing for you to do is hie yourself to a lavatory and scrub every tooth and cranny of your mouth thoroughly before the scent takes hold. Drinking milk or eating parsley doesn't compare to plain everyday cleanliness for breath insurance.

A MOUTH wash after the brushing will help, though. A mild chlorine wash is especially good following onions or other "strong" vegetables, for it destroys the oils which make your breath offensive. Smoking and drinking also contribute their share to unpleasant breath. The antidote here is the same as above.

Always keep a bottle of your favorite mouth wash handy. Use it regularly every day and especially before going out with others. Swish it around vigorously and hold it in your mouth as long as possible for the best results. You'll feel sweeter and fresher, and your smile will reflect your feelings.

If you really want to get to the bottom of halitosis, check your entire system beginning with your teeth. Drink at least six to eight glasses of water a day and try a glass of orange juice, grapefruit juice or lemonade the first thing every morning and again before special dates. A parched system has caused many an unpleasant breath because toxins accumulate for lack of fluids. A bit of milk of magnesia swished around in your mouth before retiring also helps protect you against acid breath. It also aids teeth in counteracting acidity, which is a most prevalent cause of decay.

Speaking of exercises, there's nothing better for a beautiful, healthy mouth and teeth than eating crisp, raw carrots, celery, apples and other "hard" raw fruits and vegetables. Bread crusts, too.

As for diet, did you know that calcium, phosphorous and minerals are absolute essentials to strong, healthy teeth? Of the foods containing these elements, milk is the most important. Eggs, butter and cheese come next, and not to be sneezed at are meats, whole grained cereals, leafy vegetables, citrus fruits, fish and nuts. Dried beans and peas have their virtues, too, and, of course, the oils derived from cod and halibut liver are rich in tooth building minerals. Excessive sweets and starches are as bad for your teeth as for your waistline because they make acid forming bacteria, which are ancient enemies of sound teeth. You probably know that taffy, caramels and "chewy" butterscotch are the dentists' best friends. They wreck more teeth and loosen more fillings than you can shake a stick at.

Don't forget Vitamin D. Found in milk, especially in irradiated products, and in many of the other aforementioned foods, it is one of Nature's good fairies. Sunshine is full of Vitamin D, too, and that's why you want to get all you can of Old Sol's beneficent rays every summer and store them up in your system against the dreary days. Vitamin D helps keep you beautiful from inside out—and that's the only way that lasts.

Now, a word about dentistry. A good dentist is one of the best friends a be-



George Murphy, whose dad was an Olympic coach, goes stepping at the Trocadera with his wife, Juliette Johnsan. George, a former Yale track and football star, says his screen work is even more strenuous than those sports were. He dances from between 75 to 140 miles in an average feature-length film.

witching smile ever had. And the younger you learn it, the better it is for your beauty as well as your health. We hope that your mother started right in on your baby teeth to see that they had proper dental care, for their health and condition had definite effects upon the set that means so much to you now. However, even if she didn't, it's wonderful what good dentists can still do to straighten, correct and beautify your teeth right up through middle age.

Straightening, filling, scaling (the semi-annual cleaning job), treatment of pyorrhea, gingivitis, trench mouth, etc.—all require the care of a skillful dentist and should never be entrusted to anyone else. Crooked teeth should be straightened, not only for looks but also for health. If your teeth are out of line, your "bite" will be too. Then your teeth, in their attempt to overcome the difficulty, will grow farther than ever out of their normal positions, and a bad situation gets worse and worse. Better a few months of braces than a lifetime of ugliness, bad health and regrets.

USUALLY, you don't need much urging to go to the dentist when you get an actual toothache. Don't dilly dally, though. Have a thorough going over on general principles at regular intervals. Don't wait till a pain strikes you in the midst of a drink of cold water or a bite of your favorite sweetmeat. Many a case of decay burrows away quietly but steadily and never hurts until the tooth is so far gone it isn't worth saving.

Pyorrhea is another direct signal for immediate dental care. It attacks gums at the sockets and is evidenced by easy bleeding, painful inflammation, pus pockets and, later on, even by the loss of teeth. The only cure is immediate professional cleaning and local medication which only a dentist can give. If you have discolored teeth, stained by tartar, nicotine or the like, be sure to let your dentist attend to them. Any dentifrice abrasive enough to lighten them is likely, in time, to destroy the enamel.

Treat your mouth with respect, and your teeth like the priceless pearls that they really are. The stars in Hollywood set a shining example that all the rest of us can follow with profit. Ways and methods may change from time to time, but teeth that are both beautiful and healthy will never go out of style.

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Wooden Injun

I'm cranky tonight and I feel like picking on somebody. I think I'm going to vent my wrath on Errol Flynn.

I am furious with this gentleman for the wooden-injun performance he turned in in "Elizabeth and Essex." Elizabeth would never have loved that kind of Essex. You can't tell me! And the fiery Essex would turn over in his grave if he could see what collar-ad Flynn has done to him. He has succeeded in making a mere mechanized clothes-horse out of one of history's most romantic figures. Even if he had been teamed with a less capable actress, Flynn's performance would have seemed colorless, but contrasted as it was with Bette Davis' superb, flesh and blood portrayal, his was insufferably flat and unconvincing.

Mr. Flynn is certainly beautiful in tights stalking through green forests. His profile is noble against the blue sky. But, cradled in the royal beldam's lap, he is devoid of any emotion.

I'd rather have somebody homely and hawk-nosed and spindle-shanked—but an *actor*—for the lead in such an important picture.—Eva Green, Brockton, Mass.

Design for Marriage

I used to think marriage was a serious business and turned every little fault of Hubby's into a major catastrophe. But the Mr. and Mrs. movies have shown me that every husband should be taken with a large-sized dose of humor. I've learned from them that today's great tragedies become tomorrow's laughable memories.

First of the man-and-wife whodunits was the unforgettable "Thin Man." Since then, many follow-ups have appeared, with "Mr." doing the detecting, and "Mrs." very successfully getting in his way. Of course, in our home we don't have corpses falling around and shots punctuating our conversations, but these domestic movie scenes have served a very definite purpose in my life.

"Test Pilot," "Make Way for Tomorrow," "Vivacious Lady," "Sweethearts," "The Awful Truth," "Made for Each Other" and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" all seemed to me to point the way to a romance which would become more beautiful with the years. These pictures have given me a "design for marriage," and if my pattern turns out successfully, our happiness will be due largely to the examples set by the likable, human couples of Movieland.—Mrs. H. S. Truitt, Snowden, N. C.

Bette's Breaks

Why all the raves about Davis? The secret of her fame lies in the simple fact that she gets the best parts available. In the beginning, she was bright enough to fight for real acting roles, and now they are given her as a matter of course; while her contemporaries, who were satisfied to look pretty and swoon in the hero's arms, are now definitely out in the cold.

Bette gets all the plums. Yet, no matter what her role, she plays Bette Davis. Her own mannerisms overshadow those of the character she portrays. This is not real acting.

I say Bette is no better than a dozen other actresses could and would be, if they were given good parts. Remember



THOUGHTS

NEW BILLS FOR LETTERS

Merle Oberon in "Wuthering Heights," Norma Shearer in "The Women," Irene Dunne in "Love Affair ?"

Up to now, Davis has had all the breaks. How about giving some of the other equally talented girls a chance? —Doris Layer, Silver City, N. M.

Glamour, Where Art Thou?

Today's movie heroes are much too normal. They prefer to pose astride a horse (Taylor), or skeet shooting (Gable), playing tennis (Greene), golfing (Crosby) or boating (Flynn). In fact, in their spare time they engage in all the activities of the average young man.

They also marry nice girls like Frances Dee, Annabella and Barbara Stanwyck, and live on ranches. They become proud family men who have their pictures taken at the circus with their children on their knees.

Oh, yes, glamour is certainly dead in Hollywood, when a tow-headed imp like Rooney is voted "King of the Movies" and "homey" men like Mr. Chips and Mr. Smith vie for the year's acting honors.—Sylvia Grill, New York, N. Y.

Make Believe

I am writing this letter to praise the movie industry for the good work it is doing. The movies have done more than anything I know of to make life worth living. They are a luxury everyone, rich or poor, can enjoy for the same price. They've made queens out of servant girls, and dashing cavaliers out of ditch-diggers—at least for a fleeting hour.

BIRTHDAY

15 YEARS YOUNGER

ntment at my beauty salon.
ers will hide my drab, lustre-
es. I shall close my eyes, rest
stare gratefully at new, glori-
th birthday. My hair, my new
ole being. My eyes will sparkle,
feeling 15 years younger, for I
resent of an Eternol Treatment.
OR KNOWS BEST"

TINT OIL SHAMPOO

RECONDITIONS, TINTS, CLEANSES IN ONE SIMPLE OPERATION
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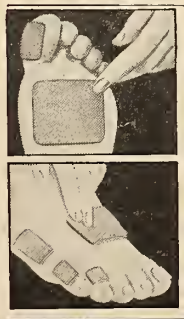


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YODORA DEODORANT CREAM



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Stops Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. Quickly relieves corns, callouses, bunions, and chafed or sensitive spots anywhere on your feet or toes caused by shoe friction or pressure. Eases new or tight shoes; avoids "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters. Medically safe!

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.

Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For FREE Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. K, Chicago.



Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing—Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

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TRIMAL

bu..
tangos with Fred Ast.. ..ed to my doom as Mary, Queen of Scots, and danced through the land of Oz as Dorothy. I have the privilege of being anyone I please.

I salute the movies! Long may they live and give respite to everyday people. —Helen Moore, Akron, Ohio.

Too Much of a Good Thing

"Gone With the Wind" may be all its boosters claim, but as for me, I'm agin' such mighty super-super epics and can only hope it will not establish a precedent. To me, four hours of movie at one sitting is as definitely too much of a good thing as four helpings of apple pie à la mode at one meal. I like movies and I like apple pie, but I do not like gorging myself to the point of indigestion on either.

I find even double bills preferable to such a colossus as "G.W.T.W." At least I can walk out after one film has finished. I sat through "Gone" to the bitter end out of curiosity about the denouement, as I hadn't read the book. I like finishing what I start, but I left the theatre feeling so "gone" with exhaustion and resentment, I couldn't properly appreciate the picture's worth.

Am I a "sissy," or do others agree with me?—Dee Chapman, Los Angeles, Calif.

On Merit Alone

I like those rare pictures that sneak up on you *sans* ballyhoo and wham the box-office so that everybody comes a-running to get a look-see. Such a one was the almost unheralded "Balalaika."

We found it out for ourselves, and thrilling is the experience of the discoverer! Nelson Eddy was in such grand voice that you didn't mind his hogging the footage. Ilona Massey was captivating, both to eye and ear. Everyone in the cast was excellent, especially Charlie Ruggles as the comic, hair-parted-in-the-middle Russian peasant, with the glib tongue.

But the point I'm trying to make is the delight of the fans when they discover for themselves that a picture is good. If Hollywood always turned out such good productions, the film industry could get along without advertising—and what a relief that would be!—Georgia Rayne, Vancouver, Canada.

"Ho-Hum"

ently released "I Take This
the result of revision, I don't
e the quality of the original.
e film will not garner new
beauteous Hedy Lamarr, for
ive her a chance to establish
as an actress.
ore, the assignment of a role
little more than a walk-
to the sterling, twice Acad-
winner, Spencer Tracy, is a
tice! His capable presence,
ombined with the sparkling
eftly delivered by Verree
are all that lift the movie
'ho-hum" class.
ture should have been "charged
and loss" and left locked in the
forgotten films.—Mary E. Lau-
adelphia, Pa.

Do's and Dont's

njoyed the first few "family" pic-
s, but I'm sick to death of them now.
"Lanes," "Jones" and "Hardys" can
ride high, wide and handsomely away
s far as I'm concerned.

But, Mr. Producer, please continue to give an appreciative public more of those fascinating "Dr. Kildare" serials. Lionel Barrymore plays the part of Dr. Gillespie brilliantly, and Lew Ayres' performance as the young doctor, is superb. He plays his role with such depth and sincerity. I predict it is only a matter of time before Lew is awarded an "Oscar" for an outstanding performance.

When my spirits are low, the best prescription for me is to see a Doctor Kildare picture.—Anne Orr, New York, N. Y.

A Plea For Help

I want to write about a young man who deserves some raves. This fellow is as handsome as Tyrone Power or Richard Greene, and can act as well as either of them, yet he is given very poor roles. His name is Richard Carlson.

If he were given a role with more body and strength to it, he would be a sensation! All I've seen him in are those light, little comedies which skip over his talent. He's really a swell person and I don't think he's getting the chances he should have. Would someone please pay some attention to Richard Carlson?—Marjorie Mosier, Miami, Fla.

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

Are you longing for an audience who'll bear with you while you rave over that movie you saw last night? Here it is, ready-made. Are you tired of reading eulogies about everyone but *your* favorite? Here's your chance to sing his praises yourself and get paid for it, too. So you hate glamour boys and love Western stars? You're weary of the old faces and wants lots more of some newcomer? Tell us about it. The ten most original letters received each month will net their writers $1.00, so don't mince words. We're all ears for your opinions, but be sure they're your honest opinions. Do not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. That is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Address your letter to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

DON'T GET IN THEIR HAIR!

(Continued from page 6)

spoiled the picture. They began to weed the sheep from the goats.

Then Sound came in. It increased costs to staggering sums, and re-takes meant the loss of hundreds of dollars.

The visitor became a problem. He committed, in his innocence, acts that no self-respecting studio employee would be guilty of. He coughed, sneezed or shuffled his feet while the sound apparatus was on. Often, overcome with joy upon beholding his idol in the flesh, he would dash impulsively across the stage, knocking over cameras or other studio paraphernalia in his haste to shake the hand that he had so often watched flicking ashes across the screen. These and similar acts have made the average tourist a headache to the studios.

IF you are contemplating a trip to Movietown, a few "don'ts" or "what not to do's" are respectfully suggested:

Don't think because you are a Big Business Man you can tell the publicity department you want to take Myrna Loy to breakfast, Kay Francis to lunch and Hedy Lamarr to dinner. Big Business Men (married ones too!) have been known to try this, and what is worse, they get indignant when politely informed that the Misses Loy, Francis and Lamarr do not breakfast, lunch or dine with strange men.

If you are fortunate enough to be admitted to the sound stages, don't try to touch Clark Gable or sit in Bette Davis' chair. Mr. Gable has been touched by so many admiring fans he is beginning to feel like a wishing stone; Miss Davis needs that chair to rest in, between scenes.

Don't call the studios and say: "This is Mrs. Smith-Jones from Palm Beach. I'll be around at 3:30 this afternoon to watch Ann Rutherford act. Please arrange it!"

Stars are not on tap for tourists although the publicity department, rather than take a chance on offending the wrong person, will try to accommodate you. Which brings to mind an incident that is quite typical of the bad manners of the average tourist.

A debutante, daughter of an important business man, came to Hollywood with her mother. Her credentials being what they were, she was taken over the studio (which is like a city in itself). She wanted to see Robert Taylor act. Since Mr. Taylor wasn't working the studio officials suggested some one else, but the young lady was adamant. Finally they got in touch with the star, who graciously consented to do a scene for the visitors' benefit.

The debbie, whose cigarette and holder combined measured at least eight inches, followed the director around gesturing excitedly and getting so close she singed his hair. She blew smoke in Mr. Taylor's face. And when the scene was being shot she burst out with: "Oh hell! I think he's terrible! Let's go, Mother!"

Don't get into a star's hair by gushing over a picture in which a player with a similar name has appeared. Socially prominent persons who should know better have been guilty of this faux pas not once, but many times.

The latest instance is that of a lady who insisted upon being introduced to Spencer Tracy.

"Oh Mr. Tracy!" she cooed, "You were so marvelous in the 'Front Page!' I love to see you play reporters." To which Spencer listened courteously. Not once did he enlighten the lady by telling her it was Lee Tracy who had starred in the "Front Page." However, all stars are not as good-natured. They have been known to take it out on the poor publicity man who was dumb enough to bring such a visitor on the set.

Don't insist upon directing a scene or grinding the camera. You wouldn't want a cameraman to show you how to run your business—now would you? Yet visiting Elks and old ladies often insist upon performing this feat. It was an old lady who upset the works while watching Jackie Cooper perform. Jackie was supposed to cry, and his dog was to lick his face in consolation. As a bribe to the pooch, Jackie's cheeks were smeared with molasses. But the old lady commented so loudly and so frequently that Jackie got mad and couldn't cry any more, and the dog grew tired of molasses and refused to lick Jackie's face. And to cap the climax the old lady insisted upon grinding the camera and directing the scene!

Don't insist upon bringing your children to the studios! Not only is it against the rules, but it's dangerous . . . the child is liable to trip, fall into the tank reserved for water scenes, or do any number of things. However, despite the rule against children on the set, a lady from the South who happened to be the constituent of a prominent Senator, brought Junior, aged eight, with her. He started the ball rolling by pulling out the plug that connected the sound apparatus, and, though he may not have been more mischievous than any other little boy of his age, he certainly wrecked the nerves of a lot of people!

DON'T pilfer! Most tourists are pilferers or just born souvenir hunters. Have it your own way. But they are a bugaboo to the studios and especially to the property man whose job it is to dress the sets and who is responsible for every article on it.

Pilferers have been known to cost the studio hundreds of dollars a day. This is no fantasy. If a set used in one scene is found to be incomplete because somebody took an ash tray or cigarette case, it may take hours to find a duplicate or—if it happens to be a costume picture—weeks to make another one. And last but not least, the moving picture public is the keenest, the most critical in the world.

"I saw William Powell walk out of the door leaving a cigarette case on the table," a fan will write, "and when he came back two minutes later the case wasn't there."

Don't burst into your favorite actor's home and demand to see him. The stars are willing to be seen—they appreciate the adulation they receive and they realize the fan can make or break them—but there are limits. The story of the tourist who burst into the Temple home is not exaggerated.

Accompanied by his wife and children the tourist demanded to see Shirley. He had, he informed the speechless Temples, been paying Shirley's salary for ages by attending her pictures. Now he wanted to see her in the flesh! The Temples waved to the garden where Shirley was making mud pies. The fan and his family gleefully gathered around looking her over as if she were a monkey in the zoo.



The new Dr. Ellis Nail Polish makes nails look smarter, hands lovelier. Smooth-flowing, long-wearing. Metallic label shows actual color! Ask for Dr. Ellis Nail Polish . . . 22 smart shades.

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WATCH FREE With Every Solid Gold Genuine Diamond Ring Ordered Now.



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Smart, new guaranteed Modern Wrist Watch—choice of Ladies' or Men's Model given as get-acquainted gift free with every solid gold, genuine diamond ring ordered now on our new, one-year payment Lay Away plan—Send no money with order just name and address. We ship immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of $4 each. Ring is Yellow Gold set with flashing genuine Diamond—a real beauty. Accept on 10 days approval. You pay nothing till postman gives you the FREE, accurate Wrist Watch. SEND NAME AND ADDRESS TODAY. Your package sent at once by return mail.

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NEURITIS Relieve Pain in Few Minutes or Money Back

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back. Don't suffer. Clip this ad now as a reminder to ask your druggist for NURITO today.



a SHAMPOO isn't enough FOR dull, drab, lifeless-looking Hair

BUT, dull hair will shine like satin and drab hair, like pale cheeks, only needs a little makeup to have a healthy, peppy look or to hide a premature sprinkle of gray. These thrilling features can be had, by using the New Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse. The splendid new certified colors in the New Golden Glint are exciting and safe to use—like makeup, it washes out but won't rub off. Woman's most irresistible charm is bright, radiant hair, full of lovely, soft-glowing, colored highlights. Get the New Golden Glint at any drug, department and 10c store, or send for a full size trial offer, at half regular price.

25¢ Size - TRIAL OFFER - For 10¢

5-5

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City and State _____

PLEASE RUSH. Enclosed find Ten Cents (10c) in coin for handling charges. My shade of hair is . . . . .

☐ Brunette ☐ Blonde ☐ White or Platinum

☐ Brownette ☐ Auburn ☐ Lustre (Colorless)

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FREE Lipstick For Brunettes

THAT STAYS ON



A new, ravishing red lipstick for brunettes called Peach Bloom that stays on though you eat, smoke or swim, even kiss, has just been produced by TAYTON'S. Neither greasy nor dry on your lips. Created in Hollywood. Used by many movie queens. An instant hit. To quickly introduce TAYTON'S Peach Bloom to brunettes everywhere free lipsticks are mailed on request. Just what you want a lipstick to be. Gives your lips a smooth, luscious, inviting, moist warmth, that stays on. Try it! 10c and 25c guest sizes at all dime or drug stores, or for a free trial lipstick of TAYTON'S Peach Bloom, send 3c stamp to cover mailing cost to TAYTON'S, Room 3832, 3631 Main St., Kansas City, Missouri

Tayton's
Lipstick — It Stays On.

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Lighten Your Hair New Easy Safe Way

Without Peroxide, Dyes or Henna

Thrill your man! Don't let unsightly Dark, dirty Drab, lifeless Dull Hair discourage you. You're more beautiful when you lighten hair and bring out golden, radiant, glorious highlights. Now you can safely make hair shades lighter, soft, fluffy, easy-to-set, curl with *natural-looking* loveliness. Easy; never hurts permanents. Positively safe, harmless. Smooth, even results. No "dyed", artificial look. *No shampoos necessary*—just HI-LITE!

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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Your birth stone will make a beautiful ring. Many think wearing their birth stone lucky. Just to get acquainted, we will send a wonderful Simulated Birth Stone—correct for your month—FREE if you enclose this ad with 10c for mailing. Just send name, address and month of birth. Information on free gold plate ring with wrist watch sent immediately. Send today for your new simulated BIRTH STONE. **EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 457, Jefferson, Iowa.**

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Caused by rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, head colds, headaches, or bad days, with FAST ACTING

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NO ACETANILID NO ACETPHENETIDIN NO OTHER HARSH DRUGS

They demanded the mud pies she was making and got them—for a price! In all fairness it must be added that they paid gladly.

Sometimes fans are the unwitting cause of embarrassment to the stars as were the two dear little old women who, properly chaperoned by a publicity man, appeared on the set where Bing Crosby was doing a scene in his underwear. Bing took one look at the ladies and got temperamental. He didn't mind, he said, being seen in his shorts by the script girl and the feminine players, but he was danged if he was going to play before two old women!

In some cases, the more important the visitors the nicer they are. The Duchess of Northumberland and her party visited the studios and captured the entire personnel by her charm. And the film folk turned out to do her honor. . "Why," asked Joseph Schildkraut, who was starring in a picture, "didn't you tell me, so that I could have met her socially?"

George Bernard Shaw was another welcome visitor to the movie lots. Accompanied by Marion Davies, he wandered over the sets scattering bon mots to the delight of the movie folk.

THE visitor who created the biggest furore was a quiet gentleman reputed to be an automobile manufacturer from Detroit. He arrived one Saturday morning with a pass to the studios. Now Saturday morning in California is like New Year's Eve in New York. Folk are getting ready for a big week-end and they don't want to bother with visitors. But with true Western courtesy, which holds its own with the famed Southern brand, they assigned a guide who was one of the smaller fry.

The quiet gentleman, unaware of the feelings seething in his guide's breast, thanked her courteously for her assistance. On Monday morning a brand new car of an expensive make appeared at the studio doors. It was filled with the necessary gas and oil and it came with the quiet gentleman's card and a note of appreciation. From that day to this, automobile manufacturers draw the heads of the publicity departments as their guides. And we hate to admit it but so far the only ripple has been a box of dried fruit from Florida—an insult to any Californian!

While every large city has its phonies, Hollywood and Miami, Florida, get the best of the crop, especially during the winter months. The reason is obvious. They seem to range from fake newspaper men to "titled" foreigners with English accents.

Perhaps the biggest fraud perpetrated upon the film folk was that of "Count" W. Winterbottom O'Reilly, who also used "Captain" just to show folk he had been a soldier in the Coldstream Guards. His tweedy clothes, Oxford accent and English pipe won him entrance into the best circles. He was, the Count told Hollywood, Sunday Editor of one of London's biggest papers. He wooed and won a lithsome lassie who danced in one of the better night spots and showered her with flowers and gifts. In fact so definite were his intentions that the girls back-stage began calling her "Countess" in much the same manner as the Duchess of Windsor had H. R. H. (Her Royal Highness) embroidered on her scanties.

Errol Flynn, whose Irish accent is his own, took the Count yachting, and a famous polo player lent him one of his best ponies.

The blow fell when a bona-fide correspondent checked up on his fellow countryman. The Count blew town just before the police got there. He left a hotel bill and a sadly disillusioned girl who had believed in him.

"Prince" Michael Alexander Dmitri Oblensky Romanoff—born Harry Gerguson, did not, despite reports to the contrary, take Hollywood for a ride. For his fame had preceded him. Yet Hollywood, charmed by his wit, his good nature and his supreme gall, accepted him for what he was—a good egg and a counterfeit. They did not question his "mansions" in Russia, although they knew he hailed originally from Hillsboro, Illinois. They even attended, en masse, his party at the exclusive Clover Club. This, despite the fact that the gold-engraved invitations asked the bearer to bring his own liquor and "fee" the servants. Mike was as royal in his expressions as in his pipe dreams.

The fellow who rifles the baby's bank is a philanthropist compared to the phony who preys on Hollywood mothers. Representing himself as a talent scout for the movies or radio, he wins the mother's confidence by assuring her that her offspring is a potential Shirley Temple or Baby Sandy. Recently, two such persons, Jack and Betty Pierce, were tried, convicted and sentenced to serve in the County Jail after they had bilked nineteen mothers out of their house money.

The woman's role was to hang around department stores and make friends with the mothers of small children. She confided that she knew a casting director who would be interested in such a beautiful and talented child. She thought she could get in touch with him. In the meantime if the mother would let her have her name and address. . . .

The next day the man would call. He had heard, he said, about this extraordinary child. Might he see her? The delighted mother would agree to register her youngster with the casting director for $15. Then he would suggest a course of dramatic lessons for another $15.

ANOTHER phony who preyed on guileless mothers carried the hoax so far as to persuade women to bring their children across the country to Hollywood. He too ended in jail but not until hundreds of women had been swindled.

The "Movie Mug Book" racket was a honey before the Bunko Squad of the Los Angeles Police Department and the Better Business Bureau exposed it. The victim paid as high as $100 for a full-page picture which was to go into a casting directory and which, in turn, was to be sent to all studios as a guide to future stars. If that worked, the victim was persuaded to buy the directory.

The "Fancy Contract" racket is another reason the Better Business Bureau broadcasts twice weekly. The contestant was to buy a jar of cold cream (at $2 per jar) and to send the top along with a name they selected for a rising screen star. If the name was selected, the winner, too, would be awarded a film contract. You'd be surprised how many people fell for that one.

You couldn't call the two young men who operate a printing press at Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street phonies exactly. The gag is a newspaper with a Hollywood, California, date line. It's complete except for the headlines. That's where the tourist comes in. If he wants the old home town to know what a swath he cut in the movie capital, he can have "John Doakes lunches with Marlene Dietrich!" or "Susie Smith spends week-end on Errol Flynn's yacht!" printed in headlines that would shame a tabloid sheet, and all for fifty cents! And if you're not too fussy, you can get the same service on a Los Angeles street corner for twenty-five cents!

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 12)

worth. This will be the twelfth year of "Oscar" awarding, and twelve thousand members of the industry will cast the deciding ballots.

Caroline Mody, Utica, N. Y. That story of Bette Davis' life was printed in our December, 1937, issue, and there are dozens of pictures illustrating it. We'll be glad to send you a copy if you'll write to the Subscription Department, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., enclosing ten cents. Yes, there are a few snaps of her with dark hair.

Dot Jolly, Atlanta, Ga. Your favorite, John Payne, got a pretty conventional start in life, but his career has been varied and interesting. Born in Roanoke, Va., twenty-seven years ago, he inherited an excellent voice from his mother and won himself a two-year scholarship at the Juilliard School of Music. He didn't complete the course, being avid to get at the business world, but he didn't get a job for months and months. During the lean period, he kept alive by writing for the pulp magazines. Before eventually getting a part in a small stock company, he was involved in several unremunerative but fascinating ventures; namely professional wrestling, bouncing in a night club and managing a pool room. After a bit of experience with the above mentioned stock company, he was lucky enough to get a bit part in Bea Lillie's show, "At Home Abroad," in which he was observed, approved of and signed to a contract by a talent scout from Hollywood. In "Garden of the Moon" he emerged from his comparative obscurity and then achieved untold popularity as the stunning young officer in "Wings of the Navy." One of Hollywood's best-dressed young men, Anne Shirley's husband spends $5,000 annually on his clothes. He is now at work in "Stardust," with Linda Darnell.

Philomene M., Montreal, Canada. Your favorite cowboy, Roy Rogers, who is twenty-seven years old, with blue eyes and blond hair, is under contract to Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif. Twenty-five cents sent to the studio will bring you an autographed photo of him, and if your letter is unusually amusing or outstanding in any respect you are sure to receive a reply.

Clarice Allen, Pueblo, Colo. We have literally been deluged with requests for information about that "newcomer," Dennis Morgan. The fans have a surprise coming to them when they hear that "Waterfront's" sensational young star is none other than their old friend, Stanley Morner. Yes, he's changed names and studios and is rapidly turning into one of the most popular young players. Born, Stanley Morner, in Prentice, Wisconsin, he is of Dutch descent and first chose the lumber business as a career. At Carroll College, however, which incidentally has also given the stage and screen Alfred Lunt and Fred MacMurray, he took an active interest in dramatics and also discovered that he could sing. After leaving school, he sang over the radio for a while, until Mary Garden heard him, adopted him as her protege and launched him on his cinematic career. Six feet, two inches tall, with brown hair and blue eyes, an engaging manner and a very pleasant voice, Dennis first appeared in "The Great Ziegfeld" back in 1936. His next will be "Tear Gas Squad." He is married to Lillian Vedder and they have one child, Stanley, Jr.

Tillie Stein, Brooklyn, N. Y. There has been such a clamoring from Jon Hall's admirers for another picture that something just had to be done about it. Jon has the leading role in "Sailor's Lady." Born in Fresno, California, on February 26, 1918, this shy, good-looking lad with the widely-publicized torso, is of Swiss and Tahitian descent. He has lived several years in Tahiti and studied in Switzerland where he learned to speak fluent French. He applied for a job as technical adviser on the picture "Hurricane" and was handed the leading part. He is married to Frances Langford, the singer, and their choice of hobbies jibe very nicely—sailing, bicycling, hunting and swimming being high on both their lists.

ON THE SET

(Continued from page 34)

cost will probably run to almost $1,000.

Before the production is finished, Mr. Willys DeMond, talented hosiery creator, will present his bill for nearly $3,000. The stockings he is turning out for Alice Faye are identical copies of those worn by Lillian, right down to the hand embroidered butterflies and lace insets. Though DeMond is hitting Fox for $100 a pair, his fee will look like bargain day against the prices paid by the actress who would never have offended her legs by clothing them in anything less costly than a $400 pair. But then, Lillian earned $250,000 yearly—and never heard of income tax.

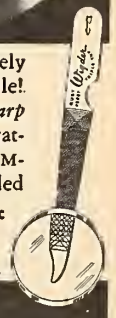
Exclusive of the 27 gowns to be worn by Alice, 800 feminine costumes are being provided by the studio at a cost to them of over $25,000. Four thousand extras cavorting on 53 sets can be counted upon to take another substantial bite out of the budget. The sets, accurate to the last thumb-tack, will include Weber and Fields' Music Hall, Rector's Restaurant, Tony Pastor's and the famous Savoy Theatre in London—which makes it simple to understand why they'll cost approximately $200,000!

Probably the most interesting people connected with the picture are three men who really knew Lillian Russell. The first two, the ever-popular team of Weber and Fields, were her musical comedy companions at the close of the century and have come to the West Coast to portray themselves as they were fifty years ago. The third is Irving Cummings, youngish-looking director of "Lillian Russell" and her last leading man. In 1909, he and Lillian toured the country in a little number known as "In Search of a Sinner." "But, you see," explains Cummings, "at that time I was only a boy."

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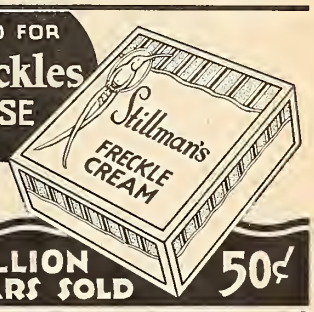
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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

laughed, Ann, "because every time Roger looked down at the highways, a car was passing us!"

THE WAY OF ALL CURVES

Deanna Durbin and seven pounds have parted company in the last two months, via the non-starch program. Once Miss Durbin makes up her mind to something, it's practically done, and so when she decided to streamline the chassis, neither Universal nor Vaughn Paul could put a stop to it. The studio, you see, prefers her curves, and Vaughn, too, admits he likes 'em plump. But everything—including Vaughn's preferences and chocolate caramels—is swept aside by Deanna's determination to be a glamour girl.

ONE-TRACK MIND

Joan Fontaine didn't know that when she promised to be a good wife she was also promising to be a good flyer. But Brian Aherne is horrified at the prospect of traveling any distance over fifty miles except by plane. Joan's gamely gone with him on all his trips, but when the matter of Aherne's cross-country flight was brought up, she made her first objection. The open cockpit Waco, which was the light of Brian's life, was a bit chilly, she pointed out. Her husband agreed, and Joan had twenty-four hours of complete happiness and not a little self-complacency. But the next day was her birthday—and the gift from her adoring husband was a Fairchild Cabin monoplane.

DIDJA KNOW

That Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern have one rule for marital happiness—never to discuss their careers after working hours? . . . That Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson are still good friends and frequently dine together at the Brown Derby on "maid's night out" just as they used to in the good old days? . . . That Nancy Kelly keeps a perfect figure by going horseback riding every morning? . . . That Rosalind Russell has studied in Europe, South America, Cuba, Egypt and the Far East? . . . That Bela Lugosi has the most unique stamp collection in Hollywood—they are all memorial issues commemorating such incidents as war, disaster, pestilence and famine? . . . That Katherine Hepburn is due back in Hollywood for "Philadelphia Story," her stage success? . . . That Bill Demarest has just purchased a stone quarry, is also active owner of a patent medicine factory and is a prolific short story writer? . . . That for possible emergencies, the Lux Theatre assigns an understudy to every role cast in every play? They are paid whether called or not and have to stay near a telephone within ten minutes of the theatre until the show goes off the air? . . . That Bob Young invited 160 guests to a party at the Derby the other day and never got over to greet them, thanks to studio work? . . . That the Ronald Colmans and the Charles Boyers are just about inseparable?

AT FARMER'S MARKET

Boris Karloff introducing his year-old pride and joy to his friends, and baby daughter cooing back at the admiring merchants . . . Director Mike Curtiz shopping for fruits and vegetables for his household . . . Orson Welles, accompanied by a big and very blonde girl-friend, eating a hamburger and scaring the salespeople half out of their wits with his piercing eyes . . . Shirley Temple gleefully playing with some real, live baby chicks while Mama Temple orders



"It's a Date" for Deanna Durbin and her fiance, Vaughn Paul, at Hollywood's Cafe Lamaze. The smarties who, last year, labelled this romance "puppy-love" are swallowing a lot of words. Each month finds the pair more completely devoted to each other.

the little star's favorite delicacy—turkey . . . Mary Livingstone and Barbara Stanwyck stopping at the "Farmhouse" for a snack after replenishing their family pantries.

ALONG SUNSET STRIP

Adolphe Menjou breezing along with the car top down in spite of threatening thunder clouds . . . George Brent at Maurice's Flower Shop placing an order for a "special" bouquet to be delivered to Olivia de Havilland . . . Wendy Barrie rushing through a voice lesson at Glenn O. Raike's Studio to meet her current millionaire boy-friend.

AROUND TOWN

Most surprising feminine appearances at the "My Little Chickadee" preview were young glamour girl, Helen Parrish and the experienced glamour girl, Marlene Dietrich. Forrest Tucker escorted Helen, and Eric Remarque is still the faithful Dietrich cavalier . . . Lewis Stone made one of his rare public appearances recently when he took his wife dining and dancing at the Cocoanut Grove . . . Publicity man, Alan Gordon, has been taking little Judy Garland dancing at Ciro's nearly every night . . . Ken Murray, who used to take Nancy Kelly to parties, took Mary Healy to the Frances Langford-Jon Hall "Luau"—which is nothing more or less than a Tahitian dinner—and Nancy went with Irving Cummings . . . Ronald Reagan took his bride, Jane Wyman, dancing at the Grove on their first public appearance following their Palm Springs honeymoon . . . Lana Turner and her bridegroom, Artie Shaw, made their first bow at the reopening of the Victor Hugo . . . Carole Landis is giving a lot of her dates to Harvey Seymour because Harvey likes to see previews of the new pictures, and Carole thinks it's the best way for a young actress to learn how to be a better actress . . . Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda like to drop in at Slapsie Maxie's Cafe and heckle the erstwhile prize-fighter who has now turned master of ceremonies . . . Bette Davis and Director Anatole Litvak carry their "All This And Heaven, Too" discussions into night clubs and to the new previews. Other night at Ciro's, they couldn't even take time out from one of their serious discussions to deny a romance rumor.

SHORT SHOTS

Errol Flynn has moved into an apartment at the Sunset Towers—but the town's betting on a speedy reunion with his sparring partner, Lili Damita . . . Baby Sandy has "arrived"—she has a hairdresser, now. The two-year-old star is wearing her hair in a single curl on the top of her head for her role in "Sandy is a Lady" . . . Bob Burns and Mischa Auer have made bids for the Hawaiian malaca-wood furnishings on a set at Universal. Both of their wives want it—but they've agreed to accept the final decision . . . Gloria Jean is the most thrilled girl in town since hearing that Bing Crosby will be her co-star in her next picture. She wants to meet Gary Crosby . . . A Hollywood bar advertises a cocktail consisting of spinach, carrot and garlic juice, with the sign, "Garbo drinks it—and who are you?" . . . The girls on the "Lillian Russell" set haven't drawn a breath in six weeks. It's the corsets . . . Claudette Colbert has gone in for zippers in a big way. In her Holmby Hills home, the walls of her projection room are covered with tapestry, and zippers cover the apertures for the projection machine . . . Spencer Tracy, in spite of a long series of good roles, is exuberant over his latest, "Edison, the Man," and spends every leisure moment away from the set reading up on the great inventor . . . The John Garfields are expecting another child, and the Douglas Fairbanks will threesome this spring . . . Anne Shirley and John Payne are anticipating too . . . Joan Blondell and Lana Turner are playing the same roles as Bessie Love and Anita Page in "Two Girls on Broadway." The picture was formerly "Broadway Melody." Remember?

ROMANCE DEPT.

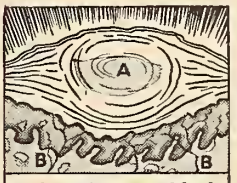
Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman are still soooo in love, and they've been married all of four months . . . Arleen Whelan and Roy D'Arcy have called the whole thing off . . . Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier will say their "I do's" in Nassau—which is British soil . . . Randy Scott and Natalie Draper, the former Mrs. Tom Brown, are holding hands much longer than necessary . . . Orson Welles, now that his divorce has been settled, is being sought after by all the town's lovelies . . . Loretta Young has been going places with Tom Lewis, a very attractive advertising man who seems bewildered by his good luck . . . Ilona Massey tells everyone who's interested that Jimmy Stewart is wonderful . . . Ann Sheridan and George Brent have discovered each other, though Mr. Brent still has Olivia de Havilland's telephone number at the top of his list . . . Reggie Gardiner lets it be known that he likes all the ladies—but Frances Robinson in particular . . . Eleanor Powell's mystery man has turned out to be a U.C.L.A. professor . . . Joan Crawford has forsaken all others for Lee Bowman . . . Nancy Kelly is wide-eyed over Sandy Cummings . . . Sonja Henie still dates Vic Orsatti, though it could hardly be called a rushing business . . . Jane Withers admits she worships Cary Grant—but from afar . . . Mary Healy and Ken Murray are likethis . . . Margaret Lindsay and Bill Lundigan have that faraway look in their eyes . . . Patricia Ellis, one of the town's nicest gals, is seeing the night-spots with Henry Willson . . . Phyllis Brooks has forgotten Cary Grant, with the help of Fred Brisson. He's Carl Brisson's son, in case you've a good memory . . . and Nick Grinde certainly pined for Marie Wilson while she was on her p. a. tour.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 64

■	JEANETTE	■	MACDONALD	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
MACMURRAY	■	ATHANASIA	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
APSE	■	RAYE	■	UTES	■	TIER	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
CAT	■	LOY	■	LAR	■	WHO	■	AGE	■	■	■	■	■	■
ENAMEL	■	RESET	■	YESTER	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	SAW	■	SOTHERN	■	REI	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
FAYE	■	HAYS	■	NYES	■	ACTS	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
AL	■	BAN	■	■	■	APE	■	HI	■	■	■	■	■	■
RAYMOND	■	■	■	■	■	LEDERER	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	BEARD	■	■	■	■	NUBIA	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
BASTILE	■	■	■	■	■	ACCENTS	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
AM	■	SER	■	■	■	LEE	■	EL	■	■	■	■	■	■
RAFT	■	DREW	■	STAR	■	GARY	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	LON	■	SMITTEN	■	RES	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
SPUMED	■	STEED	■	NELSON	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
PAT	■	WAR	■	HEW	■	DIX	■	UGE	■	■	■	■	■	■
ETTA	■	RADE	■	ALEC	■	AREA	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
CHEVALIER	■	RACKETEER	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
SERENADES	■	TWISTERS	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■



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(Continued from page 95)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Romero, Cesar	Bank Clerk	The Thin Man	1934	Dancing	Music	T C F	Home—1325 N. Hayworth, Hollywood
Rooney, Mickey	Child Actor	Orchids and Ermine	1927	Swimming	Composing Songs	M G M	Home—4410 Densmuir, Van Nuys
Ross, Shirley	Singer	Manhattan Melodrama	1934	Tennis	Knitting	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Ruggles, Charles	Druggist	Gentlemen of the Press	1929	Handball	Boxing	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Russell, Rosalind	Stage Actress	Evelyn Prentice	1934	Hockey	Collecting Pearls	M G M	Home—601 Linden, Beverly Hills
Rutherford, Ann	Radio Actress	Annie Laurie	1927	Archery	Making Clothes	M G M	Home—1727 N. Whitley, Hollywood
Scott, Randolph	Stage Actor	Sky Bride	1931	Football	Horse Raising	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood
Shearer, Norma	Model	The Stealers	1920	Diving	Acting	M G M	Home—707 Ocean Front, Santa Monica
Sheridan, Ann	Singer	Bolero	1933	Basketball	Reading	W B	Home—4819 Gentry, N. Hollywood
Shirley, Anne	Child Model	The Miracle	1928	Swimming	Doll Collecting	R K O	Studio—780 Gower Street, Hollywood
Singleton, Penny	Chorus Girl	After the Thin Man	1936	Tennis	Cooking	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood
Sothern, Ann	Musical Comedy Star	Let's Fall in Love	1934	Dancing	Antiques	M G M	Home—529 N. Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills
Stack, Robert	Student	First Love	1939	Hunting	Collecting Cuff Links	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Stander, Lionel	Radio Comedian	The Scoundrel	1935	Fishing	Writing Poetry	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood
Stanwyck, Barbara	Telephone Operator	The Locked Door	1929	Riding	Horse Raising	P	Home—707 N. Arden Blvd., Beverly Hills
Stewart, James	Stage Manager	The Murder Man	1935	Fishing	Model Airplanes	U	Home—320 S. Bristol, Beverly Hills
Stone, Lewis	Stock Actor	Milestones	1920	Motoring	Gardening	M G M	Home—5700 Rhodes, N. Hollywood
Stuart, Gloria	Writer	The All American	1932	Swimming	Collecting Rare Books	T C F	Home—814 N. Bedford Dr., Beverly Hills
Sullavan, Margaret	Stage Actress	Only Yesterday	1933	Badminton	Gardening	M G M	Home—496 St. Pierre Rd., Bel-Air
Tamiroff, Akim	Stage Actor	Sadie McKee	1934	Golf	Woodworking	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Taylor, Robert	Cellist	Handy Andy	1934	Riding	Horse Raising	M G M	Home—707 N. Arden Blvd., Beverly Hills
Temple, Shirley	Student	Little Miss Marker	1934	Swimming	Milk Fund	T C F	Home—227 N. Rockingham Ave., Brentwood Heights
Terry, Ruth	Singer	Love and Hisses	1937	Dancing	Collecting Pennies	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood
Tracy, Spencer	Lumber Piler	Sky Devils	1932	Polo	Raising Horses	M G M	Home—5508 White Oak, N. Hollywood
Treacher, Arthur	Stage Actor	Battle of Paris	1930	Skiing	None	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.
Weaver, Marjorie	Model	China Clipper	1936	Surfing	Knitting	T C F	Home—120 S. Roxbury, Beverly Hills
Weidler, Virginia	Student	Moby Dick	1939	Riding	Doll Collecting	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Weissmuller, Johnny	Professional Swimmer	Tarzan, the Ape Man	1932	Swimming	Amateur Photography	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
West, Mae	Vaudevillian	Night After Night	1932	Ping Pong	Writing Plays	U	Home—570 N. Rossmore Ave., Hollywood
Whelan, Arleen	Manicurist	Kidnapped	1938	Tennis	Dancing	T C F	Home—1186 S. Lucerne, Hollywood
William, Warren	Stage Actor	Expensive Women	1931	Sailing	Inventing Mechanical Devices	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood
Wilson, Marie	Stage Actress	Broadway Hostess	1935	Badminton	Singing	W B	Studio, Burbank, Cal.
Withers, Jane	Student	Bright Eyes	1934	Swimming	Collecting Dolls	T C F	Home—10731 Sunset Blvd., Bel-Air
Wyman, Jane	Secretary	My Man Godfrey	1936	Soccer	Sketching	W B	Studio, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Loretta	Student	Naughty But Nice	1927	Dancing	Flying	U A	Home—10539 Sunset Blvd., Bel-Air
Young, Robert	Reporter	Sin of Madelon Claudet	1931	Golf	Reading Biographies	M G M	Home—520 N. Hillcrest Rd., Beverly Hills
Young, Roland	Stage Actor	Sherlock Holmes	1932	Swimming	Writing	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood
Zorina, Vera	Ballet Dancer	Goldwyn Follies	1938	Riding	Drawing	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills

STUDIO ADDRESSES: *(C) Columbia, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.; (MGM) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.; (M) Monogram, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., (P) Paramount, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.; (R) Republic, 4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood, Cal.; (RKO) RKO-Radio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.; (TCF) 20th Century-Fox, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.; (UA) United Artists, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.; (U) Universal, Universal City, Cal.; (WB) Warner Bros., Burbank, Cal.*

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Lander's Talc helps keep your undies dry, fresh and sweet because it reduces the amount you perspire. And what a blessing this is on hot summer days!

You'll find that Lander's Talc cools and comforts your skin. Use it daily at home . . . and take it to the beach with you, too. Never be without Lander's Talc. Large can only 10¢ at your 10¢ store.

LANDER'S FAMOUS BLENDED FLOWER TALCS surround you with a fragrance, seductive yet refined, for there's an utter innocence about the perfume of flowers!

Keep yourself a sweet, lovely person to be with by showering yourself daily with any one of these glorious talcs—

*LILACS AND ROSES * * * GARDENIA AND SWEET PEA * * * SPICY APPLE BLOSSOM * * * CARNATION AND LILY OF THE VALLEY * * * LAVENDER AND PINE * * * ORCHID AND ORANGE BLOSSOM.*

SOLD ONLY AT ALL 10¢ STORES.

Wake up, Wallflower! Mum after your bath would have saved your Charm!



Mum prevents underarm odor . . . guards after-bath freshness all evening



More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Just a touch under each arm every day makes you sure of your charm. For hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps you fresh!

BREATHLESS expectations . . . dreams of a wonderful evening . . . turned to dust! Why should it happen to a pretty girl like Jean? She bathed so carefully, chose her loveliest dress, started out so gaily. But she *did forget Mum*—she thought her bath would be enough! And now she's sitting out the dances. She's missed her chance for popularity—*and she doesn't know why.*

It's a mistake to believe that the bath which leaves you so fresh and sweet will secure your charm for the evening. Even the most perfect bath removes only perspiration that is *past!* Underarm odor can come *after* a bath, unless you *prevent* it. Why not make sure *you* never risk this danger? Make future odor *impossible*—follow your bath with Mum!

MUM SAVES TIME! Takes only half a minute! Just a pat under this arm, under that . . . and you're through!

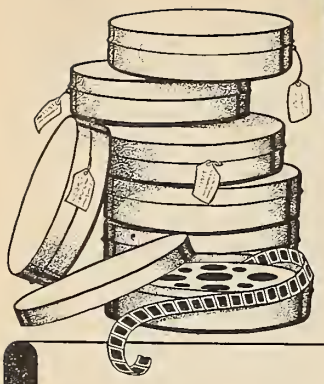
MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum actually soothes your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without attempting to stop perspiration, *Mum prevents underarm odor.* With Mum, after-bath freshness lasts *all evening.* Women everywhere use Mum . . . yes, and men, too. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be always welcome—make a *habit* of Mum!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, dependable!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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MODERN SCREEN FOR JUNE

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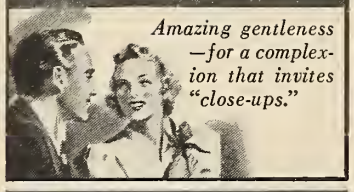
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Caver Girl: Vivien Leigh, Natural Calar Phatagraph, by L. Willinger

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GREATER *Mildness*



Amazing gentleness —for a complexion that invites "close-ups."

MORE ABUNDANT *Lather*

Refreshing, creamy lather that comes quicker to bring out hidden beauty.



NEW, WINNING *Fragrance*

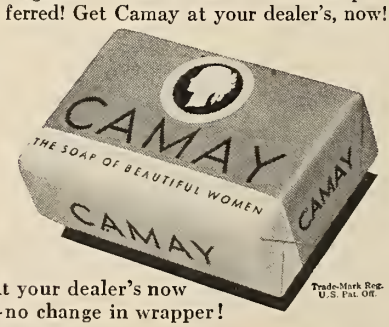
Fragrance that makes it heaven to hold you in his arms.



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WOMEN everywhere are making new Camay their favorite beauty soap ... seeking new loveliness with the aid of Camay's gentle beauty cleansing care.

And no wonder... for now Camay offers them advantages which most women have never enjoyed before! Yes—we tested new Camay against six of the most popular beauty soaps we could find... proved Camay was *milder* than any of them... gave more lather in a short time... had a fragrance almost 2 out of 3 women preferred! Get Camay at your dealer's, now!



At your dealer's now —no change in wrapper!



I'm just thrilled by the new Camay—it's even better than ever. Such wonderful mildness and lather! And that lovely perfume lasts and lasts while there's a bit of soap left.

(*Signed*) LE VERT DOBĚS
Mrs. William L. Dobĕs
Atlanta, Georgia

***Now—more than ever*—THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**


A LIFETIME LIVED IN A SINGLE DAY!
Vivien Leigh returns to you — beautiful, tender, appealing and talented beyond description — in a role which might have been created for her alone ... A girl whose emotions mirrored the chaos of the world around her ... grasping fervently, eagerly at the love that belongs to youth... Robert Taylor attains new dramatic stature as the man who shares this absorbing romance with her. Together, they create an emotional experience you'll never forget.
VIVIEN LEIGH · ROBERT TAYLOR
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
WATERLOO BRIDGE
with LUCILE WATSON · VIRGINIA FIELD
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA · C. AUBREY SMITH
A Mervyn LeRoy Production
Screen play by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel
Based on the play "Waterloo Bridge" by Robert E. Sherwood
Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

MAY 11 1940

INFORMATION DESK

WE KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS— YOU POP THE QUESTIONS



WHAT'S THE NAME AGAIN?

Remember how you felt the last time someone mispronounced your John Henry? Well, the stars feel that way, too. Let's see how you stand on a few of the trickier ones. When you finish the quiz, turn to page 95 and get your rating. The emphasized syllable is indicated by the accent mark (').

1. Aherne, Brian	(a) Ay'-hern	(b) Ay-hern'
2. Autry, Gene	(a) Oh'-tree	(b) Aw'-tree
3. Ayres, Lew	(a) Ires	(b) Airs
4. Beery, Wallace	(a) Bear'-ee	(b) Beer'-ee
5. Bayer, Charles	(a) Boy-yay'	(b) Bay'-er
6. Bradna, Olympe	(a) Oh-limp'	(b) Oh-lamp'
7. Calbert, Claudette	(a) Caal-bear'	(b) Caal'-bert
8. Davis, Bette	(a) Bet'-tee	(b) Bet
9. Dietrich, Marlene	(a) Mar-leen'	(b) Mar-leh'-na
10. Dietrich, Marlene	(a) Dee'-trish	(b) Dee'-trick
11. Danat, Rabert	(a) Daugh'-nat	(b) Daugh-nat'
12. Henie, Sanja	(a) Hen'-ee	(b) High'-nee
13. Hudsan, Rachelle	(a) Rae'-shel	(b) Rae-shel'
14. Leeds, Andrea	(a) An'-dree-a	(b) On'-dree-a
15. Leigh, Vivien	(a) Lee	(b) Lay
16. Massey, Ilana	(a) La'-na	(b) Il-ah'-na
17. Menjau, Adalphe	(a) Mon'-ju	(b) Men'-ju
18. Olivier, Laurence	(a) Oh-live'-ee-er	(b) Oh-live'-ee-ay
19. Rainer, Luise	(a) Ry'-ner	(b) Ray'-ner
20. Turner, Lona	(a) Lay'-na	(b) Lah'-na

NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

Josephine Brown, Terre Haute, Ind. We have searched high and low and just can't find a star whose birthday coincides with yours. You are sandwiched between some very famous people though, which means, astrologically speaking, that you were born under their sign. Cecilia Parker and Edgar Kennedy were born on April 26, and Lionel Barrymore and Carl Laemmle, Jr., were born on the 28th. Sorry there isn't a twenty-seventh-er for you.

Mary D'Ercala, New York, N. Y. Ronald Reagan, who has recently broken so many hearts by getting himself married to Jane Wyman, is twenty-seven years old and was born in Tampico, Illinois. He's a college graduate, Eureka being the proud alma mater, and is a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon. He was prominent in both dramatics and athletics in school, but upon graduating he renounced the former and took up sports reporting, verbal and written. While he was covering the Chicago Cubs' spring training camp, a friend introduced him to Max Arnow, Warner Brothers' casting director, and a few days later he was signing a contract. He likes Hollywood, but can't get used to going to football games as a cash customer instead of on passes. The Irishman with the incongruous nickname of "Dutch" likes the color green, of course, and also horses, swimming, hiking, strawberry shortcake and eight hours sleep per night.

Norma Rogers, Bronx, N. Y. Phil Regan was born on May 28, 1908, in Brooklyn, N. Y. He started singing "My Wild Irish Rose" at an age when most parents are thrilled to get a "mama" out of their kiddies. Black-haired and grey-eyed, Phil has realized all of his ambitions to date. His first one was to sing in his school glee club; his second was to be a cop; next he longed to sing on the radio, and eventually he dreamed of Hollywood and Broadway. Now, at thirty-one, he is quite satisfied with his lot. He married at seventeen and is the father of four children, none of whom approve of Daddy's love-making on the screen. Five feet ten in height and weighing 165 pounds, this engaging young "Singing Cop" has been very busy the last year or so making personal appearances.

Ruth Cardinal, Brooklyn, N. Y. William Holden, whose sensitive treatment of the complex role of "Golden Boy" has won him wide acclaim, is really just as surprised about it all as you are. Just twenty-two, with no more romantic aspirations than to be a chemist like his dad, Bill, along with thousands of other boys, was tested for the role and clicked with Director Mamoulian. A sophomore at Pasadena Junior College, virtually inexperienced in acting, he had that certain spark that the part called for. Christened William Beedle, this likable youngster is six feet, weighs 165 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. He was born in O'Fallon, Illinois, but is a Californian by adoption, having moved there at the age of four. He is a very normal kind of lad with a yen for open cars, athletics of all kinds and dancing. Write to him at Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif., and keep your eyes peeled for "Arizona," his next, with Jean Arthur.

June Rose Koch, Peoria, Ill. The Lone Ranger, Robert Livingston, is married to Dorothy Gee and it is his first marriage. There are no little cowboys. Bob's real name is Randall, and both his parents are writers. Bob took a stab at the newspaper business and also collaborated on the dialogue for a few movies before deciding that he wanted to act.

Anna Cook, Le Roy, N. Y. So many people assume that, because Hedy Lamarr is so unbelievably gorgeous, she must be proportionately dumb. Nobody, they assert, could look like that and still have a brain. Alert and energetic, Hedy is that paragon—a combination of intelligence and breath-taking beauty. She is well-read, a linguist of no mean attainments and a lover of good music. At the risk of making Gene Markey jealous, she confesses that she admires Toscanini more than any other living man. She plays the piano, designs all her own clothes and averages a dozen movies a week in order to improve her English pronunciation, which is now almost perfect. She likes night-clubbing, mainly because of her love of dancing, but prefers swimming, tennis and long drives in her car. Born in Vienna, the daughter of a bank executive and reared in luxury; married to a wealthy munitions manufacturer who gratified her every whim; hurtled to stardom practically overnight in Hollywood, Hedwig Kiesler, now Hedy Lamarr, has kept her head and is refreshingly unspoiled and unsophisticated.

James Blazek, Cicero, Ill. Here's how to organize a fan club. It's loads of work, but it's so much fun. First of all, you must write to (*Continued on page 95*)

BETTE DAVIS and CHARLES BOYER



From the matchless pages of this brilliant best-seller comes a new chapter in film achievement! With all the incomparable artistry at their command these two great stars bring to life the deep-stirred emotions that burn from every exciting word of the story!

You'll say when you see her that "Henriette" is a role heaven-sent just for Bette Davis! And you'll know, too, why Charles Boyer *had* to return all the way from France to play the impassioned Duc. For so *many* reasons this is the drama to be ranked in your memory with the top-most of all!

Included in the notable supporting cast are

JEFFREY LYNN · BARBARA O'NEIL

Virginia Weidler · Henry Daniell
Walter Hampden · George Coulouris

AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Casey Robinson · Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Warner Bros.
ARE HONORED TO OFFER

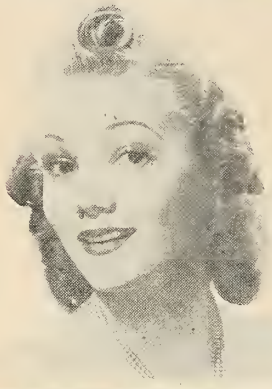
'ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO'

FROM THE WORLD-APPLAUDED NOVEL BY
Rachel Field

I'm "Choosey"

...and here's why I choose

FIBS* **THE KOTEX* TAMPON**



The Ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features,* is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top *no artificial method of insertion is necessary!* A Kotex product, Fibs merit your confidence!



Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.



Made of Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) which absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.



Accepted for Advertising by The Journal of the American Medical Association

SAMPLE OFFER *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FIBS—Room 1412A, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

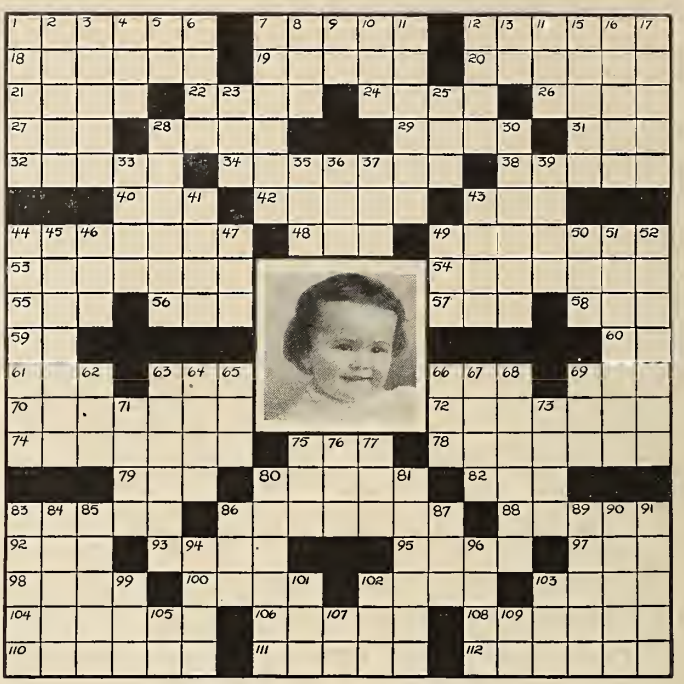
I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 84.

ACROSS

1 & 7. Star of this puzzle
12. Femme lead of "Virginia City"
18. Doctor in "Four Wives"
19. Ann Sothern's hubby
20. Melanie in "G.W.T.W."
21. Spot
22. Require
24. She's in "My Little Chickadee"
26. Claire - - - -
27. Star of "The Spellbinder"
28. "Each - - - - I Die"
29. Midday
31. "The Ghost B - - - kers"
32. Follow
34. "Ukulele Ike"
38. Deep chasm: poet.
40. "Brother - - -"
42. Star of "Secret of Dr. Kildare"
43. Three: prefix
44. English dramatic star
48. Girl in "House of Seven Gables"
49. With our star in "Adventure in Diamonds"
53. One to whom property is transferred
54. Gradual disintegration
55. 1 across was in the Irish - - - ellion
56. "Str - - - ed"
57. Comic who says "monkeys is the cwaziest people"
58. Dynamite
59. Doctor in "Vigil in the Night": init.
60. Singer in "Swanee River"
61. The "oomph" girl
63. Ocean
66. Producer of "The Westerner"
69. Suffix denoting a follower
70. "- - - - - - - Twenties"
72. Star of "Rebecca"
74. A performer
75. "- - - cial Agent"
78. Sea nymphs
79. James - - - wart
80. She's in "Jamaica Inn"
82. Organ of hearing
83. Fluttery comedienne in "Remember?"
86. Where our star was born and educated
88. 1 across was with her in "The Painted Veil"
92. Actress in "The Big Guy"
93. Opposite 27 across
95. Long ago
97. Above: poet.
98. Affected manners
100. Again
102. - - - - Barrie
103. Snips
104. Cubic meters
106. "The Singing Cop"
108. Quickly
110. Male lead of "Daytime Wife"
111. Lewis - - - - -
112. To become gloomy

DOWN

1. Tough guy in "Strange Cargo"
2. Heroine in "Geronimo"
3. Wind instruments
4. "The Invisible Man - - - urns"
5. Star of "The Primrose Path": init.
6. Volcano
7. Opposite 1 across in "The Rains Came"
8. Actor of the silent days
9. For example: abbr.
10. Fresh
11. Tendencies
12. "Mr. - - - -'s Last Warning"
13. Italian article
14. Free
15. Precious substance
16. Assistants
17. Feminine title of respect
23. Female sheep
25. Distress signal
28. Singer of "It's a Date"
30. Not wide
33. Incite
35. - - - Cahoon
36. Constellation
37. War - - - William
39. Prejudice
41. "Seven- - - -"
43. Weary
44. Star of "Remember the Night"
45. Dancer in "Broadway Melody of 1940"
46. Bone
47. Radical
49. Joan Bennett's daughter: - - - inda
50. Small insect
51. Presented
52. Horns
62. "Cap" Huff in "Northwest Passage"
63. What Joan Fontaine is to Olivia
64. Heraldry: grafted
65. Era
66. "My - - -, My Son"
67. On the sheltered side
68. Optical illusion
69. Number of Lane sisters in films: Rom. num.
71. Peril
73. - - - - Zorina
75. That lady
76. Friend
77. Period of time
80. Commands
81. Any person
83. Brag
84. Harmony
85. More unusual
86. Actor in "Strange Cargo"
87. Star of "Swanee River"
89. Circular
90. She was "The Old Maid"
91. Radio star who went Hollywood
94. Comfort
96. Knocks
99. A "sign" of a star's popularity
101. Damp
102. "The - - - From Dakota"
103. Fish
105. "Gold - - Arrow"
107. He was a "- - Getter"
109. Sun god

Find your most Becoming Powder Shade now—and get it in my GRIT-FREE powder!

{GRIT IN YOUR FACE POWDER CAN GIVE YOUR SKIN A HARSH, "POWDERY" LOOK!} says Lady Esther



The wrong shade of powder *is* a tragedy—but even the most becoming shade can raise the dickens with your appearance—if that powder contains grit! For powders containing grit can make you look older—can give your skin a harsh, "hard" look.



The "Bite Test" will tell you. You have a laboratory right in your own mouth! Put a bit of your present powder between your teeth! Be sure your teeth are even, then grind slowly. Your teeth will tell you if your face powder contains grit.



Lady Esther powder passes the bite test with colors flying. It's GRIT-FREE—so smooth that it clings actually FOUR LONG HOURS. Pat it on after dinner, say at 8, and at midnight it will still be there, flattering you and your skin.

Does a higher price mean a better powder? Don't be deceived! For even expensive powders often contain grit. *Impartial laboratory tests showed many powders costing $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, and even more, contained up to 20.44% grit!*

But there is no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. Day or evening, when you wear it, no harsh, "powdery" look will spoil your loveliness. For my powder will flatter you through busy hours with never a trace of grit to ruin its smoothness . . . to spoil the perfect blending of your most becoming shade.



Find Your One Luckiest Shade—Here and Now

If you want to look your best at a party, a dinner, or a dance, you must have the right shade of face powder. Why guess, when you *can be certain* as to which is exactly the right shade for you, the becoming shade, the flattering shade!

Find out right now! Write me—and I will send you 10 glorious new shades of my grit-free face powder (including my Champagne Rachel). Try *all* my shades—you'll be amazed to see that my beiges, dark rachels, light rachels, rose tones and my natural are so much more flattering than the equivalent shades of other brands you may have tried.

From this complete range you will surely find the one shade that is made to order for *you*—the one shade that will make you look younger and lovelier! And because my powder is grit-free, it will never give you an ungroomed, "powdery" look! There is no finer, no higher quality powder in the world today—no lovelier shades. So mail the coupon now!

★ 10 shades FREE! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (56)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream. (Offer limited to one per family.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

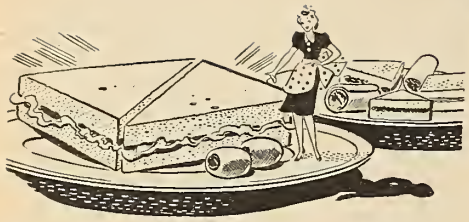
CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Vary the shape of your sandwiches as well as the bread you use and watch your family stow 'em away.



Courtesy Bond Bread



By Marjorie Deen

SANDWICHES— AN OPEN AND SHUT PROPOSITION

WHEN THE Earl of Sandwich—card loving gentleman of another land and century—reluctant to leave the gaming tables, ordered for the first time on record a piece of meat encased between two slices of bread, all unknowingly he invented a novel food idea which was to make him famous! But it is a far cry, indeed, from that simple suggestion of his to the amazing variety of combinations which still bear his lordship's name —however little they may resemble his initial idea!

A veritable gold mine of information on this sandwich subject is cute little Rosemary Lane, currently appearing in "An Angel from Texas." Encouraged in childhood to take an interest in culinary matters by a supremely sensible mother, Rosemary followed up with a post graduate course in sandwiches in and around Hollywood. Here sandwiches, like everything else, are "glamourized" (sometimes beyond recognition!), and stars are honored by having sandwiches named after them! So it is small wonder that this bright young member of the Lane quintette of girls has several sandwich specialties which deserve your interested attention. And particularly so at this time of year when warmer days bring with them a desire for lighter, simpler meals and a freer outdoor life. High time, therefore, for a review of the sandwich situation, especially since Rosemary is willing and ready to act as our guide and to provide some of her own favorite ideas for us to try.

First, however, let me point out that nowadays sandwiches are an open and shut proposition—the name being used to describe practically any type of filling or spread placed on a slice of bread and topped with a second slice of bread, or not. However, when crackers or slices of cake are used in place of bread, then the filling must be "sandwiched in" to belong under this classification.

And now for some tips on the technique of sandwich making and on the interesting types you can concoct.

IDEAS IN GENERAL

Day-old bread is usually recommended for sandwich making because, though still fresh, it cuts well. However, for rolled sandwiches, bread should be as fresh as possible to make it more pliable. For some types of sandwiches unsliced bread *must* be used; also, when many varieties of sandwiches are to be made, an unsliced loaf is more convenient since then you can cut the fancy ones the long way of the loaf.

Of course, you will need a sharp knife . . . with a well sharpened tool you can cut even the freshest of bread paper thin, especially if you heat the knife between each slicing by dipping it in boiling water or holding it over a flame. There is also a new bread holder on the market which enables you to cut each piece of already-sliced bread—just as it comes from the store—into two thinner slices for daintier sandwiches. This is real convenience since we generally have, or can always procure, the sliced loaves.

Butter or margarine should be well "creamed" before using; that is, it should be worked with a stiff knife until it is soft and fluffy, so that it will spread easily and without danger of tearing the bread. Adding flavoring to the butter —such as anchovy and other fish pastes, onion juice or minced chives, chili sauce, molasses, honey and the like—also simplifies preparation and serves as a spread, or as a base for other spreads. Cheese of the type that is spread on the bread should be softened by standing at room temperature or, if necessary, by mashing. Frequently mayonnaise, cream or some relish is added to the cheese to make it spread more easily.

For the very thinnest sandwiches, the filling is spread on before cutting the bread from the loaf. This also is done

when the loaf is to be spread lengthwise. A sawing motion is recommended when cutting the loaf from end to end. Crusts should always be removed, except for the filling type of picnic and school lunch sandwiches.

IDEAS IN PARTICULAR

Your Party Sandwich repertory, according to Rosemary Lane, should include, besides the regulation wafer-thin tea sandwiches, such things as Cornucopias, Window and Ribbon Sandwiches, Pinwheels, Iced Open-Faced Bridge-card-shaped specialties and cream-cheese-frosted Sandwich Loaves. Her description of how to make all of these follows shortly.

Bread—the base for most sandwiches—should be varied. The same spread on different breads provides a welcome variety in both appearance and flavor. Using two breads for one sandwich is attractive looking. Then there are certain breads which call for certain accompaniments—such as ham on rye, high-flavored cheese on pumpernickel, cream cheese on date or raisin bread and on Boston Brown Bread, as well.

Luncheon and supper sandwiches, whether open-faced, single or double-deckers, are generally of the toasted or broiled variety. Sometimes they are deep fat fried, and Rosemary's idea for this is a honey! The same general idea, except that the sandwich is sautéed in butter, becomes a French Toast Sandwich and a palpable hit!

Sweet sandwiches are also a pleasing variation of this popular theme. A Dessert Sandwich at the Lane's may mean any one of several treats. Sometimes it is a slice of ice cream between two pieces of sponge cake, generally with a sauce over it all. Other times it consists of chocolate or ginger wafers with a marshmallow or cream filling in between, and here several cookies are used to a serving. Frequently a Frozen Fruit Sandwich makes its welcome appearance. They're easy to prepare and will make the same sort of hit with your family as they do with Rosemary's enthusiastic household.

But right now it's knives and bread board, special cutters and extra-special spreads, loaves—sliced or unsliced—for we're about to make some mighty attractive sandwiches. (*Continued on page 62*)



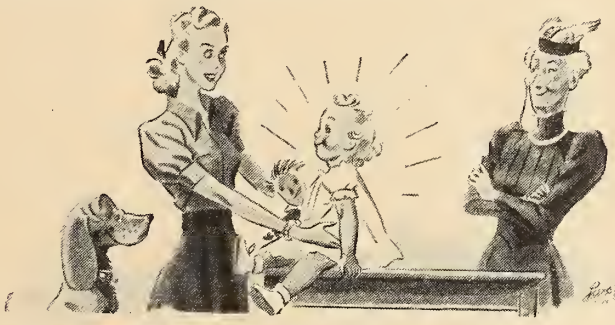
You may have thought you knew all there was to know about sandwich-making, but Rosemary Lane has a few clever suggestions that are revolutionary—but oh so good!



Meddle! Meddle! Meddle! Goodness only knows why, but this busy neighbor does it plenty! She criticizes you for this. She criticizes you for that. And glory, what a spot you're in—if she looks at your little angel and finds her dressed in dingy, tattle-tale gray!



Don't get mad—just get wise! For no matter how hard you rub and rub, some soaps are so weak-kneed they simply *can't* budge all the dirt out of clothes. So hurry to the grocer's and switch to the soap that doesn't give dirt a chance! Switch to Fels-Naptha—*golden* bar or *golden* chips!



Then parade the baby in style! And prick up your ears—whenever that meddler comes around. For Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *gentle, dirt-loosening naptha*, working as a well-balanced team, make tattle-tale gray give up in despair. They get clothes honestly clean *all the way through.* So sunny-white and sweet—it's a thrill to have even a meddler notice—to hear her sing your praises to the skies!

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"!



"Use the *golden* bar for all bar-soap jobs. It's just the best ever! Use the *golden* chips wherever you use box-soap. They're HUSKIER flakes—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And now they've got a new suds-builder that makes oodles of rich, busy suds. Simply grand for washing machines."



COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

MOVIE REVIEWS

★★★★ Rebecca



Out of Daphne du Maurier's novel, already a stupendous commercial success in book form, the brilliant British director, Alfred Hitchcock, has successfully created a two-hour-long mood compounded of highly effective mystery, terror and suspense.

Writhing with diffidence, the second Mrs. de Winter (Joan Fontaine) is brought from Monte Carlo, where she was the brow-beaten companion of wealthy Mrs. Van Hopper (Florence Bates), into one of the greatest manor houses in England—one of those houses which apparently one lives for, rather than in. There she finds that the first wife has left her imperious stamp on everything, not merely on linen and silver, but on the servants and daily routines of the great household, on the very soul of her bitter and introvert husband (Laurence Olivier), who betrays at every turn his secret preoccupation with the dead woman.

Relentlessly faithful performances by Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier, who is the brooding and melancholy Heathcliff of "Wuthering Heights" all over again, make "Rebecca" one of the most powerful fictions in its peculiar cinematic field.

Judith Anderson is strikingly effective as the demented housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers, and George Sanders, Reginald Denny and C. Aubrey Smith are also outstanding.—*Selznick.*

★★★ 1/2 Primrose Path



From a fair-to-middling Broadway play of last season, Gregory LaCava has fashioned the most interesting, the most provocative and the most adult motion picture to come from Hollywood in years. Protectively cloaked in a conventional movie plot, it relates with tenderness, humor and an occasional touch of heartbreak, how a little girl from the wrong side of the tracks, with heredity and the social order solidly leagued against her, by dint of awkward charm and determination, finally achieves love and happiness within the safe enclosures of the respectable community.

Mr. LaCava's selection of Ginger Rogers for the role of Ellie May proves to be as brilliantly right as it was daring. Joel McCrea, likewise, has been blest in his election for the role of Ed Wallace, whose "unserious" kiss kindles in Ellie May's heart the dangerous fires of love. But the entire cast is perfection itself.

By conventional standards, it is a region of queer and fantastic human fish into which Mr. LaCava so fastidiously dips his net, but it is the bona-fide folk life of America. There seems to be no good reason why Hollywood should continue to neglect it in favor of a phony world of pre-fabricated characters, imported accents, and a dialogue writer's idea of polite conversation. It can be first-rate cinema material. Mr. LaCava proved that.—*RKO.*

★★★ 1/2 It's a Date



There is something inescapably routine about this business of recording Deanna Durbin's cinematic successes, which follow one after another in an orderly and an almost indistinguishably excellent procession. By careful watching, however, it is possible to detect differences; for example, a professional reviewer with a mind and memory for such hairline things, can confidently say that "It's a Date" is superior by several technical degrees to its immediate predecessor, "First Love," although to Durbin devotees, of course, this jaded judgment will mean nothing.

The plot, which last time was frankly Cinderella, as usual is something simple and well-worn; that of the aging actress (Kay Francis), and the ebullient and gifted daughter (Deanna Durbin) who wins the big role and then, too late, tries to keep the humiliating knowledge from Mama. The solution in this case is a pineapple king who resembles Walter Pidgeon, and who evens matters in the feminine-vanity sweepstakes by preferring Mama to daughter. Thus, daughter gets stage role, Mama gets no-longer-young boy, and we get the usual number of Durbin solos. Samuel S. Hinds, Lewis Howard, Cissie Loftus, Eugene Pallette, Fritz Feld and S. Z. Sakall stand out in supporting roles. Directed by William Seiter.—*Universal.* (*Continued on page* 16)

THE FACTS BEHIND THE FICTION ON THE STARS IN REVIEW

Joan Fontaine



Joan Fontaine insists she doesn't deserve the widespread acclaim she's been getting for her subtle portrayal of Mrs. de Winter in "Rebecca." "You wouldn't praise Lincoln to the skies if he came back to life and gave a good performance in 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois,' would you?" she asks. "Well, Mrs. de Winter is myself in practically every respect, just as I was a few years ago. Why shouldn't I do the part with feeling?"

As a child, Joan was a semi-invalid who whiled away the bed-ridden hours with fantasies and daydreams. Growing older, she found herself shrinking from everything harsh and ugly, and retreating more and more into herself. Too frail at that time to do anything energetic, she turned to painting. This hobby, together with her acting, has given her the escape her temperament really needs. Perseverance, sensible living and a sense of humor have restored her to buoyant health, and in eight-months of marriage to Brian Aherne, she has found a love and understanding she never dreamed possible.

Brian's pictures and his problems are her chief concern now. And even as the young wife in "Rebecca" bloomed when she began to share her husband's worries, so has Joan, since her whirlwind courtship and marriage.

Joel McCrea

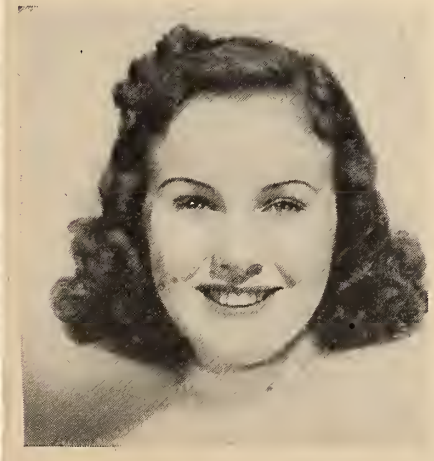


As early as 1912, when Joel McCrea was an unwilling student at Hollywood School for Girls (the only private kindergarten in his neighborhood), he decided he'd own a ranch some day, and gallop the length and breadth of it in a big sombrero and fur chaps. Where the ranch would be, he didn't know or care, but he did know one thing! There'd be no women on it! That hectic year with the co-eds of H. S. F. G. had soured him on everything feminine.

He spent the required number of years in high school, and later studied at Pomona College, where he appeared opposite Director Sam Wood's daughter in a college play. Though Mr. Wood came to Pomona to admire his child, he was so favorably impressed by Joel's performance, he remained to discuss a contract.

Today, acting is merely a sideline for Joel. He's managed to get that ranch, you see—1200 acres of it. There have been some slight amendments to his original plans, however. There *is* a woman on it; has been for nearly seven years—Frances Dee, whom Joel met when they played together in "The Silver Cord" in 1933. But luckily, she shares his love for the range.

Deanna Durbin



Whoever the prototype for the temperamental comic strip prima donna may have been, she wasn't Deanna Durbin; we have that on the irrefutable authority of Henry Koster, who directed five of her previous hits. Contrariwise, she's disarmingly modest. "I just happen to have one of those throats," she'll say and quickly change the subject. Not that the exciting events of the past five years wouldn't entitle her to a slight case of temperament. First, there was her discovery, then her tremendous success, followed by a new contract at a salary which reads like a social security number, and a romance spectacular enough to be a publicity stunt, but strictly on the level.

The first song she ever sang was "Pal O' My Cradle Days," and her family used to bribe her with dimes to get her to stop. Sensitive, shy and reserved, seventeen-year-old Deanna doesn't crave adulation. Yes, she's thrilled by her 9,000 fan letters a week, by the knowledge that she's the only honorary "girl" boy-scout in the world, and by the fact that she's been dubbed Hollywood's Joe di Maggio, having brought in seven screen home runs on seven hits. Yet, if it all went up in smoke tomorrow, she wouldn't really mind. Singing means everything to her, and success is just an enjoyable by-product.

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For lovable lips with plenty of "Man Appeal" apply the magic of **IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK**, the lipstick that's **WHIP-TEXT** for greater smoothness. Whipped again and agoin by a new secret process, Irresistible Lipstick is softer, smoother, more lasting, non-drying. In vibrant, exciting, clear colors that add witchery to your make-up: **FLASH RED, FIRE PINK, FUCHSIA PLUM, ORCHID** and other smart shades, with matching Rouge and Face Powder.



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A DOLLAR FOR YOUR

AIR YOUR VIEWS AND WALK OFF WITH ONE OF THE TEN

Leave 'em Alone

Every time one picks up a movie fan magazine or a newspaper column dealing with Hollywood screen stars, one finds somebody crabbing because some important star or other refuses to live his or her life in full view of the ogling public. It makes a person sore.

I think a screen personality owes no more and no less to his or her public than to give genuine relaxation and enjoyment while on the screen. What a screen actor does in his spare time is the business of that screen actor only, and not the public at large. Can a talented and finely strung human being, who works hard all day before a battery of cameras and bright lights, dash out with a new escort to some whoopee spot every other night and still give an unselfish performance before the same cameras the next day? Of course not. And neither can a marriage last and be successful if husband and wife can't enjoy a little of this country's famous "personal freedom."

If Greta Garbo wants to be alone, leave her alone, I say. She's only being sensible. And if Bing Crosby doesn't answer personally every phone call from some good friend, he's not being snooty. Nobody likes to live in a glass house all the time.—Ray Ellsworth, Rochester, N.Y.

To Hedy Lamarr

I've heard them complain about Hedy
So loudly they ruined the show;
Some less gifted ladies are ready
To tear her to pieces, I know.

I don't blame the unhappy biddies
Who take out their hammers and knock.
To one with a face that scares kiddies,
Perfection must come as a shock.

I'm really no judge of an actress.
Perhaps she won't rank with the best.
But I know she's my benefactress
Whenever my eyes need a rest.

A "close-up" of her in the moonlight,
A breeze doing tricks with her hair,
And maybe she can't act the least mite;
I don't know and don't even care.

—L. Paul Roberts, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dissenting Voice

I was extremely disappointed to learn that Vivien Leigh, not Bette Davis, was the recipient of this year's Academy Award. What right had they to give the "Oscar" to a star who has had only one great picture to back her? Hasn't Miss Leigh been in pictures before this "G.W.T.W." epic? And hasn't she just been "among those present" as far as the fans were concerned? Did she ever attract any attention before they thought she looked the way Scarlett O'Hara should look? It isn't fair that Miss Davis be de-throned by a star who was lucky enough to get the most talked about role in all movie history. Furthermore, Bette could have acted that part just as convincingly.

Physically speaking, Bette isn't as much Scarlett as is Vivien Leigh, but that doesn't say she couldn't have handled the role just as well or better. Look at what she did with "Elizabeth" and "The Old



THOUGHTS

PRIZES AWARDED MONTHLY

Maid!" She didn't look like either of them, either, but did we ever give that a thought?

I don't dislike Vivien at all. She was grand in "Gone With the Wind." We cannot, however, adjudge her worthy of that most coveted award just on the strength of one picture. The other choices were perfectly satisfactory. I did think Clark Gable would get one for his 18 carat "Rhett," but then Robert Donat was just as good in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." All in all, it was a pretty fair outcome, and the "best of everything to the winners."—Jane Brennan, Beverly, New Jersey.

Accuracy or Artistry?

When I saw "Swanee River" I thought it the most beautiful picture I had ever seen from the standpoint of Technicolor. The picture, in a biographical respect, disturbed me so that I could hardly wait to get home and straighten myself out on the dates and doings of Stephen Foster. When I discovered I was right and the screen wrong, I was about to sit down and write a letter asking how come the research department hadn't caught the slips! Before I wrote that letter, however, I got hold of a copy of your magazine (April) and read that biographies are sometimes revised, and that such was the case in "Swanee River," in order to give Don Ameche more opportunity to use his grand singing voice. This was quite satisfying to me, but I wished I had been tipped off before seeing the picture.

Biographical pictures could be very educational, and I believe that they

(*Continued on page* 89)

PERSONAL INTERVIEWS WITH THE BEAUTIFUL



CLAIRE TREVOR

discovers the Woodbury Beauty Nightcap

... a night treatment with luscious Woodbury Cold Cream ... as told by

Louella Parsons
Famous Movie Columnist

CLAIRE TREVOR'S BEAUTY CAPTIVATES IN REPUBLIC'S PRODUCTION, "THE DARK COMMAND"



1. I dropped in recently at the atelier of a leading Hollywood dress designer, where Claire was having a new gown fitted. Madame E. was saying, "The perfect care for your skin is a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap."



2. "You know, Woodbury Cold Cream," Madame E. continued, "acts three ways... cleans, softens and peps up your skin. Apply a liberal coating of this germ-free cream. Then leave on a light film all night."



3. Next time I saw Claire Trevor was at the Charity Benefit. She looked a dream in her new gown. And she whispered that her Woodbury Beauty Nightcaps seemed to have kindled new loveliness in her skin.

Bestir Your Skin's Glamour While You Sleep

Tonight at bedtime, give your skin the tender care of 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream. Woodbury's germ-free purity vouches for immaculate *cleansing.* Its rich oils cope with dryness...Woodbury smooths skin as it *lubricates.* A special Vitamin in Woodbury *invigorates,* too. Try a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap to awaken clear freshness in your skin! Generous jars, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

CLEANSES safely
Smooths as it LUBRICATES
INVIGORATES



WOODBURY COLD CREAM
THE 3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM

MAIL NOW FOR GENEROUS TUBE ... FREE!
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Please send me, free and postpaid, a generous-size tube of 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream. Also 8 smart shades of Woodbury Powder.

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Glorify your legs with the NEW Neet! For years the favorite cream hair remover of hundreds of thousands, NEET now is pleasantly scented! No disagreeable chemical odor. NEET is gentle, painless. Takes little time, no bother to use! Just spread NEET over unwanted hair. Leave on ONLY four to five minutes. Then rinse off with water. Ugly hair disappears from your legs, forearms and underarms. Your skin is smooth as satin and petal-soft!

Avoid Sharp Razor Stubble

There are no sharp-edged hair stubs to snag your stockings, no razor-scraped skin, and no danger of cuts—when you use NEET! Get NEET at drug, dept. stores. Generous trial size at ten-cent stores.

NOW PLEASANTLY SCENTED
GET NEET TODAY!
Neet

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 12*)

★★★ Too Many Husbands

Like too many screen comedies, "Too Many Husbands" depends on the names and personalities of its stars to enhance the effect of its comical lines and incidents. The names and personalities of Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas have become sufficiently impressive through their work in fairly serious contexts to make their shameless clowning in the present exhibit seem a good deal more laughable than the exhibit itself. However, there are moments when even Miss Arthur, Mr. Douglas and Mr. MacMurray seem to find it difficult to keep their faces straight and it would be surprising if the infection of silliness didn't spread to the audience.

The plot, adapted with farcical unrestraint by Writer Claude Binyon and Director Wesley Ruggles from a Somerset Maugham play of the same title, is a screwball variation on the Enoch Arden theme. It appears that globe-trotter MacMurray returns from a supposed watery grave to find that his business partner, the double-dealing Douglas, has married his "widow" and moved in on everything which was formerly sacred to himself alone. The obdurate Douglas refuses to bow out, as any sportsman would, and the arch Arthur, relishing bigamy, keeps both spouses dangling till she finally extorts a desperate promise from MacMurray to settle down. The only other outstanding persons in the cast are Dorothy Peterson as an improbably romantic and garrulous secretary, and Melville Cooper as an improbably frozen-faced butler. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.—*Columbia.*

★★★ Virginia City

Errol Flynn's failure to show up for Warner Brothers' colossal publicity junket out in Virginia City, Nevada, might have had some connection with the way he shows up in the role of a Union intelligence officer in the motion picture of the same name. He and Miriam Hopkins, as a chorus-girl Daughter of the Confederacy, vie with each other in making the characters they portray seem less believable than the things which happen to them. Fortunately, "Virginia City" is too big, too explosive and too spectacular a picture to be bogged down by anything so minor as the defection of its two principal actors. Like the Soviet army, it suffers great losses and abandons a lot of gear en route, but it keeps rolling irresistibly on.

It rolls for two solid hours, a cross-country wagon train heading for the beleaguered Confederate treasury with five million dollars in gold. Humphrey Bogart and his guerrillas are to right and left of it, Errol Flynn and the whole United States Army are behind it, and gaining, a dozen Union garrisons are in front of it, but the wagons keep rolling along, accompanied by Max Steiner music on the sound track. But Mr. Flynn overtakes them, of course, saves the gold and gets the girl, just as peace conveniently causes old enmities to be forgotten. Michael Curtiz directed.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★★ A Bill of Divorcement

Since "A Bill of Divorcement" has been screened twice before, the familiarity of the story may dim interest to a large extent. However, the excellence of the present cast makes the picture worth seeing again. Maureen O'Hara and Adolphe Menjou are the daughter and father who are faced with the tragic situation of hereditary insanity. Fay Bainter plays the role of Menjou's wife, and Herbert Marshall is the man with whom she is trying to rebuild her unhappy life. With three such capable actors, Maureen O'Hara would deserve considerable credit if only she managed to hold her own. But the Irish lass does more than that—she gives a sensitive and beautiful performance which highlights the entire picture. Adolphe Menjou is splendid in his role, while Fay



Martha Scott and Bill Holden bring the Pulitzer Prize winning "Our Town" to the screen. This will be Bill's fourth film, but it's Martha's very first. On the strength of her acting in the stage play of the same name, she's been signed to a five-year contract.

Bainter and Marshall give satisfactory performances, but are not very convincing in the romantic feelings they supposedly entertain for one another.

Dame May Whitty as the soured spinster aunt is perfect, and Patric Knowles is appealing in the romantic role opposite Maureen O'Hara. C. Aubrey Smith is effective as the family physician and adviser, and both Kathryn Collier, the housekeeper, and Lauri Beatty are noteworthy. A sombre note is struck from the moment the picture opens, and the sense of impending sorrow and sacrifice throughout is not conducive to relaxation. However, it is a fascinating picture if you are not bent on pure unadulterated entertainment. Directed by John Farrow. —*RKO-Radio.*

★★★ Dr. Cyclops

A weird, fantastic tale set in the deep jungle, with a mad doctor as the raging "Dr. Cyclops," this picture is one of the most unusual ever filmed in Technicolor. And to a group of little-known players falls the burden of enacting the strangest roles ever to come out of Hollywood.

A group of biologists venture into the jungle to help Dr. Thorkel ("Dr. Cyclops") in his scientific studies. The terrifying action begins when the deluded doctor thinks they are all trying to interfere with his work, and he reduces them to Lilliputian size. The helpless little people are completely in the toils of their mad Gulliver, and the resulting situations are guaranteed to keep you in chills and thrills for weeks.

Albert Dekker, as the scientist who is slowly going blind, is the most forceful actor in the picture. He makes you feel as though he were about to reach out in the audience and turn you into a minute human being before the next scene is finished. Janice Logan, Thomas Coley, Victor Kilian, Charles Halton and Frank Yaconelli as the Lilliputian people, all fulfill their roles well, though actually they are not called upon to do much more than scurry about like ants.

The trick photography and excellent Technicolor help to create the illusion of naturalness between the tiny people and normal individuals. Direction of the film is practically flawless, and, though the technical difficulties must have caused a lot of headaches, those concerned can now fling their aspirin away. Directed by Ernest Schoedsack.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Three Cheers for the Irish

As full of homespun humor as an old-fashioned taffy pull, "Three Cheers for the Irish" is one of the best down-to-earth comedies Warner Brothers has produced since "Four Daughters." And, in addition, it has Scotch and Irish accents so thick you could cut them with the proverbial knife.

The cast, topped by Thomas Mitchell—Academy Award winner—Priscilla Lane and Dennis Morgan, play their parts to perfection. As the Irish cop who has served the force for twenty-five faithful years and is then retired, Mitchell turns in a performance that is rich in Irish brogue and fine acting. Dennis Morgan, the Scotch rookie policeman assigned to take over Mitchell's old beat, vies with him for acting honors and should develop into one of the screen's top leading men. The three daughters of the old cop, played by Priscilla Lane, Virginia Grey and Irene Hervey, are subordinated to the men, but they turn in capable performances. Alan Hale, as the bluster-

(*Continued on page 64*)

"**Dusk Rose** is a Divine New Shade! So Flattering!"

—says Lovely Southern Deb, Miss Nancy Calhoun



Hard, Shiny
A pale powder and harsh sunlight mean hard, ugly shadows even for lovely Miss Nancy Calhoun

Soft, Romantic
Dusk Rose keeps Nancy exquisite even under harsh electric lights or brilliant sun

DUSK ROSE... exciting new summer shade in Pond's "anti-shine" Powders... reflects a softer light

ATTRACTIVE NANCY CALHOUN finds that with Dusk Rose her face is even more bewitching than ever. And on hot summer days when she rushes around having fun from morning to long past midnight, she looks as lovely as a summer rose.

That's because the strong summer sun or the glaring electric lights can't cast hard shadows on her face. Dusk Rose . . . and all Pond's "anti-shine" Powders . . . absorb harsh lights and reflect the softer ones from your face. They make powdering a far less frequent job!

Let Dusk Rose make you as romantic and bewitching as this Southern belle.

Pond's "anti-shine" Powders come in 7 lovely shades in 10¢, 20¢ and 55¢ sizes. Go out and buy one now!

Or write for free samples of the special summer shades: lovely Rose Dawn, Rose Brunette, Sunlight . . . and the newest, smartest shade of all, Dusk Rose. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PF, Clinton, Conn.

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$3,000.00 "LILLIAN RUSSELL" CONTEST

Mark these TRUE or FALSE:

Fans! Here is your chance to win One Thousand Dollars—or any of 132 other big cash prizes! It's easy! It's fun! The glamorous, fascinating beauty, whose life and loves soon will be seen in the spectacular 20th Century-Fox picture, "Lillian Russell," inspired this Contest! All you have to do is check as True or False the statements in the column at the right. Then write a letter of not more than 50 words on the subject:

"WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

Be sure to send in your True or False List with your letter to 20th Century-Fox—and you can be one of the many winners! Read carefully the Contest Rules below . . . and start immediately!

EASY TO WIN!



1 Lillian Russell was called "The Most Beautiful Woman in America." True ☐ False ☐

2 "Diamond Jim" Brady was Lillian Russell's ardent admirer and showered her with costly jewels. True ☐ False ☐

3 Lillian Russell was given a kingdom by the Maharajah of Rahndigoor. True ☐ False ☐

4 Lillian Russell's exciting life and loves will be seen in a motion picture made by Darryl F. Zanuck. True ☐ False ☐

5 Lillian Russell was discovered by the famous showman, Tony Pastor, when he heard her sing. True ☐ False ☐

6 The pavement outside Lillian Russell's home was studded with diamonds and rubies. True ☐ False ☐

7 Lillian Russell was the daughter of a President of the United States. True ☐ False ☐

8 Celebrated New York men-about-town returned to the theatre week after week to see and applaud Lillian Russell. True ☐ False ☐

9 Alice Faye will portray Lillian Russell in a motion picture soon to be released by 20th Century-Fox. True ☐ False ☐

10 Lillian Russell wore a wondrous evening gown woven entirely of rare butterfly wings. True ☐ False ☐

MS

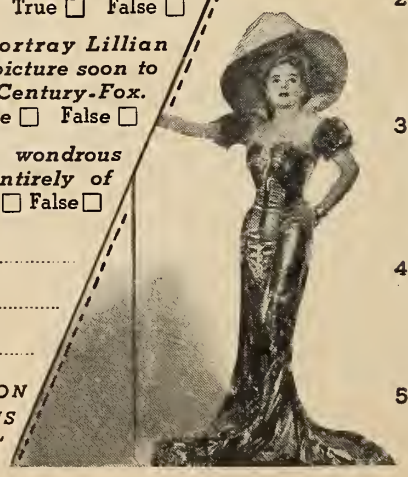
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ATTACH THIS TO YOUR LETTER ON "WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."



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5 PRIZES of $100.00 each

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1. Check the True or False statements in the space provided. Print or write plainly your name and address on the coupon and attach it firmly to an original letter of not more than 50 words on the subject: WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S No. 1 GLAMOR GIRL.
2. Mail your True or False List and your letter of not more than 50 words to the *Lillion Russell Contest Editor, 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation, 444 West 56th St., New York.* You can submit as many letters as you want, provided each is accompanied by a separate True or False printed form.
3. Residents of the United States, Hawaii or the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of 20th Century-Fox, their advertising agency and their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations. Contest closes June 15, 1940. All entries become the property of 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation.
4. Entries will be judged by the highest number of correct answers to the True or False List and, in the event of a tie, by the merit and originality of the letter of not more than 50 words. The decision of the judges will be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the Contest.
5. Checks will be mailed to the winners within a month of the close of the Contest. Anyone wishing a complete list of winners may obtain same by writing 20th Century-Fox and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

NANCY KELLY

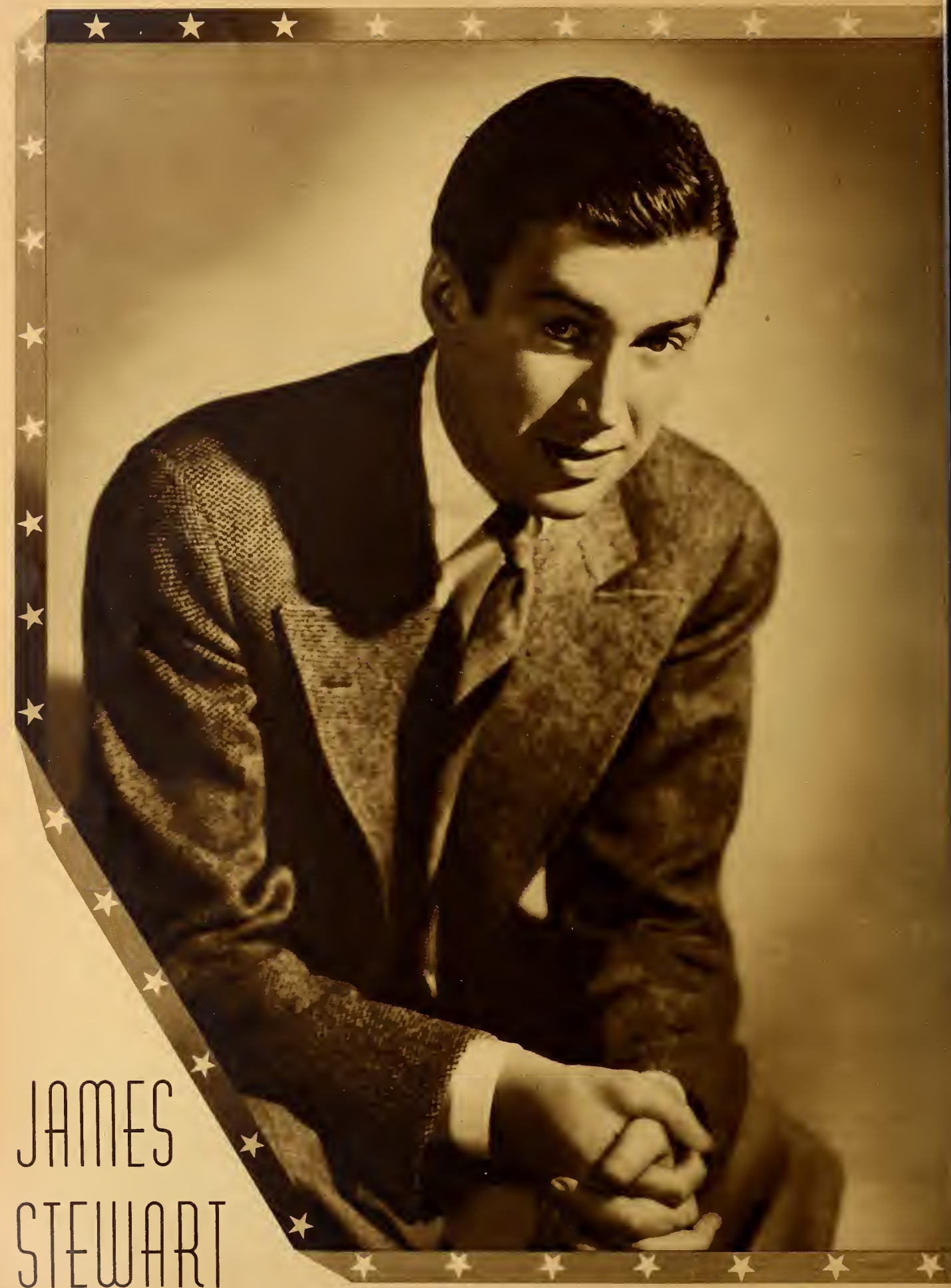




ROBERT YOUNG

MERLE OBERON





JAMES STEWART

LORETTA YOUNG



WILLIAM HOLDEN





BRENDA MARSHALL



A veteran actor of thirty-three, Laurence Olivier has literally spent half his life on the stage.



"No couple was ever more in love," says Larry. They plan to wed in N. Y. while on tour with "Romeo and Juliet."



Olivier co-stars with Greer Garson in a modern adaptation of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."





Jimmy claims he's frustrated. First he wanted to paint, but it was too unremunerative. Now he wants to be a matinee idol, and his fans won't have it.



He may want variety in some things but, matrimonially speaking, Jimmy Cagney has a one-track mind. Billie married him on a shoe string twelve years ago and doesn't look a bit abused in spite of Jimmy's screen reputation for treating 'em rough.

By Katherine Best

Side, a residential district not considered delectable by anyone who has ever seen the squalid fronts of those close-quartered tenements. It was on that date that Mrs. Cagney was presented with a wee, vociferous offspring which she immediately christened James Francis Cagney. According to existing records, it did not occur to her at the time that one day this same James Francis Cagney would walk out on $4,500 a week.

In time, the Cagney menage was transferred to the Yorkville section of New York City, a famous breeding ground for criminals of precisely the type that James was to imitate at $4,500 a week. By now the family was larger by a son and a daughter; making in all four boys and one girl. The next to youngest son, Jimmy, spent what is not considered a normal boyhood for the Yorkville region. He was interested in street games and fights, all right, but he was also interested in books, painting, dancing and music. There was no trace of the criminal tendencies that were eventually to crop out in his playmates.

His father was a bartender, and when that ignominious amendment was passed prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages, the Cagney household found itself without a breadwinner. Circumstances fell rapidly from comfortable to dire. The boys must go to work—that was the edict of Mrs. Cagney. James' first job was custodian in the public library at 67th Street and First Avenue. Being "custodian" consisted of trundling books from one shelf to another. He was, within the next few years, a bundle wrapper at Wanamaker's Department Store, a waiter in a restaurant, an errand boy in Wall Street, a bellhop in the Friars Club and an office boy on the New York Sun. All this time he wanted to be a painter.

All this time, too, he was getting a sound education. He graduated from Stuyvesant High School and took a course in Fine Arts at Columbia University. He was averaging about $23 a week from his various jobs, and when the opportunity arose to get a spot in vaudeville at $25 a week, Jimmy Cagney did what is known as jump. His first appearance before a public that was to grow and grow was as a female impersonator. Records do not show how this public reacted, but it is common knowledge that the situation in the Cagney household the following day did not add to James' estimation of his theatrical talents.

He gave up playing women roles, but there was greasepaint in his nostrils now. The theatre had given him a mighty stimulation, and he was determined to stay in it. Painting was forgotten. His activities for the next few years were as intense as they were rewarding: the chorus of "Pitter Patter" at $35 a week; a specialty act in the vaudeville team of Parker, Rand and Cagney at $75 a week; the lead in "Outside Looking In" (Charles Bickford was also in the cast) at $200 a week; a dancing act in "Broadway," then in "The Grand Street Follies," "Maggie, the Magnificent" and "Penny Arcade." It was during the run of this last show that a Warner scout sat in the audience to size up the picture possibilities of a young player named Joan Blondell. Blondell made the movie grade all right, but so did another player, a red-headed dancer named James Cagney. Warners signed him for three weeks at $500 a week. Then another week at the same salary. Cagney was on his (*Continued on page 96*)



Director Litvak, Dialogue director Rapper and Charles Boyer pull some lines out of Mr. Richard Nichols, who "isn't in the mood."



The hairdresser tidying up Bette Davis is hired by the studio, is on the set the entire day and gets a salary of $75-$100 per week.

ON THE SET

AUTHORESS Rachel Field has some high-toned ancestors. From her sturdy family tree dangle the impressive names of Cyrus Field, father of the Atlantic cable, Henry Field, editor, writer and preacher, and several other citizens outstanding in American affairs. Authoress Rachel is very proud of her distinguished kin, but when she decided to write a book about them, she did a sly thing. Blithely glossing over the famous, she built her tale around a comparative unknown—Mlle. Henriette Desportes.

Ninety years ago, Mlle. Desportes was the most notorious woman in France. Engulfed by a scandal she never made, her name flared from every headline while her reputation crumbled in the ruthless hands of gossip. Finally, pecked at and hounded beyond endurance, she fled to these United States in the hope that here she could bury, deep and well, the shocking story of her past.

And bury it she did. As Henry Field's wife, Henriette Desportes built a new life in this country. Discussion of her early history became taboo and not until 1917, forty-five years after her death, did



Litvak shows Boyer how to handle Richard. Boyer grew very fond of the little shaver who was picked from 500 child applicants.



Virginia Weidler and Davis get in position for a scene. Miss W. was loaned by M-G-M, to whom Warners pay her salary plus 10%.



Boyer steps into a 1932 Packard which is placed at his disposal by the studio for use around the lot. He has one hour off for lunch.



An electrician is setting the lights on the stand-ins for Boyer, Richard, Virginia and Davis. Stand-ins receive $35 a week.

"ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO," ANOTHER BEST-SELLER, PROUDLY FINDS ITS WAY TO THE SCREEN

any Field dare to poke into her story. Then, with a book in mind, great-niece Rachel really got going. For two whole decades Rachel gathered the facts of Henriette's life, scouring old letters, pouring over newspaper reports and court records of the sensational Parisian affair and even turning to the Library of Congress at Washington for additional shreds of information. Her material collected, she spent the next two years spinning it into fiction and in 1939 produced her results, a fascinating yarn entitled "All This, and Heaven Too."

It is a compliment to the Warner Brothers that they recognized the book as a movie "natural" and bought it for $100,000 before it hit the best-seller lists—in fact, while it was still in galley form. Now, with Bette Davis as the ill-starred Henriette, and Charles Boyer as the man in the case, "All This . . .," somewhat condensed, is being filmed. The book is so authentic a portrait of the period that no research was necessary in the preparation of the screenplay, and Rachel Field, though a resident of California and very handy, was not called upon to act as advisor. Miss Field, (*Continued on page 73*)



Bette knits between takes. Her 35 costumes are all very plain. The picture's $1,370,000 budget lists $35,000 for wardrobe.



Jeffrey Lynn who plays Henry Field, the man who finally marries Bette Davis, keeps his figure by daily pedaling around the set.

By Kirtley Baskette



You think Ann's just threading a needle but, in truth, she's giving an interview, whipping up a poem and planning a party.

But this doesn't mean that her sewing suffers. She does most all of it by hand, priding herself on her dainty stitches.

SUCCESS WITH A WHOOP!

IF ANN RUTHERFORD were only quintuplets, life would be so much simpler and five times the fun.

As it is, Mary Cecelia Ramona Theresa Rutherford does the best she can about it. She has five quite nice names, as you can see. Another that's much better known is Polly Benedict, Mickey Rooney's pulchritudinous puppy-love passion in the popular Hardy movie family.

Ann celebrates a couple of birthdays with cake, candles and presents—her own and Abraham Lincoln's. She has two homelands—Canada and the United States. She's the official sweetheart of five different national college fraternities, which is plenty of sweethearting, if you ask me. And while she played Careen in Selznick's "Gone With the Wind" last year, Ann managed to knock off five other pictures at the same time.

The point is, Ann Rutherford has recently been discovered in a big way by both Hollywood and the country at large. And right now the demand for Rutherford in all directions is so pressing that—well, there just isn't enough of Ann to go around! Even having a twin would help!

All this would be bad enough in the case of the average young Hollywood starlet who doesn't have much to do except look beautiful emoting during the day and decorating the cocktail clubs at night. But in the case of ambidextrous Annie, that life would be like lying in bed. For a girl who designs and makes her own dresses and hats, shampoos and sets her own locks, takes care of her nails and skin, refinishes her own furniture, tracks down her own antiques, knits her own sweaters, plans her own houses, cooks the food for her own parties, studies French, models in clay, plays the trapdrums—even writes her own poetry and brews up her own entanglements with boy friends—well—as Ann Rutherford sighed, "I feel like I'm always running to a fire. But," she confessed, "if I had to sit still, I'd die!"

Ann Rutherford was sitting comparatively still at that particular moment, in her pink and white dressing-room at M-G-M, where she had come for a quick lunch with me between scenes in "Pride and Prejudice." She didn't look exactly at death's door. In fact, I can personally



Miss R. is her own designer, too. If she sees a tricky bit of fashion at the studio, she's not averse to a little piracy!



These cozy photos notwithstanding, Ann can't be typed as a homebody. Sweetheart of 5 fraternities, she manages to get around!

TURNING OUT FIVE HITS AT ONCE IS A CINCH FOR ENTERPRISING ANN

RUTHERFORD, WHO BELIEVES IN TAKING THINGS INTO HER OWN HANDS

testify that Ann Rutherford, in the flesh, could "divy" up her natural helping of fresh beauty among four or five other spare selves and still have enough left to drive young males to drowning their sweet sorrows in double chocolate malts.

She has a round, little Valentine-heart face with a peach bloom complexion, eyes like dark brown agates and a cunning beauty spot mole on her left cheek. The rest of Ann was effectively curtained by her pink, bouffant costume which billowed around her figure in terraces like a wedding cake. But I've never heard any complaints—five feet three, and a hundred and nine pounds well distributed are the official figures.

Ann fed Mary, Cecelia, Ramona and Theresa with daintiness but determination. She goes in for meat and solids. Having just turned twenty, she's still a growing girl. While she polished off two double lamb chops, a stack of French fries, peas, salad, and enough white bread to fatten the average star right out of pictures, she dropped her fork now and then to knit furiously, to give a quick gander at the morning mail and doubtless to consider the complications of her social life for the next two weeks. All this time she was talking what is known as a blue streak and making it very interesting, indeed.

It's lucky, really, that Ann Rutherford is ambidextrous like this. She got in the habit of doing several things at once fairly early in life. The immediate results were sometimes tragic but, in the long run, they paid off. For instance, some seven years ago, when Ann was still Mary Cecelia Ramona, etc., and a thirteen-year-old Los Angeles high school freshman, she was huddled behind a history book one day studying the saga of the ancient Phoenicians. Ann could take the ancient Phoenicians or leave them at that point, so she absorbed a few dull details and then let her spirit soar by scribbling a poem. A firm hand gripped her middy blouse, and the teacher's voice read her poem to the giggling class. When she had finished reading, the teacher analyzed Ann's scarlet self in what is perhaps an all time low for hitting the nail on the head. Said she to our Ann: (*Continued on page 81*)

BUTCH THE BALLROOM BARON

CESAR ROMERO never calls a spade an implement for digging. It is a plain spade. But when it comes to answering the query, "Who are the best women dancers in Hollywood?" he and his dark sultry eyes ask, "Who am I to judge them?"

All he is—as I hastened to remind him—is the best ballroom dancer in Hollywood, according to no lesser lassies than Joan "Dancing Lady" Crawford, Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers and a dozen other dazzling damsels.

A slow smile traveled across his long dusky face. "You asked for it," he said. "This is where diplomacy ends and the truth begins. Stars, on an average, are no better dancers than their female admirers from West Chicken Coop Corners to New York City.

"But some are really dreams dancing and, of them, the smoothest I've ever met is Joan Crawford. She is my favorite partner for more reasons than I can enumerate. Joan is perfection. When we dance together, I feel as though we are one unit of action. She has perfect rhythm, balance and posture. She seems to know where we're going before I do. I rarely have to give her the slightest signal pressure on the back or with my leading hand.

"There's something strange about Joan, though." Cesar straightened up in his chair in a sunlit publicity office at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. He flicked a speck of lint from the sleeve of his grey, collarless, especially tailored suit.

"Perhaps you won't believe it," he continued, "but underneath her womanly composure, she is as shy and self-conscious as a little girl. I first noticed this about six years ago when I came to Hollywood to play in "The Thin Man." We were dancing to slow dreamy music. A battery of camera men and bystanders were watching us. Flashlight bulbs began exploding. Joan started trembling. I knew she wanted to dance to the other side of the floor to avoid being photographed. To this day, she comes closer to me when she feels people are pointing her out, watching her or taking pictures of her.

"I've never bothered to ask her why she feels this reaction. All I know is that she's such a splendid dancer that she certainly need not be troubled about spectators," Cesar said, his dark eyes looking thoughtfully ahead. He lit a cigarette, and the fat gold ring on the little finger of his left hand flashed in the sunlight.

"Now Loretta Young is the answer to a dancer's prayer. Man, she is lithe and willowy! I have yet to hear anyone who has been lucky enough to dance with her complain about her style. I'll never forget the first time we stepped onto a floor together. I didn't know what time it was, where it was or what the orchestra was playing. All I knew was that we were floating around.

"Unlike Joan, Loretta does not feel nervous when being watched—at least she doesn't give the slightest sign of it. She likes to be silent when she dances; she has an easy pressure on the shoulder. They usually say that Loretta is the independent-type girl, but I have always found her friendly and considerate. She is as cooperative a partner as there is. Take my word for it!"

Cesar ran a long index finger over



The smouldering-eyed Latin from Manhattan is building a bungalow big enough for two, but says he isn't ready to abdicate his bachelorhood.

Cesar, who once had to dance that he might eat, would forego an entrée for a Conga with Joan Crawford any time. She's his favorite.



the black-brown, square-cut sideburns that extend below his ears.

"But there are other stars who rate upper-bracketing with Joan and Loretta. For one, Ginger Rogers does. She has something that most women dancers don't have. It's an odd combination of poise and balance with perfect relaxation. In dancing, as in any sport, relaxation is an important factor. Usually a partner has good posture and balance, but she loses freedom of her muscles as a result. But not Ginger. No matter what the situation demands, she can do the step —anything from a waltz to the latest jitterbug step."

And what does Cesar think of jitterbugging?

He smiled. "I like it—for somebody else! It is all right for the younger crowds. But as for me, I'll take something easy like being a stevedore or a stoker in the hellish heat of a boiler room. It's not that these steps lack dignity. You can waive that objection if you're at an informal place and it isn't crowded. But it's bad taste to go bowling people over in your wild enthusiasm and knifing them in the ribs with (*Continued on page 77*)

CESAR ROMERO GIVES YOU THE LOWDOWN ON MOVIE-TOWN'S DANCING DAUGHTERS

BY JAMES F. SCHEER



Ann Sheridan's banter is a chaser for the Romero "moods," but she does break a few of Butch's commandments for dancers!





Each year thousands of fans who know of no other way to reach their favorites address them at the Derby.



Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce admire the Derby's ice-sculpture. This piece is in honor of Fight Night.

WHY STARS LEAVE HOME

WHEN A man becomes successful in Hollywood, the first thing he does is provide himself with a good cook, an attractive dining-room and an attentive serving maid. That done, he reserves a table at one of the town's better restaurants and eats there five days a week.

This peculiar custom is no reflection on the cook, the dining-room or the serving maid. It is merely high and well-deserved praise for the eateries of Hollywood which in recent years have become the most famous dining-out places in the world. Today, almost as familiar as Garbo and Gable—and certainly more accessible—are the Brown Derbies, Ciro's, Victor Hugo's, Sardi's and Cafe Lamaze. You can bet your last cent that an evening's tour of these spots will turn up more movie personalities than a day at Santa Anita.

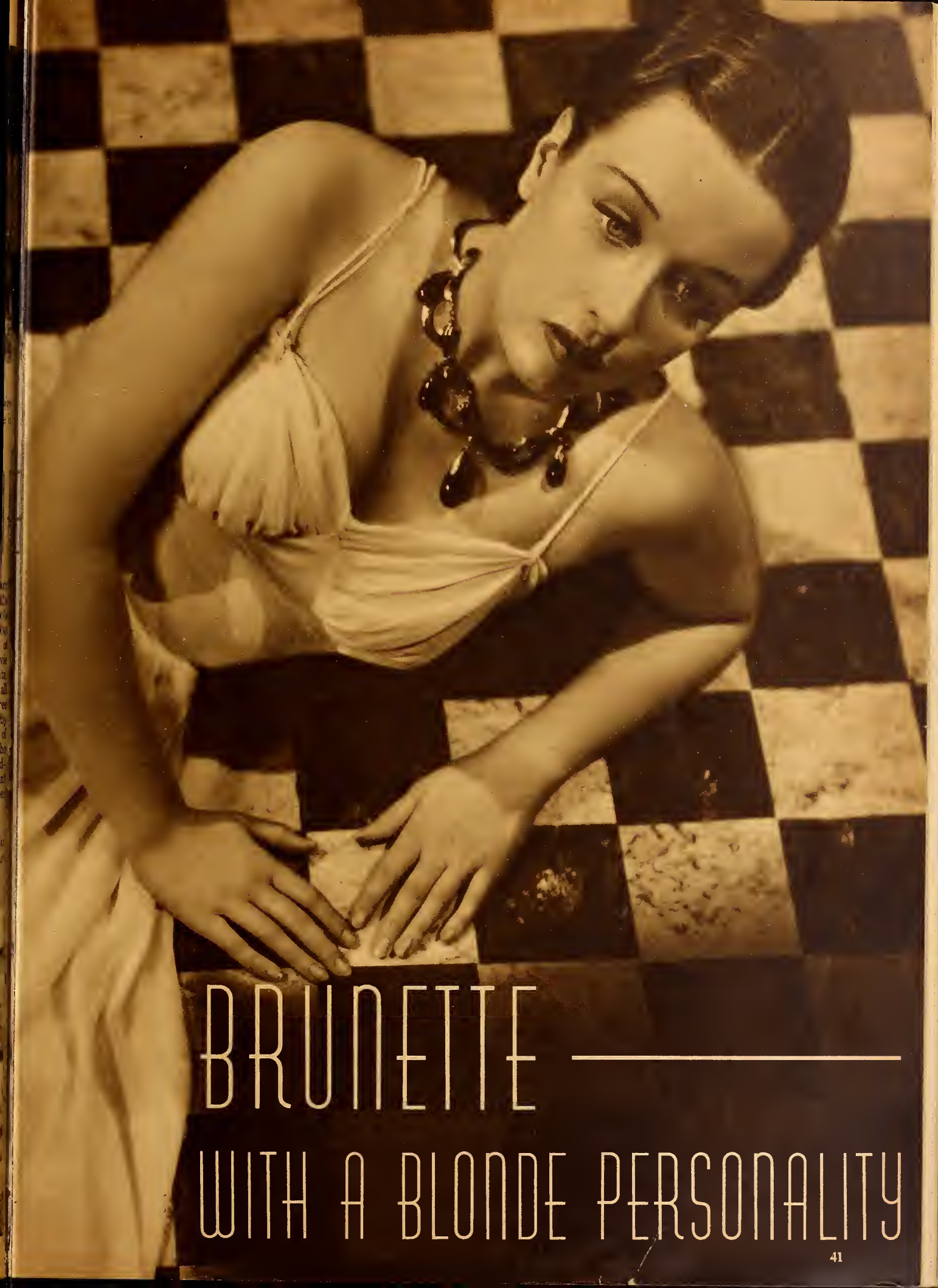
Easily the most spot-lighted of all are the Brown Derbies, a chain of three restaurants originated ten years ago by Herbert Somborn, one-time husband of Gloria Swanson. It was Somborn who gave the Derbies their name, proceeding on the theory that a restaurant could make a hit no matter what queer

Sardi's delectable food, together with its no music policy, makes it a haven for hungry non-jitterbugs.



The Chaplins at Sardi's. Charlie talks a blue streak, and it's often an hour before the waiter gets his order.





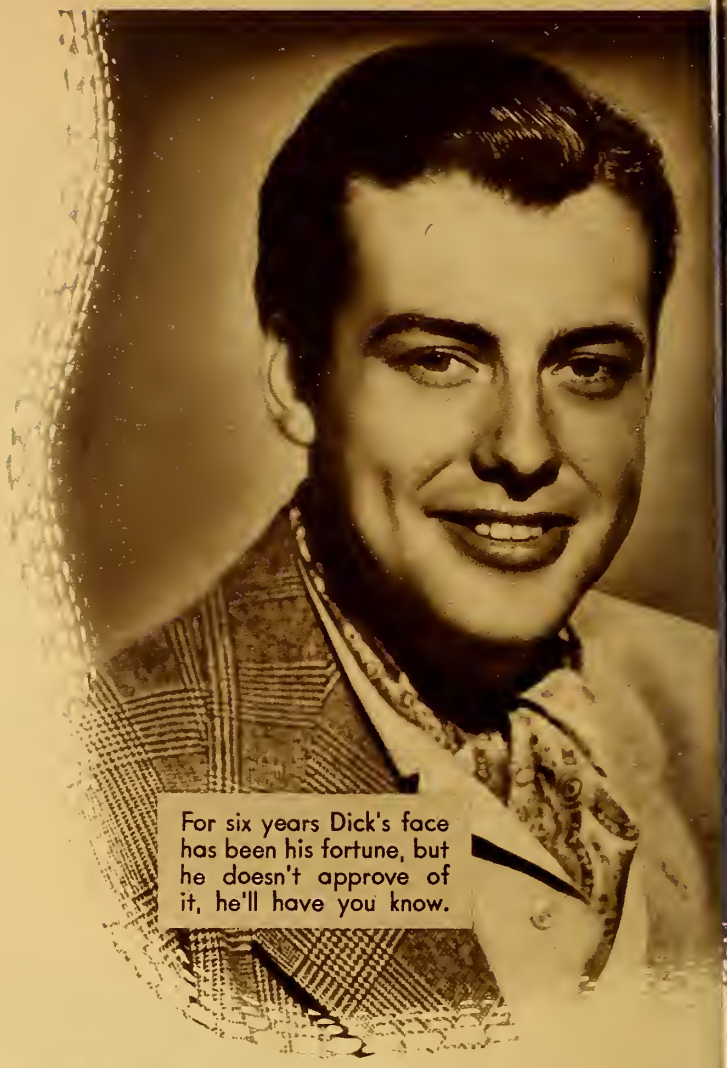
BRUNETTE

WITH A BLONDE PERSONALITY

A STUDY IN GREENE

CAN 8,379 HARVARD MEN BE WRONG? A MILLION OUTRAGED FANS SAY "YES"

By Irving Wallace



For six years Dick's face has been his fortune, but he doesn't approve of it, he'll have you know.

ON A certain afternoon a few months ago, the students of Harvard University went to their home-made ballot boxes and listed their pet Hollywood peeves. On that historic occasion, they voted young Richard Greene as the film actor "least likely to succeed."

When we passed Harvard's verdict on to Richard Greene, he clucked his tongue and replied, "I really don't mind such adverse criticism, as long as I'm sure it's intelligent and not purely malicious. I prefer a correction to a compliment. After all, adverse criticism can be helpful; while, on the other hand, you can listen to silly flattery all day, gain nothing by it and end up in a Fool's Paradise."

That was Richard's reply, very English and very tactful. Though well aware that Harvard's verdict was not "helpful criticism," he was in no position to defend himself. So, in a word, we take up the cudgels.

The college poll proved nothing at all—except, perhaps, that Harvard undergraduates possess the combined critical abilities of a roomful of very backward juveniles.

Of course, we freely admit that Greene may not be the greatest actor in Hollywood. His histrionic talents may not have attained the Paul Muni level—at least, not yet. But we absolutely refuse to admit that he is Hollywood's "least likely to succeed." That's utter nonsense—because he already is a huge success!

We see our first duty clearly. We must prevent angry mothers from boycotting Harvard, and we must not allow hot-tempered maidens to mail high explosives C. O. D. to Cambridge. It is our patriotic duty to explain exactly why Harvard students resent Richard Greene.

The explanation is obvious. All Harvard students are males. And, unfortunately, the average American male, handicapped by a profile that resembles a buzz-saw, retarded by a chicken-breasted physique, weighted by a conversational gift limited to second-hand Bob Hope gags, resents anyone as well-built, handsome and articulate as Richard Greene of Hollywood.

That, ladies, is the reason why Harvard men voted against him. They saw in Richard those fine things they lacked. And they resented him, just as they resented Rudolph Valentino and Robert Taylor before him.

Being disliked for his attractive appearance is not a new problem to Greene. It has kept him awake many nights. "Do I consider being handsome a handicap?" asked Greene, echoing our query. "Well, definitely yes, presuming that I am handsome. It makes me too many enemies. Men, utter strangers or acquaintances, hate me because misled girls think I'm good looking. It's awfully embarrassing, really it is. And more than that, it's damned annoying—especially when men apply the phrase 'pretty boy' to me. Also, being considered handsome is a double handicap, because it immediately types you in Hollywood, confines you to ineffectual youthful roles and prevents you from obtaining meaty character parts."

We sat on a sofa, only two feet distant from Greene, when he told us these things. We sat close enough to touch him, so we feel competent to testify that Richard Greene, off-screen and in the flesh, does not look the pretty boy.

We could hardly detect his dimples. He appeared leaner and taller than we'd imagined. He seemed cultured, but it was a healthy, fresh and strong culture. He seemed a regular fellow, entirely virile, one who might know all the four letter words, consume iron ore for breakfast and indulge in Rabelaisian pleasures after dark.

While Harvard students might criticize his acting, they can't criticize his perseverance.

"My prime ambition in life today," he confessed, "is to become a good actor. A really thorough thespian, equipped for every role. If I've had any trouble, it's been mainly



It's no secret that Dick has one Field conquered. He and country-woman Ginny are inseparable.



In "I Was An Adventuress," Dick makes an honest woman of Zorina, a hardened jewel thief.

that I got to the top too fast. Nine major pictures in two years. I lacked experience and have had to pick up things in a hurry along the way. But I'm still absorbing knowledge like a two-legged sponge. I'm trying!"

And while Harvard students might resent Greene's well-chiseled features, they certainly can't resent his courage.

"I've been aching to go back to England to do my share in the war," he said, "but they won't let me return. They have too many army men on hand, and they don't need me. It was fine of David Niven to return on his own, but he's still trying to see army activity and can't, because they don't require his services—yet. The horrible day will eventually come, I suppose, when my country will need every man, and when it does, take my word, I'll be the first to go back. Meantime, I frankly feel I can do more good staying right here and, with the money I make, helping our cause financially."

TO KEEP the records straight, Richard Greene's current activities have been confined, largely, to turning in a performance in his most recent flicker, "I Was An Adventuress" with Vera Zorina. After office hours, his activities have been devoted to the soil and to Virginia Field.

Greene, springing from a family that had the stability of traveling salesmen, loves the soil. As he informed us, "My major desire is today being realized. I have bought a house and some land in the Valley north of Hollywood. I love the earth, and I want to build things of my own on it. I want to cultivate it. I want to construct a beautiful English stone wall, dozens of dog kennels and a thousand other things. When that dream is fulfilled, I suppose I'll have to find another."

Of course, the purchase of that property and that new house, encourages journalistic speculation and adds up, perhaps, to the mathematics of matrimony. Did the land and the house mean Richard Marius Joseph Greene, who would rather read "Flash Gordon" than the current best-seller, was about to settle down?

The answer was a shrug of broad shoulders. And then, after the pause that refreshes, an afterthought, "All that talk in the papers about the exact time and date that I'm going to marry is fiction. I have no plans and, if I did, I wouldn't yet be in a position to announce them."

But when the time comes, will gorgeous, well-bred Virginia Field be the girl to move into that Valley home?

Greene, a practiced fencer, verbally parried. "This much I will say: I want no dull little glamour girl for a wife. I want someone I don't have to go to the Ritz with, someone I can fry bacon and eggs with, do you understand? I want a wife intelligent, but not intellectual. I want a capable mate, one with money sense. Those creatures whose entire lives center about fur coats and diamonds irk me. I prefer a girl who appreciates the simple and elemental things. Naturally, I want an attractive girl with plenty of feminine charm, but above everything else, I want a good companion!"

Did Richard Greene think Virginia Field possessed all these qualities? Well, he didn't wish to talk about Virginia, but dammit all, love is love, and he couldn't resist.

"It's true that I find Virginia Field more attractive than anyone I've ever met. She has it all over the glamour girls. She possesses all the qualities I would desire in a wife. Naturally, I love her very much. Virginia is a pretty girl, amazingly intelligent and fond of the things I like."

What philosophy was to Socrates, women are to Richard Greene—an open book. Of course, he wouldn't admit that. He is up to his ears in English reticence, but his torrid past speaks for itself.

The most torrid part of his past was his first love. At the mature age of six he fell madly in love with an older woman. She was a snappy (*Continued on page 68*)

Hollywood SKIN

WANT TO WRITE YOURSELF A TICKET TO SUMMER ROMANCE, ADVENTURE AND SUCCESS?



Now is the time to use light, fluffy creams, whether for cleansing, lubrication or make-up foundation. Your skin must be protected against wind and sun, yet at the some time it must be allowed to "breathe" freely.



Arms, neck and shoulders that have long been swathed in heavy clothing will soon be exposed for the first time in many months. Smooth and protect them with creams, lotions, powders. And don't forget deodorants.



Your make-up should be carefully chosen not only to harmonize with your skin coloring, but also to create a fresh, cool and, above all, a healthy, natural appearance. Artificiality is especially taboo in warm weather.



Hands, to be glamorous, must be soft, smooth and dainty at all times. After every contact with sun or water, as well as after each manicure, massage your favorite lotion well into the fingers, hands and also elbows.



Legs and feet will come in for a lot of attention at beaches, pools and tennis courts. You will be wise to keep yours smooth and perfectly groomed. Depilatories and weekly pedicures are considered definite "musts."

THE DAYS when you could swathe a sallow, blemished or untidy skin in furs and silks, wools and satins and still look beautiful are vanishing very fast. Summer will soon be on our doorsteps, and that means low necks, short sleeves, backless dresses, bare legs and sun drenched days that demand smooth, clean, flawless skin, not only on our faces but all over.

A sedentary winter, robbed of sun and outdoor exercise; heavy foods with too few fresh fruits and vegetables; constant sudden readjustments from hot, dry, artificially heated houses to damp, cold, wintry weather; colds, fatigue—all these have taken their heavy toll on that most important single asset to your health and beauty—a fine textured, smooth functioning, radiantly healthy skin.

It goes without saying that, in Hollywood, where beauty is the stock in trade of every girl ambitious for any degree of fame or success, skin care and grooming is one of the first concerns of every feminine member of the movie colony. So let's pry into the beauty secrets of some of Hollywood's brightest stars and learn how they care for the skins for which they are so justly famous.

There's Virginia Bruce, for example, the flawless blonde; and Hedy Lamarr, the enchanting brunette; Ann Sheridan, the gorgeous red-head; and pretty, vivacious Helen Parrish, whose fresh charm is an ornament wherever she goes. What do these representative girls do to keep their skins so glowingly, radiantly lovely? The common sense formulas they follow are simple and intelligent, all rumors and build-ups to the contrary notwithstanding. The principles they practice can be adopted successfully by every one of you who really wants to have a beautiful skin.

First, you know that skin is not only an important foundation for beauty but it also constantly reflects the state of your health. Sallowness, blemishes and poor skin texture of one kind or another are almost always traceable to an unbalanced diet (too many sweets, starches or sometimes meats), insufficient exercise, fresh air, drinking water or sleep; irregular elimination or too infrequent bathing. Physicians and beauticians agree that fine skin depends primarily upon good health. Local disorders such as eczema, ringworm, etc., or glandular disturbances (especially thyroid) may produce scaliness. For these conditions you should, of course, see a doctor. But ordinarily, a good healthy skin is something within the control of every average girl without benefit of anything more than energetic common sense.

A normal skin is neither too dry nor too oily. By virtue of its minutely horny construction it is able to cast off dirt and dead tissue. By means of its normal oil glands it is able to lubricate itself sufficiently for perfect health and comfort. However, the stress, strain and artificialities of modern living often exact heavy penalties from your skin and it becomes over oily, over dry or the pores become clogged, stretched and enlarged. Then coarseness, sallowness, blackheads, whiteheads, acne, etc., are the sad results. What to do?

Cleanliness, thorough and continuous, is of foremost im-

MAGIC

THEN GIVE A THOUGHT TO YOUR COMPLEXION

By Carol Carter

portance for both beauty and health. Your skin is a very busy organ. Not only does it have to provide a prepossessing exterior for your appearance's sake; but, even more important, it has to form an effective protection between you and the outside world of germs, dirt and disease. At the same time it must perform the full time job of a hard working organ of elimination.

Sooo—a bath a day is the very least consideration you can show it. Shower or tub—the preference is purely personal. But do use plenty of mild, oily soap and water. Also use a coarse wash cloth, brush or friction mit to stimulate circulation and to help in the job of freeing your skin of constantly accumulating wastes and toxins.

Fragrant oils, colognes, bubble baths and all those luxurious bath preparations are fine, too, if you enjoy using them. But they aren't exactly essential to either the health or beauty of your skin, though goodness knows they do provide a delightful sense of daintiness and luxury which has its advantages in building up a girl's morale, to say nothing of her glamour. After whichever kind of bath you take, use a big, clean, Turkish towel and massage yourself briskly all over to send the blood coursing through your veins and to wake up that sleeping color which should glow in every healthy skin. An after-bath lotion or a film of dusting powder add delightfully fragrant and luxurious final touches.

YOUR FACE, neck, hands and arms usually need cleansing additional to your regular bath. A good cleansing cream should be on every girl's dressing table. If your skin is oily, you'll want to use a liquefying cream. If it's dry, an emollient cream will do more for you. Apply either one generously, immediately after washing your face. Massage it in with deep, firm, rotary, upward strokes, being careful not to stretch the delicate face skin. Allow cleansing cream to remain on at least a couple of minutes, then remove with facial tissue or soft linen.

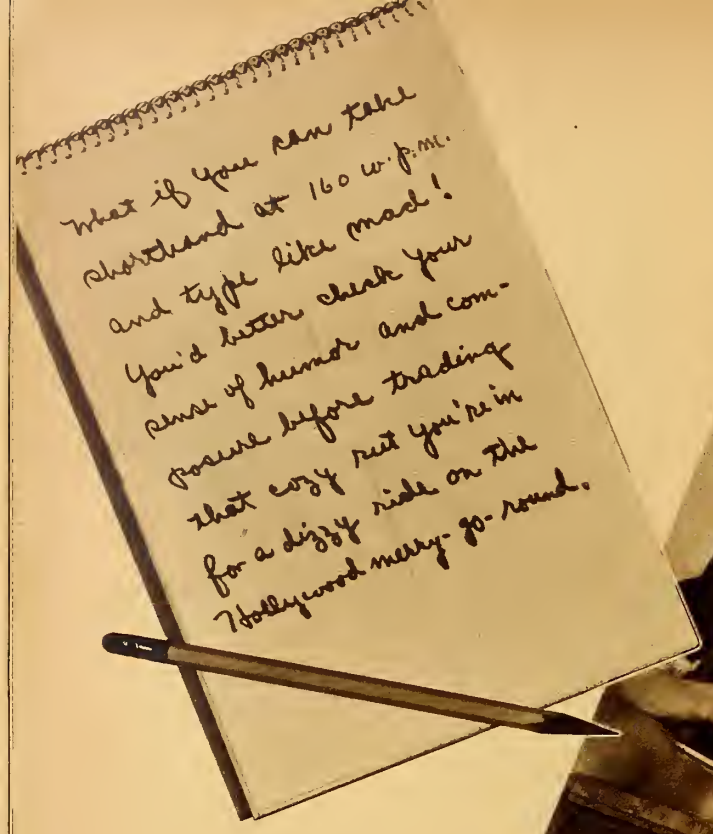
An oily skin is simply one whose oil glands are overactive. A good diet, including plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables, lots of drinking water, outdoor exercise and special attention to cleanliness are extremely important in your efforts to overcome it. Scrubbing the face with a soft bristled complexion brush and a mild soap, then applying an astringent or skin freshener, is an excellent daily habit. A cream of the vanishing type is best as a powder foundation for oily-skinned lassies. Be sure that you fluff your powder on lightly, never grind or rub it in to further clog the over-large and too-relaxed pores that accompany this condition. Frequent additional cleansing through the day with liquefying cream and astringent or some of those handy little prepared pads which you can carry in your purse or keep on your dressing table, will help relieve the annoyance of an excessively oily skin.

Dry skin is common in our larger cities where continuous scrubbing is necessary for cleanliness, and high nervous tension is always more or less present. It is also common among women who diet and deny themselves (*Continued on page 74*)



HELEN PARRISH
A Universal Player

CALLING





Iola Clark's office 'phone connects with private extension. She answers all calls with "Robinson's residence," relaying important ones to the house.



Peggy's been office-wife to Spence for two whole years but he still addresses her as "Miss Gough." She's 27, looks 21, and is unmarried.

SO YOU would like to be a secretary to a movie star?

You went to high school for four years. You're a typist. You're a stenographer. You think it should be a cinch.

But—how would you like to exercise a pair of wild horses in your lunch hour, introduce twenty-five people you don't know to a member of the United States cabinet, help your boss' wife be a columnist, buy woolen underwear for Annabella to ski in or explain to hundreds of adoring fans why they can't have a lock of your master's hair?

Yep, that's all part of the day's work to the widely-envied members of Hollywood's notebook and pencil brigade. No wonder they love their jobs, hate their jobs, swear to quit and vow to go on forever.

But none of those chores could discourage you? You still want to know the ingredients that go into the making of a Movieland secretary. Okay. Let's track them down.

First, take the case of Peggy Gough. Peggy works for Spencer Tracy. Two years ago, when Spence's former secretary met with an accident, Peggy, who held a clerical position on the Metro lot, walked into her job—and into a combination office-dressing room, next door to the one occupied by Greta Garbo.

"As it happens," says Peggy, "I've never seen Miss Garbo. However, when Mr. Tracy is working, I visit the set twice a day and, in the past few months, have taken dictation while either Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert or Clark Gable was sitting just a few feet away from me."

That doesn't sound too tough, does it? And neither does working from nine to five daily with a half a day on Saturday, or answering requests for Mr. Tracy's photograph and autograph, or seeing to it that his replies to fan letters reach a post-office box, or typing the stencil for the fourteen-page magazine young Johnny Tracy publishes monthly.

"Up to there, it's pie," agrees Peggy. "But when people begin to ask for such things as a button off the jacket Mr. Tracy wore in the last reel of his first picture, that's another matter! And don't think it's easy to make his admirers understand that my boss would be bald as an eagle if he obliged everyone who wants a snip of his hair for a locket charm!"

Her typewriter and erasers aren't the only tools Peggy must have at her finger-tips. She keeps aspirins and an encyclopedia handy, too, for those occasions when she receives scrawls like the one sent by the little boy who'd seen "Stanley and Livingstone." The youngster didn't want an autograph. He didn't want a picture. He just wanted a few simple facts.

"You're a great explorer, Mr. Tracy," he wrote, "so will you please tell me how much it costs to take an expedition to Africa? I want to leave next Saturday."

Miss Gough, fortified by a sheepskin from the University of California, is made of sturdy stuff. She can take it. She knows that if you want to be a big star's Girl Friday, you have to keep your sense of humor on its toes twenty-four hours a day. And so, come hell or high water, come checks to be autographed or new scenarios to be judged, Peggy only smiles—and dimples. She'll bear up under any swipe, because she thinks that's little enough to do for an employer who is never cross, never demanding, never hasty.

"There's one thing, though," admits Peggy, "Mr. Tracy's a terrible tease!"

But she smiles when she says that, and you know she

ALL SECRETARIES!

doesn't really mind this little attention from her boss.

A college education isn't part of the background of 34-year-old Claire André, who is secretary to Joel McCrea, as well as the mother of a 16-year-old miss. Claire, an attractive brunette, didn't even finish high school, although she has managed, since becoming a working girl, to squeeze in night courses in costume designing, court reporting and Spanish.

Claire's husband, Carl, has been Joel McCrea's stand-in for several years. One day, Carl noticed that Joel's fan mail and business records were getting pretty well jammed up and suggested that he hire a secretary. But Joel is a westerner and doesn't do things fast. Two months later he shook his head and decided Carl was right. Then he asked for Claire, whom he had met only once.

Claire wasn't keen on the job. She'd worked with movie people before and didn't like them too well. At her husband's insistence, however, she visited the lot.



Bill Gallagher, Ty's secretary, is at the beck and call of his boss 24 hours a day.

"Well," drawled McCrea when he saw her, "I don't know whether I need a secretary or not."

"Oh yes," retorted Claire. "Well, I don't know whether I'd like working for you!"

They decided to try it for three months, but she's stayed three years. She labors five and a half days a week in a small office at the Paramount studios. In this two by four, with its walls covered with portraits of Joel, she does her employer's bookkeeping, reads and answers his fan mail and sees that he doesn't forget dinner engagements. Half of her time is devoted to handling the affairs of Joel's 1,000-acre ranch. And at the ranch, she must even exercise her boss' horses when he is busy and order the dehorning of his cattle when the proper season rolls round.

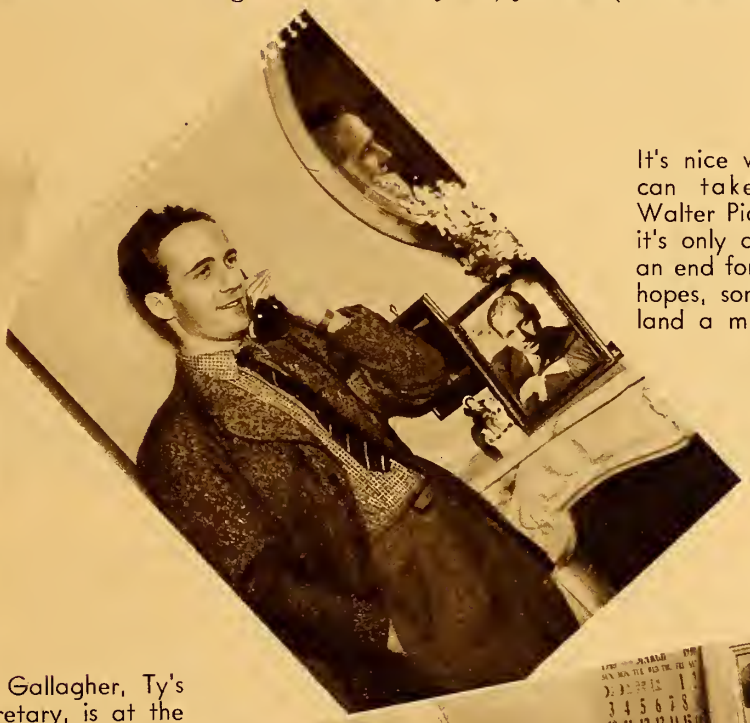
The story of Walter Pick is slightly different. Walter, who is Melvyn Douglas's right hand, studied at the Foreign Service School of George Washington University. He wanted to be a diplomat in a strange land. In New York, a few years after graduation, he ran into Melvyn and Mrs. Douglas, who is his cousin. The pair invited him to come to Hollywood and he accepted. Now his early ambition has been realized—he's practising diplomacy in a strange land.

Blond-haired and twenty-five, Walter Pick loves his job. "It's an exciting life," he says, "touching on every phase of modern living."

And he's not kidding. The variety of his tasks even includes acting as host at Douglas's swank dinner parties when Douglas himself is too busy to turn up. Recently, when cabinet-member Madame Frances Perkins came to Hollywood, Pick had to introduce her to twenty-five guests he had never seen before!

Besides taking Melvyn's son to baseball games and helping Mrs. Douglas keep up on the migrant problem, with his knowledge of political science, he aids Mr. D. with his numerous causes.

Walter lives with the Douglases. He has been on the grind over three years, yet has (*Continued on page 79*)



It's nice work if you can take it—and Walter Pick can. But it's only a means to an end for Walt who hopes, some day, to land a movie role.



Claire André, who was raised on a ranch, can discuss ranching problems as intelligently as any man. She calls her boss "Mr. McCrea"—he calls her "Claire."

HOW THEY THAWED OUT



Ironic that Madeleine, a rabid pacifist, is so often in war films and was a British captain's wife.



Tullio Carminati, Billy Gilbert and Madeleine in one of many tense moments from "Safari."



Jungle love with Doug Fairbanks is fine, but Madeleine's real heartbeat is a French politician.

MADELEINE CARROLL used to give one the impression that if you mentioned sex in her presence, she would blush, freeze or swoon.

Now you can walk up to her and say, "Miss Carroll, the suspicion is getting around that you have a large quota of feminine warmth"—and what happens? She smiles mischievously. Those blue eyes dance. And she doesn't hide the fact that she is finally hearing what she has been anxious to hear all along.

What she used to hear were things quite different. She grimaces comically in remembrance. Such things as Director Alfred Hitchcock's classic crack. Hitchcock was to do a picture based on the S.S. Titanic disaster. The producer asked him, "What do you know about icebergs?" Hitchcock lifted his eyebrows—Madeleine, telling the story, illustrates how high he lifted them—and said, "What do I know about icebergs? Man, I've directed Madeleine Carroll!"

She shakes her head about the reputation she seemed to have had for being on the frigid side.

"People used to wonder if anything could thaw me out. Nobody," she says, with a mock sigh, "suspected that I had human warmth and only needed the opportunity to bring it out."

How did she ever acquire that Arctic reputation? Looking back, you can detect several possible explanations. First and foremost, she came from England. Justly or not, Americans don't give Englishwomen credit for being warm-blooded. Particularly if they belong to the social upper crust—as Madeleine did, by marriage. Furthermore, she was a college graduate, daughter of a professor. That made people think of her as an intellectual, a woman whose head would dictate to her heart. Then, too, press agents billed her as "one of the ten most beautiful women in the world." They weren't far wrong. But, by so doing, they placed her on a lofty pedestal, and people considered her aloof.

She puts most of the blame directly on the beauty publicity—and, indirectly, on herself. "At the time, I thought the beauty build-up was a great idea," she admits, frankly. "I was feminine enough to be flattered. Any woman likes to be called beautiful. But I didn't foresee the effects of the build-up. It not only made me unpopular with other women, but it caused producers and directors to catalogue me as The Inspirational Type—a visual excuse for the hero to be pretty noble.

"It paid well, yes, but it was frightfully dull going. I wasn't having fun. And I began to sense that other people weren't having fun, watching this inspiring creature. I began to suspect that it would be only a matter of time before they resented seeing her—always with every hair in place, every expression beatific, every action chaste. She just wasn't human."

She tried to do something about it. For one thing, she tried to forget the camera and be herself. They wouldn't let her. When she talks, she has a habit of making faces, to help express what she means. "Madeleine," they would say, "you mustn't make those faces. They aren't becoming. And they aren't in character." Or, "Madeleine, you didn't keep your profile before the camera. We'll have to shoot it over."

The climax came during the filming

DON'T LET HER COLD, CLASSIC BEAUTY MISLEAD YOU—SHE EVEN HAD HOLLYWOOD

MADELEINE CARROLL



Madeleine, one of the world's ten loveliest women, spends less time in the "make-up chair" than any other star.

By George Benjamin

of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Toward the end, there was a parting kiss between the lovers—Ronald Colman and Madeleine. She approached the scene with the thought, "This should be a terrific moment, but it won't be if we both express our emotions like polite, reticent English people. I'm going to do my share to make it memorable." And she did.

The director, John Cromwell, liked the result. But that night the producer, David O. Selznick, saw the rushes. He called Madeleine at 3:00 A.M. "What on earth were you trying to do in that scene? You're so *sexy* in it." Madeleine beamed. So she had finally demonstrated that she was no iceberg! "I was only trying to behave like a woman desperately in love." He protested, "But this woman is a princess. She would be more reserved." "Princess or not," said Madeleine, "she is a woman in love." They had quite an argument. Madeleine didn't win it. A few days later, there were retakes. She had to change her performance.

But Madeleine didn't change her convictions. (*Continued on page 91*)

FOOLED FOR A LONG TIME



He'll select your hats, sell your talent, look after your morals and, if you look anything like Margaret Sullavan or Lynn Bari, your agent may even decide to propose to you.

IF YOU'VE seen "Gone With the Wind," you know that Vivien Leigh is a sensation as Scarlett O'Hara. Even if you haven't seen the picture, you are sold on that idea. You have read the reviews. You know she won the Academy Award. You have read articles explaining her success.

Some of the articles give the credit to Vivien, herself, to her individuality, her talent, her will-to-succeed; others, to Producer David O. Selznick, who was astute enough to see her possibilities; to Director Victor Fleming, who handled her shrewdly, or to Author Margaret Mitchell, who created the colorful character Vivien portrayed.

The only person who doesn't seem to be getting any credit is the man who sold Selznick the idea that Vivien Leigh, an English girl, would be a remarkable Scarlett. That man is her agent. .

His name is Myron Selznick and he is one of Hollywood's most successful salesmen of stars. He also happens to be a brother of David O. Selznick. Vivien knew what she was doing when she told him she wouldn't be averse to working in Hollywood if he could sell her as a dramatic vixen. The more Myron studied her, the more he saw her as one particular charmer. But how to interest David in another unknown—especially an English girl? That called for genius.

Myron displayed just that. He didn't go into a high-pressure rave about the girl. In fact he didn't even mention her name. He sprang her upon David as a complete surprise. He took her out to the "Gone With the Wind" set the night that David started production by putting the torch to acres of old movie backdrops, for "the burning of Atlanta" scene. Myron waited until the fire had become spectacular. Then he walked up to his brother and said, "David, I want you to meet Scarlett O'Hara." David turned—and saw the vivid face of Vivien Leigh for the first time, lighted by flames that Scarlett was supposed to see. Myron didn't have to suggest a film test. David was startled into suggesting it, himself.

Vivien Leigh is a star today because she had a smart agent.

The same can be said of every star in Hollywood, from Lionel Barrymore to Shirley Temple.

You may photograph better than Hedy Lamarr or Robert Taylor, and be able to act circles around Bette Davis or Spencer Tracy, but you still need something else to become a star. Or remain one. You need a good agent.

This isn't a glamorous fact. It is carefully omitted from all of Hollywood's success stories. But it still remains a fact.

Every player in Hollywood is aware of it. Every player earning $150 or more has an agent. And every player earning less would have one, only there aren't enough to go around. Particularly of the kind willing to gamble on unknowns who want to act, but haven't yet proved that they can.

Stars know what they are talking about when they



Gary Cooper



Greta Garbo



Margaret Sullavan



Ronald Colman

THEY SELL STARS

BEHIND THE SUCCESS STORIES OF GARBO, LEIGH AND EVERY IMPORTANT STAR IS A SUPER-SALESMAN WHOSE PRAISES ARE SELDOM SUNG

By James Reid

advise unknowns with movie ambitions: "Don't come to Hollywood until you have proved your possibilities." Some day, some star is going to be honest enough to add, "and can afford an agent."

Why is an agent so necessary? Why can't an actor sell himself? The answer is this:

Once upon a time, there were no agents. Actors had to sell themselves. Most of them didn't do very well at it. They were in a class with gypsies. They lived precariously, constantly on the move. Here today, somewhere else tomorrow. They couldn't own anything that wouldn't fit into a trunk. The only way they could find employment was to be on hand when the work was passed out. When they did work, even stars earned little. Talent was valued low. There was a phrase: "Actors are a worthless lot."

Agents have changed all that. Today, actors are a respected race. If they have any standing in their profession, they also have substantial incomes. They have contracts guaranteeing them those incomes. They settle down in one place, raise families, have gardens, vote and make thousands of dollars a week.

Talent is a strange commodity. It can be neither weighed nor measured. But agents have brought something to the selling of talent that is used in the selling of any other commodity—business methods.

To give you an idea of the importance of agents in the movie scheme of things, there are approximately 110 agencies in Hollywood today. The William Morris Agency—the oldest, and one of the largest—sells more than a million dollars' worth of talent a month. Of this, their take is one-tenth, or better than $1,000,000 a year. Myron Selznick is suspected of making as much, if not more. (He is generally credited as the first to educate studios to pay featured players, as well as stars, those colossal salaries.) High in the six-figure-a-year bracket are Berg-Allenberg, Feldman-Blum, M. C. Levee, Sam Jaffe, A. and S. Lyons, Zeppo Marx, Edington and Vincent, Nat Goldstone—among others.

An agent is first, last and always a salesman. That is enough to make him useful to anyone with talent to sell. What makes him indispensable is that he is also a number of other things.

He is a shrewd judge of ability, and as shrewd a judge of the possibilities of roles. (And he knows, from day to day, every role that is being cast in every studio.) He is more than a job-finder; he is a career-builder. (It is to his advantage to be this, since he has a ten per cent investment in a player.) He is a personality-developer, a legal adviser, a business manager, a confidant of personal as well as professional troubles, a chaperon, an errand boy, a soft spot for a "touch" (loan, to you).

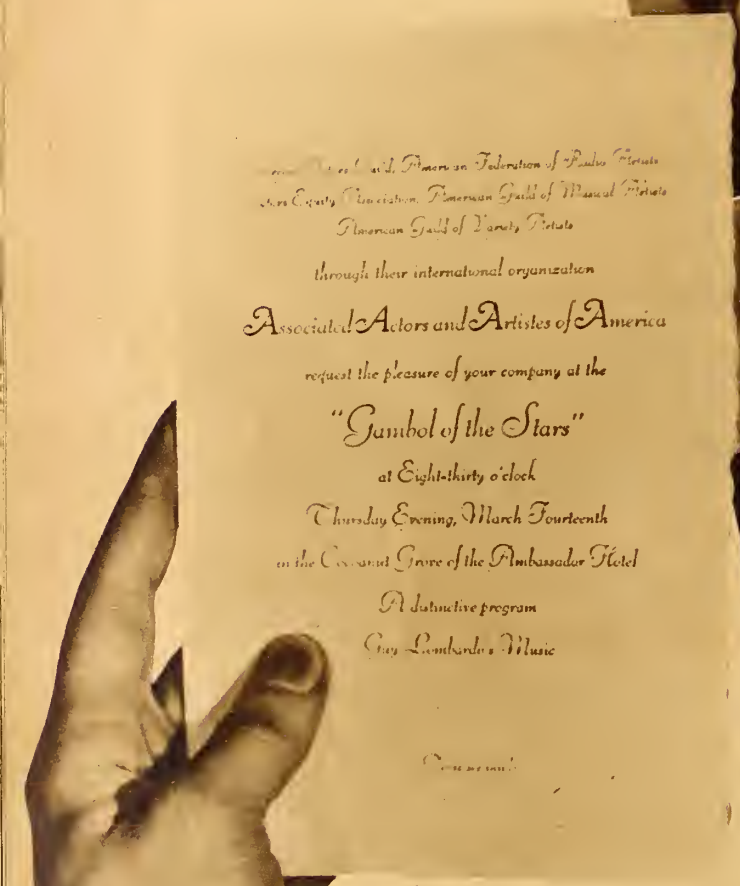
To show you how an agent operates, let's take a hypothetical case of a young player who gets a movie chance—a case that is a composite of hundreds. For the sake of convenience, let's call that player "you."

A talent scout for Studio A has spotted you in summer stock, a Little Theatre play, or possibly a Broadway show. You have been offered (*Continued on page 87*)

NOT FUN FOR ITS OWN SAKE, THIS RIOTOUS PARTY, BUT FOR A WORTHY CAUSE



Jimmy Stewart tucks Olivia de Havilland under his chin and adopts a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude toward those rumors that she's ten-or-twelve-timing him.



[illegible] Guild, American Federation of Radio Artists
Screen Equity Association, American Guild of Musical Artists
American Guild of Variety Artists

through their international organization

Associated Actors and Artistes of America

request the pleasure of your company at the

"Gambol of the Stars"

at Eight-thirty o'clock

Thursday Evening, March Fourteenth

in the [illegible] Grove of the Ambassador Hotel

A distinctive program

Guy Lombardo's Music

[illegible]





Arleen Whelan, who is Joe Pasternak's choice for Hollywood's prettiest, was happily reunited with Alexander d'Arcy after a short spat.

Norma Shearer's attention strays momentarily from George Raft — whom she met, by the way, on a blind date — to Gary Cooper.

SOCIALLY YOURS,

SO THAT down-on-their-luck entertainers the country over needn't starve by the wayside or hop a freight home, the Associated Actors and Artistes of America held a gigantic benefit for itself and called it the "Gambol of the Stars."

The Association, better known as the 4-A's, is an organization embracing all guilds connected with the entertainment world belongs to a guild for, like the pattern cutters in a cloak and suit shop, even the Crawfords and Cornells must hold union cards, if they expect to turn on their talent for even a day. Dues, contributed by more than 30,000 members, range from $1.50 to $100 yearly. The smallest sums, of course, come from extras on the Hollywood Central Casting office list, and the largest from stars who knock out several thousand a week.

Eight hundred people poured into the Hotel Ambassador's Cocoanut Grove and paid $11 apiece to help the 4-A's help itself. For their money, ticket-holders danced to the music of Guy Lombardo, ate a five-course dinner and watched each other entertain in a floor-show that would have made the great Ziegfeld pea-green with envy.

The show, which started at 11:00 P. M., was m-ceed by Terpsichorean Artist George Murphy and opened with a Scottish version of a swing orchestra, rendered by the Hollywood Pipe Band. It brought forth an excited "Wonderful!" from Bette Davis who, escorted by Bob Taplinger, Warner publicity head, was gowned in a black crêpe formal, trimmed with a frothy lace collar that looked like the frosting on a chocolate cake.

Eddie Cantor, who appears at more parties than filet mignon, brought a stab of nostalgia to many an old-timer as, smeared with black make-up, he revived his "If You Knew Susie Like I Know Susie" and "Margie."

While Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart held hands, Mickey Rooney crooned his newest composition, "Oceans Apart." But it was left to a group of youngsters who have been poking fun at Hollywood with their musical comedy, "Meet the People," to stop the show. Applauding little Virginia O'Brien's take-off on a singing society girl, were Joan Bennett and Producer-hubby Walter Wanger. Joan's gown, created by Hattie Carnegie, had a pale pink bodice and a skirt that was a feathery mist of black and pink alternating lace inserts. Joan also sparkled her brilliant diamond and star sapphire ring, one of the biggest in filmland captivity.

Frank Morgan, the blubbering, blustering comedian, wound up the evening by attempting to explain the purpose of the 4-A's. He had his audience shaking with laughter, but if any of those present, from the bit players to the four-figure-a-week stars, left the Grove with a better understanding of their organization, it wasn't because Morgan's "A Word of Explanation" explained a thing!



Basil Rathbone, Frank Morgan and the latter's lovely daughter come up smiling after battling their way through the mob of fans in the lobby.



Marlene Dietrich shares a joke with playboy Tim Durant, one of her three escorts. Fashion note: Rings on her fingers, but outside the glove, no less.



Eddie Robinson, as a member of the floor committee, gaily free-lanced all evening. Here you see him with Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, a former script writer.

JULES BUCK, WHO STALKS BIG GAME WITH HIS CAMERA AND TRIPOD, BRINGS 'EM BACK ALIVE



These new faces belong to Carole Landis and Kenny Morgan. Miss L. already has one movie to her credit and is now at work on her second.



Don Ameche was off-salary for refusing a movie role when this was taken, but still manages that smile. He even has Mrs. A. doing it.



Joan Blondell takes time out from her acting and household duties to read palms at Ciro's. "It can't be that bad!" shouts Mischa Auer.



Stuart Erwin, who looks groggy, himself, puts Pat O'Brien to sleep with a "funny" story. It's not often that Pat's caught napping.



George Montgomery, 20th Century-Fox player, substitutes for Brenda Joyce's best beau, Owen Ward. Her boy friend had to work that night.



William Powell and his twenty-one-year-old wife relax at Cafe Lamaze. They've been stepping out seven nights a week to show each other off.



Vic Orsatti, who usually flits from beauty to beauty, is on his fourth date with Helen Gilbert—which is practically "going steady" for Vic.



That look of contentment on the faces of Adolphe Menjou and wife speaks well of Sardi's. But this was before they'd seen the check.



Leave it to a Marx to figure out a new way to light a cigar. Minus his movie mustache, Groucho and his antics are as novel as ever.



Reginald Gardiner and Lucile Fairbanks (Doug's cousin) "swing it" at Hugo's. He's handing her the old line, but Lucile isn't falling.



Helen Parrish goes gallivantin' with Boy friend Forrest Tucker and Homer Sprinkle. Her silver fox coat was a birthday gift from Forrest T.



Burns & Allen have a home but never seem to stay in it. Dining with them and in high spirits is Lupe Velez, another night club habitué.



Linda Darnell is the ever-constant companion of Bob Shaw. It's a sister-and-brother combination that originated in Texas, where both were born.



June Lang is being taken around town by James McKinley Bryant, well-known author. June is the former wife and client of actors' agent, Vic Orsatti.



Arthur Lake drinks a toast to the missus who's sporting a red, white and blue plaid jacket, topped by an off-the-face Flemish bonnet.



Director Litvak is the busiest man-about-town. This time, it's Barbara O'Neil, who emotes for Anatole on the "All This, And Heaven Too" set.



Mighty proud was Ida Lupino of Husband Louis Hayward's performance in "My Son, My Son." Her mother substituted for the absent spouse.



Rosalind Russell says she'll marry—when the right man comes along. And Mr. Right Man for the evening is John Durant, wealthy Los Angeles socialite.



Mary Astor and her husband, Manuel del Campo, film editor, leave their new baby long enough to have dinner at Ciro's on maid's night off.



Hedy Lamarr and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., desert their respective mates, Gene Markey and Myrna Loy, to make a tour of Ciro's sumptuous dance floor.



Lana Turner and Husband Artie Shaw ran into Greg Bautzer, Lana's "ex," the night this was snapped, and the three exchanged some icy stares.



Joan Bennett celebrates her birthday with Husband Walter Wanger and Producer Selznick, who seem none too happy. It was a thirtieth for Joan.



Not only has Andrea Leeds changed her mind about retiring, but Hubby Bob Howard has accepted screen test offers and wants to make a movie.



GOOD

THE CLICK OF A CAMERA, THE CLACK OF A TYPEWRITER, AND ZIP! A SCOOP IS BORN.

GOING NATIVE

Joan Bennett decided that her invitation to appear on the Bing Crosby air-show really warranted the purchase of a new bonnet. So the star spent a whole day making the rounds of her favorite shops looking for a chapeau worthy of the occasion. In a very exclusive establishment she came upon a becoming turban—the very last word according to the salesgirl—and, since it was unusual enough to attract plenty of attention, Joan purchased it right then and there. She arrived at the broadcast feeling as chipper and self-confident as only a woman in a becoming new hat can feel—only to find that someone in a similar headpiece had arrived first. It was Sabu, the young Indian movie actor, wearing one of his native turbans fashioned of the same material as Joan's. After the first horrified moment, Joan took it like a trouper. "We'll just have to see that we don't go to the same parties," she laughed.

TAYLOR VS. GABLE

We had the opportunity, the other day, to test the comparative popularity of two favorite stars in the Hollywood firmament. Conversation stopped abruptly at the Brown Derby one noon, women nudged their companions, buzzed excitedly and ejected delighted "Oh's" as Robert Taylor walked in. But Bob was no sooner seated when the door re-opened, and in came Clark Gable. No buzzing accompanied his entrance, just a series of long drawn out "Aaaaaahs."



ROBERT TAYLOR

AN ULTIMATUM

Jed Prouty is learning you can't argue with studio executives. Figuring that the Jones Family couldn't get along without him, he refused to make another picture without a substantial salary increase. Imagine his surprise at discovering that his bosses were willing to release him! In the next Jones family epic, Mrs. (Spring Byington) Jones can look forward to being a movie widow, unless her screen spouse learns his lesson in time to forestall such a tragedy.

THE DeMILLE TOUCH

A friend of Cecil B. DeMille's told him that his closing remark on the Lux Show had been picked up by one of her youngsters. The friend's little girl now kneels beside her bed at night, recites her prayers and ends with "And now, good night to you—from Hollywood."

A GOOD SCENT

Jean Parker's current heart interest, and very serious, too, is Douglas Dawson, the captain of Errol Flynn's boat. Though no wedding date has been set, Jean and the Captain have started to purchase things for their home. The first item was "Golden Boy," a St. Bernard puppy, the size of a small pony. Until their marriage, they thought



JEAN PARKER

it would be only fair to divide the puppy's time between them, each having "Golden Boy" for two weeks at a stretch. But the pooch clearly preferred Jean, and Cap was somewhat puzzled. A chance meeting with the original owner uncovered the fact that "Golden Boy" loved all ladies who used perfumes with floral scents. The next evening, Jean was mystified at Goldy's complete devotion to Doug. What she didn't know was that he had a cake of violet perfumed soap in various pockets. After the pooch had jumped joyfully into the car when Doug started for home, he finally confessed.

DIDJA KNOW

That Marlene Dietrich is so grateful for the chance given her at Universal, she's turned down a $150,000 offer from Metro and will stick with Universal . . . That Ida Lupino is a composer, and her "Aladdin Suite" has been played by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra . . . That Guy Kibbee began his theatrical career as a "prop" man . . . That Rochelle Hudson, who was once a steno, memorizes lines by first copying them in shorthand . . . That Rita Hayworth wears hosiery made from the sheerest steel thread . . . That Willie Best has a trunkful of horseshoes collected during his career in



CLARK GABLE

pictures . . . That Anthony Quinn's hobby is book-binding, and he's won several prizes at county fairs with his exhibits . . . That Edna Best's eighteen-year-old twins are working as extras in pictures under the names of John Barry and James Seymour . . . That Mrs. Spencer Tracy's recent emergency operation was just in the nick of time to save her life . . . That John Farrow is leaving Hollywood to serve with the British forces in France . . . That Maureen O'Sullivan has

NEWS



WE BRING 'EM TO YOU FRESH AS A MICKEY ROONEY WISECRACK—RIGHT FROM THE COAST

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

taken a small house in Beverly Hills, and the Farrow Bel-Air home is up for sale . . . That Fritz Mandl, millionaire and former husband of Hedy Lamarr Markey, is going to be a Hollywood picture producer . . . That you couldn't squeeze into the Cocoanut Grove when Benny Goodman opened there . . . That Marjorie Rambeau lost 42 pounds and is still "slimming?" . . . That Wally Beery asked her to put on 15 pounds for "20 Mule Team" and almost lost his leading lady as a result



ANN SOTHERN

. . . That Ann Sothern's back on the Warner lot for the first time in eleven years . . . That Deanna Durbin had 28 changes in her last picture but doesn't give a hoot about clothes, personally?

JEAN ARTHUR KNOWS BEST

Rumor has it that Jean Arthur wasn't too pleased with the selection of William Holden to play opposite her in "Arizona." Jean complained that he might pass as her sweetheart in the first half of the picture, but if she ran true to form (she's usually a nervously-exhausted woman after the first few weeks of shooting and looks ten years older than she really is) he would look like her son in the last half. The director poohpoohed her ideas but those in the know contend that William has a tough assignment ahead of him.

TIGHT SPOT

The Holden boys are accustomed to problems, however. Last month we told you



ERROL FLYNN

about Brother Bob and now we've met Dick, from South Pasadena Junior High. Dick's theatrical experience had been a one-day visit to Brother Bill's set while he was making "Golden Boy." But that didn't stop him from bragging about his knowledge of stage productions when the subject of the school's yearly play came up. The result was that Dick found himself stage manager and has been spending all of his spare time at the studio trying to pick up enough information to carry through his bluff.

ALONG SUNSET STRIP

Clark Gable stopping at Schwab's for a cup of coffee and a powdered-sugar doughnut en route to the studio for the day's work . . . Nancy Carroll standing on the corner of Sunset and Laurel Canyon waving at a taxicab and getting the horn from several passing cars . . . Joel McCrea and Frances Dee rolling down the avenue in a brand new black sedan, with four children in the back seat (only two of them McCreas, however) . . . Jeanette MacDonald paying off a corner florist, while her chauffeur loads pink and yellow gladioli into the station-wagon at the curb . . . Linda Hayes carefully parking a spanking new green roadster in front of the Glenn O. Raike Voice Studio and anxiously looking back before entering the studio . . . Edward G. Robinson asking



JEAN ARTHUR

for "all the children's magazines" at a corner drug-store for his son, Manny . . . Lili Damita and Errol Flynn munching on French-fries at a drive-in stand and appearing completely at peace with the world and each other.

A FRIEND IN NEED

For years Errol Flynn has seen to it that his pal and side-kick, Johnny Meyers, was given a role in all of his pictures. Johnny's no great shakes as an actor, but as an extra he gets by. However, when Errol tried to get him a part in "The Sea Hawk," it looked as if Johnny wouldn't even qualify as an extra, since one requirement for the job was a beard. And try as he would, Johnny could not raise more than a stubble. But Errol came through again. He bribed a make-up man into designing a chin-piece for Johnny that not only had the director fooled, but made him the envy of every extra for the duration of the picture.

IN HIDING, STILL

A list of the people who watch the Jack Benny show from the secluded sponsor's booth overlooking the NBC stage would read like a copy of Hollywood's Who's Who; nearly every star of screen and radio has dropped in at one time or another. The other Sunday an NBC official escorted a lady to her seat just as the show went on the air. A droopy straw hat covered her eyes, a chenille-dotted veil flowed over her face, and her navy-blue suit was anything but striking. In short, the lady was no "looker,"



ROGER PRYOR



PAULETTE GODDARD



SPENCER TRACY

and no one paid her much attention. This probably suited the visitor to a T, for after escorting her out during the last five minutes of the show, the official returned and told the flabbergasted group that Jack Benny's mysterious fan was Greta Garbo.

AN EXPENSIVE HOBBY

Roger Pryor has a yen for all sorts of gadgets, and Ann Sothern is in despair of ever balancing the family budget because of her husband's expenditures. Last week, though, Ann felt more optimistic. Roger's latest buy had been an "electric eye" for his garage, but something happened to the mechanism, and he spent an entire afternoon locked in the garage before the servants heard his cries for help. However, when Ann came home from the studio the next day, she discovered her husband was back in the garage with two gadget salesmen, who were installing a loud-speaker system to connect with the house.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

Baby Sandy is one movie star who won't have to worry if she's "through" in pictures. At the age of two and a half she already has a nice new profession to take over—that of hostess at the Van de Camp drive-in. Sandy has proved time after time that the mere addition of her presence can boom business one hundred per cent. Gilbert Hemming, the cafe manager, used to be a college pal of Sandy's dad, so the family often drops in for a meal with him. According to Hemming, the customers are always asking when Sandy is due for another visit and, if he knows in advance, they invariably show up with several friends.

ROONEY ON GLAMOUR

"This is the life," said Mickey Rooney when we met him on the "Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante" set the other day. Like a sultan surveying his harem, he looked over the crowd of thirty pretty co-eds lined up for that day's scene and gave a deep sigh of satisfaction. The "debutante" in the case, you know, is Diana Lewis and, according to Mickey, it's a far greater thrill to work with Mrs. William Powell than with Brenda Frazier, herself. "Mrs. Powell's got glamour," he said. That statement must be true, backed up as it is by two such recognized authorities as the Messrs. Powell and Rooney.

SHE'S A NATURAL

If there was ever any doubt about Norma Shearer and George Raft meaning business, it's now been banished once and for all. For Norma appeared at a party the other evening looking very girlish and admitted to the other feminine guests that her pale rose lip-stick was not a new fad, but just a gesture to please Mr. R who likes "that natural look." And the final proof of Shearer's complete devotion was her finger-tips—also pale rose!

PAGING FRANK BUCK

The two Janes—Withers and Darwell—have more livestock between them than anyone in Hollywood. Jane Withers' menagerie is practically as famous as the Bronx Zoo, but Jane Darwell's is just now coming to light. Ever since Miss Darwell came to Hollywood, her backyard has been a refuge for every stray cat and dog that happened by, to say nothing of a few raccoons, rabbits, geese, turtles, turkeys and one beautifully mannered skunk. Miss Darwell's first thought on learning of her great success as "Ma Joad" was that she could now afford a ranch in the San Fernando Valley where she could begin building a stable around her newest backyard addition—a pedigreed Guernsey heifer. This was a surprise gift—and a welcome one, from Mrs. George DeVries, a Darwell fan in Sacramento.

FLEDGELINGS

Getting lost in their super-elegant station wagon is beginning to pall on the Clark Gables, and their latest diversion is learning to fly. As soon as they pile up sufficient flying hours, they plan to get their licenses, buy a plane and depart for parts unknown every week-end. Less hardy studios might blanch at the thought of their favorite children playing Lindbergh whenever the spirit moved them, but RKO and M-G-M are becoming calloused to the antics of these two renegades. Still, as one wistful Metro official put it, it was a little more comforting to think of them disappearing into Mexico than just disappearing into the blue.

REST CURE FOR TRACY

During the making of "Edison, The Man," Spencer Tracy threw himself so completely into the part that, not only did he begin to look like Edison, but he even acquired one of his habits—notably and unfortunately, the one of sleeping only a couple of hours a night. The last day of shooting found poor Spence practically a sleep-walker. A vacation was in order, and no doubt about it! Without even stopping to comb his hair back to its usual left part (a right hand part was the extent of Tracy's "make-up" for the picture), he whipped off the set and onto a boat bound for a month's cruise in Mexican waters. Retakes have been postponed until after his return.

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS

Madeleine Carroll and Paulette Goddard have become very fast friends. They met on the set of "North West Mounted Police" and struck up the friendship over luncheon the first day. Both girls are on the same diet—that of fruit, vegetables and tea. Madeleine's purpose is reducing and Paulette's keeping up the old vim, vigor and vitality. Two women on the same diet, whether movie stars or neighbors, are bound to have much in common.

TWO LOVES HAS NANCY

Another local romance on the sizzling side is that of Nancy Kelly and Irving Cummings, Jr. Since Edmond O'Brien took off for New York, Nancy's been dating the director's son every night of the week and admits that he has the inside track on her affections. Irving, now under contract to 20th Century-Fox as a writer, is a smart lad as well as a tall and handsome one.

HARD TO GET

Jackie Cooper's heart does nip-ups at the mere mention of Leila Ernst's name these days. The two met on the set of the new Henry Aldrich picture, in which beauteous, blonde Leila was making her screen debut. However, far from being humbly grateful for any scraps of attention Old-Timer Cooper flung in her direction, she showed no interest whatever in Jackie's plans for her "after hours" entertainment, though his invitations became successively more elaborate and tempting. She gave him huge doses of what is known as "the ice." Jackie was getting no place fast trying to impress the blasé Leila as a young-man-about-town, and

(*Continued on page* 60)



Whitney Bourne's luxurious New York apartment is the meeting place of society and the arts. She spends a great deal of time in Hollywood where she follows a career in the movies.

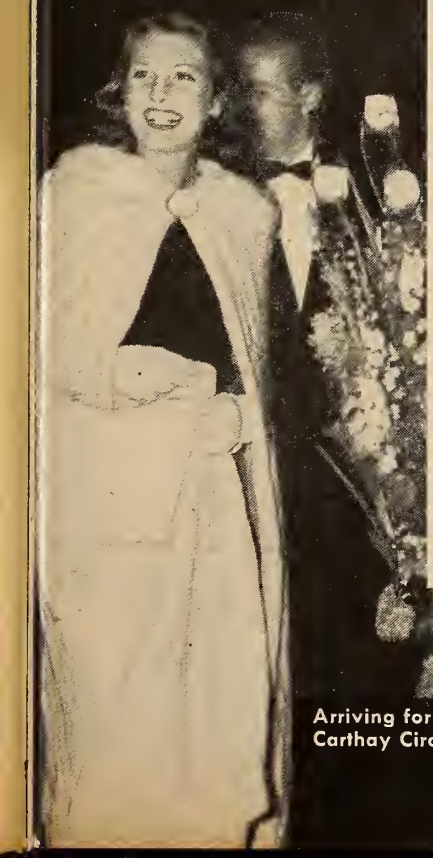
Glamorous Society Actress



Miss June Rothe, TWA air hostess, has learned to serve a 7-course meal—alone—to 21 people traveling at 200 miles per hour! Charm, limited weight, nurse's training are other job requirements.

Top-Flight Air Hostess

BUT BOTH GIVE THEIR SKIN THIS SAME THOROUGH CARE



Arriving for premiere at Carthay Circle Theatre

QUESTION TO MISS BOURNE: With a busy social life and a demanding career like yours, Miss Bourne, how do you keep your complexion so vibrant and fresh looking?

ANSWER: "It's a matter of regular skin care with Pond's 2 grand Creams. To keep my skin clear and glowing, I cleanse it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. And, of course, before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Aren't the sudden changes from California sun to New York weather hard on your skin?

ANSWER: "No, because my powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream—also serves as a marvelous protection against sun and wind and weather. I always use it before make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS ROTHE: Does your appearance count very heavily when you apply for a job as air hostess, Miss Rothe?

ANSWER: "Yes—we needn't be actually beautiful, but we *must* look attractive. I give my complexion the best care I know—with Pond's 2 Creams. I use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin, help keep it soft and supple—and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Does using two Creams seem to affect the way your make-up goes on?

ANSWER: "Definitely! Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream freshens my skin. Then a light, satiny film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths little roughnesses and makes a perfect powder base. No wonder make-up looks better!"



June dances on off-duty evenings



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVF, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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(*Continued from page 58*)

was about to give up in despair, when she greeted him, one morning, with great excitement. "Gee, Jackie," she cried, "why didn't you tell me about how clever you are?" Jackie could only manage a "Wh-what?" It developed that Leila had just learned about those eight ribbons Jackie had won for calf-roping and riding at Palm Springs. "And here I thought you were just a movie actor," said the fifteen-year-old, "not a regular guy!"

ROMANCE DEPT.

Bette Davis is going places with Tom Lewis, radio advertising executive who was recently rumored interested in Loretta Young . . . Tim Durant, the busiest young man in town, escorts by turns Olivia de Havilland, Rosalind Russell and Marlene Dietrich, but refuses to divulge his favorite . . . Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye of M-G-M are mighty fond of each other . . . Jackie Coogan and Sugar Geise think the sun rises and sets just for them . . . Arleen Whelan is getting a big rush from Ken Murray while Alex D'Arcy mopes around town all alone . . . Richard Greene hovered around the hospital day and night when Virginia Field was there for a sinus operation. If it isn't love, a lot of time's a-wastin' . . . Reginald Gardiner set an all time high by appearing at Ciro's with five beauties from Earl Carroll's show . . . Judy Garland thinks Bob Stack is a swell guy, and he thinks Judy's a swell gal—as who doesn't . . . Lew Ayres would like to date Olivia de Havilland oftener, but she prefers to give most of her leisure time to Jimmy Stewart . . . Anita Louise, scotching all those rumors that started when she left on a personal appearance tour, came right back to where she left off with Buddy Adler, and it's wedding bells very soon . . . Phyllis Brooks visits the night spots regularly with Pat Di Cicco, but takes time out for tea with Cary Grant occasionally . . . Marjorie Weaver and Walter Brooks are soooo interested in each other . . . The Artie Shaws spurn the night clubs. Marry in haste and repent at leisure is the silliest maxim ever thought up, contend the Shaws . . . Orson Welles and his ex-wife are ready to forgive and forget.

SHORT SHOTS

Stuart Erwin is busy authoring a child's book, called "The Cat With the Hobnail Boots" . . . Since Rochester came into his own, there's been a premium on colored comedians in Hollywood, and any negro who can read a comedy line is working overtime. . . . Jane Darwell's niece, Daphne Darwell, is crashing the movies the hard way. Following her aunt's suggestions, she won't even be screen-tested until she's had a year of schooling on the Fox lot. . . . Gracie Allen says she hopes all the babies she has to kiss during her presidential campaign will look like Tyrone Power. . . . Myrna Loy is going to keep up the old family ranch near Helena, Montana, and use it for a hide-out. . . . Hedy Lamarr's short tresses are the topic of the town. If you want to get on the glamour bandwagon before the others in town, girls, crop the curls before "Boom Town," Hedy's latest, is released. . . . Gary Cooper's booked passage on a freighter for parts unknown and will be gone several weeks . . .

AND STILL THEY COME

You may be seeing another Lane sister in the movies. The latest one to join the go-west movement is Leota, who made her grand opera debut last year in New York. Warner Brothers screen-tested her some time ago, but have evinced little interest. The lovely Leota is unruffled by this and more determined than ever to crash the pearly gates of a studio—if not Warner's, then another. And Rosemary, Lola and Priscilla are just as determined that she'll make the grade. Our money's on Leota. With a trio of press agents like that, the gal can't miss.



SONJA HENIE



CARY GRANT

BITTERSWEET

Linda Darnell's trip to New York was the most exciting thing that ever happened to her, and not just because it was her first visit to the Big City, either. The principal excitement was the wardrobe with which the studio presented her. Linda's had pretty clothes, and lots of them, for pictures. But this was the first time she's ever had dresses and hats and shoes that were the last word—and that belonged just to her. There was so much hustle and bustle over fittings, train schedules and last-minute studio work, that it wasn't until the train was pulling out of the Los Angeles station, and Linda had blown a last kiss to Robert Shaw on the platform, that she looked suddenly crestfallen. "Gee," she said, "I just happened to think. The clothes won't be so much fun after all. Because Bob won't be able to see how pretty I look in them!"

STUDIO ORDERS

Cesar Romero is having troubles, too. He hasn't been able to get a haircut since he became the "Cisco Kid." "Every time I finish one of the pictures," Cesar complained, "I start for the barber. But just as I get settled into the chair I get a note—'Don't cut. We're going to make another one.'"

BEAUTIFUL—AND WISE

Carole Lombard turned her dressing-room into a business office during the four days in which she was rehearsing at the Lux Theatre for a recent broadcast. She had the furniture removed and a desk installed, complete with typewriter and secretary. If rehearsals were scheduled for 4:00 P.M. she arrived on the dot of 2:00, dictated letters and kept business appointments until time for rehearsal. Carole cleared the mystery by explaining that she had determined to take care of all business matters before going home. Clark's career, it seems, is going to be the only one discussed in the Gable home.

VERSATILE ATHLETE

Sonja Henie and Dan Topping are a bona fide item. Since returning from their Hawaiian vacation the two have been practically inseparable. What's more, Dan's even taken up skating. When you think of it, Sonja's record in athletic prowess is enough to discourage any man but an Olympic champ. She's won championships in swimming, tennis, skiing and, of all things, auto-racing.

PLEASANTLY SURPRISED

On the set of "Waterloo Bridge" everyone waited for Vivien Leigh to show signs of a "Scarlett" temperament. But they waited in vain—for never has an actress shown more willingness to cooperate with cast and crew. She asked for just one special favor during the filming of the picture, and that was to get off the set ten minutes early one noon. She had a date, Vivien explained to the director, and didn't want to be seen in the black cotton stockings which she was wearing for the day's scene. At twelve sharp Laurence Olivier arrived on the set, picked up the chiffon-stockinged star at her dressing-room door, and off they went for lunch.

NOT A HAYWARD FAN

If there's one guy Louis Hayward can't stand to see on the screen, it's Louis Hayward. At the gala premiere of "My Son, My Son," Ida Lupino stepped out of their limousine with her mother. "Louis was all dressed and ready to come along," she explained to curious friends, "but he got the jitters just as we were ready to leave the house. Said he just couldn't go through with it." When "My Son, My Son" was put on the airwaves a week later, Producer DeMille recorded the dress rehearsal and played back the record to the cast. To the entire cast, that is, with one exception—the Hayward boy. "If you'll excuse me," he said to DeMille, "I'll step outside and smoke a cigarette. I guess I'm not a very good audience for myself." (*Continued on page 65*)

Three fights a day.....



Those upsetting "scenes"—those long-drawn-out conflicts about eating—do not *have* to happen. Countless mothers have proved with Clapp's Strained and Chopped Foods that such troubles can be avoided. They've shown how important it is to offer foods whose flavors and textures *please* the baby and suit his stage of development.

Or three happy meals?



Babies like the flavors of Clapp's foods—special vegetables bred, grown, cooked, and lightly seasoned to please the taste of babies. (And they test high in vitamins and minerals, too.)

Babies like the *textures*—not too coarse for easy handling, nor too fine for exercise.

Babies like the *variety*—more kinds than any other brand offers.

Babies like the *pleasant placid transition* from Strained Foods to Chopped Foods—the same good garden-fresh flavors they've always known.

• Any wonder Clapp's know what babies like? Doctors and mothers have been giving them tips about it for almost 20 years! Clapp's is the oldest baby foods house, and the only one of any importance that makes nothing else.

Babies take to Clapp's!

17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.



12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Junior Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Applesauce • Prunes **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice with Raisins.



Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

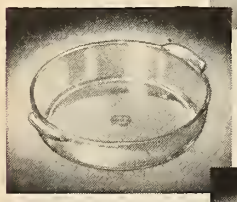


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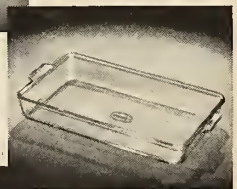
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NEW THIS YEAR! 8-oz. level-full measuring cup with easy-to-read red markings. Heat, cold, and acid resistant. Easily cleaned. Only.. **15¢**



ROUND CAKE DISH with easy-to-grasp handles. See cake bottoms turn a rich golden brown! 8⅝" wide, 2" deep.. **35¢**



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PYREX BRAND **OVENWARE-FLAMEWARE**

A PRODUCT OF CORNING RESEARCH IN GLASS

SANDWICHES—AN OPEN AND SHUT PROPOSITION

(*Continued from page 11*)

CORNUCOPIAS: Already-sliced bread may be used, or thinner slices cut from an unsliced loaf. Remove crusts, spread each slice on one side only with softened butter. Roll in cornucopia shape, butter side in. Seal where one side overlaps the other with butter. Chill in refrigerator in covered bowl until butter hardens. Fill with any desired filling and chill again, if desired. Garnish the filling with a sprig of mint, parsley or watercress.

FROSTED SANDWICH LOAF: Remove crusts from an unsliced loaf, which should then be cut into four or five slices, lengthwise. Put slices back together in loaf shape, having softened butter and a different filling between each slice. Press firmly together, wrap in waxed paper, chill under a weight. Spread loaf with cream cheese which has been seasoned, then softened with cream or mayonnaise. Garnish attractively. Slice and serve.

RIBBON SANDWICHES: Proceed as for the sandwich loaf except that, after chilling, the layers (unfrosted) are cut in inch-wide slices and placed on the sandwich tray. In either type, Loaf or Ribbon, an especially attractive effect is achieved by alternating white and whole wheat bread. Ribbon Sandwiches, unlike the Loaf, may also be made with four or five slices of already-cut bread.

WINDOW SANDWICHES: Cut slices of bread into circles with a cookie cutter. Make a "window" in half of these circles by cutting out the centers with smaller cutters—either round ones, star-shaped or other fancy ones. Spread the uncut circles with colorful filling, top with the fancy-cut circles.

ICED BRIDGE SANDWICHES: Cut slices of bread with bridge card cutters or use other fancy shapes. Spread with any desired filling and "ice" with softened cream cheese. A sweet bread such as orange bread, gingerbread, etc., may even be iced with a regulation Cream Cheese Frosting.

PINWHEELS: Remove crusts from a loaf of unsliced bread. Cut loaf into lengthwise slices, the thinner the better. Spread slices with different soft fillings. Roll each slice separately and firmly, the narrow way of the loaf. Seal the edges with butter. Wrap in waxed paper and chill in refrigerator. Slice down through each roll as when cutting jelly roll, to make individual pinwheels.

ROSEMARY'S IOWA SPECIAL

To ½ cup chopped cooked chicken, which has been seasoned with salt, pepper and onion juice, add 1 slightly beaten egg. Spread this mixture between slices of bread with crusts removed (2 slices per person). Cut each sandwich in half and dip in mixture of 1 egg beaten with ½ cup milk. Fry in deep fat to a light brown. Drain on white paper toweling.

VARIATION: Omit egg from chicken mixture. Spread, cut and dip as described above but, instead of deep-fat-frying, sauté sandwiches in hot fat on both sides until golden brown. Other fillings may be used.

FROZEN FRUIT SANDWICH

- ¾ cup cream
- 2 tablespoons powdered sugar
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla
- a pinch of salt
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1 cup mashed banana
- 1 egg white, beaten
- sponge cake or plain loaf cake

Whip cream until it will just hold a peak. Add sugar, vanilla and salt. Combine lemon juice and mashed banana, fold gently into whipped cream. Carefully fold in egg white, beaten until stiff but not dry. Line a refrigerator tray with waxed paper. Cover the bottom with thin slices of cake, fitted close together. Add banana mixture. Top with more cake, cover with waxed paper and press down lightly. Freeze quickly until firm. To serve, cut into inch-thick slices and top with additional whipped cream, garnished with sliced bananas, if desired.

Don't believe it when they tell you that all comedians are Gloomy Gusses off-screen. Here's evidence to the contrary. Charlie Ruggles, Martha Raye, Alan Mowbray, Joan Davis, Benny Rubin and Joe E. Brown panic themselves at Dave Rose's home-coming party for Wife Martha. She's been personal-appearancing, you know.



I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL WITH LUX SOAP

JOAN BENNETT

WALTER WANGER STAR



Try this gentle Lux Toilet Soap beauty care *for 30 days!*

HOLLYWOOD'S lovely screen stars tell you Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather does the trick—gives gentle, *thorough* care. Try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS *regularly* for 30 days. See if Hollywood's fragrant, white beauty soap doesn't work for you—help *you* keep skin smooth and soft—attractive.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



IT'S A REAL SURPRISE
when you really understand Tampax

NO BELTS
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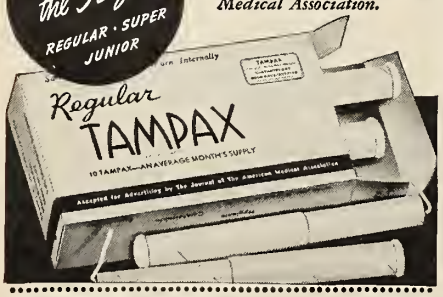
DEAR and gentle reader, how *can* we make you realize the difference to you when you use Tampax? Doesn't it mean something to tell you that over two hundred fifty million have already been sold? Doesn't *that* give you assurance? There is an old saying "What others can do, *you* can do."

The principle of *internal absorption* has been long known to physicians. Tampax has simply made it available to all women for regular monthly sanitary protection. No pins or belts. No chafing, wrinkling. No odor can form. No disposal troubles. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, greatly compressed. Each is hygienically sealed in dainty, patented one-time-use container. Your hands *never* touch the Tampax and the user is unaware of it.

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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:
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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 17*)

ing practical joker who plays politics, and Henry Armetta, the Italian fruit peddler, contribute their share of laughs every time they make an appearance.

A few slapstick scenes in the picture are as old as the Scotch jokes of thriftiness, but for the most part, the screen play, written by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald, is as fast-moving as Mitchell's Irish temper. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★½★ Buck Benny Rides Again

"There's one of your kind in front of every drug store," Ellen Drew exclaims to the handsome hero early in this galloping opus and, while to many this will sound like an excellent critical judgment of Jack Benny's comedy, there is no denying that "Buck Benny Rides Again" is fair-to-middling Benny. And since, as Benny goes so go the nation's radio editors, perhaps it should be recommended without more ado, particularly as "Rochester" (Eddie Anderson) again "steals" a goodly portion of the footage, apparently with Mr. Benny's grateful consent and cooperation.

As usual in a Benny plot, it is sometimes a little difficult to make out who is fact and who is fiction, if that matters, so we have prepared a little guide to the cast of characters: Jack Benny, for instance, plays Jack Benny; Phil Harris plays Phil Harris, (getting his teeth rather conspicuously into the part;) Andy Devine plays a ranch owner named Andy Devine; but Ellen Drew plays an imaginary member of a close-harmony trio called Joan Cameron, of which the other two members are called Peggy and Brenda Tracy, for some reason. We hope this proves helpful. The whole thing is heckled by an off-screen radio voice, easily identifiable as that of Fred Allen. And well it might be, too.—Mark Sandrich, producer-director.—*Paramount.*

★★½★ The Road to Singapore

"The Road to Singapore" is one of those recurrent tropical disturbances with Dorothy Lamour back in a sarong and with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope kidding everything and everybody in sight, including the Paramount cameraman. Bing as the irresponsible son of a San Francisco shipping tycoon, with a penchant for hitching trans-Pacific cruises on the paternal fleet, and Bob as his impecunious companion, too lazy to comb a beach, are probably the only two people in the world who could render such aimless fooling bearable. Even so, you will have to see it to believe how aimless it is. Bing, a fugitive from matrimony, in the very pretty shape of Judith Barrett, runs off to a tropical island with Bob Hope. Both the boys rescue Dorothy Lamour from Anthony Quinn and discover that even women on tropic isles, alas! are cursed with domestic instincts.

Since tropical pictures with tropical-weight plots are to Paramount what prison pictures are to Warner Brothers, the screen public by this time should be able to take or leave such periodical seizures as "The Road to Singapore." This one's most nonsensical sequence depends for its comic effect on Bob Hope's reaction to a primitive Paramount marriage dance in which, as a climax, the male pursues his coyly fleeing partner into the jungle. Needless to add, it is not likely that any record of such a dance will be found in leading works on anthropology. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.—*Paramount.*

★★½★ Shooting High

Riding and singing his way through his latest picture, "Shooting High," Gene Autry has a new companion in the person of Jane Withers, who plays a shouting Cupid with a forceful bow and arrow.

A family feud, a Hollywood picture company on location and a trio of big city gangsters provide the smiling, affable Gene with a plot that almost takes the picture out of the usual cowboy and robbers fare. But the film winds up in true thriller style, with the hero capturing, single-handed, the gangsters who have escaped with the money from the home-town bank. It provides Gene with ample opportunity to show off his horse and lasso tricks, and will give the Saturday afternoon audience of kids something to shout about. Jane Withers could have helped matters by making fewer faces and keeping her voice down to a quiet yell. As Gabby, the Hollywood hand-shaking press agent, Jack Carson gets a whoop of admiration every time he appears. Marjorie Weaver, playing the part of Gene's sweetheart, looks pretty throughout the picture, but her acting ends at that point. Hobart Cavanaugh and Katharine Aldridge turn in good work with Cavanaugh, as the town constable, responsible for many of the laughs in the film.

Children will put their stamp of approval on the new Autry adventure, and if you're a fan of Jane Withers or Gene Autry, you'll be entertained, too. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★ The House Across the Bay

With George Raft in the cast you know that "The House Across the Bay" must be Alcatraz and that Mr. Raft is a gangster who visits there at the government's invitation. With Joan Bennett in the line-up, you further surmise that there are going to be some heart-rending farewell scenes, lots of good-looking clothes and a couple of would-be suitors in the offing. In this case, the latter are Walter Pidgeon and Lloyd Nolan, who manage to complicate things enough to insure plenty of activity, even after Raft is relegated to "The Rock." In more detail, Raft and Miss Bennett are married. She's afraid that rival gangsters will bump him off, so decides that a year in the safe-keeping of the government will be her husband's best means of protection. Joanie reckons, however, without Lloyd Nolan, who double-crosses the pair by trumping up a charge against the hero that will keep him in the hoosegow for *ten* years. In the meantime, of course, he figures he'll be able to win the leading lady for his very own. This is Walter Pidgeon's cue to step into the picture, and by the time it's all over he's become the object of Miss Bennett's affections, with Mr. Raft killing off Mr. Nolan and then getting himself out of the way by an attempted prison-break. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*United Artists.*

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 60)

WRONG GUESS

The other day Jimmy Cagney noticed that Humphrey Bogart appeared upset. "What's the trouble?" asked Jimmy. "You look like the woes of the world are on your shoulders." Humphrey nodded, "I don't feel so good—it's this cold weather." Cagney was concerned and asked if it was rheumatism. "No," said Bad-man Bogart, "it's my petunias." Warner's screen thug, believe it or not, is Hollywood's most ardent gardener.

FRIENDLY MEETING

All those stories of feuds between Mrs. Gene Markey and Mrs. Walter Wanger can be discounted. The other day Hedy Lamarr Markey and Joan Bennett Wanger found themselves staring at each other across the tables at Saks' tea-room. Joan attempted a smile, and Hedy returned a wide, friendly grin and patted the empty chair beside her. In no time at all, they had joined forces and were obviously having a fine time getting acquainted.

A SIMPLE REQUEST

Shirley Temple came home from school the other day bursting with a story about one of her lucky schoolmates. The girl, Shirley told her mother, knew a boy who took her riding every afternoon in his out-dated Ford. "I'd like a beau with a jalopy," said Shirley wistfully. "Or anyhow, a jalopy."

BONITA LOOKS AT MARRIAGE

This business of being an old lady in "Those Were the Days" has aged Bonita Granville considerably. She's acquired definite ideas on life and love, particularly on the latter. "Of course, I plan to marry," she said the other day, "and when I'm twenty years old. But," she added firmly, "I don't intend to make the mistake that most movie women make when they get married—none of this good sport, smile-if-it-kills-you stuff for me. I'm going to get up on a pedestal and stay there, come hell or high water." So would-be suitors of Bonita would do well to shine up their armor.

MERMAID

On the "Pride and Prejudice" set, Edna May Oliver was showing fellow actors the plans for her new Brentwood home. Since Brentwood happens to be one of the swankier residential neighborhoods around Hollywood, there was considerable amazement when the plans showed only a modest Cape Cod cottage of four rooms. "That's all I need," said Miss Oliver. "But the building restrictions of the neighborhood make it necessary for me to have an estate. So I'm adding a swimming pool." The last thing in this world that Miss Oliver needs is a pool, for every morning, rain or shine, she hitches a trailer to her car and drives to the ocean for a swim. She even has a clause in her contract saying that she doesn't have to appear any

Lady Esther says

"Do you know that a

GLAMOROUS NEW SKIN

is 'ABOUT to be BORN' to you?"



Why let your new skin look dull and drab? It can bring you new beauty if you help remove those tiny, menacing flakes of older skin!

RIGHT NOW your old skin is departing in almost invisible, worn-out flakes. Why let these tiny flakes menace your loveliness? Why not help your *new skin* bring new youthfulness to you?

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Run your fingertips over your face now. Do you feel little rough spots left by your old, dry skin? They're the thieves that steal your loveliness—make you look older! My 4-Purpose Cream loosens each tiny flake—and the other impurities. It helps Nature refine your pores—and reveal the fresh youthfulness of your "new-born skin"!

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Ask him about so-called skin foods—about hormones and vitamins. I'll be amazed if your doctor tells you that vitamin deficiencies should be remedied by your *face cream.*

But ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't *absolutely true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities and worn-out flakes of older skin . . . that it helps Nature refine your pores . . . and thus brings beauty to your new-born skin!

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LADY ESTHER, 7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, postpaid. (Offer limited to one per family.)

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"THERE'S NO CATCH TO THIS" SAID THE FISHERMAN

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

"What, no whales?" said Jerry, laughing at my empty creel. "Well, just quit jiggling your rod for a minute and sweeten your temper with a taste of Beeman's. That's real flavor, my lady. Refreshing enough to change any fisherman's luck!"

"Beeman's!" I cried. "Jerry, you angel—you know I can't resist it. Beeman's flavor is so luscious! So smooth and tangy. Refreshing as a breeze at sundown. And look—!" But Jerry was already reeling in my line—with a whale of a catch! I'll say Beeman's brings me luck!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

morning for work until eleven o'clock, after her dip in the briny deep.

CELEBRITY

In the Broadway Department Store the other day, Jane Withers got into the elevator with her mother. A woman in the back of the crowded lift whispered, "That's Jane Withers." The whispering campaign was on, and Jane tried to look very unconcerned. But when a saucer-eyed little girl breathed an awed "I wonder what she's doing here," Jane turned and smiled at her. "I'm shopping," she laughed, "for a new bonnet. Want to come along?" Needless to say, a delighted little girl stepped out of the elevator with Jane at the millinery department.

ONE GOOD TURN—

Clark Gable hasn't enough to do—with his twenty-five costume changes in "Boom Town"—but has even gone in for technical advising, as well! Gable was an oil-field worker himself, way back when, so one day on the set he offered a few tips to the director and was promptly encouraged to give out with more. "Not for nothing," said Gable. "Okay, I'll buy your lunch," offered the director. "Lunch and a bottle of beer," said Gable, always the business man.

SIT-DOWN STRIKE

When Ann Sothern came to Warners for the picture, "Brother Orchid," her first request was for a rocking-chair. Ann can't relax between scenes unless she can chew gum and rock in perfect rhythm. The prop men made a frantic search of the studio, but had to report that there was no such thing to be found. They would, however, send a truck to Metro to pick up the rocking-chair which Ann had used there. And that accounts for the strange scene witnessed by many people in Hollywood, as a truck went through the town bearing an old rocking-chair with "Ann Sothern" printed in large letters on the head rest. Incidentally, that makes two chair addicts on the "Brother Orchid" set, for Edward G. Robinson has a huge red leather lounge chair which is indispensable to his relaxation when making a picture. It's simply lettered "Private."

JOHNSON AND JOHNSON

Laraine Day is probably the most talked about actress in Hollywood today, after her big success in "My Son, My Son." Her name is really Laraine Johnson, and she acquired her first dramatic training with the "Johnson Players"—a troupe composed of Laraine, her twin brother, Lamar, two older brothers and a sister. Their theatre was the Johnson backyard in Roosevelt, Utah. Laraine claims that the real star of the company was her twin, and now she's going to try to inveigle him into a screen test.

HONEST INJUNS

The Marx Bros. are hard at work on another picture, to be titled "Go West." But they're running into snags, for the script calls for Indians and the boys are determined to have honest-to-goodness wild Injuns or none. A call to Central Casting would bring out hundreds of domesticated Hollywood Indians, but the studio is sending scouts to Nebraska and South Dakota reservations to round up the kind that will suit their stars. The one qualification—and this is the item that has the scouts gnashing their teeth—is that they have to be wilder than the Marx brothers!

HOUSE FOR SALE

Alice Faye has come to the conclusion that she was never meant to have a home. The beautiful place which she and Tony Martin had built in the San Fernando Valley burned to the ground before they had a chance to move in. Undaunted, they arranged for an even lovelier place to be built on the same spot. And now, with the house half-finished, it's up for sale. Alice says that the sudden divorce decision reached by her and Tony has destroyed all the interest she ever had in it. But she thinks that if they had ever had the chance to get settled in their home, she and Tony would have made a go of it.

SPONGERS

Frances Langford and Jon Hall are putting the $3000 insurance, collected on their playhouse which burned down, in a good old savings account. At first, the Halls thought they would build a swimming pool with the



Barbara Read has a clever new way of perking up a severely tailored suit—flowers planted in the packet! The young star of "Curtain Call," whose stormy marriage to William Paul ended after a few weeks, was re-married in February to Don Briggs.

money. But then they learned that Ken Murray was having one built so, as Frances said, "Why should we waste our money on a pool—when Ken has one right around the corner?"

PARTY BOY

Manny Robinson, Edward G.'s small son, is the outstanding host of the season since the great success of his recent birthday party. Mrs. Robinson was responsible for most of the gayety, it's true, but it was Manny's own idea to collect his guests in a black Maria. The police-wagon had a heavy day of it for, besides Manny's own particular pals, the guests included fifty youngsters from a San Fernando Valley orphanage.

BRENDA'S BEAU

Brenda Joyce, in spite of fame and fortune, is remaining true to her college sweetheart, Owen Ward. The studio is so concerned over the unglamorous aspects of this, that they are trying to get Owen to be a movie star, too. So far, they haven't been able to talk him into a screen test. One movie actor in the family's enough, according to Owen, and he'll just stick to public accounting.

CAN YOU TIE IT?

On the set the other day, Ray Milland was given a package from a fan in England. On opening it, he found it contained a gift—an orange and red plaid tie. "It's evident," said Ray, blinking at the colors, "that the censors are either laying down on the job or else they're color-blind."

TABLE TALK

Bette Davis' dressing-table on the set is an old battered one which she's had for years. It's specially designed and very convenient because it is set on wheels and can be pushed around at will. When Charles Boyer saw the many handy features of the table, he ordered one just like it from the studio carpenter shop. In true studio style, however, the new table was built along much fancier lines—a streamlined and gleaming affair of chromium, that looked like a Busby Berkeley prop. Boyer was horrified when he saw it, and his fellow-actors didn't make him feel any better. They had ganged up on him, at Bette's instigation, and spent the morning giving him disapproving glances and making remarks about "the vulgar taste of some of these actors" whenever they came within earshot. Finally, Bette couldn't stand Boyer's completely crushed look another minute and confessed that they all knew it was a mistake and, what's more, offered to swap dressing-tables on the spot.

NO CINCH FOR DEANNA

If you ever sigh for the luck of these movie youngsters who don't have to grind away at books and exams, just consider Deanna Durbin's case. She works eight hours a day at the studio, but before coming to work she has to have her regular school lessons—and study periods, too! Deanna's devoting all her leisure this summer to "cramming" on college entrance requirements. When we say "all her leisure" we mean, of course, with the exception of those Saturday night dates with Vaughn.

"Why not dress him like a girl and be done with it!"



1. FATHER-IN-LAW: Now look, I know you wanted a girl. But you got a boy! Come to your senses and treat him like one!

MARY: Who says I'm treating him like anything else?



2. FATHER-IN-LAW: Don't make me laugh! You've got enough SPECIAL gadgets, for that child, to open a drug store.

MARY: Why, of course I use special things! Name me a mother who doesn't!



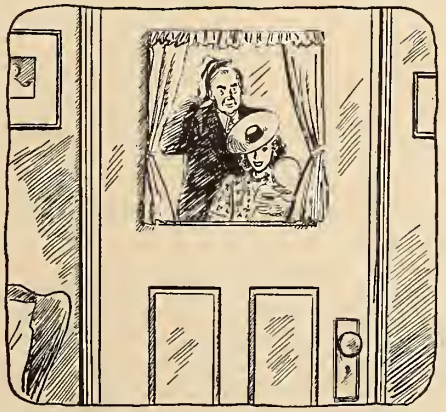
3. FATHER-IN-LAW: I still call it nonsense.

MARY: Look . . . my doctor says a baby's system is the most delicate thing on earth. *Everything* a baby gets should be made *especially* for him . . . even a *special* laxative!



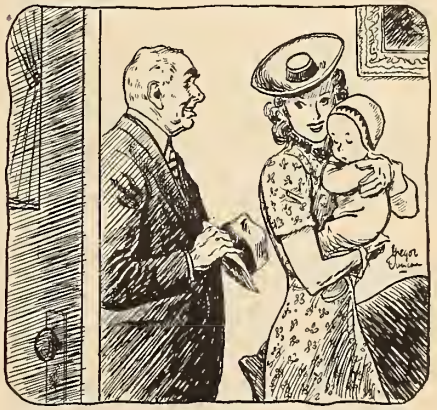
4. FATHER-IN-LAW: A special laxative, too?

MARY: It's logical, isn't it? You wouldn't dream of giving an infant the same foods you eat. Then why give him a grown-up's laxative?



5. FATHER-IN-LAW: Um...sounds reasonable.

MARY: Certainly! That's why I use FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. It's made ONLY for children . . . hasn't a single "adult" drug. So it's mild enough for the tiniest system. You couldn't ask for a *safer* laxative.



6. FATHER-IN-LAW: Sounds good so far . . . but will he take it?

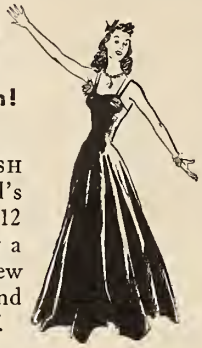
MARY: Just watch! It'll warm your heart to see him go for the wonderful taste of Fletcher's Castoria . . . I wouldn't know what to do without a bottle of it in the house!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children

Put your Best FINGERS Forward!

These 12 stunning colors help you to glamour and charm!



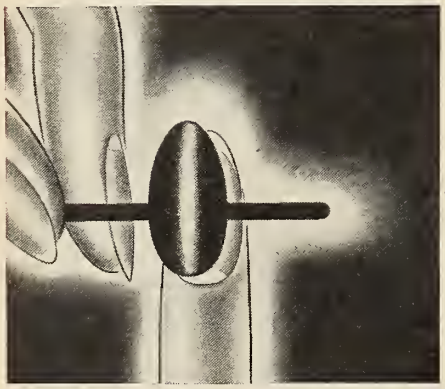
A NEW NAIL POLISH color gives a girl's heart a lift! And these 12 new colors give her a dozen chances to add new charm to her hands and new glamour to herself.

For they are as "fashion-right" as Park Avenue can make them and durable, *durable*, DURABLE beyond your fondest hopes. *Two coats* last actually *longer* than 7 days. Yes, this Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish is a great advance over any other polish you have ever known!

I offer you, says Lady Esther, a wonderful, new way to find exactly the shade that is luckiest for you. Read the coupon—send for my 12 "Magic Fingertips"—pale shades, soft, dusty tones . . . dark and vibrant colors. Put your best fingers forward with the smartest new shades on your fingertips.

Lady Esther

7-DAY NAIL POLISH



Shown above is one of my 12 "Magic Fingertips."

★ 12 shades FREE! ★

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

LADY ESTHER, 7110 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Only with my 12 "Magic Fingertips" can you choose *at home* your most flattering shade. Each is shaped like your own nail, and each wears a different, new Lady Esther shade, *exactly as it will look on your hands*. Send *today*. Find your luckiest shade *free!* (56)

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

A STUDY IN GREENE

(*Continued from page 43*)

brunette named Betty, all of eight years old, and she lived downstairs. She made her mark on Master Greene's heart.

Our hero was shy with women until he went on the stage. Actresses, aggressive and sophisticated, cured him of that. But he has always been very proper about girls. When he first came to Hollywood and learned by the papers that he was engaged to Arleen Whelan, he almost dislocated a knee cap racing to the publicity office, shouting, "Oh, I say, it's positively indecent! I don't even know her! It's not fair to Miss Whelan!"

Today, slowly becoming Americanized, Richard Greene will speak candidly about his affairs of the heart but, we repeat, within proper limits.

THOUGH he enjoys dancing, he doesn't like night clubs. He told us he went to Ciro's last week and that it was his first night club in nine months. "Virginia and I prefer to hang around with the gang," he said. "Like most couples, we're fortunate in having excellent intimate friends and a grand secondary group of acquaintances. We have our happiest times attending little parties with the gang. You know, simple parties in someone's home, where we dance, sing, joke and devour cold beef for dinner."

Sometimes Greene escorts Miss Field, to whom he is rumored engaged, to small eateries like A Bit O' Hungary and The Beachcombers.

Concerning females in general, Greene didn't mind putting his foot into it. "Sure, like any other fellow my age, I have definite ideas. Since I've been over here, I've learned to like American girls perhaps more than the girls I knew in England. Maybe it's because American girls are easier to meet and get along with. But, and I hope no young ladies take offense, they have one habit I can't stand: Too many of them make themselves unattractive by chewing gum."

Chewing gum has made America the land of wide open faces and, though Greene objects to the practice in the opposite sex, he himself always has a wad in his mouth. He doesn't care to play cards with women. He thinks it's as safe as tangling with a truck. He doesn't mind women smoking, if they know how to smoke properly—and he thinks none of them do. He wishes, sadly, that Hollywood lassies wouldn't dye their hair.

Addicted to sending his loved one roses and gardenias, he likes Virginia to wear a flower when they go out, and he is delightfully moon-eyed when she sports a delicate perfume.

There is only one more romantic note to make: When he first arrived at Zanuck's thespian temple on Pico Boulevard, he announced decisively that he would not marry for five years. And now, after two summers in Hollywood, he may any day go the way of all flesh and prove that two can live as cheaply as one.

In brief, feminine readers are advised to withhold mash notes. Richard Greene, at this writing, is hanging out the matrimonial S.R.O. sign.

But speaking of mash notes, we have always been curious about stars and their fan mail, and so we asked Greene if he actually ever saw a fan letter.

"Of course I read my fan mail. It's obvious I don't have time to do so daily, but once a month the studio sends over a bundle of the most interesting and sincere fan letters, and I spend an afternoon reading them and personally answering the best. I have a little black book in my desk. In it are listed the names and addresses of my favorite admirers, whose letters interested me, and with whom I've been corresponding since I came out here."

For the benefit of those who came in late, Greene was born of actor parents, in Devonshire, was groomed to be a painter or a writer, and wound up playing a walk-on at the traditional Old Vic Theatre in London, where Laughton and Donat gained their fame. That walk-on was in "Julius Caesar." Though he was supposed to do nothing but carry a spear, Greene, being what his name implied, tried to steal the show. Instead of standing at rigid attention, he leaned against a prop column, spat lustily a few times and engaged another spear carrier in animated and ribald conversation. It was all for realism, but it stole fire from the star of the show and the next day Greene was looking for employment.

He obtained a job in the Gracie Fields' picture, "Sing As You Go." That was in 1934. He was given one line, "Not yet." He rehearsed that line, those two words, for thirty-six hours. He spoke them. And then, when he went to see himself and hear his two words, he learned he had been entirely cut out.

Success came on the stage, at last, in that three act cream puff labeled, "French Without Tears." Talent scouts saw him. In one week he was transferred from London's fog to Hollywood's heat, and he was kissing a strange woman named Loretta Young in his first picture, "Four Men and a Prayer."

That's how it happened to young Richard Greene. And if the reader still doesn't believe that Hans Christian Andersen was writing fact and not fiction, well, it's not our fault.

NO longer a Hollywood freshman, Greene has now acquired a perspective on the daffy village and its odd inhabitants. We wondered what he thought of his co-workers, and he stated, "Hollywood isn't a zoo, as we in England are led to believe. The bulk of the movie folks are very sane. Naturally, in a place where so much money is made, there are apt to be shallow-minded squanderers. But by and large, most movie workers attained their positions and high incomes through hard work and miserable years of struggle. If they desire a mansion and a swimming pool—fine!—I think they jolly well deserve them!"

Contrary to the general impression, Richard Greene is no fashion plate. In his early days, the only time he wore decent clothes was when he posed, self-consciously, for English collar and hat ads at five dollars a sitting. We asked him about his clothes, not because we are of a snoopy nature, but because we always wondered just what a movie star hung in his closets.

"I possess about fifteen sack suits," admitted Greene, "along with two tuxedos and one full-dress suit. Sport outfits, however, are my forte; I have almost two dozen. Usually I pay about $80 to $120 for a suit, and I feel it's a good investment, because looking decent in public is a movie actor's business.

"Actually though, since I've been out here, I just don't dress up any more, and I seldom shave. In fact, the only time I try to appear halfway presentable during the day is when I come to the studio.

"Ahead of everything, I prefer blue jeans. You can wear them all the time and for years without their going out of fashion."

Greene's pride and prejudices, in regard to attire run to liking tan shoes, pullover sweaters, sloppy old felt hats, grey-colored suits and cheap canes. He doesn't care much for the popular Hollywood rubber-soled bootery. He abhors silk shirts and wears garters only with dinner clothes.

His last extravagance was a pair of thirty-five-dollar custom-made riding boots. Compared with Menjou's or Astaire's, his wardrobe is shamefully modest.

During the course of conversation, when we dared inquire about his most embarrassing experience, Greene went red. He wouldn't talk. "There have been some very embarrassing things," he blushed. "One just can't talk about them."

He confided a yen for writing. "I'm still a tyro," he said. "Not a word published." He considered Daphne du Maurier, who gave birth to "Rebecca," his favorite writer. He thought he would like, one day, to write a three act historical play about Bonnie Prince Charley, and then, à la Noel Coward, perform in it.

AND if ever he wrote his memoirs, he would tell his most thrilling experience in America. "It was a silly thing. It was the time, a year ago at Palm Springs in the desert, when I rode a bucking bronco for a full minute. It was something I had always wanted to do, and which I would never do again. Why, listen, it took me the entire afternoon to swallow my heart. But what a thrill!"

In his memoirs, he would also recall his most terrible experience. "Terrible is right! It was in England, some good years ago, when I was chased dizzy by a wild bull. I hid in a shed, quaking, for two dreary hours—and had to break a date it had taken me months to make!"

Besides enjoying hamburgers, cowboy ballads, Ray Noble, amateur photography, hunting trips, chess, "The Volga Boatman" and his pet cat named Jacqueline, Greene continues to enjoy picture-making.

Hard working, energetic, constantly absorbing tricks and technique, Richard Greene is one of Hollywood's seven most popular males.

There is as much possibility of Richard Greene being Filmdom's "least likely to succeed" as there is of his sending his children, if and when, to a place called Harvard.

And, ladies, if your brother or husband or that fresh fellow next door insists on calling Greene a pretty boy, just tell him to paste this in his hat: That any man who can frankly tell women what's wrong with their hair, bridge, smoking and manners, any man who can stay on a leaping bronco fifty-two seconds longer than the average cow-puncher—well—he's got to be more than a mere pretty boy. He's got to have "moxie." And if your mother hasn't yet told you, we're telling you that "moxie" is a synonym for the stuff they string inside tennis rackets.

That's what Richard Greene has—and believe us, if he had nothing else, that attribute alone would be enough.



THE EYES OF FASHION
by
Maybelline

Costumes of yellow, chartreuse, rust, brown, green, or any of the deep "Woodland" colors call for Maybelline black or brown shades of Mascara with matching eyebrow pencil. The harmonizing shades of Maybelline Eye Shadow are Brown and Green.

With blue, wine, black, fuchsia, all the purplish colors, wear Maybelline black or blue shade of Mascara and black eyebrow pencil, lightly applied. And to harmonize, Maybelline Eye Shadow in shades of Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray or Violet.

FASHION DICTATES
NEW *Glamour* FOR YOUR EYES

It's a "must" in the Fashion outlook—and it's here to *stay*. Glamour that gives your eyes new importance with every costume you wear. All it takes is smart harmony in eye make-up. And that's easy with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Simply choose your Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in harmonizing shades . . . and notice the thrilling difference. It's fascinating to step up your beauty and style so *naturally* with Maybelline—the eye make-up that's smart because it's always in good taste.



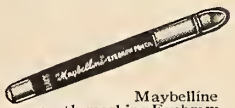
Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in zipper case, 75c.



Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow in dainty pastel box.


Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil with point protector.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

MOTHER!
IT'S "CRIMINAL" TO SUFFER IN SILENCE!



RELIEF IS YOUR RIGHT AND YOUR DUTY!

If any trouble is needful of attention, it is simple Piles!

Simple Piles cannot only plague and torture you, but they can tax your health. Yes, they can drain strength and vitality and make you feel and look like an old woman.

Both men and women suffer from simple Piles. But, women, during pregnancy and after childbirth, are particularly subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

SEVERAL EFFECTS IN ONE!

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

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Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

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This offer is good only in U. S.

WHY STARS LEAVE HOME

(*Continued from page 39*)

pug-ugly Maxie Rosenbloom tripping in for his 5 o'clock tea and crumpets!

Second to the Derbies, but first in the night club field since the Trocadero hung out its "For Rent" shingle, is Ciro's, a super-swank eating, drinking and dancing spot which pulls its trade from the Social Register as well as from the front ranks of Filmland. Here, cigarette girls tout their wares for twenty-five cents a pack, and the man who tips them less than a quarter is a cheap-skate. Here, Mischa Auer bows to the waiters. And here, a party of six movie people, in one evening, ran up a check for $365!

BUILT at a cost of $150,000, Ciro's is housed in a modern-style building painted the color of coffee when you've put too much cream in it. Its interior, as described by one leading man who ought to know, bears a startling resemblance to a lady's boudoir. It has a pale green background and ceiling, and maroon-colored padding running scallop-shaped up a third of the wall and clear around the room. And, off the record, our leading man appears quite as much at home in such feminine surroundings as do the numerous women he brings there.

Music for Ciro's is provided by Emil Coleman, a man blessed with an amazing memory that enables him to recall at a flash the favorite tunes of all steady customers. These he orders struck up the moment a familiar face looms on the threshold. Needless to say, it's mildly confusing to his musicians, who are usually unprepared for a sudden switch from "Oh, Johnny" to "They'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain."

Liquor at Ciro's is provided by any waiter who's asked for it. Right here we'd like to drop a tip to potential Ciro drinkers. When ordering champagne—unless you are the happy possessor of an unlimited purse—always specify exactly how much you'd like. If you don't, your waiter will assume you want an unlimited flow and just keep filling 'em up until someone remembers to stop him. Since the stuff averages $10 per bottle, it's generally advisable to keep an eye on the proceedings.

Food at Ciro's is perfection itself. Every ingredient in every dish is absolute tops and the finished products are so alluring, they have made many a famous femme forget the clause in her contract that would hold her poundage at 103!

Victor Hugo's, which seats 600 people (about twice as many as Ciro's), is another paradise for lovers of fine victuals. But if the great Frenchman whom it honors ever saw it, he'd probably howl in his beard at the sight of his name blinking in neon lights with "Benny Goodman" or "Rudy Vallee" in huge letters beside it. It's certain, though, he'd cool off once he passed through the arched doorway into the beautiful Garden Room, where a softly-lighted bar, circular dance floor and trickling fountain offer relaxation to some of the highest-priced nerves in Hollywood. He'd also be comforted by the knowledge that the restaurant leaves semi-nude chorus girls and the stale jokes of m-cees to less distinctive dining places and uses only good food and "name" bands as customer bait. Both of these are "can't miss" attractions for the younger set, and regular Hugoites include Judy Garland, Ann Rutherford, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul.

Overseeing the entire works is Henry DeSoto, a restaurateur of twenty-five years standing. Besides being a capable manager, Henry is one of the best sources of scoops on Hollywood romances, because he keeps a practised eye on cooing twosomes and can always tell by what is ordered and what is eaten just how an affair is progressing. His process of deduction is simple—and generally involves steak. Steak is the easiest dish to order, and when a couple calls for it he knows they're "on fire" and are taking the first thing that comes to their minds. Then, when they hardly nibble, Henry's positive the "I do's" are not far in the offing!

To date, with the aid of his unique method, Henry has foretold the marriages of Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey, William Powell and Diana Lewis, and Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan. He is sorrowful, however, because he has not yet perfected a pat formula for the prediction of bust-ups.

Far from the shouts of "Cut" and "Let them roll"—in atmosphere at least—is the star-studded, no-music eatery known as Sardi's. Here go the crême de la crême of Moviedom when they want peace as well as nourishment, for within Sardi's caricature-bedecked walls is a quiet that few can find at home.

Sardi's attracts tourists, too, and it has been noticed that many an out-of-town visitor who can take or leave his movie stars, is enraptured by the portable, plug-in telephones that can be set up at any table. In fact, a number of them ask to have an instrument placed between their silverware and bread basket, and then don't even lift the receiver!

In their class is Hugh Herbert who calls for a phone as soon as he walks in, but just sits and stares at it throughout his entire meal. Jackie Coogan, on the other hand, once made thirty-six calls in two hours in an attempt to get a last-minute date. P.S. He stayed at home with a good book.

THE chummiest spot in town is Cafe Lamaze which, like the average drug store luncheonette, can't seat more than seventy-five persons at any one time. Of course, the similarity ends where it begins, for while $3 will feed a family of six at a luncheonette, it's only the beginning for a single spread at Lamaze's. But then, how many luncheonettes are equipped with a small orchestra or feed their guests chickens that but a few hours earlier were squawking in Andy Devine's back yard? None, according to the last Gallup check-up.

Principal novelty at Lamaze's is the method of serving relishes and fruit desserts. No one remembers who thought it up, but now foot-high, cone-shaped ice mounds, encasing glowing electric light bulbs, are studded with radishes, grapes, olives, etc., and placed in the center of every table. Quite a brainstorm, wasn't it? But it takes 2,000 pounds of ice a day to keep it going!

And there you have them—seven good reasons why almost every Hollywood dinner hour finds the cook and the serving maid sitting in the kitchen playing parchesi. But don't go envying their soft jobs. They still have to snap to attention when their master rolls in at four and yells for a steaming pot of tea!

"DON'T CALL ME A GREAT LOVER!"

(Continued from page 27)

of August, when their long-awaited divorces become final.

Of all this star-bright femininity, did he have any personal preferences?

"I played opposite Gertie Lawrence nine years ago, and she was as easy and pleasant as Greer Garson is in this picture. Really, I've been fortunate; they've all been fine and brilliant actresses. But, as you may be aware, I would rather play an act opposite Miss Leigh than all the others combined.

"Another thing, I don't find much difference between the American women I have met and those I have known that were French, Irish, Russian, English or any other nationality. The American woman is made up of all the others—and as an individual, she combines the best qualities of other races and nations. I find her very kind. She is usually warm and wonderfully helpful. I don't understand why it is, but American young ladies have a curious trick or ability of making you think you know them better than you really do."

AT this point Olivier was summoned to play a touching scene with Miss Garson. It was a big "Pride and Prejudice" moment, and I sat watching the classic come to life. Contrary to common opinion, "Pride and Prejudice" is anything but a stuffy costume piece. It is a bright comedy, set in a small English village of the 1820's. It is the tabloid saga of a zany mother who is trying to land rich husbands for her five daughters. Miss Garson is one of these daughters, and Mr. Olivier is the catch of the season. The conflict arises when Greer Garson tries to crush Laurence Olivier's great pride, and he tries to shatter her overwhelming prejudice.

After Robert Z. Leonard had taken the same three-line scene over and over, seven times in all, the company moved to another set. Greer Garson rested standing up, leaning against a perpendicular canoe-shaped brace to keep her hoop-skirt from being mangled, and Olivier trotted back to the interview inquisition.

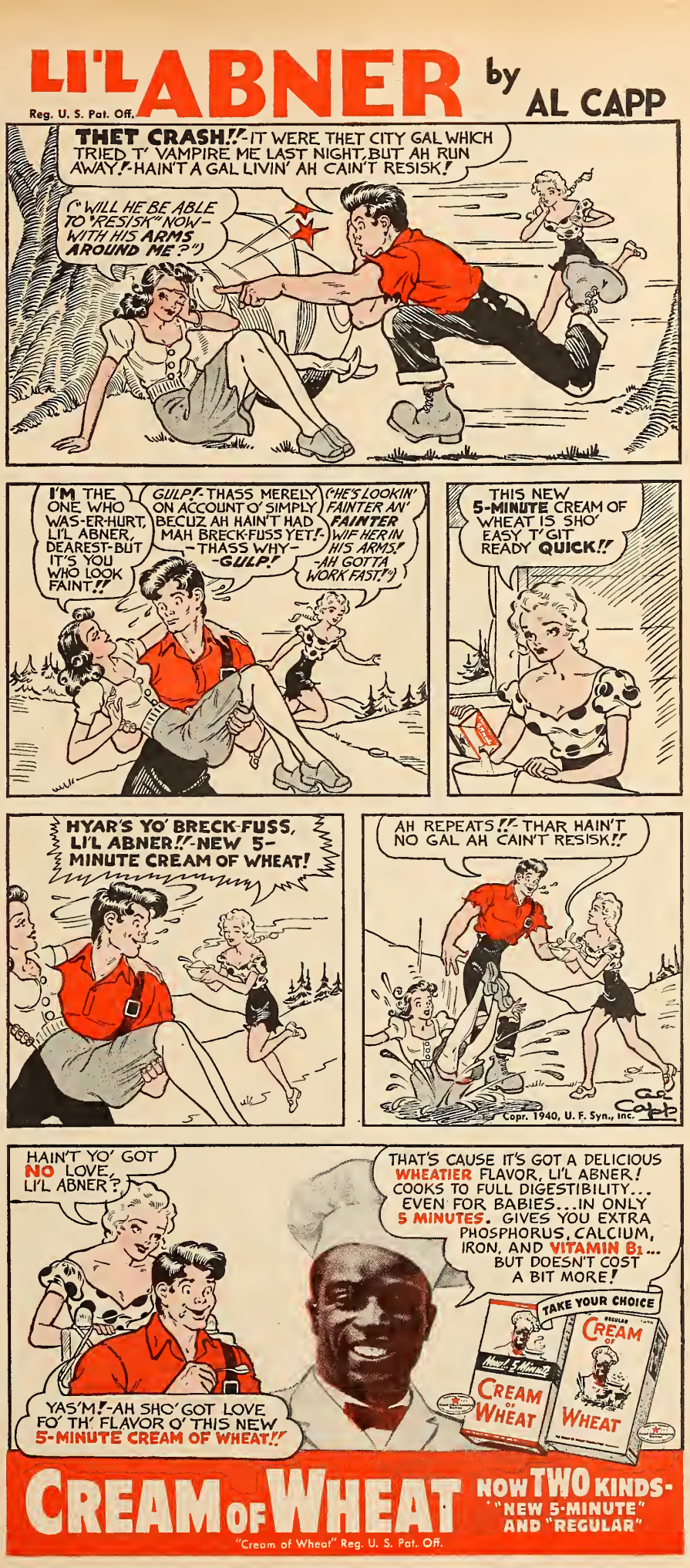
Strands of his dark-brown hair hung limply on his forehead, and he appeared very handsome and tired. He sat down slowly, carefully. One false move and those breeches would expose him to the wrath of the Will Hays decency board.

He began to talk about his immediate future. His speech took on an irresistible earnestness. He was speaking of the project closest his heart, the version of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" he had personally cut and adapted for the American stage.

He and Miss Leigh—he always refers to her as "Miss Leigh"—were declining numerous picture offers to return to the stage in a play dear to them both. They were going back to the stage now, instead of in three or four years, because they didn't want to be known as "movie stars taking a fling at the legitimate stage."

"Romeo and Juliet," scheduled to open in San Francisco early in April, and play Chicago and New York until early August, would not be a mercenary project for Olivier. It would be something every human dreams of—something participated in for pure enjoyment.

Besides acting in the drama, Olivier has produced it, directed it, written



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Vacation Vanity begins with this Longer-torso Frock Accented by Sandwich Pockets . . . and rolled-under Coiffure Fastened with . . .



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Keep cool in this Molded Frock with Square Yoke . . . and Shorter Hair. Use DeLong Bob Pins to Set the Rolls and Keep Them Neat.



some of the music and laid out the ten sets. Even Orson Welles couldn't improve on that.

Never, perhaps, in all the modern history of the dramatic stage has there been a happier and more colorful combination of principals and production. Two internationally famed lovers of fact, Olivier and Leigh, projecting themselves into the two most famed lovers of fiction, Romeo and Juliet.

But, man and sir, to hear Olivier speak of Shakespeare, to detect the quickening of his speech, the lift of his voice! To watch his face, animated, his eyes bright, his boyish excitement! Why, it's an event remarkable. Olivier's voice brings you back to the old Mermaid Tavern, to the coffee house and the tankards of ale.

I asked Olivier why he was so certain Miss Leigh would make a stunning Juliet. I asked him to be frank. He was. Smilingly, he murmured, "'Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety.' Miss Leigh has youth with strength. Beauty with character. Pathos with comedy. And exceptional fire. The thing most persons don't know about her, and I do, is that she is an extraordinarily good comedienne. She's going to surprise everyone. Scarlett is over and done with. As Juliet she will be sweet, clever, young and very tragic and will invest the character with a subtle comedy, hitherto, I believe, unsuspected in the role."

NATURALLY, "Romeo and Juliet" is synonymous with talk about romance. A legend, I repeat, has already been woven about Olivier—that as a romantic type he is sometimes pensive, sometimes smoldering. Intimates have labeled him an enigma, aloof and distant, and I have heard women, upon viewing him on the screen, sigh and call him a "Great Lover."

All of which, naturally, is most embarrassing to Laurence Olivier. He thinks of himself as a human being, an actor, a student of music, a thousand things, but not as a romantic legend. And that, after all, is easy enough to understand. Just call your husband, or brother, or father a "Great Lover"—watch him either blush or bristle.

"Of course I don't wish to be called a Great Lover," Olivier insisted. "The appellation is so absurd. I don't feel like one, so I don't think I am one.

"I suppose the publicity I've had, the roles I've played and my attachment for Miss Leigh have all aided in the Great Lover myth. But believe me, I would rather be known as a second-rate character actor than an over-publicized glamour boy.

"My parts as Heathcliff in 'Wuthering Heights' and Max de Winter in 'Rebecca' may have created the wrong idea and made me out a moody Don Juan. But, of course, those fans who take pleasure in the illusion of my so-called glamour are welcome to it!"

Laurence Olivier, fortunately, has a sense of humor. Sudden and intense hero worship, which made Valentino vain and turned other matinee idols to flight and temporary insanity, leave Olivier a trifle amused. He is too honest with himself to think of himself as an exciting figure, as anything more than a hard-working actor.

And purely as a hard-working actor, looking toward his more distant future, Olivier, in his deliberate manner of speech, explained that he would divide his time between stage and screen. But honestly, he prefers the stage. He thought participating in both was fine, saying, "Each theatre contributes essentially to the other. Both are important."

He had too much on his mind to worry about what far-off tomorrows held in store for him. He was too immersed in the many projects at hand. But—

"I do firmly believe circumstances continually change one's life and career course. Up to now, I've been awfully lucky. I just pray it continues!"

However, past performances show that what Olivier modestly considers "luck" has actually been a steely perseverance and drive toward the top.

Now, at the age of 33, Olivier can look back on a life penned in greasepaint.

His family tree dripped with French Huguenots. Today, the Huguenots' only claim to immortality, besides bringing the bedbug to the New World, the fact that Olivier comes from their kind. His father was a clergyman—the High Episcopal Church in England. Olivier began emoting at nine, and at fourteen, in celebration of Shakespeare's birthday, he clapped a wig on his head, wore petticoats and played the wench Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew" at Stratford-on-Avon.

At school he did Puck in "Midsummer Night's Dream" and sang lustily in the choir. Of course, acting and singing were considered sissy stuff by the older lads at school, and they tormented young Olivier. This drove him within himself, and as the late mental medicos, Freud and Adler, would assure us, furnished him with the introspection and the push to later succeed against all odds.

After an eventful stage career and one unsuccessful try at Hollywood, M-G-M brought him back in 1933 to work opposite Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina." He was beginning to mistrust Hollywood and so came over with only one bag of clothes. This precaution was justified.

According to the most accurate story, Greta Garbo wanted John Gilbert for her leading man. She didn't want a comparatively unknown English youth. In the clinches, she refused to give out.

Recalling the incident, Olivier smiled broadly, and confessed, "I have never been bitter toward Miss Garbo. Actually, so much has happened since then I've forgotten the entire thing. It happens every day. I have a colossal admiration for Miss Garbo, but I do feel her leading men are apt to be obscured. It is a great credit to Robert Taylor that he came off so brilliantly with Miss Garbo in 'Camille.'

"In reality, being dropped from the Garbo picture was a big break for me. It gave me a magnificent opportunity in 'The Green Bay Tree' on Broadway."

CHECKING back, Olivier likes to remember his fine friends, Ralph Richardson, the grand English actor, Anthony Bushnell and many others. He likes to remember his most thrilling experience, playing the uncut version of Hamlet in 1937, in Denmark, at an outdoor festival. "I played before nearly 4,000 people at a time, and the show ran four hours. Sometimes we gave two performances in a single day, and that meant eight to nine hours of continuous acting. It left me limp, but Miss Leigh, who played Ophelia, thrived on it. And very beautiful she was in the part!"

Laurence Olivier, reminiscing, was reminded of a story. It seemed he was in a road show, and one day the company reached his home town of Latchworth. It was a stirring moment. None of his family had seen him perform, so Laurence bought dozens of tickets for the relatives, the neighbors and even the cook.

They all crowded in to watch their local boy make good. The show played two hours. After it was done, the cook

came waddling backstage to get straightened out on a little matter.

"What did you think of me, cook?" inquired Olivier.

She seemed bewildered. "Well, I don't know, Master Laurence. I kept looking for you and looking for you, but I didn't see you."

"What?" bellowed Olivier. "What's wrong, woman? You heard the bell after the tea interval, didn't you? Well, I rang it!"

Laurence Olivier laughed heartily after telling the story. It's one of his favorites. It's one he likes to tell to those who regard him as a smoldering romantic.

ON THE SET

(*Continued from page 33*)

by the way, looked in on the operations and is reported to have given her unqualified okay to the Hollywoodization of her relative.

The script of "All This, . . ." which was two months in the writing, calls for 68 sets, none of which is very troublesome. The cast is a comparatively intimate affair, consisting of 50 members who have speaking parts and 200 extras who walk or run through the various scenes without uttering a sound. Ordinarily, such a set-up would make for painless production, but as luck and history would have it, four young children are necessary to the plot.

CHILDREN, the saying goes, are natural-born actors—but you couldn't prove it by Director Anatole Litvak. Poor Mr. Litvak is having himself one bad time trying to make Boyers and Davises out of the youngsters assigned to him for, with the exception of thirteen-year-old Virginia Weidler, they are not screen veterans.

Most inexperienced is four-year-old Richard Nichols, chosen from over five hundred little boys for an extremely exacting role. Richard, incidentally, was not awarded his part the moment he shuffled into the casting director's presence. Actually, of the five hundred kids who turned out, twenty-two were screen-tested before the selection was narrowed down to him and a certain Jean DeRiver. When, after heavy consideration, the job was awarded to Richard, the mother of Jean did not faint dead away. But the casting director nearly did, for, since it no longer mattered, Mrs. DeRiver revealed that her son was really a female named June! Most amusing sidelight on the incident is the fact that, although the child had been costumed by the wardrobe department several times, no one had ever seemed to question her masculinity!

Remembrance of such duplicity isn't sweetening Mr. Litvak on the youngest generation. Neither are his present trials. The last time we saw him, his face was livid, and his breath was coming hard. No, Mr. Litvak was not going mad. He was merely trying to show Richard how to do a scene in which the boy, desperately ill with pneumonia, struggles for a bit of relief. Richard, we are sorry to say, did not find the emoting contagious. Instead, being highly entertained by such antics, he giggled into his hands while the rest of the cast, feeling their nerves going raw, waited for the proper mood to hit him.

Notwithstanding, Mr. Litvak professes a tremendous love for little shavers. Notably, he has no children of his own.



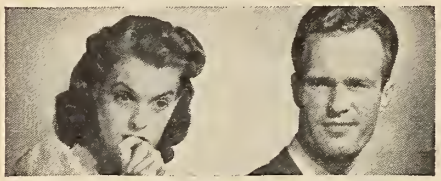
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EYE-GENE

HOLLYWOOD SKIN MAGIC

(Continued from page 45)

foods rich in the fats their systems need. Poor health, fatigue, dry climate and hard water also contribute to this condition. If your skin is very dry, cleanse it thoroughly with cold cream or one of the emollient, oily cleansing creams. Protect it with rich lotions and lubricating creams night and morning and use one of the heavier, richer foundations under your make-up. Dry skin wrinkles and shows age much earlier than oily skin so, if this is one of your pet problems, by all means pamper yourself with extra massage deep and firm and rotary in direction, never superficial or with a downward motion [of course, always using a rich lubricating cream.]

Oily skin is much more susceptible to blackheads, whiteheads, acne and other blemishes than is the dryer type, so extra thorough cleanliness with soap and water, creams and astringents should be the constant watchword of all you who possess it. Enlarged pores are really dilated oil glands which have come to appear like large pits around the nose and nearby cheek areas. Besides persistent cleanliness, stimulation with cold applications of ice or ice water is often helpful. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices and cut down on rich, highly seasoned foods. Crisp green salads and all kinds of fresh fruits and vegetables should be your special forte.

THE causes of acne are often obscure, though disturbances of the oil glands are involved somewhere along the line. The treatment here again is meticulous daily cleansing with a complexion brush, soap and warm water. Steaming the face over a basin or with hot towels followed by application of cold water and an astringent often helps. Go easy on the make-up while your skin is in such a condition. Get lots of sunshine and fresh air. Keep yourself to a diet free from starches and sweets, and you should get satisfactory results. If you don't, see a doctor. Never take chances with chronic skin blemishes.

Try to break yourself of the bad habit of touching soiled hands to your face. Infections which cause many kinds of blemishes often originate in such thoughtless mannerisms.

All cosmetic care of the skin is based on the three important principles of cleansing, stimulation and softening. We've gone pretty thoroughly into the business of cleansing. One more point we might add before we go on to stimulation. And that is, never apply new make-up over old—or over a soiled skin, either. Cleanse away every trace of both and start fresh. If you aren't at home where you can use soap and water, you can always carry a small tube of cleansing cream or a flat, purse-sized box of those ready-to-use cleansing pads we mentioned before. If you don't want pores that are clogged and distended and a complexion that looks more like paste than the clear, fine-grained thing of beauty that it should be, do heed this little warning. And never use a powder puff that isn't perfectly clean. A fresh puff every day is not only a mark of feminine daintiness but also an important protector of complexion loveliness.

Under the heading of skin stimulation you want to put down not only local massage but also sunshine, outdoor exercise and, to a lesser but still important degree, indoor gymnastics. Brisk after-bath rub-downs with cologne, lotion or just a clean, heavy towel—all are excellent skin stimulants.

Face patting and massage exercises are good when correctly done. Gently slapping the cheeks with your open palms covered with cream, muscle oil or lotion creates a gentle suction which stimulates and refreshes. Patting the forehead upward from the eyebrows with a firm, rhythmic movement of hands covered with a lubricant, relaxes and helps to modify those horizontal lines which make us look so much older. The massage motion along your jaw line should be a fairly smart slapping upward, from chin along the jaw bone, with hands again well lubricated.



Miss Howard placidly takes a letter from her beauteous boss, Joan Crawford, amid the clatter and confusion on the "Susan and God" set.

BUTCH, THE BALLROOM BARON

(*Continued from page 37*)

flying elbows. I'm no grandpappy but, frankly, I can't take an evening of jitterbugging. It's a little too much on the physical culture side."

Cesar Julio Romero II—the Cisco Kid to you—went Terpsichorean at the age of five and, as he says, "to the tinny music of an old graphophone, whirled around the kitchen with Victoria, our negress cook, who was built along Aunt Jemima lines."

Years later, while a popular professional dancer on the Great White Way and in the swankiest night spots in many big cities, he danced with the A to Z in variety of partners—some of America's best. That is why Hollywood will not protest in the least when Cesar says that Mrs. Lewis Milestone, wife of the producer, Sally Blane and Binnie Barnes are among the Grade A partners in cinematic circles.

"They are so good that you just feel it. You can't analyze it and say they are tops because they do this or that well," he explained. "They are the best just because they are. See what I mean?"

I did more or less. Yet I wanted to know more about how Movieland's stars and glamourettes act within the arms of the romantic Romero, whom Joan Crawford calls "Butch, the Ballroom Baron." Rumor has it that Cesar has danced with every eligible female in Hollywood. When asked about this, he laughed the kind of laugh that comes from mellow good humor.

"Preposterous," he said. "I have danced with so few of the girls in this town."

Well, if "so few" amount to packages of pulchritude like Marlene Dietrich, Ann Sheridan and . . .

"I mean," Cesar quickened the pace of his words, "all this business about my dancing with everyone who sets foot in the wilds of a Hollywood night club is myth. And, in this case, a myth is as good as a mile.

"As for dancing with Marlene Dietrich, actually the first time I really had the opportunity was last night at a party given by the Jack Warners." He leaned forward, speaking earnestly.

"She is a woman who has everything—culture, poise, allure. And her dancing has everything she possesses. I cannot understand where some people get the notion that she is cold and distant. She isn't. There is not the least bit of aloofness about her. She never closes her eyes when she dances; I remember that clearly. She follows every step without the slightest hesitation, indecision or error."

FOR a moment Cesar was silent. He squashed his cigarette in the gargoyle-shaped ash tray and began thinking aloud, gradually putting oomphasis on Ann Sheridan.

"Take Ann Sheridan!" (Which would be no hardship.) "She's a girl few people know well. She's constantly bantering. Her humor is natural, and you love it. I do, especially, because I'm moody quite often. She talks more than any other star while she dances. Then again, sometimes she closes her eyes entirely and is very quiet.

"I don't know why for certain, but Ann often kids about her dancing. She says she's going to notch a leather belt at home for every time she autographs the shine on my shoes with the soles of hers. Actually she's a lot better than good on the ballroom floor.

"I think she has an inferiority complex to a certain extent. She's a trifle camera-shy on the floor; she's a little like Joan Crawford in that respect. Ann radiates warmth and friendliness. Occasionally she hums a tune softly while we dance. It's pleasant. Often she's told me how this 'oomph girl' business has affected her. She's still worried about too big a build-up and a possible letdown."

Cesar, who has never danced with tears in his eyes, doesn't mind a girl's humming or singing while dancing. A cheerful little earful is all right, if the singer doesn't try to entertain the entire room and if her voice isn't scratchy. In fact, Cesar catches himself vocalizing at times.

"Sonja Henie is a hummer when she dances," he confided. "Slow music usually makes her sing softly. She's a girl who is a spontaneous, tireless dancer. When my legs are wobbly, she still has energy to burn. On a date with either Sonja or Loretta Young you can be sure you won't sit out a number the whole evening. They dance a full program.

YVONNE FOX, SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY JUNIOR, SAYS:



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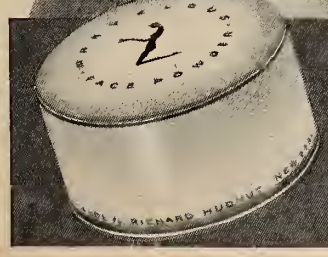
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"One odd thing about Sonja. She dances beautifully. Then, occasionally, you find her trying to lead you. Gently you exert pressure on her back. Then she realizes what she has been doing, smiles, relaxes and goes on smoothly. She's easily as graceful on the waxed floor as she is on ice," he said.

Columnists would have us believe Cesar Romero confines himself to two activities: nightclubbing with filmdom's fairest and emoting in pictures.

Truth is, bright lights have lost their magnetic attraction for Cesar. He spends most of his nights in his Brentwood apartment, relaxing from a day's work by reading anything and everything from Steinbeck to "Ferdinand the Bull."

His favorite topic is the nine-room, Mexican ranch house he's having constructed on a 100 by 300 foot hillside lot in Brentwood.

"It won't be long now," he said, "and Joe, my colored houseboy, and I will be moving in—to peace and quiet. But don't get me wrong. This building project doesn't mean that I'll turn Kermit the Hermit. I'll still go out dancing and to parties occasionally. Nor does it mean that I'm choosing a co-ruler for the House of Romero. There's no immediate danger of my getting married."

ALL of which implies that Cesar hasn't asked Joan Crawford, Ann Sheridan, Loretta Young, Sonja Henie, nor any unknown quantity in Movieland to take fittings for a ring. However, he says that the girl to whom he puts the important question will not have to be a Crawford on the dance floor. "So long as she is fairly lissome, light on her feet and has rhythm—that's enough. If she has the beauty of blonde Virginia Bruce, brunette Dolores Del Rio or copper-haired Marlene Dietrich, I shall be more than satisfied. Life isn't just a song and a dance; I know that. Beauty isn't enough, either. I want someone with a good sense of humor to cheer me up when I'm moody; I want a person with intelligence and kindness, and one who, more or less, likes what I do."

Well, there's the formula, girls.

Legend has it that Cesar Romero has never been seen to make a misstep on a ballroom floor.

"Don't believe a word of that," Cesar says and insists that if Hollywoodians actually do think highly of his dancing it is because they have never seen him do a nosedive.

Some years ago in Jersey City, New Jersey, before he was his suave, tuxedoed, 1940 self, he danced with "a sweet girl named Lillian Mundt." They whirled wildly with the music and seemed to have been made for each other until they ran into the foot of a nearby dancer. Whack! Cesar's leg struck the other person's.

"Up we went and over." He laughed loudly. "I plopped on my back, and she landed on top of me. It was on the edge of the crowd, right near the stag line. One of my friends in the line turned Brutus and commented in a foghorn voice, "How the mighty Cesar hath fallen."

Despite the fact that the Ballroom Baron's list of the five best male dancers in Hollywood does not include himself, Cesar is Number One Male Dancer. And girls hereabouts would trip the light fantastic in stocking feet on carpet tacks to get him as a partner.

Incidentally, George Murphy, George Raft, Fred Astaire, Lee Bowman and Paul Draper are the Romero choices.

"There aren't many excellent dancers among the actors," he said. "You would be surprised how many prominent males take dancing instructions. Now it may sound peculiar that I think Fred Astaire is excellent on the ballroom floor, for when he's out in public, he just dances. Once he said to me, 'I don't dance for show purposes when I'm at a night club. I forget about cameras, sound and tapping and just get lost in the shuffle.' "

The Commandments For Women Dancers which Cesar framed while lazing in the soft chair of the sunlit publicity office, are worth noting:

1. Thou shalt not chin thyself on thy partners shoulder, nor hook your arm around his neck and anchor him down.
2. Thou shalt not dance on thy partner's feet. (Stand on your own two.)
3. Thou shalt not kill romance by over-cuddling, sticking to your partner like fly paper.
4. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's partner. (At least not openly in winks, come-on looks, or smiles over your partner's shoulder.)
5. Thou shalt not lead thy partner. (Born leaders are all right in biographies and in business, but on the dance floor they are as popular as the boors who windmill around knocking into everyone around them.)
6. Thou shalt not deliver a monologue of chatter during the dance.
7. Thou shalt not display affection. (There's a time and place for everything. It may be "Stardust" or muted trumpets or a couple of whiskey sours that put your inhibitions in their place. But reserve the lipstick smooches on his cheek till A.D.—after dance.)
8. Thou shalt not wear a hat that will keep him at a distance.
9. Thou shalt not forget that personal cleanliness is next to godliness. (And carelessness is next to impossible for the girl who wants to be popular. Dancing means exercise, and exercise means, well, it means that perhaps one happy couple may become two sorry people.)
10. Thou shalt not stand straight as a poker nor bent as a bow. (Position may not be everything in life, but in dancing it is important. An in-between posture that is relaxed is best. And the tall girl with a shorter partner should not try to cut inches from her height by bending in the middle. Because height becomes width, and width increases Southern Exposure. It is well to be tall gracefully, and beware of being caught short.)

BUTCH, the Ballroom Baron hasn't danced his way to screen renown. He's specialized in being any of 57 varieties of cad. When casting directors think of a movie triangle, they immediately visualize Cesar Romero as the third angle.

Cad has been the word for Cesar until recently, when he took over the heroic Cisco Kid roles where Warner Baxter left off. It was for "The Cisco Kid and the Lady" that he polished up his rhumba. He actually danced before the camera.

To dance or not to dance may be the question, but not for Romero. It is immaterial to him if his dancing is recorded on celluloid. He likes the novelty of Cisco Kid assignments, and doesn't mind being triangular.

"I don't like to receive hisses, nasty fan letters or time bombs," he said. "But so long as being a cad keeps me in the movies and in the money and gives me a chance to dance with Joan, Loretta, Sonja, Ann and the others, I don't mind. Not bad compensation, is it?"

Not bad at all. And, conditions being the same, who wouldn't cultivate sideburns, acquire an accent, study the rhumba, and become an All-American Cad to be in Cesar Romero's oxfords?

CALLING ALL SECRETARIES!

(Continued from page 47)

never had a vacation—has never wanted one. He's six feet tall and looks like your favorite collar ad. Once he won a scholarship to the New York School of the Theatre and studied there for two years. He also directed a summer theatre group for three seasons. He'd still like to be an actor but doesn't intend to ride in on the boss' pull. He has a comfortable berth at present, and he's willing to let the other matter take its course.

Though they seldom pat him on the back, Walter knows that Melvyn and Helen Douglas are genuinely interested in him. They proved it once, very beautifully. It seems that Walter was in love and suddenly, one afternoon, his girl announced her engagement to someone else. When the Douglases heard the news, they wired from Tucson, the immortal words: "Dear Walter, don't be too unhappy about Patty. We will raise your salary so you, too, can buy a ring. We love you." Things like that keep a man satisfied with his job.

Bill Gallagher's story is a variation of a familiar theme. Five years ago Tyrone Power was in New York working with Katharine Cornell. His guardian, who is Bill's uncle, came east and introduced the boys. Later, when Ty was settled in Hollywood, he remembered Bill, sent for him and they've been inseparable ever since.

Gallagher, a 31-year-old fugitive from Fordham University, considers keeping Ty level-headed his main duty. After a preview, when the leeches and yes-men gather around and buzz nauseating flattery into the young actor's ear, Bill takes him aside. If Bill thinks the others aren't honest, he says, "Boss, the picture was a stinker! If you listen to those bloodsuckers, I'll bawl hell out of you!" Bill further endears himself to his employer by showing him all bad press notices and repeating all adverse comments he hears about him.

Working at home, or in a studio dressing-room or on an airplane en route to South America, Bill takes dictation in longhand so that Ty can read it back himself. He also purchases Ty's shoes and shirts and frequently shops for Annabella.

HIS great fun, though, is fussing with Ty's electric trains. Mr. P. was always interested in trains but never had the patience to build them. Bill was always interested in trains but never had the money to build them. Now Bill does the detail work, and Ty is happy to come around and play.

"It's a swell job!" exclaims Bill, "especially since Ty's married. I once had to go everywhere with him—to the dentist, to the doctor, to the bank. But Annabella's taken over half my duties so I have more time to myself."

Iola Clark is a twenty-four-year-old eyeful who's fairly new at her job. Trained in high school and business college, and having pushed a pencil for an insurance company and an aluminum company, Miss Clark is now in the employ of Edward G. Robinson.

Three months ago, a friend of the Robinsons, hearing they needed a secretary, drove Iola to their ranch and introduced her. After spending three sleepless nights anticipating the interview, she landed the job right off.

Today, Iola is fast becoming a veteran. She works in a cottage in the shadows of the ornate Robinson abode. Since the Warner Brothers studio takes care of Robinson's fan letters, she handles only radio and personal mail. She's at her desk from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon.

Sometimes, she is not only a secretary, but a nurse, editorial assistant and guide. She takes young Manny Robinson to his father's broadcasts, helps Mrs. R. in the preparation of her weekly magazine column and escorts Robinson's visitors, art critics and collectors through the house, pointing out the Van Goghs and Picassos.

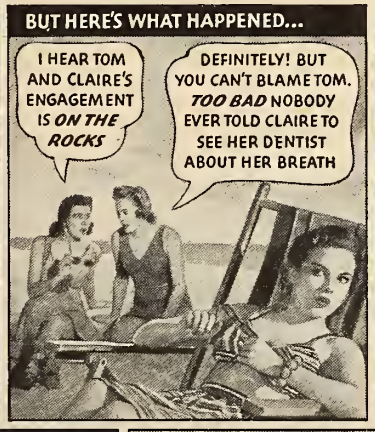
Despite the infinite and upsetting variety, or maybe because of it, Iola loves her work. She loves the things that go with it—the association with a fine man, the people she meets and the carefully prepared lunches served to her by the family butler.

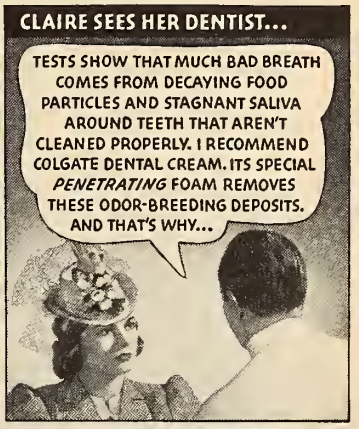
And now, having met five typical Hollywood aides and opened the door on their business lives, do you still want to be a secretary to a star? You probably do.

Sure, maybe sometimes it *is* three kinds of hell. Maybe it's not confined to anything as sweet and simple as shorthand. But it *is* a good living on a merry-go-round of thrill and gossip.

They never thought she'd land him!













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IF you've finally tucked away your woolly Brookses and are already pining for their comfortable casualness, take heart, for here are two brand new summer loves. Both are of pebble-twist cotton and are zephyr-light in spite of their sturdiness.

Every smart girl knows that summer is really the season wherein a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, and it would take a mighty stalwart chap to resist you, jaunty and gay in the little striped number above, or alluringly feminine in the cardigan, right.

Wear the pullover for your gamin moments. He'll think you're the world's best sport when the sailboat tips over, and you come up drenched but smiling, knowing your sweater's color-fast.

The figure-hugging cardigan is a coquette at heart. It's at home on the beach and even at the country club dance, atop a bright cotton skirt. It tubs beautifully, too, and is a real pick-me-up for any of your dresses when worn jacket-fashion.

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Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.

SUCCESS WITH A WHOOP!

(Continued from page 35)

"You are just a butterfly floating on the crest of a wave of idleness! You think you can skim along without doing any work. You'll never, never get anywhere!"

Burned to a fine cinder, Ann swished right out of class and didn't go back that afternoon, or any other. Instead she took a walk and the more she walked the madder she got. When she was hitting somewhere around the boiling point, she passed a Los Angeles radio station, KFAC, and the white fire of indignation flared up with an idea. She popped right in and said, "I'm having difficulties. I've got to have a job." And the funny thing is—that's what she got!

Not very many thirteen-year-old girls, of course, would stand a chance of walking in, unknown, unhonored and unsung and landing a job in a radio station. But Ann at thirteen was really a veteran actress. "In fact," chattered Annie between chops, "I was a has-been. I was all washed up at nine. What I'm doing now is really my comeback!"

Her father, John Rutherford, alias John Guilberti, was a famous tenor with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, before he reformed and became a San Francisco broker. Her mother was a Mansfield, and the pride of her Kentucky tribe was a cousin named Richard Mansfield, a pretty fair Shakespearean star, as everybody knows. You see, it was in the blood.

Ann herself had toddled away from her toys to play in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" with a San Francisco stock company when she was still in kindergarten. She kept up kiddie acting until her front teeth developed yawning gaps. Then she resigned herself to school—until the ancient Phoenicians forced her into poesy, and poesy forced her into public disgrace.

Anyway, KFAC put her in a radio thriller called "Nancy and Dick and the Spirit of '76." With the money she drew, Ann could afford a tutor who wouldn't fuss about reading her poetry. She was very happy in her radio work, too, because, as I said, Ann would rather talk than—well, maybe not eat, but she does like to talk.

A FEW weeks ago, for instance, when her studio sent Ann east on a personal appearance tour, a studio writer said he'd write her something to say on the stage. "Oh, no!" said Ann, "I'll just talk."

"But what about?" inquired the writer.

"Oh, lots of things," said Ann. "That's easy." She rattled on through twenty-one states, chattering from theatre stages for twenty minutes at a time and never missing a lick. She never had a script.

In Washington, where some Southern senators entertained her at lunch in the Capitol, Senator Radcliffe made the mistake of saying, "And now we'll hear from Miss Rutherford." It was very edifying, they say, to see Solons "Cotton Ed" Smith, Radcliffe, Byrnes, Speaker Bankhead and all, sitting around just listening for a change—and to a twenty-year-old Hollywood girl at that. But there isn't much even a senator can do when Ann gets going.

Of course, talking is the main idea in front of a microphone. So Ann was a natural at KFAC. The Spirit of '76 was absorbing but not enough to keep Ann out of multiple mischief. Around the broadcasting studio she was soon running in and out of every program in the place, being a baby's gurgle one minute and an eerie scream the next. One day an agent, John Lancaster, who is Ann's manager today, dropped by and heard a particularly blood-curdling yelp, saw the fair face that uttered it and was impressed. He dashed in to the manager. "I want to meet the girl who does all the screaming around here," he demanded. That was Annie.

Well—before she knew it Ann was making a screen test at the old Fox studios, in a cast-off dress of Janet Gaynor's. All of which shows you can sometimes crack Hollywood by yelling loudly enough. Not that the Fox test did it for Ann, for it really happened later at Republic. Ann did a little discreet fibbing about her age. You can work only six hours a day by California law when you're sixteen, and Ann wanted to work. She said she was eighteen, changed her name from Mary to Ann and became the horse-opera queen of San Fernando Valley, with Gene Autry and John Wayne and Republic's crop of cinema cowpokes.

What Annie did at Republic was typically Rutherford. She arose at the crack of dawn and worked far into the night. She made thirteen pictures in nine

"PEPSI AND PETE"... THE PEPSI-COLA COPS



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months, until her mother stepped in and firmly yanked her into court to break her contract. "By which time," recalled Ann, "the circles under my eyes had turned to ruffles!" But that shows you what her studio is up against trying to keep Annie comparatively relaxed without pinning her down with a hypodermic.

The sad truth is that Ann Rutherford is a natural-born fussbudget, chatterbox, busybody and one-girl perpetual motion machine. She knows it, but she just can't help it. She's a young lady in a rush—to get something done.

"On the set," Ann confessed; "they're calling me 'the little eavesdropper.' That's because I'm always snooping around listening to Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier's conversation. I know it isn't nice, but I've simply got to develop an English accent!"

SHE keeps a hunk of plastolene for modeling in her otherwise dainty studio dressing-room, "just to keep busy" in the rare minutes she has away from the set. She hauls her knitting bag all over the lot. Wherever she goes, needles are clicking like a turnstile. She's always whipping up a poem, dipping into a book or doing something between takes.

At home, in the duplex flat where Ann lives with her mother, grandmother and older sister, Judith, restless Annie keeps buzzing busily around like a jitterbug bee. She practices on her baby grand piano, or gives French a whirl with her lingaphone records. She furiously clatters out long letters to her friends on the typewriter. She polishes up her collection of toby-jugs, punches away at a needlework chair cover, starts changing the furniture around or fusses around her cages of canaries and parakeets.

If she can't think of anything better to do, Ann drags a big bass drum and set of traps out of the corner. The drum has a lovely yellow moon painted on the head, and when Ann turns a switch the moon lights up. Then she beats out time to radio dance bands, which is pretty tough on the family and the neighbors.

Usually, however, Ann has far more to do than rattle out riffs. She makes practically all her own clothes, except shoes (which are her pet extravagance) and the crazy lapel jewelry (which is her weakness). She sketches her own designs, snips a pattern and sews it into a quick Rutherford creation. If she sees a particularly tricky fashion at the studio, Ann's not averse to a little piracy. She can copy like a cat and hum a dress out of her sewing machine or a hat off her frames between dinner and bedtime.

When the studio packed her away on personal appearances, Ann had just two hours to get ready. There was hardly time to pack, let alone shop. Ann didn't have a thing to wear in the cocktail hat department. So she tossed her needles, thread, scissors and hat frames into her traveling bag. Before she'd crossed the desert, two bonnets, a blue with a bustle and a red velvet with a fox head, hung on her clothes hooks. "I wore them all the time, too," asserted Annie. "I've got pictures to prove it. What's more, they looked darn cute! Everybody said so!"

That's another nice thing about Ann. If she thinks she's good, she doesn't keep it a secret. For instance, Ann admits she makes just about the best potato pancakes and sausage in town when she entertains her friends at Sunday morning breakfast. She states flatly that she doesn't go to beauty parlors because they're uncomfortable, and she can shampoo rings around the best of 'em, anyway. She'll tell you about the needlepoint footstool she has just refinished and admit it's a masterpiece. And Ann's very frank about why she makes her own clothes. "I know what I want," explained Annie, "but I can shop all day and never find it. So I make it myself!"

A young lady with a mind of her own will get along almost anywhere and is bound to win friends and influence people. Nobody at her studio, where she's a spoiled pet, wants Annie to change. But they do admit that, when they got her, they had no idea what they were getting.

M-G-M first pulled Annie to Culver City for a rather sentimental, sticky short subject, "Annie Laurie." Ann, they thought, was exactly the sweet, wistful type to picturize the old Scotch ballad. They have reaped some headaches instead of haunting heart throbs via Annie incarnate, but things have always turned out for the best, so everybody's satisfied.

For instance, maybe you didn't know that Mickey Rooney wasn't the original choice for Andy Hardy. The Hardys started out as a little picture called "A Family Affair," and Ann Rutherford drew the part of Polly. Frankie Thomas, not Mickey Rooney, was then tagged for the boy role, but Frankie turned out to be too tall for Ann, and Ann was already signed up. There was quite a production *impasse* then and, of course, Ann was the joker. Mickey was dragged in to match up and—well—you know what happened. To say it was a happy headache is an understatement.

Just a few weeks ago when "Pride and Prejudice" was being cast, Ann was picked to play Jane. She didn't know about it, of course, being en route home from the East on a train. All her Hollywood wire had said was "Hurry back. Part in 'Pride and Prejudice.'" But Annie bought the Jane Austen classic and buried herself in it from one dining-car gong to another—in spite of the diverting birthday cake Mickey Rooney had sent her which tinkled "Happy Birthday to You" every time the train jolted. What happened was that Ann fell madly in love with the part of Lydia, who was as different from Jane as day and night. Jane was sweet and goody-goody; Lydia was something of an eighteenth century terror. Ann didn't want to be goody-goody. Terror stuff was what she craved for a change.

IT was a little disconcerting to the big shots to face an angry Rutherford, who rushed off the train to the front office, stamped her French heels and argued, "If Mickey Rooney can drink and smoke and swear like a trooper in 'Boys' Town' and do all those shocking things—why can't I be a little shocking for a change?"

They didn't have an answer to that, so Ann is playing the shocking Lydia. Her studio bosses are not exactly shocked, but they are surprised. It looks like a perfect job of casting—so again everybody's happy.

From all of this, Ann Rutherford has collected a cheery little creed about her-

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self and fortunes—that everything happens for the best. "There's a law of compensation in Hollywood and everywhere else," declared Ann, shaking her fork for emphasis. "You can't kid me. I know there is." Well, I'd never try to kid Annie, let alone contradict her. It would be much too long and harrowing a process, I'm sure, and such a strain on the eardrums! I just nodded, and Ann explained.

She was called up, for instance, to do a punkish part in "The Bride Wore Red" with Joan Crawford, some time ago. Ann didn't like it, so she kicked like a mule. But she gave in finally when Producer Joe Mankiewicz appealed to her better nature. Result—when Joe later made "A Christmas Carol" he spotted Annie in a grand part.

She was all set last year to do "Winter Carnival" on a loan-out to Walter Wanger, when a Hardy Family picture came up. M-G-M yanked her right back home, and Ann was just crushed. But "Winter Carnival" turned out to be a pretty dismal turkey at the box-office, and the Hardy picture was a wow.

Last September, when the entire Hardy Family was set to sail for England on a two months' vacation tour, war suddenly smashed the trip into a thousand pieces. Ann could have died with disappointment. But a week later she found herself on the train hurrying East to be queen of South Carolina's Cotton Carnival. She had more fun than she could ever have had abroad, and found a $1,000 bonus waiting for her when she got back to Hollywood!

Annie swears she fully intended to plunk her thousand into a government bond, as she does all the other grands she accumulates with her salary checks. But, with the draft neatly folded in her purse, she happened to walk by a fur store window. "And there," explained Annie, "was the most darling mink coat!" Three guesses where the thousand went, as a down payment!

However, Ann Rutherford considers the mink coat a solid investment. After all, ambition is okay and idle hands are the devil's playthings and all that, but there's no doubt about it—in the hectic life she leads, her social career is suffering. Maybe, thinks Ann, the mink will help to get her back into the good graces of her boy friends.

FOR instance, the other night one of her swains planned a dinner party in Ann's honor and had the soup, entrée and favors all set. Then a couple of hours before the event, Ann found she had to work at the studio. "You'll just have to give me another dinner party," said Ann over the phone to her dismayed host, "I have to work tonight." That sort of thing, says Ann, doesn't pile up votes in a popularity contest. She herself whipped up a gala birthday event at the Cocoanut Grove for sixteen couples, then she got so excited about going on her trip she forgot to call it off. When she tried to wire the sad news from the East, she didn't have enough addresses. Half the party showed up—and there wasn't any Ann or any party! That sort of thing doesn't help, either, says Ann.

As a matter of fact, Ann Rutherford claims a special talent for getting into jams with the boy friends. In Washington, D. C., the Sigma Nus made her their official sweetheart. Then in Cincinnati the Sigma Alpha Epsilons laid their hearts officially at her feet—and how could she refuse? In a couple of other cities the Sigma Chis, the Alpha Tau Omegas and assorted Greek brotherhoods presented her with jeweled badges and official oaths of undying love. At this point Ann began to get pangs of conscience. She knew her heart wasn't big enough for everybody. "I thought at first I'd better tell them I was already taken," sighed Ann, "but the pins were all so pretty! So I decided I'd just as well get a mess of them and be an All-American girl!" But she does hope all the scattered brothers don't get together and compare notes.

Ann still remembers too well a fine fix she got caught in just the other night in Hollywood. Somebody sent her sister, Judy, a corsage of tiger orchids. Judy had had a spat with a certain suitor, so she supposed he did it. But the boy in question showed up later, toting gardenias. Ann was going out, so she thought she'd just wear the tiger orchids. That was swell—except where she went she ran into the boy who had sent them to sister Judy!

Things like that, Ann says, are why she hasn't a steady beau, although Rand Brooks, Edward Arnold, Jr., Donald Kahn and a good half dozen other local Lotharios are doing their best about remedying that situation.

But nobody has a chance, Ann states firmly, until three or four years anyway. "I'm not even shopping now," smiled Annie. "I'm just not in the marriage market." But she's planning to build a house (yep, drawing the plans herself.) When she does that she's going to paint a blue gate and hang it out in front, like the Pennsylvania Mennonites do when they have a marriageable daughter.

"Then," grinned Ann Rutherford, "when the right man comes along, I'm going to settle down and have five children!" And from the way she does everything else, I wouldn't be surprised.

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BRUNETTE—WITH A BLONDE PERSONALITY

(*Continued from page 41*)

"Miss Morison, this is Mr. . . ." (For the sake of the gentleman in question, because if his face isn't red it should be, we will omit his name).

She might have been a trained seal from the way he looked her over. Then, "You won't do!" he barked. "You're not the type!"

Too taken aback to protest, too crushed to ask what type she was supposed to be, the young actress just sat there and looked at him with eyes that would have melted a monster. And when the studio officials insisted she be used, type or no type, the director walked out! Miss Morison returned to her hotel and had a good cry.

ANOTHER director was called in. He, too, looked her over as if she were a specimen from the zoo. "You're not the type!" he bawled. "Too ladylike! This girl you're to portray," he added with brutal frankness, "is a . . ." (The rest is deleted—if we didn't the editor would.)

"A—a—what?" gasped Miss Morison.

"A hellion! A tramp! A hussy!" the director explained. "She's Kitty Kelly, wife of Machine Gun Kelly, and she's a toughie! You," he added condescendingly, "couldn't possibly play a character like that. You're too much of a lady!"

"Oh, yes, I can!" retorted Patricia, gathering courage, for she hadn't come 3,000 miles to be told she couldn't act! "I can play anybody!"

"H'm!" For the first time the director looked interested. Her spunk seemed to please him. "Well, I'll take a chance, but you'll have to bleach your hair and pad. This girl is bigger than you!"

It was then that the slim, blue-eyed girl who had longed to play "Victoria Regina" just once, gained the reputation of getting what she wanted without screaming, kicking or clawing. "I'll be glad to pad," she told him quietly, "but I couldn't bleach my hair. I'll wear a wig!"

"The tests," says Miss Morison in telling the story, "were terrible! I knew they would be. So I suggested they let me try without the wig and the padding. The second test was all right."

"And do you always get your own way without fighting?"

Solution to Puzzle on Page 8

G	E	O	R	G	E		B	R	E	N	T		M	I	R	I	A	M
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R	O	A	R	I	N	G						O	L	I	V	I	E	R
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O	N	A		R	E	A	D				Y	O	R	E		O	E	R
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T	Y	R	O	N	E		S	T	O	N	E		S	A	D	D	E	N

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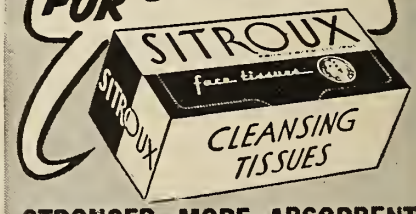
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Miss Morison shrugged her pretty shoulders. "What's the use of fighting? It doesn't get you anywhere!" She dimpled. "I let them do it their way, and if it doesn't turn out right, I suggest my way. Only"—and she looked as demure as a kitten with cream on its whiskers, "I always let the director think he suggested it!"

The net result was that, when Paramount officials saw the first rushes of Kitty Kelly in J. Edgar Hoover's "Persons in Hiding," they sat up and rubbed their eyes. The Kitty Kelly they saw was beautiful. Poverty-stricken, she was young and wanted, so passionately, to have the things that every young girl longs for—clothes, furs, jewels and a car. She wanted to go places and see things. Because she had never had a chance and knew no better, she set out to get them in her own way. Not slangy, not gum-chewing, yet not quite the lady, she made Machine Gun Kelly, who loved her desperately, the tool of her desires. And she got what she wanted—until the G-Men caught up with her!

That was the Kitty Kelly Patricia Morison portrayed. And when the producers had recovered from their surprise they ordered her groomed for stardom. But it wasn't until she had made two more pictures, "I'm From Missouri" with Bob Burns and "The Magnificent Fraud" that they put a star in her hair. And today Patricia Morison, who dislikes being called a "glamour girl," has both her dainty feet firmly planted on the ladder of success.

But what of the girl—the real Patricia Morison? What is she like? Is she as exotic, alluring and beautiful as her pictures? The answer is yes! She is really more beautiful than her pictures.

She is sweet without being sugary; modest, yet quietly sure of herself; friendly and, once you get past that barrier which experience with the public has naturally built up, impulsive and affectionate. Her graciousness is genuine, for it comes from the heart. Perhaps it is because she has never known what it is to live in a hall bedroom, cook on a one-plate gas burner and dodge the landlady. But it is genuine, nevertheless.

Like all great or potentially great actresses, she has the knack of expressing herself with slight gestures of the body. Her hands and wrists are exquisitely graceful, and she uses them constantly in describing things or people that especially interest her. She is inherently the actress. By that I mean that when she tells you what somebody else has said, she will draw down the corners of her mouth, lift an eyebrow or change the tone of her voice until you just see the person about whom she is speaking.

So poised that she gives the impression of Juno-like calm with the statuesque beauty of that goddess, it is surprising to find, when she stands, that she is not tall at all.

THERE is no doubt that her work is her absorbing passion and, when she speaks of it, you can see in the earnest blue eyes, the sensitive mouth, the Patricia Morison of tomorrow—the actress who-is-to-be. Were we a prophet, we would say that within two years Miss Morison will give every great actress on the screen a run for her money.

Born in New York City two months before a crack-pot patriot started the World War by shooting the Archduke Ferdinand, Patricia has the distinction of being the youngest person who sailed for England on the ill-fated Arabic. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Rainey Morison, had come to America in 1905. But when war was declared, they returned to their native England to offer their services—Mr. Morison, in the British Army; Mrs. Morison, in the British Intelligence Service. Brother Alex, who is about two years younger than Patricia, was born during a Zeppelin raid in war-torn London.

Pat, as her family calls her, was four when the Morisons again saw the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. From that day on, until she came to Hollywood eighteen months ago, she lived in New York—first, as a school girl, then as an art student, a successful dress designer and, finally, as a musical comedy star.

She and her brother, who are great pals, recently returned from a three weeks sojourn in Mexico City where Alex was starred as a singer at "El Patio," the capital's swankiest night club.

Alex is as dark as his sister is fair for although she is, strictly speaking, a brunette, Miss Morison has the delicate white skin and blue eyes of a blonde. Probably her Irish and Scotch ancestry accounts for the combination.

Like all beautiful and successful girls, Pat has her share of beaux. She loves parties. She loves to dine and dance. When she is working on a picture, she never goes out socially. She has to get up at 5:30 in order to be at the studio at 7:30 and, by the time the day is over, she is too exhausted to do anything but go to bed. She even has dinner in bed. Then she studies her lines for the next day and, by ten o'clock, lights are out.

During rests between pictures, Miss Morison may be seen dancing the rhumba at a little Spanish restaurant (she calls it a "joint") in old Los Angeles. She adores things Spanish and Mexican, including bull fights, which she found, to



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her amazement, she could watch without fainting.

Miss Morison was so enthusiastic about Mexico itself that she returned from her trip laden with shawls, jewelry and laces. She was wearing one of the bracelets, a brilliant trinket of beaten silver and semi-precious stones.

She adores clothes, especially evening clothes and hostess gowns. Except for one or two dance frocks designed for doing the rhumba, she goes in for trains on her formal gowns. She also has an ermine wrap which she wears to Ciro's or to premieres, because she feels that the public expects its stars to live up to their reputations for glamour. But it is in her own home that she really goes in for the outlandish and exotic. "I think," she says, "that's one time you can go completely wild."

HER costume for the interview was not wild but very smart and sophisticated. It consisted of an embroidered linen, Gibson girl blouse with long sleeves gathered at the wrists; black and white checked taffeta hostess pajamas very wide at the hems; tiny red slippers and a red sash at her waist. A red turban just barely revealed her dark hair, parted in the middle and drawn severely down on either side to a bun at her neck. Her only make-up was a slight shading of the eyelids and a little lip rouge the color of the sash and turban.

Now that she is acquainted, she has not found Hollywood cold. She says that the more established stars have been very sweet and helpful. She frankly admits that she would like to meet Garbo, whom she adores. Her ambition is to reach the dramatic heights of the Swedish star. She says, "Think of anyone's taking a worn-out part like Camille and breathing life into it as she did! That's acting!" Another of her idols is Irene Dunne.

Asked if she had any thoughts of marriage, Miss Morison shook her dark head. "I couldn't combine the two," she says simply. "Some people can, but I know I could not! Acting takes too much out of me!" Her stand on this point, we happen to know, has caused many a male to despair.

Of the four roles she has played, Miss Morison liked the part of Claire in "The Magnificent Fraud" the best. "My lashes," she says, "were *that* long, and I had the most gorgeous clothes! I really didn't know myself when the make-up experts got through with me!"

She never makes up herself, Miss Morison said, except for her mouth, which she paints on with a brush, and which she makes fuller and more luscious than her natural one. Picture make-up, she explains, is so entirely different from that of the stage. The grease paint must be smoothed in, "not just slapped on as we do on the stage." The powder must be pounded in almost like a massage, and false eyelashes added to give that dewy look to the eyes. The process takes a full hour and cannot be hurried.

Tests, Miss Morison says, are more exhausting than actual work on a picture. She never goes to see her rushes, it makes her too nervous.

"When I first came to Hollywood," she said, "everyone told me, 'You must see your rushes so you can see your mistakes and learn what not to do.' But after watching the first day's rushes I gave up!"

Asked how she came to select the stage for a career, Miss Morison said that she had been in an agent's office to pick up her father's play, "Court Martial," which the producers felt was too war-like for a peaceful era. "The agent kept staring at me so, that I finally snapped out, 'Why do you stare at me! I'm not an actress!'"

"No?" he retorted coolly. "Then you should be!"

Two weeks later the 16-year-old art student had resigned from her classes and entered a dramatic school. And that, my friends, is how Patricia Morison came to be an actress!



Boy finally meets girl in Mickey Rooney's latest, "Andy Hardy Meets A Debutante." But it's definitely not a love at first sight affair. Bill Powell's cute frau, Diana Lewis, is the hard-to-get lassie, and the laughs come as fast and furiously as do Andy's rebuffs.

THEY SELL STARS

(*Continued from page 51*)

a film test if you will go to Hollywood to make it. (All expenses paid.) You arrive, not knowing a soul. But five minutes after the bellhop sets down your bag in the hotel room, the phone starts ringing. Agents are calling, asking to represent you. (They have ways of finding out about new arrivals.) If you are smart, you will sign with one—*after* learning from the Screen Actors Guild which agents are in good standing. If none call, you will be smart to look up one. If you have Broadway experience, you stand a chance of getting one.

You take your film test. Studio A doesn't think much of your screen possibilities. To your dismay, your agent doesn't put up any argument. He lets them drop your option—thud! But five minutes after that bad news, he lets you in on a secret: Studio A already has more young players than it can use. If they had signed you, you would have been lost in the crowd. But Studio B could use someone like you. So he takes your test over to Studio B. Knowing what they need, he knows exactly what to say about you to interest them. Studio B, as a result, offers you a contract starting at, say, $150 a week. Your temptation is to sign it before they can change their minds. Your agent makes you wait while he reads it with a legal eye—to be sure that you will get as much out of the deal as the studio will. He will want to ask for a clause (which he may not be able to get), allowing you to do radio work on the side. He will think of other clauses that wouldn't have entered your mind. Only when he's sure that the contract can't be improved upon will he let you sign.

SO you report to Studio B. It is important you make an impression on everyone you meet. You don't know Hollywood as an agent does. He gives you tips on how to make a favorable impression. He tells you where to live, what kind of car to drive, what kind of clothes to wear.

John Garfield's agent threw fits every time he saw the ancient wreck that John first drove. "I'm trying to sell you as a Broadway success," he would wail. "What are you trying to do—ruin us both?"

Champion Athlete Herman Brix decided to have a try at the movies. By himself, he managed to get thirty-four bit parts. But they weren't leading anywhere, so he looked up an agent—Mitchell Gertz. Astute Mr. Gertz changed "Herman Brix" to "Bruce Bennett," lightened the Brix hair, sent him to a voice coach to lower his voice, then took him around to studios. He made an impression he had never made before. M-G-M and Columbia fought over him. Columbia won—and has starring plans for him.

If you can't afford a new car, new clothes or a new voice, your agent will loan you the money. That makes you obligated to do things for him. But it also makes him obligated to do things for you—if only to get his money back, out of your future earnings.

Agents aren't gamblers. They are business men. When they put time and money into a project, they do everything possible to protect their investment. They coach you on your publicity. They arrange with other agents to have you meet the right people. They watch your morals, your bills and your tendency to go conceited, as much as they watch your roles.

They can't pick your roles for you when you are a small-salaried beginner. You are at the mercy of casting directors. But if a reasonable period of time elapses, and you are still playing parts that are all alike, your agent can do something about it—under cover. He looks over scripts at other studios until he finds a part that would give you a chance, then drops a hint that you can be borrowed dirt-cheap from Studio B, which doesn't appreciate your possibilities. So Studio C borrows you. You attract more attention in the role than ever before. That opens Studio B's eyes. You start getting better breaks. (As Bette Davis did at Warners, after she became a sensation in "Of Human Bondage," on loan-out to RKO.)

Suppose you click in a big way—start drawing people to theatres by the millions. Your contract states that, at this particular date, your salary is to be $350 a week (Robert Taylor's approximate salary when the tidal wave of popularity struck.) Obviously, you deserve more; and the studio wants to keep you happy. But before the studio rewrites your contract, it wants to be sure your popularity is going to last. So your agent sells this idea: After every picture, you will receive a large bonus—to be deposited in some bank in your name, with the studio holding the bank book. If you are a good boy or a good girl, the studio promises to turn over the bank book to you after two years, or three. If you get mixed up in a scandal, or do anything else to jeopardize your value to the studio, you will never see the money. That's fair to you, and it's fair to the studio.

If your popularity holds, you will get a new contract. Your agent will see to that—at the right psychological moment. Which he is better equipped to recognize than an actor deafened by press agents shouting his name.

Suppose you have objections to a certain role. (You aren't entitled to objections, by the way, until you have a reputation.) You don't want to do it. Immediately, the studio charges you with being unreasonable. Like a defendant

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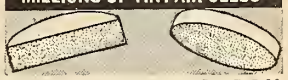
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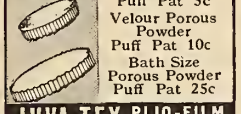
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in court, you can't argue your case half as well as someone else, trained in argument. In this case, an agent.

Once you become a star, it pays to insist on a high standard of roles—or to have someone who can insist for you. The long careers of Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Greta Garbo—to mention only a few—prove that. Greta, in particular, owes a large part of her success to her agent. It was allegedly Harry Edington who made her a woman of mystery.

If, suddenly, you find yourself without any picture work ahead, an agent can do something about that, too. A player has to be in front of the public to command attention; "out of sight, out of mind" is no truer anywhere than in show business.

If you are a movie "name," your agent can find you radio work, provided your contract permits it. (Claire Trevor's screen stock soared again, after a successful spell on the radio.) Or he can arrange a personal appearance tour, which is grueling work, but it will remind Hollywood that crowds will still pay to see you. (Witness Mae West's record-breaking personal appearance tour, after she was called "box-office poison.") Or he can market your services in a play. (Lon Chaney, Jr., was stony broke and hadn't eaten for two days when his agent turned up with a chance for him to try out for a role in the play, "Of Mice and Men." His hit in the play led to his playing the same role in the picture, and now he is on his way upward.)

IF it's the servants' day off, and you need a suit that's at the tailor's, and all three cars are out, you can always call your agent; he'll see that your suit is delivered, if he has to deliver it himself. If you want to buy some property, but are afraid of paying twice its value because you are a movie star, your agent can tell you what it's worth—and arrange for a proxy buyer. If you are The Shopgirl's Delight and your wife is going to have a baby, your agent may be upset but he'll know of a good obstetrician. If there's anyone you want to meet, your agent can arrange it, if anyone can. There is no limit to the things that an agent can—and frequently will—do for a client.

Your agent may even want to marry you. Leland Hayward married Margaret Sullavan. Walter Kane married Lynn Bari. Phil Berg married Leila Hyams. Victor Orsatti married June Lang. Nat Wolfe is about to marry Edna Best.

All of this in addition to selling your talent. And all for a tenth of what he helps you earn. However, an agent with a number of high-priced clients can make more money than any star. (As a gag, Carole Lombard once "framed" Myron Selznick, so that he signed a contract giving her ten per cent of all *his* earnings, and great was the Selznick confusion.)

That little matter of ten per cent was once a matter of general practice, rather than law. Now the Screen Actors Guild, which licenses all actors' agents (under a franchise from the California State Labor Commission), has made it impossible for any agent to get more than ten per cent.

In the old days, there were occasional agents who would bleed hapless clients for a twenty or thirty per cent fee. But the racketeers are rapidly being forced out of business. No agent, for example, can fail to lift a finger for a client and still collect a commission. Every contract now provides that if an agent doesn't obtain eighteen days' work for a client over any four-month period, the contract is automatically cancelled. There is also a monthly listing of agents in good standing with the Screen Actors Guild, and any agent who wants to stay in business is going to make a point of remaining on that list.

Actors like to say: "You can divorce your wife, but you can never get rid of your agent." This isn't strictly true. If you feel that another agent could do more for you than the one you have, all you have to do to get rid of your present agent is to pay him a year's commission in advance.

Actors, particularly the high-salaried ones, have a tendency to complain about the ten per cent they must pay their agents. But the fact still remains that they wouldn't be getting those high salaries if they didn't have agents.

As one of the boys says: "The stories behind the success stories of Hollywood are usually untold, because agents don't care who gets the credit for a player's success, so long as they get the cash represented by a hard-earned ten per cent." That's all the glory they want.



Vivid, hand-appliqued flowers set off the whiteness of Nan Grey's soprano crepe dress. Nan, who's featured in "Sandy Is A Lady," wears white accessories—the gloves and pumps of suede, and the novel turban of angora felt trimmed with soft angora yarn.

A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

(*Continued from page 15*)

should stick to facts for that reason. However, when a studio sees fit to revise a biography, some announcement should be made to that effect.

Anyway, the picture is worth seeing more than once, and the revision makes a better story than would the authentic version and leaves memories of Don Ameche's fine performance. However, one regrets that Mr. Foster's true and stormy life could not have been changed and made more peaceful and happy with the same ease with which his biography was smoothed out.—Mrs. J. D. Campbell, Henryville, Tenn.

A Plea for Individuality

Hollywood is supposed to be a land of beauty and charm, where the make-up experts wave magic wands and change ugly ducklings into swans. What these experts don't seem to grasp is that personality, not make-up, is the real basis of beauty. They apparently have but one pattern and want to mold all of the stars to fit it. For example: When Ann Sheridan was working in "B" pictures, she was a lovely charming girl; the experts suddenly decided she had "oomph" and unsuccessfully tried to change her into a second Jean Harlow. Simone Simon was pleasantly plump and sweet-faced in "Girls' Dormitory" and "Seventh Heaven;" by the time she progressed to "Love and Hisses," she was thin and angular, a replica of dozens of other Hollywood beauties. Dorothy Lamour in a sarong was lovely and had a personality all her own; a few pictures later, elaborately costumed and coiffured, she was just another "glamour girl." I earnestly hope that Deanna Durbin, Sonja Henie, Linda Darnell and others like them, can manage to evade the so-called experts and retain that which raises them above the ranks—their individuality.—Mrs. Rodney Surgi, Vicksburg, Miss.

Sugar-coated Education

Thanks to you, Mr. Movie Producer, for giving the movie-going public such inspirational pictures as "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." You have taken these historical characters down from their dusty shelves in the libraries and breathed life into them. You have not only afforded us pleasure by giving us these entertaining pictures, but you are furnishing us inspiration by giving us glimpses into the lives of these famous characters that we would otherwise never have.

As mothers and teachers of our children, we appreciate your helping our children to learn these facts about historical figures accurately and entertainingly.—Mrs. G. P. Fleming, Dallas, Tex.

Male Bette Davis

After witnessing John Garfield's fine performance in "Castle on the Hudson," I made up my mind to write this letter. None of his pictures of late have given him much of a chance to play a big role, such as the type Spencer Tracy plays. Outside of his part in "Four Daughters," John hasn't had an opportunity to prove his great acting ability. But, "Castle on the Hudson" gives him another chance to make one stand up and cheer for, as the

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young gangster who sacrifices himself that his girl may get a new and better chance at life, he is more compelling than ever before.

The scene in this film that impressed me most was the one in which he gazed through the cell bars, watching the guards drag his friend away to his death. That look on his face, so frightened and grave, made me see right into his bewildered young soul. The expressiveness of that boy's eyes—the meaning he gives every one of his lines! John is the male Bette Davis of Filmdom, the type that puts his whole heart into his performances.

Wishing him the best of luck, and may an Academy Award fall his way in the future.—Fredric Raybould, Royal Oak, Mich.

Degrading Boyer?

Do Americans prefer a great actor or a great lover?

In "Mayerling" and "Conquest," Charles Boyer was a great actor, portraying characters that mattered with finesse and subtlety. His Napoleon was the dominating, selfish, petty figure depicted by historians rather than script writers. As Rudolph, his genius illuminated the dark, secret tragedy of "Mayerling."

But America seems to prefer the Michel of "Love Affair"—a fascinating gentleman, the epitome of subtle sex-appeal and sophisticated charm, whose mere glance makes women swoon; who flicks away his cigarette ash with incomparable poise. Apparently, American fans have a perpetual need for some suave Continental to teach them adult methods of love-making. But why must a really great actor be degraded to that role? —Margaret Laurence, Melbourne, Australia.

A Rave for Ingrid

Three cheers for my new Swedish favorite! No, I don't mean Garbo. I mean that grand new personality (plus!) Ingrid Bergman.

I recently saw her in the swell picture "Intermezzo, a Love Story." In my opinion it is one of the top pictures of the year. But think what it would have been without Ingrid Bergman! It would have been good, yes, but Miss Bergman's superb personality and sheer acting ability are what made it truly outstanding. That look, that voice, that accent, that certain something!

Please, Hollywood, leave her as she is. Don't try to glamorize her. Rouges, paints and dyes can never improve her. She's too charming as her own natural self. She has what it takes!—Clyde Ruffin, Pittsburg, Tex.

No Imitations, Please!

With no intention of being presumptuous, we suggest that in this one instance Hollywood producers restrain their natural impulse to follow up the phenomenal success of "Gone With the Wind" with a long series of similar films. At best they could only be shoddy imitations of the original and terribly anti-climactic. No doubt, with the musical clink of millions of shekels jingling pleasantly upon the ear, the temptation to cash in on what producers are already terming a "G.W.T.W. cycle" is almost too great to be resisted, but it might be wise not to press their luck too far. Over-doses of the traditional scented South might bring surprising reactions.

Hollywood has come remarkably close to producing the perfect picture. Why not let it remain the criterion which the motion picture industry may aspire —not to imitate, but to equal.—Willie Mae Jackson, Columbia, Tenn.

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

You're in love again—this time with that brand new leading man you saw last night—and you can't find a soul who'll bear with you while you rave. Or maybe you're feeling smug and self-satisfied 'cause some nonentity you admired months ago is coming to the top. Perhaps you're harboring a secret grudge against "America's Sweetheart," but have kept it dark, feeling yourself a minority of one. Are you a conscientious objector to war pictures, but in your element whooping at a Western? Whatever your views are, we're interested in them, so drop us a line, and who knows—you may win a prize! Just one thing —please don't copy or adapt letters already published. That's plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Send your letter to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



Gloria Jean relaxes with her stand-in, 10-year-old sister Lois. The starlet's sweet voice will next be heard in "If I Had My Way."

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HOW THEY THAWED OUT MADELEINE CARROLL

(*Continued from page 49*)

Next she did "Blockade," the Spanish War story. She didn't have much chance to be a warm human being in that, either—going through the picture as a nervous spy.

Then she signed with Paramount. And the miracle happened.

She phrases it this way: "I finally encountered someone willing to let me be more human and natural on the screen—Director E. H. Griffith.

"It sounds simple, putting it like that but, actually, it wasn't. The studio gave me the script of 'Cafe Society' to read. I didn't like the version I saw, and said so to my agent, Bert Allenberg. 'It won't be the same script after Ned Griffith gets through with it,' insisted Bert. 'He's going to direct, and you know his flair for sophisticated comedy.' So I agreed to do it, on the assurance that Griffith was going to direct. I had liked his 'Cafe Metropole,' and felt that the women in it had given the best performances of their careers.

"Bert was Griffith's agent, also. After selling Griffith to me, which wasn't too difficult, he tackled the really hard job—selling me to Griffith. Players are usually sold on the basis of past performances. But this case called for another approach. He said to Ned, 'On the surface, it looks like miscasting, even to think of Madeleine as the girl. She's European, and accustomed to serious roles. This girl is a New Yorker, and a wisecracker. But I think Madeleine could be a surprise in the role.'

I DON'T know if any other argument would have worked. But the fact that I *might* have surprising possibilities interested Griffith. He enjoys taking players typed in one sort of thing and doing the unexpected with them.

"He asked just one question about me: Was I healthy? He doesn't like people who are forever ailing. Luckily"—she looked around for a piece of wood to knock on—"I never ail."

Madeleine is reluctant to tell how her screen transformation was performed. She says, "I never did like people who talked about their operations."

But the story should be told. It isn't every actress who becomes A New Woman mid-way through her career.

First of all, weeks before the picture started, Griffith began taking her out to lunch and dinner. He didn't want to talk about the picture. He wanted Madeleine to talk about herself. He wanted to find out everything he could about her. He wanted to study her, find out what she was like as her natural self—what little idiosyncrasies she had. So that he could have them written into the picture, make them part of the personality of the girl in the story, make the girl natural and real.

No other director ever went to that trouble with Madeleine. Every other director had regarded her as a reserved Englishwoman. Griffith thought of her simply as a woman. And, as a result, he learned things about her that no other director probably ever suspected.

He discovered, for example, that although she was born and brought up in England, her mother was French and her father Irish. "With a combination like that," he reasoned, "it's a cinch you aren't cold-blooded. There's no telling

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what you can't do." And he had Scenarist Virginia Van Upp write some fiery temperament into the script.

Griffith is a demon student of feminine psychology. He has an eye for little feminine tricks—tricks bordering on the feline. Madeleine knows. She found some of hers in the final script.

Up to then, she had been doing things on the screen that were terribly heroic. He set out to make her do, instead, things that were typically feminine. Things other women could imagine themselves doing. Like attracting masculine attention with a little excess stocking exposure.

He noticed that Madeleine has a hard time subduing her eyes. They *will* flirt, even during a harmless conversation. He made the girl in the script have the same kind of eyes.

He made her resemble Madeleine in many little ways. She could give the impression of having lived. Yet, when she actually met the facts of life, she was invariably startled. Intellectually, she knew a lot about love. But when a man said to her, "What you want is to kiss me," she didn't know exactly how to meet such a blunt situation. "You are like that," Amateur Psycho-Analyst Griffith said to Madeleine. And she had to admit, "You're right."

He made it clear that the girl in the script was a thoroughly nice girl, with morals intact; but with some disarmingly risque dialogue, he also made it clear that even a nice girl could be a little naughty. Something that had never been suggested by any other character Madeleine had played.

Griffith had one more problem: "What can we do to get you out of this habit of being passive in front of the camera?" He tried two remedies—both of which worked. One was to speed up her talking. The other was to insist that she forget the camera. "I don't want poses," he told her. "I want personality."

His object was to humanize the girl in the script. But to do that, he also had to make Madeleine look human—for the first time on any screen.

"So people had the idea that I was aloof?" comments Madeleine, with a smile. "He took a very fundamental way of breaking down the impression. He deglamorized me. He knocked me right off my publicity-made pedestal. And I loved it."

Do you remember the scene in which Shirley Ross, her rival in the picture, flung a glassful of wine in the beautiful Carroll face? Madeleine didn't look pretty when that happened. And she didn't take it with beautiful poise. She obeyed that human impulse. She seized a seltzer bottle and showered Shirley with it.

And do you remember the scene in which Madeleine had to ride a surfboard behind a speeding launch, hanging onto the ropes for dear life? She didn't look glamorous doing that, either. Especially when she fell off and was dragged out of the water. She looked just like any woman would look, who had taken a sudden ducking.

"The first scene I did for the picture was a love scene," Madeleine reveals, amusedly. "Fred MacMurray and I were parked in a roadster at the end of a country lane. He asked, 'Smoke?' I said, 'Yes.' He asked, 'Drink?' I said, 'No.' He asked, 'Cold?' I said, 'Don't you men ever think up a new approach?' The scene built up to Fred's forcibly kissing me. But the kick of the scene was not that the determined boy finally succeeded in kissing the standoffish girl—but that the girl responded with such ardor that the boy had to come up for air. Audiences weren't expecting that reaction from her. Though, you must admit, it was a perfectly human reaction.

"At the time, Ned Griffith told me he was filming that scene first because Fred dreaded love scenes and liked to get them over with early. He has since admitted he filmed that scene first for my sake, also—to make me prove to myself right at the start that I *could* show surprising warmth."

(Griffith didn't know about that "The Prisoner of Zenda" kiss that landed on the cutting-room floor.)

"Cafe Society" was no epic, but Madeleine had fun making it, and audiences had fun watching it. It did more for her than any so-called epic she had ever made. It set people to wondering if she didn't have more zing than they suspected. "Honeymoon in Bali" carried the



In a typical cigarette-in-the-side-of-the-mouth pose, Humphrey Bogart discusses the next scene with Ann Sheridan on the "It All Came True" set.

campaign forward, making her a strong-willed career woman who found that biology was stronger than will power.

Then Madeleine did "My Son, My Son"—which was a return to heavier roles. Critics reverted to their old habit of looking at her as a feminine decoration. They didn't look for inner changes, only outer ones. "Some of them stated"—Madeleine raises her eyebrows eloquently—"that I could stand a mite of dieting. A fine lot of encouragement!"

"Safari," which she did next, found her back with Griffith—but in a different sort of story. It was more concerned with adventure than with feminine revelations.

"Looking back," Madeleine says now, "I find it difficult to tell how I felt, making those two pictures. Before starting the first one, I had gone to Europe on vacation. I was on the Atlantic, on the way back, when war was declared. I arrived in Hollywood with the distraught feeling that my world was falling apart and that everything I had cherished was in danger of destruction."

IT was bad enough that her marriage had gone on the rocks. Now the havoc of war threatened everything and everybody she had known in Europe.

"I live alone. And, being alone those four months after the war began, I couldn't keep my mind off what was happening in Europe. And the more I thought, the more afraid I became for the people there whom I loved. As soon as 'Safari' was finished I rushed over. I found them just as they had always been. Their meals were a bit shorter, and they had blackouts at night, but their chins were up, and their courage and their ideals were intact. I came back tremendously buoyed up by their spirit."

Now she can think about work again. She likes her role of April in "North West Mounted Police"—a role, by the way, that Cecil B. DeMille might not have given her if E. H. Griffith hadn't proved that she could play warm-hearted women.

Her next picture will be "Virginia," again with her Svengali, Griffith.

"When I returned from Europe this time," Madeleine says, "he and Virginia Van Upp were working on the script. He took me out to lunch and dinner several times, wanted me to tell him everything I had done, and he meant everything. Really, I'm beginning to think of him as a father-confessor. So I talked by the hour, and every so often he would jot down a note. Heaven only knows what I'll find of myself in the script when shooting starts." Those blue eyes dance again. "I don't want my friends abroad to think that I'm the kind of girl who 'kisses and tells.'"

Perhaps it is on those grounds that she refuses to divulge the name of the admirer who gave her a lion cub as a pet, to bring back to America. But whoever he is, *he* can't think of her as an iceberg. Icebergs and lion cubs don't go together.

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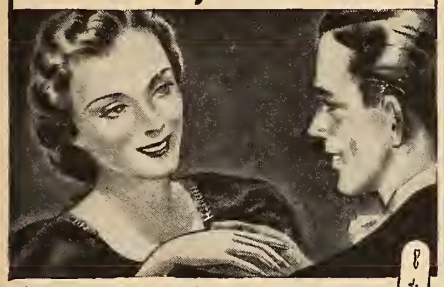
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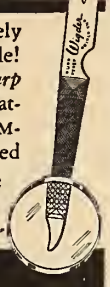
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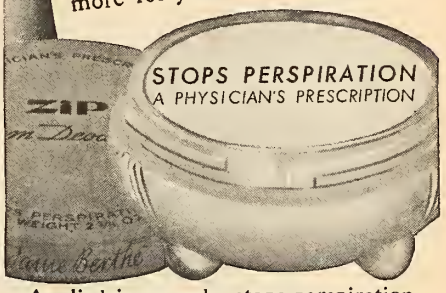
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  Definite rules for the sun tan season. How to tan but not burn.
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  How to appear your best on those vacation snapshots.
- MEN—WHERE TO MEET THEM AND HOW TO TREAT THEM
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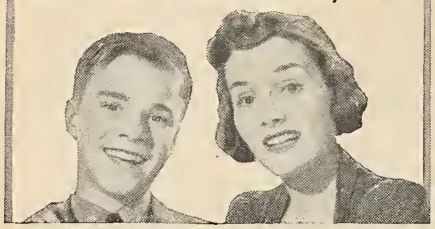


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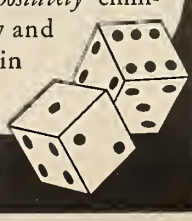
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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO)	4★
Adventure in Diamonds (Paramount)	2★
Allegheny Uprising (RKO)	2★
Amazing Mr. Williams, The (Columbia)	3★
Another Thin Man (M-G-M)	3★
Babes in Arms (M-G-M) C	3★
Balaloika (M-G-M)	3★
Barricade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower)	3½★
Beau Geste (Paramount) C	3★
Beware Spooks (Columbia)	2★
Big Guy, The (Universol)	2½★
Black Friday (Universal)	2½★
*Bill of Divorcement, A (RKO)	3★
Blondie Brings Up Baby (Columbia)	2★
Blue Bird, The (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Broadway Melody of 1940 (M-G-M)	3★
Brother Rat and a Baby (Warners)	2★
*Buck Benny Rides Again (Paramount)	2½★
Call a Messenger (Universal)	2½★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners)	2½★
Castle on the Hudson (Worners)	2½★
Cat and the Canary, The (Paramount)	3½★
Charlie Chan in Panama (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie McCarthy, Detective (Universal)	3★
Chasing Trouble (Monogram)	2★
Child Is Born, A (Warners)	3★
Chump at Oxford, A (United Artists)	2½★
Cisco Kid and the Lady, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Congo Maisie (M-G-M)	3★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic)	2★
Dancing Co-ed (M-G-M)	2½★
Daytime Wife (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Destry Rides Agoin (Universal)	3★
Disputed Passage (Paromount)	3★
Double Alibi (Universol)	2½★
*Dr. Cyclops (Paromount)	3★
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners)	3½★
Drums Along the Mohawk (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dust Be My Destiny (Warners)	2½★
Earl of Chicago, The (M-G-M)	4★
Elizobeth and Essex (Warners)	4★
Escape, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Eternally Yours (United Artists)	2½★
Everything Happens at Night (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Farmer's Daughter, The (Paramount)	2½★
Fast and Furious (M-G-M)	2★
Fifth Avenue Girl (RKO)	3★
Fighting 69th, The (Warners)	3★
First Love (Universal)	3★
Flying Deuces (RKO)	2★
Four Wives (Warners)	3★
*Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Geronimo (Paramount)	3★
Golden Boy (Columbia)	3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Grapes of Wroth, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Greot Victor Herbert, The (Paromount)	3★
Green Hell (Universol)	2★
Gulliver's Travels (Paramount) C	3★
He Married His Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
High School (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
His Girl Friday (Columbia)	3★
Hollywood Cavalcade (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
House Across the Bay, The (United Artists)	2★
Housekeeper's Daughter, The (United Artists)	2★
Hunchbock of Notre Dame, The (RKO)	3★
Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists)	3★
Invisible Man Returns, The (Universal)	2★
Invisible Stripes (Warners)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It's a Date (Universal)	3½★
Jamaica Inn (Paramount)	3★
Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President (M-G-M)	2★
Judge Hardy and Son (M-G-M) C	3★
Kid Nightingale (Warners)	2★
Light That Failed, The (Paramount)	3★
Little Accident (Universal)	2½★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Lone Wolf Strikes, The (Columbia)	2★
Llano Kid, The (Paramount)	2½★
Man From Dakota, The (M-G-M)	2★
Man From Montreal (Universal)	2½★
Man Who Wouldn't Talk, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Marines Fly High, The (RKO)	2★
Marshal of Mesa City (RKO)	2½★
Marx Bros. at the Circus (M-G-M) C	3★
Meet Dr. Christian (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire (RKO)	2½★

Picture	General Rating
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Mikado, The (Universal) C	3★
Millionaire Playboy (RKO)	2★
Miracles For Sale (M-G-M)	2½★
Missing Evidence (Universal)	3★
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia)	4★
Music in My Heart (Columbia)	2★
Mutiny on the Blackhawk (Universal)	2★
My Little Chickadee (Universal)	2½★
Nick Carter, Master Detective (M-G-M)	3★
Night of Nights, The (Paramount)	2½★
Ninotchka (M-G-M)	4★
No Place To Go (Warners)	2★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M)	4★
Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO)	4★
Of Mice and Men (United Artists)	4★
Oklahoma Frontier (Universol)	2★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Old Maid, The (Warners)	4★
On Dress Parade (Warners) C	2★
One Hour to Live (Universal)	2★
$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount)	2★
On Your Toes (Warners)	2½★
Our Leading Citizen (Paramount)	2½★
Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount)	2½★
Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Pinocchio (RKO) C	4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)	2★
Pride of the Blue Grass (Warners)	2½★
Primrose Path, The (RKO)	3½★
Quick Millions (20th Century-Fox) C	2★
Raffles (United Artists)	2★
Rains Came, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Range Wor (Paramount)	2★
Real Glory, The (United Artists)	3★
Rebecca (United Artists)	4★
Remember? (M-G-M)	2½★
Remember the Night (Paromount)	3★
Rio (Universal)	2½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)	2½★
Roaring Twenties, The (Warners)	3★
Rulers of the Sea (Paramount)	3½★
Sabotage (Republic)	2½★
Soint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Santa Fe Marshal (Poramount)	1½★
Secret of Dr. Kildare, The (M-G-M)	3★
Seventeen (Paramount) C	3★
*Shooting High (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M)	3★
Sidewalks of London (Paromount Release)	3★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists)	3★
Smoshing the Money Ring (Warners)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal) C	2½★
Stagecoach (United Artists)	4★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Maker, The (Paramount) C	2½★
Stop, Look and Love (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Stranger From Texos (Columbia)	2½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Swanee River (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO) C	3★
Television Spy (Paramount)	2½★
That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO) C	3★
These Glamour Girls (M-G-M)	2½★
They Shall Have Music (United Artists) C	3½★
Those High Grey Wolls (Columbia)	2½★
Three Cheers for the Irish (Warners)	3★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal) C	3★
Three Sons (RKO)	3★
Thunder Afloat (M-G-M)	2½★
Too Busy to Work (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Too Many Husbands (Columbia)	3★
Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners)	2½★
Tower of London (Universal)	2★
Tropic Fury (Universal)	2★
20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Two Bright Boys (Universal)	2★
U-Boat 29 (Columbia)	3★
Underpup, The (Universal) C	3★
Vigil in the Night (RKO)	3★
Virginia City (Warners)	3★
Viva Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)	2★
We Are Not Alone (Warners)	3½★
What a Life! (Paramount) C	3★
When Tomorrow Comes (Universal)	2½★
Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M) C	4★
Wolf of New York (Republic)	2★
Women, The (M-G-M)	3★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Young Tom Edison (M-G-M) C	4★



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INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 6)

the player and get permission. If he grants it, he often sends pictures of himself as well as a mailing list of his most devoted fans. From this list you form the nucleus of your club. If you have a few enthusiasts in your town, you should nominate a vice-president (you'd, of course, be president), a secretary and a treasurer to take care of the dues, which amount to fifty or seventy-five cents a year. If possible, you should have a newspaper in which to print news of your meetings, any forthcoming contests which you may think up and news of the star which he will send you from time to time. If you would like to see an example of a fan newspaper, you can obtain a copy of "The Trouper," a publication dedicated to Ralph Bellamy, by sending ten cents to Jeannette Mendro, 3134 Elston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. We wish you all kinds of luck with your undertaking and are sure that it will prove a very rewarding venture. P.S. The dues collected should offset the cost of paper, stencils (for the newspaper), postage, envelopes, occasional telegrams to the star in whose honor the club is formed, etc.

Marie Marinelli, Milwaukee, Wis. We are just as interested as you are in clearing Billy Halop's name. He was probably ill at the time of that personal appearance and not in jail, as the malicious gossips would have it. As far as we know, a ticket for speeding is as close to law-breaking as Billy has ever come. He is sensible and well-behaved off-screen, and it is too bad that people confuse the real Billy with the obstreperous rascal he portrays so well in the movies.

Maxine MacKenzie, Alberta, Canada. David Niven is still waiting to see action in the war. He is safe and sound, and we join you in hoping that he will soon be back again. His pictures include: "Without Regret," 1935; "Rose Marie," "Palm Springs," "Thank You, Jeeves," "Dodsworth," "Beloved Enemy," "Charge of the Light Brigade," 1936; "We Have Our Moments," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Dinner at the Ritz," 1937; "Four Men and a Prayer," "Three Blind Mice," "Dawn Patrol," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," 1938; "Wuthering Heights," "Bach-

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 6

1. (a)	11. (b)
2. (b)	12. (a)
3. (b)	13. (b)
4. (b)	14. (a)
5. (a)	15. (a)
6. (b)	16. (b)
7. (b)	17. (b)
8. (a)	18. (b)
9. (b)	19. (a)
10. (b)	20. (b)

Scoring: Multiply the number of correct answers by 5. If your score is 90-100, you can consider yourself a first-class fan; if 80-90, you need some brushing up; if 70-80, watch it, for you're slipping; if below 70, you must forfeit your title of "fan." But not for long! Keep "in the know" with our Information Desk, and you'll soon be promoted.

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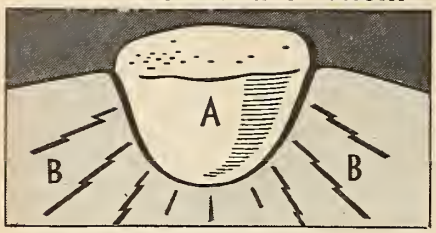
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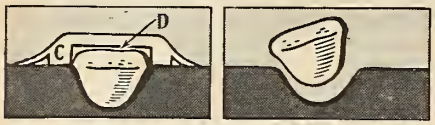
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elor Mother," "The Real Glory," "Eternally Yours" and "Raffles," 1939.

Albert Cahill, Bellevue, Ky. Jean Arthur's real name is Gladys Greene, and she was born in New York City on October 17, 1908. Her first ambition was to be a language teacher, but she had a friend who was a model, and the glamour of that profession always rather appealed to her. One day she accompanied the friend to her studio and was stunned to hear the photographer asking her, "Have you ever thought of modeling?" That was the beginning. She modeled for Howard Christy, among others, and was discovered by a movie scout who was seeking new talent in the files of one of the big modeling agencies. Her wistful Nordic beauty was just what the movies needed, he decided, and he whipped her out to the Coast. However, the climb to her present niche in the Hollywood scheme of things was long and arduous, involving years of riding in Westerns and of being the target for bakeries full of custard pies. Incredibly shy and unassuming, Jean lives quietly with her husband, Frank Ross, abhorring noise and glitter, and revelling in good books, music and long walks.

Mary Pappalardo, Lawrence, Mass. James Corner, who appeared in "Winter Carnival" and "What a Life," may be reached at 252 Overland Road, Greenwich, Conn. Since he is free-lancing, it is safer to address his mail to his home and have it forwarded to him.

Joseph Rossotto, Jersey City, N. J. Yes, before his marriage to Ginger Rogers, Lew Ayres was Lola Lane's husband.

Josephine Celebriski, Balston, N. Y. Write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California, for those stills from "Gone With the Wind." Specify in writing that you prefer pictures of Rhett, and don't forget to enclose ten cents per still.

Frances Hutchins, Baltimore, Md. That picture with Dick Powell was "Shipmates Forever," produced in 1935. The youthful-looking Mr. Powell is going on thirty-six and is the papa of one little girl, Ellen, who will be two in June.

LIVING IN SIN

(*Continued from page 31*)

way to becoming Public Favorite Enemy Number One.

Those who saw, in 1930, a picture called "The Millionaire," with George Arliss, will remember one scene in which a young, excitable salesman confronts the austere Englishman. Against the precise and deliberate pronouncements of Arliss, Cagney's racy, clipped sportese was uproariously effective. The studio blared its approval. So did all America. The young Mr. Cagney was whisked from bit parts and given roles of length and importance. In 1930 he made three pictures; in 1931-32, five; in 1933, five; in 1934, four; in 1935, five; and since then, nine more. It is a terrific schedule for a leading man. Three times in ten years he has found it too terrific. Three times in ten years he has rebelled.

SCREEN heroes ten years ago were gentle fellows. Their love-making on the screen was in the best traditions of chivalry and gentility. When, in a picture called "The Public Enemy," a young player named James Cagney squashed a grapefruit into the face of his sweetheart, a young girl named Mae Clarke, movie history was made. Evidently the wishful thinking of 80,000,000 courteous Americans was gratified by the act, for overnight Cagney's name became a household word, and his popularity as a star zoomed to the heavens. In "Blonde Crazy," he kicked Joan Blondell around. In "Taxi," Loretta Young was the butt of his virile buffeting. In "The Crowd Roars," Blondell was again his victim. In "Winner Take All," Virginia Bruce got her beautiful face slapped. And in "Picture Snatcher," Alice White took the consequences.

It was all very tiresome to Cagney. He was not averse to making a name for himself; nor did he feel that an actor should hide his talents under a haymaker. But he did believe that six identical acts was overdoing it a bit. He was not slap-happy. This was in 1932, and he was under contract to Warners at $1,400 a week. He threatened to break his contract. He threatened to enter the production end of the business. He threatened to become a physician, like his two older brothers.

The contract expired on September 15, 1932. Cagney refused to re-sign under existing circumstances. He was offered contracts by other Hollywood studios, but none of these was sufficiently promising to take him away from the studio that had discovered him. Finally, after two months of bickering and compromise, James Cagney returned to Warners at $1,750 a week for forty weeks a year, plus a bonus of $500 a picture and a percentage cut in profits on each picture. It was, financially, a successful strike. Artistically, a lot remained to be seen.

His first picture under his new contract was "Hard to Handle," in which he played a belligerent, temperamental publicity promoter. His next fourteen pictures were rowdy, blustering shows with Cagney being tough, Cagney being vengeful, Cagney being the same old Cagney. That is, his next fourteen pictures, with the exception of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," were "killer" ones. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was Warner's most colossal failure. Cagney's next picture was "Frisco Kid."

On the fourth anniversary of his first studio strike—in 1936—he again became satiated with swaggering roles of a purely fictional nature. In thirteen films he had played exactly the same kind of fellow, and he was thoroughly sick of it this time. When Pat O'Brien was billed above him at a theatre showing "Ceiling



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Zero," he saw his chance to sue the studio and break a contract he no longer considered just. He walked out on a salary which by now read $4,500 a week. He was not offered a job by other studios now. He was blacklisted. Hollywood did not dare encourage such willfulness in its players. He spent almost a year in retirement, lost approximately $300,000 by not working and was finally starred in a picture called "Great Guy" by a new company, Grand National, at $150,000.

"Great Guy" presented James Cagney —to a public that had waited a year to see him—as a hard-hitting, hot-tempered city commissioner. Evidently it was impossible for him to appear on the screen as anything but the original cut-up. After some months he returned to Warners, with still another salary increase and the promise of one of the leading roles in a successful Broadway comedy, "Boy Meets Girl." Mr. Cagney's income for the year 1938 was $234,000. "Boy Meets Girl" is not listed anywhere as a box office hit.

THUS to "Angels with Dirty Faces" and the roles with which he seems to be saddled for life. At this moment, four years from his second strike, he is cast in a comedy titled "Torrid Zone." He did not go so far this time as to strike, but he complained about "hysterical" roles until the studio thought it wise to schedule something besides melodrama.

Cagney's belligerency is confined to his screen and studio life, for his routine after working hours is as conventional and unflurried as that of a grocer's clerk. He owns two homes, one in Beverly Hills and another, a 250-year-old farmhouse in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. He has been married for twelve years to the girl he met in the chorus of "Pitter Patter." He owns goats, a dog he bought at the pound and one thoroughbred stallion. He has a boat, but doesn't indulge in any but the most sedate sailing. Mal de mer and a slight neuritis in his left arm are his only ailments.

He displays an amazing modesty when asked about his stage and screen career. How did he happen to get the lead in "Outside Looking In?" "I had the red hair necessary for the part," he will say. How did he happen to be cast in "The Public Enemy?" "I was the image of Terry Druggan, the beer baron of Chicago," he explains. He still paints, with what accredited critics call "verve." His disposition for musical entertainment divides itself between Debussy on the serious side and Rodgers and Hart on the light and frivolous. There are no particular aversions in his life unless they are morning calls, silly questions and aggressive dumbbells. And his fondness for cookies is as incredible as it is renowned. He hopes some day to retire to the backwoods permanently, but in the meantime there are things to attend to in Hollywood.

One of them is this comedy, "Torrid Zone," which will immediately take him away from "hysterical" roles or put him right back in them. It is possible that Cagney underestimates the entertainment value of his "hysteria." He is, by far, the public choice in such matters. The nearest thing to a competitor he has ever had is Lee Tracy. However, he seems slightly resigned to his fate at this point, which does not necessarily mean that the Cagney spirit is weak. It just means that he has become accustomed to these anniversaries and besides, who knows what will happen next? You can't anticipate the behavior of a Cagney.

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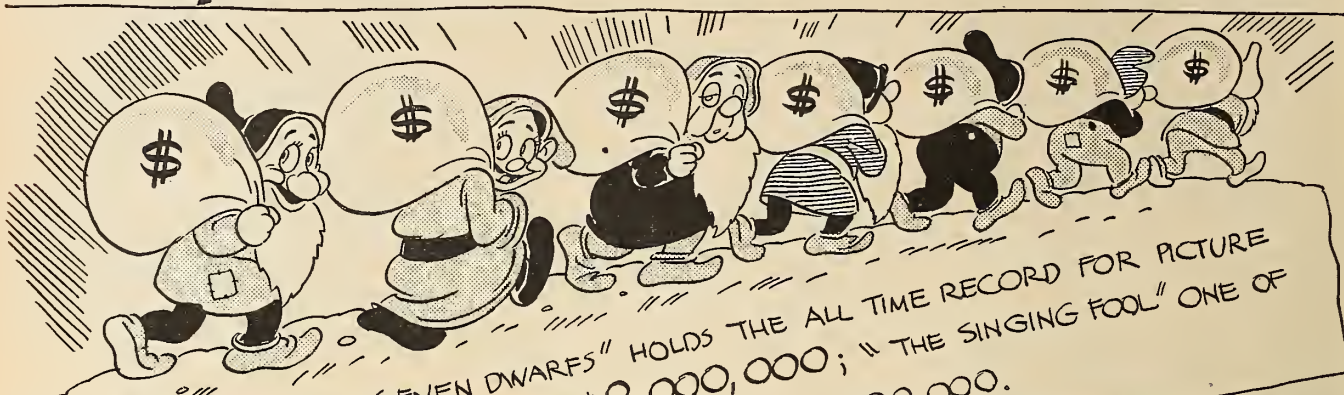
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"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning signal

If ever you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist!* It may mean nothing serious . . . but let him decide! Very likely, his opinion will be that your gums need more exercise . . . need stimulation they don't get from today's soft, creamy foods! Then, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums to health. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that refreshing "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that circulation is awakening in the gum tissues . . . helping to make the gums firmer and healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. And start now to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter, more sparkling teeth . . . a lovelier, more charming smile!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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MODERN SCREEN FOR JULY

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"Camay has been my beauty soap for years —and now this new Camay is even more wonderful than ever. I'm just thrilled by it! I wouldn't ask for a milder soap!"

(*Signed*) SUZANNE HUGHES
Yeadon, Pa. *Mrs. R. C. Hughes*

MILLIONS of women have tried this wonderful new Camay. And everywhere they're thrilled to find a soap whose greater mildness, and more abundant lather can help them in their search for loveliness!

A woman's delicate skin needs the right care. Famous skin specialists have told us that proper cleansing with a fine, mild soap will help to keep it lovely.

That's why many women who feel that their skin is sensitive like Camay. It is milder than other leading beauty soaps... proved by tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps there are!

Start using this wonderful new Camay, yourself. Feel how your skin responds.



At your dealer's now —no change in wrapper!

GREATER MILDNESS



New Camay is milder than other leading beauty soaps. We proved this by actual tests against the 6 best-selling beauty soaps of other makers!

MORE ABUNDANT LATHER



New Camay gives more abundant lather in a short time than other leading beauty soaps. Proved by tests against 6 best-selling beauty soaps!

NEW, WINNING FRAGRANCE



Camay has a new, long-lasting fragrance. Almost 2 out of every 3 women we asked voted it more pleasing than that of these other soaps!

THE BEAUTY NEWS OF 1940 IS THE NEW CAMAY

"The Mortal Storm"



It had to be told! Millions demanded that the fiery pages of this best-selling novel be dramatized on the screen.

It is an unforgettable motion picture. Tensely it tells of youthful love... the courage of men and women whose brave heritage will never die... the excitement of world-shaking events just as they happened in screaming newspaper headlines... and with powerful performances by a cast as brilliant as the mighty story they tell...

STARRING

Margaret SULLAVAN James STEWART Robert YOUNG Frank MORGAN

with ROBERT STACK • BONITA GRANVILLE • IRENE RICH
WILLIAM T. ORR • MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • GENE REYNOLDS

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by CLAUDINE WEST • ANDERSEN ELLIS and GEORGE FROESCHEL • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

INFORMATION DESK

CURIOSITY NEVER KILLS *OUR* FRIENDS. WE SATISFY AND BRING THEM BACK FOR MORE

NOTE: *If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

Helen Goldberg, Brooklyn, N. Y. Just write to our Subscription Department, enclosing ten cents, and ask for our February, 1940, issue. That's the one that carried the first part of the chart.

Carol Wagner, Indianapolis, Indiana. Tom Neal was born in Evanston, Ill., on January 28, and he's around twenty-eight years old. His first contact with the limelight came while he was a student at Lake Forest Academy. There he won twenty athletic letters, and captained the baseball, basketball, swimming and football teams. At Northwestern, he further distinguished himself, making the varsity football team as a sophomore, and being chosen All-Big-Ten Halfback for three seasons. Tom was even mentioned on several All-American squads. After finishing college, he joined a semi-professional ice hockey team, "The Chicago Seals," winding up the season in the hospital with a dislocated hip. The excitement of his first job completely spoiled him for anything as routine as a business career, but the glamorous lights of Broadway appealed to him no end. He hounded the producers for a job, and—with no experience back of him at all—he landed the lead in "If This Be Treason," just on the strength of his rugged appearance. He went on to other plays and was really on his way to the Broadway big time, when his roommate, a trapeze artist, was hurt in a fall and ordered to California for a rest. Tom went along, visualizing the studios duelling for his services. Unfortunately, the only job he was offered was that of assistant in a bakery. Even this petered out after a while, and when his capital was down to $2.07, his movie break came in the form of a role in "Out West With The Hardys." The tall dark youngster with the broad smile and wonderful sense of humor may be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

P. J. Cervo, New Haven, Conn. Deanna Durbin certainly is far from paralyzed. Haven't you noticed her very graceful arm movements? Take a good look next time you see her in the movies, and your doubts will be dispelled. Gene Autry and Richard Greene are two stars who are very conscientious about their fan mail. However, all the stars make a real effort to answer as much of their mail as warrants a reply.

HOLLYWOOD SLANGUAGE



IF YOU were visiting a movie set and heard *"Take the clothes off that broad!"* fly through the air with the greatest of ease, would your face be red? If someone roared out, *"Slap a barn door over a barrel!"* would you run for cover? Well, lads and lassies, relax for you'd be as safe as in your own little beds. What sounds to you like rough and tough words are merely everyday terms of endearment to movie folk. We'll let you in on a few and what they mean:

1. *"Take the clothes off that broad"*—make the lights brighter.
2. *"Kill the headlights"*—remove flashy ring from player's finger.
3. *"Flaunt the ghost"*—set up a tent on location.
4. *"It's a polly"*—because of an echo, the scene must be reshot.
5. *"Monkey"*—the man handling the microphone.
6. *"Slap a barn door over a barrel"*—put a shade over a powerful light shaped like a beer barrel.
7. *"Loused up"*—a scene in which an actor plays badly or forgets his lines.
8. *"M.O.S."*—*a silent* shot (Mit out sound).
9. *"Walla-walla"*—crowd background noise.
10. *"Kill the baby"*—turn off the small light.
11. *"One-eyed Connolly"*—one who crashes a set where pretty chorus girls are working.
12. *"Juicer"*—studio electrician.
13. *"Grips"*—stage hands.
14. *"You've got egg on your face"*—what a director says to an actor who muddles lines.
15. *"Roll 'em," "Turn 'em,"*—start the cameras.

An Errol Flynn Fan, Mason City, Iowa. Errol gets lots and lots of fan mail, and is one of the most popular stars at Warner Brothers. Yes, "The Sea Hawk," his next picture, was adapted from the book of the same name by Rafael Sabatini. There has been a good bit of discussion about Flynn starring in "The White Rajah," which he himself wrote, but so far, no definite plans have been made for its production.

Janis Brodt, Pleasant Ridge, Mich. Dalies Frantz, who by the way pronounces his first name Daleez, has had a typically American career in spite of his foreign name. He was born in Lafayette, Colorado, on January 9. He was educated at the local schools until he was thirteen, studied music under vigorous protest and got in and out of all the usual scrapes. Upon graduation from Huntington Prep School in Boston, he went on to the University of Michigan, then to the University of Washington, starring on the swimming teams in all of these schools. Dalies inherits his musical talent from his mother, Amalia, a noted singer, and it was she who encouraged him to go abroad for further study. He made three trips to Europe and upon his return, in 1934, made his debut with Stokowski in New York. Several coast-to-coast concert tours eventually brought him to Hollywood's attention, and in 1938, he appeared briefly in "Sweethearts," with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Since then M-G-M has been grooming him for featured roles and his latest appearance was in "I Take This Woman." He is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has blonde hair and blue-green eyes. Says his favorite actress is Olive Oyl, and is heart-broken that Popeye has the inside track. He is unmarried, but confides that he prefers a good sport to a glamour girl, any day.

Rose D., Cleveland, Ohio. Yes, indeed, you'll soon be seeing your favorite, John Carroll again. He's working in "Susan and God" right now, so keep a weather eye out for it. John's real name is Julian La Faye, and he was born in Mandeville, Louisiana, on July 17, 1912. Six feet one in height, he has black hair and brown eyes. He was what is known as a problem child, and at the age of twelve ran away from home, having decided to see the world. He saw it all right—has circled the globe no less than three times, in various capacities ranging from window wiper to ship's cook. Returning to New Orleans years later, Victor Chesnais, a voice coach, encouraged him to go to Italy and study singing. Nothing would have pleased the roving Carroll more, the only drawback being an acute case of financial embarrassment. Chesnais secured $25,000 from a music-loving philanthropist, and John was on the high seas once more. He acquired a broad reputation in European musical circles, and gave concerts in Berlin, Vienna, Budapest and Paris, before deciding that the singing business was much too tame for him. He came back to America, and after a checkered career of deep-sea diving, steeple-jacking, riding the range and doing trick flying he found his way to Hollywood, where his versatility was rewarded. He played in every sort (*Continued on page 15*)

"The Summer Sun has changed your skin —why not change the shade of your Face Powder?"

[FIND YOUR LUCKY SUMMER SHADE— AND GET IT IN MY GRIT-FREE POWDER]

says Lady Esther



Slowly, subtly—the sun has deepened your skin tones, making them richer—more vibrant. But... are you innocently spoiling your skin's sun-tinted warmth with a *too light* shade of powder? It's so important to change to a warmer, richer shade —a shade that will harmonize with your skin tones *as they are now!*



Find out now which is your most flattering shade! But remember, even a richer shade won't help... if your powder is *too coarse* for your skin! For the deeper the shade, the more important that your powder should be *free from grit!*



Make my famous "Bite Test"! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder *passes the same test!* Your teeth will find *no grit!*



Lady Esther Face Powder is so smooth it clings for 4 long hours! Put it on after dinner— say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter your skin. No coarse particles ruin its perfect blending... or give you a harsh, "powdery" look!

Get your lucky shade in my GRIT-FREE Powder!

You can't judge powder shades by the appearance of the powder in the box. To find the most flattering shade for the new, warmer tones of *your* complexion... try each shade of my powder *on your own skin* ... at my expense!

Mail me the coupon, and there will come to you ten new shades of my grit-free powder—brunette shades, rachels, rose tones. Try each shade on your own face. Find the one that is just right *for you!* And as you try on these lovely shades... notice how *smooth* my powder is. Don't mistakenly believe a high price means a grit-free face powder.

Impartial laboratory tests showed that many expensive powders—costing $1.00, $2.00, $3.00 and even more—contained up to 20.44% grit.

Find your lucky shade of my grit-free powder, and wear it confidently. No coarse particles will streak or fade your powder... or give your skin a harsh, "powdery" look. You cannot find a finer, higher quality powder. So mail the coupon now!

★ 10 shades free! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (57)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

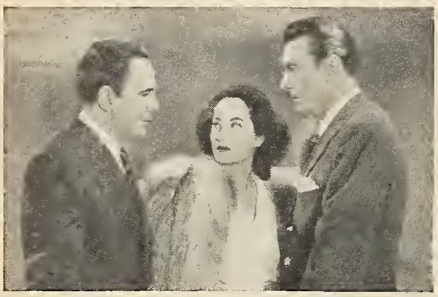
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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

MOVIE REVIEWS



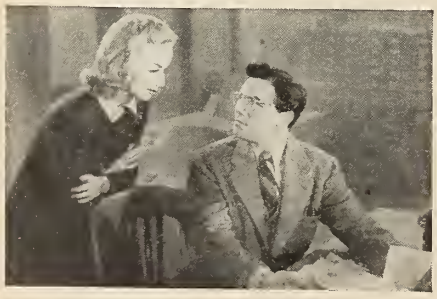
Dottie Lomour ond Ty Power confer with Lowyer Chorley Gropewin in o scene from "Johnny Apollo."



Pot O'Brien, Merle Oberon ond George Brent moke "'Til We Meet Agoin" o thrilling experience.



Anno Neogle's the Irish Cinderello ond Roy Millond, her pursuer in the Technicolor "Irene."



Movie of the Pulitzer Prize ploy, "Sotурdoy's Children," teoms John Gorfield with Anne Shirley.

★★★ Johnny Apollo

Tyrone Power scores a success in this, enacting a spoiled college youth who can't take the disgrace of his father's imprisonment, denies their relationship and sets out to make a name for himself. But he discovers the world has no place for a soft guy, and drifts into underworld rackets, becoming so deeply involved that he finally lands in the same penitentiary as his father. The climax comes with a prison break, and Ty still trying to outsmart justice by escaping. His father is wounded while trying to prevent the escape and this brings the youth to his senses. It's harrowing screen fare, but so powerfully enacted by the principal characters that it is at all times convincing. Edward Arnold as the father gives an excellent account of himself, and highly commendable is the work of Lloyd Nolan, the racketeer who leads Tyrone astray.

Charley Grapewin, as the lawyer, chalks up one of the finest characterizations of his career. Lionel Atwill, Selmar Jackson and Charles Trowbridge give creditable performances in minor roles. As the romantic interest, Dorothy Lamour is satisfactory. She has a chance for a song or two which will, no doubt, keep the Lamour fans happy, and manages to be decorative without a sarong in sight. Directed by Henry Hathaway.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★★ 'Til We Meet Again

"'Til We Meet Again" is the familiar story of two doomed people meeting briefly, falling in love and passing on to their tragically separate dooms. The people are Merle Oberon, with incurable heart disease, and George Brent with a death rap hanging over him back at San Quentin.

In the movies, police departments do not merely function municipally: they dispatch their men to all corners of the habitable globe on the best ships to capture and bring back to justice charming rogues like Mr. Brent. Pat O'Brien is the policeman, and San Francisco's is the department whose badges are promptly honored in public arrests even by the constabulary of picturesque Hong Kong.

Bulldog O'Brien is waiting to clap the cuffs on George as he leaves the bar where he and Merle have just picked each other up, shared a "Paradise" cocktail (recipe on request), looked deep into each other's eyes, smashed the glasses and crossed the stems dramatically on the bar. Of course, they meet again on the boat, but don't forget that little ceremony at the bar in Hong Kong, because it is destined to be repeated under rather spooky circumstances as a tearful finale to the picture.

For all of his underworld connections, George, it seems, is really too noble for his own good. Twice he could have made good his escape: Once in the harbor, when he swam back to rescue the drowning Pat, and again in Honolulu, when he could not bear to escape on that chartered freighter and disappoint Merle, who was counting on a drive into the mountains. Mr. Brent and Miss Oberon perform bravely, considering what they face. Mr. O'Brien, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Binnie Barnes shine in lesser roles. But Frank McHugh, as a drunken cardsharp and thief, is the one really amusing passenger. Directed by Edmund Goulding.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★★ Irene

"Irene" serves to introduce a new Anna Neagle to the motion picture audience—with a combination of Ginger Rogers' dancing ability and a personality as distinct as the famous Alice blue gown worn in the film. For good measure, Miss Neagle sings with the aptitude of a modern crooner.

Though the story is not too rich in plot, it is cleverly and amusingly written. Irene (Miss Neagle) is a wisp of an Irish lassie, with the fiery temper England has been aware of for years. At the start of the film, she is a poor working girl, eating ham sandwiches for lunch and Irish stew for dinner; at the end, she is the most famous mannequin in all New York, and about to wed a wealthy playboy.

Such a story, of course, is impossible any place but on the silver screen. But it's an acceptable story, and one that will keep you entertained throughout. Miss Neagle is adorable as the Cinderella model, while Ray Milland gives the exact impression you would expect of a millionaire socialite. Roland Young, Billie Burke, May Robson and Arthur Treacher are responsible for innumerable laughs. Alan Marshal, as the rival of Milland, is excellent, too.

The Alice blue gown sequence in Technicolor is truly beautiful, and the burlesque of that number will shake your sides with laughter. Directed by Herbert Wilcox.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★½★ Saturday's Children

Maxwell Anderson's Pulitzer Prize play has been brought to the screen with considerable success. The homely little story of two young people (Anne Shirley and John Garfield) who marry with little else except high hopes, is presented with a sincerity and adeptness of performance and direction that makes it a worthwhile picture.

Anne Shirley, as the young wife, invests the role with understanding and charm; Garfield, as the idealistic husband whose dreams of great success are blasted by cruel misfortune, is always convincing; Lee Patrick, the elder sister who aids and abets Anne Shirley in her matrimonial snaring, is especially entertaining.

Claude Rains, again the sweet-natured father whose daughters cause him no end of worry, is his usual likable self, while Roscoe Karns, a son-in-law, adds considerably to the entertainment value of the picture. Dennie Moore and George Tobias contribute a good share of the comedy and Elizabeth Risdon is admirable as the mother. Directed by Vincent Sherman.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★½★ It All Came True

Except for two or three amusing cracks from Humphrey Bogart, this one may be dismissed as a rather conspicuously unsuccessful attempt at gangster-comedy, in the style of "A Slight Case of Murder." Humphrey also affords a charmingly sentimental variation on his usual underworld characterization by letting a group of hard-up vaudevillians, including one who mothers him in spite of his radical attitude, get under his skin to such an extent that he starts a night club to provide an outlet for their quaint, old-world talents. But the sentimental crack-up seems forced, and it is difficult to believe that whatever passes with Humph for a heart—granite, flint, or carborundum—was really in it.

There are other, less original, novelties. There is Jeffrey Lynn, who smuggles Mr. Bogart into his mama's old-fashioned boarding house because Mr. B. "has something on him." Then there is Ann Sheridan, revealing the fact that she has a short-range but not unpleasing contralto voice, as well as the other usual things appertaining to "oomph." Zasu Pitts, Una O'Connor, Jessie Bailey, John Litel, Grant Mitchell, Felix Bressart and the others do their best for a generally losing cause. It all turns out happily, except for Mr. Bogart, who magnanimously takes his own "rap" instead of foisting it on Jeffrey. Directed by Lewis Seiler.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★½★ Safari

Organized for no particular reason, except possibly to prove that a baron with a yacht, a taste for big-game hunting and an accent like Tullio Carminati's is more than apt to be a heel, this ill-timed expedition follows too closely on the heels of Universal's "Green Hell" (also with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a pith helmet) not to come as a rather unpleasant reminder. With an unusually active process screen, a flock of black bearers, a little river steamer, and Madeleine Carroll without one bead of perspiration, the picture—without a semblance of plot—moves cumbersomely into the Los Angeles veldt and cumbersomely out again. Tullio loses Madeleine to Douglas, the white or, at any rate, untanned hunter, while Lynne Overman, undisguised with a beard and a synthetic Scotch dialect, soddenly applauds. That's positively all there is to it.

Well, perhaps we ought to mention that Madeleine and Douglas take an airplane flight and have to spend a stormy night in a hollow tree, that Tullio deliberately wounds a lion just to prove to himself that Madeleine loves Douglas, and that Douglas is clawed by the enraged beast when he dutifully enters the jungle to put the poor thing out of its misery. All this causes Madeleine to decide not to go back on Tullio's yacht and that means, of course, that Mr. Fairbanks must do the devoir at the fadeout. Madeleine, who is in excellent face, if slightly more figure than heretofore, looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth, though it is obvious that she has been traveling around on a yacht with a low-principled baron. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. —*Paramount.*

★★½★ Two Girls on Broadway

Though a remake of the first "Broadway Melody," "Two Girls on Broadway" retains the same refreshing tang, mainly through the talents of the capable cast.

(*Continued on page 12*)

Just a Pretty Stranger —in her own Home Town



No girl need risk popularity! MUM every day prevents underarm odor—guards charm!

PEG couldn't help being envious—they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. So many girls who weren't as pretty as Peg, had dates. "I'll leave this old town, *then* I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go—if you neglect underarm odor.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odor. How much wiser to play safe—each day—with Mum! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor.

Wherever there is social life, you will find popular girls use Mum. And *more* use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Laundry Institute Seal tells you Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too—even after underarm shaving!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent perspiration—but by *neutralizing the odor* before it starts. Get Mum at your druggist's today. More women (and more men) make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you "in right" everywhere—with *everyone!*

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



For Sanitary Napkins, Too—
No need to worry about Sanitary Napkins if you remember Mum will keep you fresh. Mum is so safe...so gentle... thousands use it this way!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"IF I HAD MY WAY," SAYS GLORIA JEAN, "I'D HAVE IT FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCH AND DINNER"



ICE CREAM—AND HOW!

By Marjorie Deen



Gloria Jean's mother always scores a hit when she tops off a meal with the favorite All-American dessert.



Not a race—just the Schoonover kids, Lois, Gloria and Baby Bonnie let loose with a "special" treat.

IT WILL not surprise you one bit, I imagine, to learn that Bing Crosby's new little leading lady, twelve-year-old Gloria Jean, is "simply crazy" about ice cream. In fact, she holds the title, "Ice Cream Enthusiast Extraordinary" as a result of the number of ice cream cones she can consume in a single day. Why, when Gloria's teacher asked her to define the word "tragedy," Gloria replied, "being allergic to ice cream!"

At home, too, they tease Gloria about this fondness for frozen desserts. Her father solemnly declares that he is thinking of having her inoculated against it. Her sister, Lois, who is her stand-in; Sally, who is a publicity-hating high-school student; and Baby Bonnie, all share Gloria's enthusiasm, knowing their dad too well to put any stock in his dire threat. And besides they know their mother considers ice cream one of the most healthful and nutritious of desserts, as well as one of the easiest to serve. So ice cream makes frequent appearances as the featured dessert on the Schoonover family table. (That's Gloria's real name, you know.)

Gloria's mother admits that, these days, she doesn't often find time to prepare home-made treats. She really loves to cook and still does a major part of it, but spends most of her time at the studio with her daughter. Nor does the one maid they employ for their nine-room house have much time for fancy desserts. As a result, their ice cream is more frequently bought than made at home. With modern refrigerators to keep it "just right for serving" there no longer is the problem of having to run out for it the last minute. To add to its festive appearance, sometimes it's topped with a fresh fruit sauce such as strawberries, raspberries or sliced peaches, which Mrs. Schoonover often sweetens with honey. These same fruits also come in "quick-frozen" style and, in season or out, provide a fine substitute that needs no sweetening or other preparation.

Once in a while a chocolate or caramel sauce is served at Gloria's house. Not frequently though, because Mrs. Schoonover sets a simple table with mostly fruit, vegetable and milk dishes and does not approve of really rich desserts. On special occasions such as holidays, birthdays and party days, she sees to it that they have a special home-made frozen dessert, or else store ice cream fixed up in particularly fine style. She described some of these "specialties" as we sat out in the lovely patio overlooking the San Fernando Valley, and the gay children's voices interrupted us with insistent demands for samples of the topic

of conversation. In the end, they got their ice cream and I came away with many fine ideas and recipes.

Remember, these ideas can be carried out with extra-special pride when you make your own ice cream. There are any number of fine ice cream "mixes" on the market for use in automatic refrigerators and loads of recipes available-for-the-asking from gelatin and marshmallow manufacturers. These two products serve as "stabilizers," and add to your cream's smoothness by preventing the formation of large ice crystals.

But whether you make or buy your ice cream, you'll find that the children in your family will be as thrilled with these serving suggestions as are Gloria Jean and her three sisters.

GIANT FIRECRACKERS

Every year, when the Glorious Fourth comes around, these appear at Gloria's special request. Why don't you feature them this year, too? Be sure to save these directions—Independence Day will soon be here! To make the "crackers" cut red blotting paper or heavy red decorating paper into pieces approximately 10 inches long and as wide as the height of your thin parfait glasses—or for that matter any other tall thin glasses you may plan to use. Roll the red paper lengthwise into cylinders—each large enough to slip over the glass and to mask it completely. Fasten cylinders together down the side with paste or Scotch tape. At serving time, place each firecracker-covered glass on a small plate, then fill glasses carefully—so as not to stain paper—with any desired ice cream or mousse. Top each serving with a fresh or maraschino cherry which still has a stem on it. Have stem extending upwards to resemble a firecracker's fuse.

HONEY BALLS

Your own particular Bonnie Baby will welcome this one with squeals of delighted recognition. Heat rice krispies in oven with the door left open. While they are still hot add just enough honey to coat them slightly, mixing them lightly with a fork. Spread this mixture on a sheet of waxed paper. Roll balls of ice cream* in this mixture until well coated. Serve one of these coated balls to each person with a side serving of sliced bananas or fresh berries. A perfect—and a healthful—supper suggestion for the "small fry," as Bing would say!

CIRCUS CLOWNS

Cut home made or store sponge cake into ¼ inch thick slices, then cut these slices into circles with a doughnut cutter. Place one of these cake circles on each serving plate. Top each with a round ball of ice cream*. (The hole in the center of the circle will help keep ice cream in place.) The round ball of ice cream represents the clown's head. His features should be made with raisins. Now top each ball with an inverted ice cream cone—to look like a clown's hat.

**If you are having your ice cream delivered ask to have it shaped into balls instead of in bricks or cartons. However, if you are making your own ice cream, you can shape it pretty well with large round-bowled serving spoons; or better still get one of those chrome-finished ice cream scoops. They come in various sizes, cost under two dollars and are also fine for serving cottage cheese, rice, mashed potatoes and other mashed vegetables.* (Continued on page 82)

HEDY LAMARR, M-G-M FILM STAR, NOW APPEARING IN "BOOM TOWN"



The American Pace taught

HEDY LAMARR

the need for a

Woodbury Beauty Nightcap

How Hollywood's Number One Glamour Girl of the Screen taak to famaus Woodbury Cold Cream in a crisis, as told to

Louella Parsons

Popular Movie Columnist



1. Hedy told me about the time she was late for the shooting of a big love scene. When she rushed on the set, the director shouted, "You're forty minutes late for that kiss, and it's costing us plenty of dough!"



2. In Hollywood they expect stars to be beautiful, but spare them little time for their complexions. A friend advised Hedy, "Take a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap. Woodbury Cold Cream is like three creams in one."



3. Soon Hedy learned that Woodbury cleanses with germ-free purity, softens skin, and brings a special Vitamin to help invigorate tired skin while you sleep. Now the director never has to scold Hedy for being late.

Refresh Your Skin At Night This Way

A single fine beauty cream, Woodbury Cold Cream... performs three services for beauty. 1. It *cleanses* safely... it's germ-free. 2. It *lubricates* profusely... smooths dry skin. 3. It *invigorates*... contains a skin-invigorating Vitamin. Every night, cleanse first with Woodbury. Then leave on a greaseless film all night while you sleep. Get a jar today. $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



WOODBURY COLD CREAM

THE 3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM

MAIL NOW FOR GENEROUS TUBE... FREE!

(Paste on Penny Postcard)

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6615 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me, free and postpaid, a generous-size tube of 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream. Also 8 smart shades of exquisite Woodbury Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

(*Continued from page 9*)

Though the story is not too strong, it does have an authentic backstage flavor. Lana Turner and Joan Blondell, playing the parts of the two Mahoney sisters, "bus" their way to New York to crash the not-so-easy doors of the stage. There, they meet George Murphy, Joan's fiancé and dancing partner, who has begged an audition for them with a crack musical comedy producer. To add impetus to the triangle, Lana and George bag parts in the revue, while Joan has to be content strolling through a night club as a cigarette girl. Then, to complicate matters, George and Lana fall in love, and Joan, being the good-hearted gal in the film, gives them her blessing.

All three principals turn in top-notch performances. You'll appreciate Lana Turner, who adds a winsome freshness to her role. Joan Blondell gives a highly sympathetic portrayal, while George Murphy scintillates personality plus excellent Terpsichorean technique. Wallace Ford and Kent Taylor play their parts with understanding, and the direction, by S. Sylvan Simon, is paced at top speed, which zips the picture up considerably. —*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★½★ Dark Command

Ever since "Stagecoach" was a surprise hit a year ago, the film industry has been trying to produce a movie with the same punch and suspense. In "Dark Command," Republic borrows Claire Trevor and Walter Pidgeon, adds John Wayne, and turns out another smashing wild western.

Though the plot is the usual triangle affair, the setting and situations make the picture as good as it is. Based on historical incidents, it presents Walter Pidgeon as Cantrell, the evil plunderer and guerrilla warrior in Kansas during the Civil War; Claire Trevor as Mary McCloud, the beauteous frontier woman who loved two men; and John Wayne as Bob Seton, the ignorant but trustworthy marshal.

Both Miss Trevor and Wayne turn in excellent performances; Pidgeon, as the meek school teacher by day and ruthless bandit by night, is fairly well cast; Roy Rogers, who plays the young brother of Mary McCloud, is exceptionally good, and you'll fall in love with ole Doc Grunch, portrayed by George Hayes.

The cops and robbers scenes (in this case two plunderers and one militia) are thrilling, and they'll make you wonder if you weren't born too soon. The story and direction help, too, to make the picture one of the best westerns produced this year. If all doses of history were as easy to take as this, there would be fewer children playing hooky from school—and more adults reading history books. Directed by Raoul Walsh.—*Republic.*

★★½★ Forty Little Mothers

Eddie Cantor has seen to it that all the good old hokum is included in his newest screen offering. There are girls galore—forty of them, to be exact—plenty of good gags and lots of heart-warming interest resulting from a deserted baby which he adopts. Eddie, himself, is in top form, so your entertainment is cinched if the aforementioned ingredients for film fare suit your fancy.

The story concerns a college prof (Eddie Cantor) in an exclusive girls' school who suddenly finds himself the secret custodian of a baby. The infant presents an embarrassing problem, par-



ticularly since the head schoolmarms, Judith Anderson and Nydia Westman, are suspicious of all the poor prof's actions. It's pretty tough sledding for Eddie at first, since the beauteous bevy of school-girls try everything they can think of to get the mild-mannered new teacher discharged. However, when they learn why he is harboring the baby, all is changed. Then, of course, the mother shows up, and romance comes into the picture. Rita Johnson, as the mother, gives a creditable performance; Bonita Granville, as the leader of the girls, is adequate, and Judith Anderson, the principal, is good in her role. Most amusing member of the cast is Nydia Westman who always complicates things considerably. But the real out-and-out star is Baby Quintanilla, the most intelligent and entrancing youngster to reach the screen in many a day. Directed by Busby Berkeley.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★½★ Dr. Kildare's Strange Case

The Blair General Hospital, teeming with human drama, is brought to the screen again in "Dr. Kildare's Strange Case." With Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore still heading the staff, the film compares more than favorably with its predecessors in both story interest and acting.

This time young Interne Kildare, with the aid of Laraine Day, his nurse and heart interest, risks his reputation and career on a gamble to save a man from certain insanity and a fellow-doctor from disgrace. The gamble involves the wisdom of administering insulin shock to the mentally deranged, and furnishes the excuse for several of the most stirring medical scenes ever brought to the screen. The delicate brain operations, though overflowing with technical language, will leave you gasping in your seat like an oxygen machine!

If you aren't already an ardent Dr. Kildare rooter, you will be after seeing his latest picture! Directed by Harold S. Bucquet.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★½★ And One Was Beautiful

"And One Was Beautiful", as you've probably guessed, is the ancient story of two sisters—one pretty, the other an ugly duckling. Polished up, the tale emerges a gay and amusing picture, and puts another acting feather in the cap of Laraine Day.

As the younger sister, who is more interested in tinkering with motor cars than in charming men, Miss Day is in direct contrast to Jean Muir, who is cast as the comely, but scheming, older sister. Miss Muir, besides winning your antagonism with her unsympathetic role, earns your greater dislike with her failure to act well. Robert Cummings, portraying the handsome hero, makes his role hold water, despite the fact that his part calls for a complete reversal of character in the middle of the film. Billie Burke, the mother of the two girls, has only a small part, but is a standout in all her scenes. Bit roles performed by Rand Brooks, Ann Morriss, Esther Dale, Paul Stanton and little Ruth Tobey are handled capably.

Based on the original story by Alice Duer Miller, the screen play would have benefited by the removal of several stilted speeches, but the clever direction of Robert B. Sinclair, under producer Frederick Stephani, helped to overcome this defect.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

CHARLES BOYER

"ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO"

From the World-Applauded Novel By Rachel Field

IN ALL ITS GLORY, with the full fire of its deep-stirring story, this beloved best-seller sweeps to the summit of screen achievement! And *never* have its stars come to you so immeasurably magnificent, or brought you a drama that touches so close to your heart. You will, of course, see it!

Especially distinguished in the supporting cast of this new WARNER BROS. Success, are

JEFFREY LYNN
BARBARA O'NEIL
Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell
Walter Hampden • George Coulouris

AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture



Swimming can't Spoil my Make-up



Yes, you can dive in . . . and come up smiling, with lips and cheeks still colorfully fresh — perfectly made-up.

For Tangee Natural Lipstick and Tangee Natural Creme Rouge are waterproof and swimproof. They really stay on! And they're not affected by hot-weather perspiration, either!

Why not test Tangee's exclusive scientific principle yourself? Why not give *your* lips and *your* cheeks the soft, lovely color that has made Tangee the choice of beautiful women all over the world? Just send the coupon below, with 10¢, for a smart little make-up kit that's just as handy for purse and guestroom as it is for beach use.

And, we'll also include a sensational new 40-page booklet, entitled, "Make Up and Live", in which 10 of America's leading beauty editors tell you their priceless beauty secrets!



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

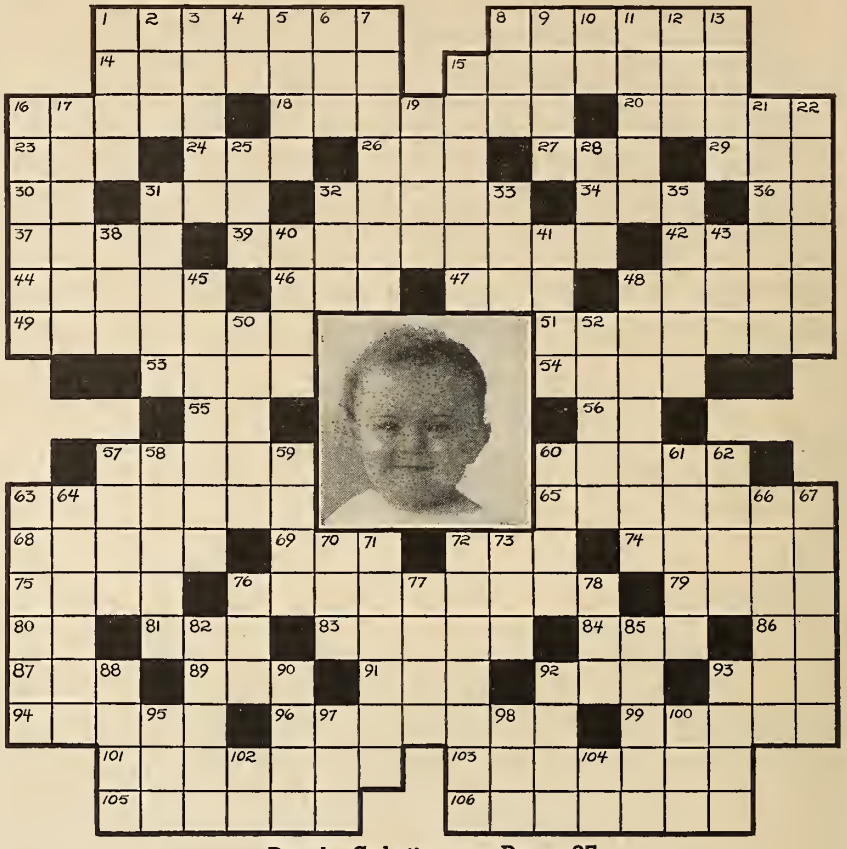
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name_____
(Please Print)

Street_____

City_____ State_____ MM70

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 87

ACROSS

1 & 8. Child actress
14. Sensation of "My Son, My Son"
15. Hepzibah in "House of Seven Gables"
16. Joyous appearance
18. Male lead of "French Without Tears"
20. Proficient in one's work
23. Eldest son in "Swiss Family Robinson"
24. Pinch
26. Wife in "Another Thin Man"
27. - - - ly Eilers
29. Kind of bean
30. "J - - t Around the Corner"
31. Fondle
32. - - - - - Mander
34. Mischievous child
36. Jane Wyman's hubby: init.
37. Measure of area
39. Written plots of films
42. Lowest female voice
44. Gable's most famous role
46. Robert Donat's homeland: abbr.
47. To catch a glimpse of
48. Boy singing star
49. Pointed
51. Obliteration
53. Impudent
54. Master
55. A movie trailer
56. "- -, Cyclops"
57. Ice skating star
60. Opposite Warner Baxter in "Earthbound"
63. Bombastic
65. With legs apart
68. Ringlets
69. Boy's name
72. "Private Lives of - - - zabeth and Essex"
74. Pertaining to tone
75. On the sheltered side
76. With our star in "Little Colonel"
79. Monster
80. She's in "Susannah of the Mounties": init.
81. Janet Gay - - -
83. Pens
84. Juice of plants
86. Clark Gable's box office rank: Rom. num.
87. Chubby animal featured by Disney
89. Spoil
91. "- - - Little Girl"
92. Summer: Fr.
93. Single
94. Flies upward
96. Restrain
99. Rule
101. Disturbers
103. What is Deanna's "Tippy?"
105. "Connecticut - - - - - - at King Arthur's Court"
106. What Cantor's eyes are said to resemble

DOWN

1. Comic in "Captain January"
2. Producer of "Of Mice and Men"
3. Anna Neagle's latest film
4. Sun god
5. Lame person's walk
6. Glenda Farrell's birthplace: - - - d, Okla.
7. Shouting
8. A metallic element
9. Terminates
10. Colbert's husband is one: abbr.
11. Hymn
12. A boy
13. "Bright - - - -"
15. Tiers
16. She's in "It Could Happen to You"
17. Funster in "Sandy Is a Lady"
19. Heroine of "Zanzibar"
21. - - - - - - Hall
22. Star of "Johnny Apollo"
25. "- - '- A Date"
28. "Blondie's" dog: D - - - y
31. Stool-pigeon in "Strange Cargo"
32. Adolphe - - - jou
33. A mere taste
35. Analyze a word
38. A textile fabric
40. Surrender
41. Hear ye!
43. Roumanian coin
45. Shirkers
48. Deb in "Road to Singapore"
50. Tylo in "Blue Bird"
52. "Buck Benny - - - - - Again"
57. Employ
58. - - - - - Drew
59. Girl's name
60. Den
61. Sag
62. Chant
63. Rogues
64. The Baron in "Safari"
66. Brave
67. How old is our star?
70. A portion of a curved line
71. An army
72. Woman ruler
73. "- - - t Horizon"
76. "Rebecca of Sunny - - - ok Farm"
77. "On - - - - Toes"
78. "The Little - - Rebel"
82. RKO's new star-director
85. Eagle's nest
88. He's in "The Westerner"
90. Dorothy - - - -
92. The eldest son of Isaac
93. Lubricates
95. B - - - n Aherne
97. A preposition meaning rather than
98. Health spring
100. "Stand Up and Ch - - -"
102. "Tom Sawyer": init.
104. "The Little Pri - - ess"

INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 6*)

of movie under the sun—from westerns to gangster ones. He is divorced from Steffi Duna and is currently quite a man-about-town.

Mildred Ellis, Philadelphia, Pa. Ward Bond is thirty-five years old and was born on April 9. He is six feet two, and weighs 200 pounds. Ward's a veteran actor, having started his career between semesters while he was a student at the University of Southern California. His first big part was that of Sid Bascom in "The Big Trail." He would very probably read any letter you wrote him if it was interesting enough to be singled out by his secretary. Yes, Ward's married—has been for four years, to Doris Sellers. Paul Kelly's wife recently died. She was Dorothy Mackaye.

Sandra Gewel, New York, N. Y. The reason Orson Welles was omitted from our last chart was that he hasn't made any pictures yet, and we confined the list to active stars. You can write to him at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jeanette Rosewater, Portland, Conn. You'll be delighted to hear that Glenn Ford is still unmarried. He was born in Montreal on May 1, 1916, is six feet one and a half, weighs 155 pounds and has straight brown hair and grey-green eyes. He has lived in Santa Monica for over ten years and, before going into the movies, he did some radio announcing and was very active in little theatre work. His first movie role came in 1937, when he played the part of a night club master of ceremonies in "Night in Manhattan," a Paramount short. He scored his first real hit two years later in "Heaven with a Barbed Wire Fence." Besides acting, which is his consuming passion, he is interested in photography and stamp collecting. He plays the violin—but not without a whole lot of coaxing, reads every autobiography he can get his hands on, and claims he could exist on steak and cheese cake for the rest of his days. Watch for him in "Babies For Sale."

Margie Bradshaw, El Paso, Texas. To settle that argument once and for all . . . Spencer Tracy and Lee Tracy aren't brothers. Spencer's parents are John and Carrie Tracy of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Lee's are William and Ray Tracy of Atlanta, Georgia. That's Spence's real name, but Lee's real one is William. Lee is his real middle name.

Tina Cestari, Cedarhurst, N. Y. Robert Cummings' birthdate is June 9, 1910. He is from Joplin, Missouri, is just a fraction under six feet—which makes him furious, incidentally—weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and blue eyes. He is married to Vivian Janis. You can write to Bob at Universal Studios, Universal City, California. He's not scheduled for anything right now.

Mildred Case, Baltimore, Md. Those wild rumors about how long it took for the filming of "Gone With the Wind" are not true. As you say, the book itself wasn't published until 1936, so it couldn't have been in the making anything like four years. As a matter of fact, shooting officially started on January 26, 1939 and ended on November 11, 1939.

It's come at last!
The perfect summer shade!
NEW—Luscious DUSK ROSE



Look at it, girls—
DUSK ROSE!

Flat paper and printer's ink give you but a poor suggestion of this glorious new shade—its velvety softness—its texture! Send for a free sample today. You'll fall in love with it the minute you see it! Try it on. Your mirror will show you a radiant, exciting you.

Pond's Powder comes in 10¢, 20¢ and a big economy box, too.

"Dusk Rose is the most flattering shade I've ever used!"
says Miss Harriet Williams, vivid young New York debutante



"Like me, have you been searching for a powder that would add glamour to your face, even under the cruel harsh light of summer sunshine?

"Well, I've found it, girls! It's a shade that's not as dark or tan as most summer shades are. The new Dusk Rose gives my face such a lovely smooth finish that my friends heap compliments on me!" says Miss Williams.

DUSK ROSE is simply wonderful at keeping your face from looking shiny under harsh lights and in brilliant sunshine. It is "anti-shine." It absorbs harsh lights and reflects softer, more flattering ones from your face.

Dusk Rose comes in 10¢ and 20¢ sizes as well as the big, economical box that so many women prefer. Go out and buy one now!

Free—write in for a free sample of Dusk Rose. With it will come 3 other lovely summer shades: Rose Dawn, Rose Brunette, Sunlight. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PG, Clinton, Conn.

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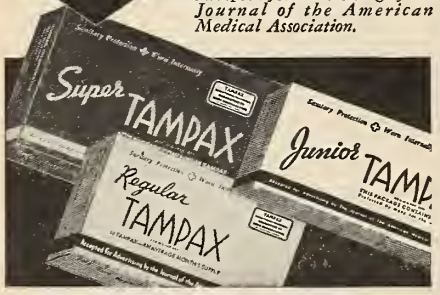
DO YOU REMEMBER how free and unhindered you were as a girl of twelve? What would you give to feel that way again? Would you give a month's trial to Tampax? It would mean the end of all your pin-and-belt troubles, for sure!

Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be *worn internally*. Made of pure surgical cotton, it works on the principle of gentle absorption, allowing no odor to form; therefore deodorants are unnecessary. No bulging, chafing or visible edge-lines. The wearer does not feel Tampax at all. It is so compact there are no disposal problems.

The big news now is that Tampax comes in *three sizes:* Regular, Super and Junior, each in dainty one-time-use applicator. They meet every individual need for any time of month. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Full supply for one month now available at new low prices.

Read about the 3 sizes
REGULAR · SUPER · JUNIOR

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TAMPAX INCORPORATED MM-70-D
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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A DOLLAR FOR YOUR

WRITE A FRANK LETTER AND WIN ONE OF THE TEN

Emotional Indigestion

I know there are many moviegoers, women, especially, who, bless their tender hearts, do not enjoy a picture unless it provokes a good cry. If that is their idea of enjoyment, I'd be the last person in the world to deny them. It has often been said that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and it certainly takes all kinds of fans to make a movie audience. The producers know this and that is why they make all kinds of pictures.

My taste, however, is for pictures that rest and relax me, and give me a good laugh or two. When I go to the movies, I go primarily to be entertained and amused. I want my picture fare to be light and easy for me to mentally digest. I don't like heavy fare—tragedies and problem pictures. Such movie food always depresses me and gives me emotional indigestion.—E. J. Bennett, Grove City, Ohio.

To Bat for Kay

I think it is about time someone came to the front for Kay Francis. I don't mean by that that Kay needs a lifeline to save her from the so-called "slipping." But in days such as these, with the invasion of foreign stars and oomph girls, we are too apt to forget one who is not a sensational headline-maker. Such a person is Kay Francis, for eleven years the screen's first lady of beauty, feminine grace and infinite talent.

She has worked very hard, and has never failed to be sincere and convincing in even the most unsuitable part. Now Hollywood wants to take her for granted, put her in small parts. And we, the public, seem satisfied to pass her by for fancies of the moment and performers with accents.

There's no harm in Kay's supporting Carole Lombard or playing Deanna Durbin's mother. She's seen less flattering assignments. And she's sport enough not to stay in a heat with her studios because of them. But just because Kay doesn't demand or draw four-star pictures doesn't mean that she isn't worthy or capable of them. Her acting in scores of brilliant successes in the past has proved her talent, in my opinion, as unequalled.

Perhaps this letter will help to recall to Hollywood minds that a very versatile actress awaits bigger and better things. —Robert Thompson, Englewood, Colo.

Another Party Heard From

Say, listen! In all my life, I've never read anything quite so ridiculous as the letter in the May "A Dollar For Your Thoughts" column, which complains, if you please, because Bette Davis gets good parts!

After all, the Hollywood producers are only trying to make good pictures. Should they put Bette into a supporting role or a "B" picture just because she is the finest screen actress of all time? As for giving someone else a chance, can't you just see one of those empty-headed oomph girls sighing her way through a Davis role? Ugh!

Never has Bette played two parts alike, never has she allowed her own personality to dominate that of the character she was playing, and never has she



THOUGHTS

PRIZES GIVEN EACH MONTH!

failed to give a magnificent performance. Please don't even talk about "equally talented girls." There aren't any to be found. There is no one in Hollywood who can even be compared with her. The rest of the country seems to agree with me, too, because Bette *is* Queen of the Movies, or hadn't you noticed?

Of course, she gets fine parts, and she'll go on getting them because she's tops. Long live the Queen!—Claris Ann Ross, Chicago, Ill.

New Faces?

Hollywood producers are forever clamoring for new faces. What a laugh! What do they do when they get these new faces? They shove them into two or three small parts, give them no chance to show the talent that a lot of them possess, and then drop them from contract, and once more start shouting for new faces to push around.

I'm getting sick and tired of this wild merry-go-round. I'd like to give an example of this dizzy whirl, using my favorite actress as the example—Beverly Roberts.

When Beverly was signed by Warner Brothers, she was singing in a night club. Immediately she was put into "The Singing Kid." Ironically enough, everybody in the picture sang except Beverly. After a few "B" pictures, she was given the feminine lead opposite George Brent in "God's Country and the Woman."

She was grand in that part. So grand that from then on she was cast as a cold, unromantic, business woman such as she had portrayed in that picture. In other words, she was typed. (*Cont'd on page 65*)

Ten Baby Fingers... and Ten Million Germs!



BABY SANDY—million-dollar baby now starring in Universal Pictures' "Sandy Is A Lady". Her surroundings are kept extra clean with "Lysol" solution.

Help guard your child against the risk of germ Infection from contaminated objects... clean house with "LYSOL"!

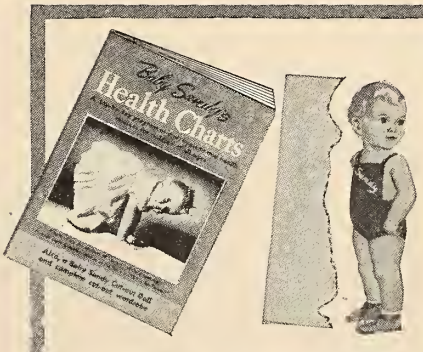
BABY SANDY, favorite of movie fans, is cared for with all the safeguards money can buy. An important precaution taken for her welfare is . . . *cleanliness!* Surroundings kept *extra clean* with "Lysol's" help.

You can give your *own* baby the same conscientious care. It costs so little to keep bathrooms, nurseries, and playrooms, hygienically clean. All it takes is a liberal use of "Lysol" in your cleaning.

Ask your druggist *now* for your copy of "Baby Sandy's Health Charts"... complete health routines for children of all ages, prepared by a famous expert. Included is a special children's gift... a full-color Baby Sandy Cut-out Doll and cut-out wardrobe.

Lysol Disinfectant





FREE! WITH EVERY PURCHASE OF "LYSOL"

Baby Sandy Health Charts—a full-color Baby Sandy Cut-out Doll and complete cut-out wardrobe

A gift to you while they last, with every purchase of "Lysol". Don't wait until these grand presents are gone. See your druggist . . . NOW!

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YOUR DRUGGIST IS NOW SPONSORING BABY SANDY'S HEALTH CRUSADE

Darryl F. Zanuck's PRODUCTION OF

LILLIAN RUSSELL

ALICE FAYE • DON AMECHE • HENRY FONDA

Edward ARNOLD • *Warren* WILLIAM • *Leo* CARRILLO

Helen Westley • Dorothy Peterson
Ernest Truex • Nigel Bruce • Claude Allister • Lynn Bari • Weber & Fields
Eddie Foy, Jr. • Una O'Connor
Joseph Cawthorn

Directed by Irving Cummings
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by William Anthony McGuire
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



The woman whose beauty and glamor had the world at her feet! Diamond Jim Brady showered her with jewels! Bankers, industrialists, the smart and the famous lost their hearts to her! Out of the fascinating story of her life and her loves, Darryl F. Zanuck has created one of the really great motion pictures!

Songs!

Old . . .
"After the Ball is Over", "Rosie, You Are My Posie", "The Band Played On" ("Strawberry Blond"), "My Evening Star".

New . . .
"Adored One", "Blue Love Bird".



Helen Gilbert

An M-G-M player



Walter Pidgeon

Next appearing in M-G-M's "Phantom Raiders"

Marlene Dietrich

Next appearing in Universal's "Seven Sinners"





John Payne

Next appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Maryland"



Myrna Loy

Next appearing in M-G-M's "I Love You Again"



Richard Greene

Now appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "I Was An Adventuress"



Carole Landis

Next appearing in Hal Roach's "Turnabout"



Virginia Bruce

Next appearing in Warner Brothers' "The Sentence"



SAFARI

...LOVE...ADVENTURE AND JUNGLE THRILLS





A Paramount Picture with

TULLIO CARMINATI · MURIEL ANGELUS

LYNNE OVERMAN · BILLY GILBERT

DIRECTED BY EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Based on a Story by Paul Hervey Fox

LYNNE OVERMAN as the canny Scot who doesn't give a "hoot" about women!

REGGIE GARDINER, ONE-MAN ESCORT BUREAU, GIVES STARTLING DATE-RATINGS ON THE CREAM OF MOVIETOWN'S BACHELOR GIRLS



THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT *Glamour* GIRLS

THERE COMES a time in the affairs of men—the love affairs, that is—when thoughts stray to Hollywood. If the men aren't satisfied with what they have, they wish they could meet some Glamour Girls. And if they are satisfied, they wonder if Glamour Girls actually have anything, aside from bankrolls, that the girls in their own lives haven't. In either case, they wouldn't mind living in Hollywood for a while and knowing a few unlisted telephone numbers.

Fickle or faithful, men can't see charming armfuls every time they go to the movies or pick up a newspaper, without getting the idea that a bachelor's life in Hollywood must be really something.

Most of them, worse luck, will never see Northwest Los Angeles, much less abide there. The only way they will ever find out what the life of a Hollywood bachelor is like and what Glamour Girls are like in person is to take the word of someone qualified to tell. Someone like, say, Reginald Gardiner.

Up to now, the tendency has been to think of Reggie only as a comedian, a droll fellow with a terrific gift for pantomime. But the truth will out. He is also the prime example of a man-about-Hollywood. The genuine article. Self-made, not publicity-made.

When you read of Reggie's being seen with some famous female, you don't have to wonder if his studio arranged the date—for publicity. You can be sure that he arranged it himself—for pleasure. Since he is a free-lance player, no studio hand-picks his companions. He does his own picking. And with endless variety. You are as likely as not to see him one night with Marlene Dietrich, the next with Bette Davis—or any other two complete opposites. Reggie knows them all.

He is never seen at night except with some beauty on his arm, some beauty who can afford to be choosey about the men in her life. And he is seen practically every night at some premiere, night club or party. He puts a tuxedo on more often than any other man in Hollywood. He gets more party invitations, more invitations to "make a foursome" than any other bachelor.

It isn't because he is a big name. He isn't—yet. "The Doctor Takes a Wife" and the new Charlie Chaplin picture, "The Great Dictator," may alter this state of affairs. But meanwhile the willingness of Glamour Girls to share their evenings with Reggie can't be traced to his being a box-office sensation. He has made good as a one-man Hollywood escort bureau strictly on his own merits.

Briefly, for the instruction of his envious brethren, the more visible of his merits are: He is tall, well-built, with regular features—in a word, presentable. He handles himself well. He is, in addition, good company. Men, as well as women, will tell you that. He has wit, which is never a social debit. He has that acquired asset of the cosmopolite: easy adaptability to any company. He has been around London and New York, as well as Hollywood. Beautiful women are no novelty to him. He has seen so many that he can be at ease with any. Which little fact helps them to feel always very much at ease with him.



By James Reid

He arrived in Hollywood because a girl appreciated him. Eleanor Powell had just done a show with him in New York and persuaded her bosses to use his talents in "Born to Dance." He made his movie debut as a zany cop leading an imaginary orchestra in a frantic burlesque of Stokowski. That was in 1936. Hollywood girls have been appreciating him ever since.

He lives alone, in modest comfort, in the most cluttered apartment in Beverly Hills. He is looked after by a colored boy named Tommy, who knows to whom to say Reggie is in and to whom to say he isn't, and when. Reggie is never in to anyone except his agent or a studio before 1 P. M. That phrase, "the morning after," is little more than a phrase to Reggie. His chief experience is with the afternoon after. Even in Hollywood, a man can't stay awake half the night unless he can stay abed half the day.

The walls of his small living-room are completely covered with autographed photos of his friends, both male and female. They're a pictorial Who's Who of Hollywood. Scattered about are also paintings of some of them, signed "R. Gardiner." Over in one corner he has something else to remember them by—a recording phonograph and a large collection of records that will never be heard outside those walls. They're that intimate.

He had just had breakfast the other afternoon and was still in his blue silk dressing-gown, beneath which no pajama trousers were apparent, when an interviewer rang his bell. "I knew it was no friend," he said, by way of greeting. "My friends all crawl in the back way, leaving their cars in the rear alley, where there's no parking limit."

He unloaded a stack of magazines from one corner of the divan and urged his visitor to sit down. He unloaded a stack of phonograph records from an easy chair a few feet away, sat down himself, lighted a cigarette and asked his visitor's pleasure. What were they going to talk about? "You and Hollywood women," said the visitor. Reggie recoiled with an aghast expression. Then he bellowed toward the kitchen, "Tommy!" In popped Tommy with a "Yes, sir." Reggie shuddered and said, "Tommy, we need something to drink. (*Continued on page 77*)

ANNIE MEETS THE BOYS

CINDERELLA was a sissy. Her life was tame and dull. Oh, sure, there was the fairy Godmother, the pumpkin coach and that Prince of a fellow, Mr. Charming—but really all quite drab and ordinary stuff.

You see, we've met Ann Sheridan.

And what happened to her, so suddenly, so excitingly, makes every fairy tale conjured up by the Brothers Grimm, and every wildly romantic daydream concocted in feminine minds, seem like workaday stuff.

One year, Ann Sheridan, with her oomph still undiscovered and her leg art confined to snapshots in the family album, was just another cute girl out on average dates with different fellows named Joe.

The next year. well, the magic took place and the thing occurred, the most delicious transformation life has ever offered a mortal girl.

"It's like being born again," she admitted. "One minute a nobody. Social life limited to drugstores, barn dances, sundaes, simple clothes and the neighborhood boys. The next minute a somebody—or so they say. Social life changed to exotic night clubs, fancy evening gowns and dates with the famous actors I used to read about. Who says fact isn't more amazing than fiction?"

Our only comment was that if such a phenomena could take place; if a very average girl with a drawl, freckles and the usual headaches about getting plump, could suddenly become Hollywood's most ravishing and sought-after female, then anything was possible—then Du Barry was a lady, Aunt Minnie's son could become President, and the Cinderella story might be barred from public libraries.

When we found Ann Sheridan, she was sitting at a small square table in a corner of Warner Brothers' publicized Green Room, where the top-crust of that film factory deposit food into their respective anatomies. We gaped at



"Oomph," says Annie—and who is better qualified to define it?—"is what a fat man says when he leans over to tie his shoe-lace in a telephone booth."

AND HERE ANN SHERIDAN TURNS THE TABLES AND GIVES AN OOMPH GIRL'S-EYE VIEW OF GEORGE BRENT, CESAR ROMERO AND THE WHOLE GLAMOROUS STAGLINE

her copper-colored hair, gulped at her ivory-like cameo profile, listened to her exciting voice—and upon hearing the story she had to tell, immediately lost our cynicism and shed our disbelief.

"Sure, I used to dream just like all the other girls about going out with famous men," Ann Sheridan confessed. "I always wondered what those movie fellows were really like. Today I know. I've met the boys. And so, if you don't mind, instead of talking about Oomph or Texas or how I broke in or what I think of my future, I'm going to tell you how it feels to go out with the glamour boys."

Ann Sheridan straightened her white jacket with a tight tug, ignored a tall glass of iced tea, brushed away a napkin and two pieces of silverware, planted her elbows on the table and verbally let down her hair.

"When George Brent asks to take me out, he comes over to the house at 8:30 in the evening. I'm usually dressed and ready to go. I hate to keep a fellow waiting—though I've been guilty of that. Why, the first time Cesar Romero called on me, I was forced to keep him sitting downstairs for three-quarters of an hour, while I took off my studio make-up. I don't like to do that because I know it exasperates a fellow.

"Having called for me, George Brent then takes me to dinner. Usually to one of the plain, intimate places like Harry's Steak House. Then we make the rounds, go to several spots to dance and talk. I think George is so charmingly nonchalant. More serious than my usual date. However, he can get off the cleverest gags with an absolutely dead pan.

"I'm not a very expensive date. I don't know how much my escort spends on me, but when we go to a small place like the Zarape, a favorite of mine, and two other couples join us, well, I know the bill is never more than $15 for the six of us. And that's not bad.

"If I have to get up early for the studio the following morning, I don't stay out late. My looks are part of my meal ticket, and the camera is very frank about how you appear the morning after. So, on work nights, I turn in before midnight. But on week-ends, I'll (*Continued on page 85*)



By James Carson



HOLLYWOOD'S

NOPE, NO retirement plans," Clark Gable told me after emerging with Claudette Colbert from a rickety dance hall on the set of "Boom Town."

"You're going back on your given words," I reminded him, after we were comfortably settled in his pine-paneled portable dressing-room at one end of the muddy "Boom Town" street. "Three years ago, you told me that you would retire at the expiration of your contract, which then had three years to go. You were decisive about it and documented your decision with facts and figures, whys and wherefores."

"I know," said Clark. He removed his ten gallon hat, kicked off his rawhide boots, ran a hand over his somewhat unshaven face and grinned.

"You said," I continued, "that by the end of the three years, you expected to have a life income of $10,000 a year and that if that wasn't enough for any man and his wife to live on, it was too bad about them. You said you would 'go back to the land' and become in practise the farmer that you are at heart.

"You said that you and Carole (you weren't married then, of course, but you were planning to be) would travel and see the world. You said, in short, that you would do all the things you've always wanted to do, among which



Carole and Clark hang their hats in a 9-room house on a 20-acre San Fernando Valley ranch.

By Gladys Hall

HOLD ON GABLE

CLARK PLANNED A 1940 RETIREMENT— BUT, THANKS TO MANY SURPRISES, HE'S CINCHED FOR ANOTHER LONG TERM

being a movie actor was not included. You were very positive about all this and, I thought, very honest. I believed you not because I wanted to, for a Gable-less Hollywood is no Elysian field for anyone to contemplate. I believed you simply because you never had said anything you didn't mean."

"I believed myself," said Clark. His eyes and voice were serious. I was surprised, because Clark is only serious about really important things. Otherwise, he sort of likes to kick the conversation around, get some laughs and give the matter the brush-off.

"It was my full intention at the time," he was saying, "to retire at the expiration of my contract. But I haven't. I not only haven't retired but I have signed a new contract.

"I didn't, however, sign the agreement until a few days before time. A year ago, as a matter of fact, the studio had a contract drawn up for me. It stipulated that, any time I wanted to quit for good, I could—provided that I didn't work for any other company. That was okay by me. I was willing to sign that document. But when it came right down to it, the studio wouldn't sign. They said—and reasonably enough—that they couldn't subscribe to a contract like that, because they have to lay out a schedule for a star a year in advance. What if the gypsy in me should suddenly get the whip hand? Then where would their advance schedule be?

"They wanted me to sign another straight, seven-year contract. I wouldn't do that. We temporized. 'Well,' I said, 'what kind of a contract can we make? I don't want to work as I have been working, making four and five pictures a year.'

"We finally got together. The contract I signed states that for the first three years I am to make three pictures a year; I am to have two free weeks between pictures and twelve consecutive weeks' vacation each year. For the two years after that, I am to make two pictures a year, have four weeks off between pictures and the twelve consecutive weeks' vacation. Then, for the next and final two years, I have an option which the studio doesn't have: the option stipulates that I can work for M-G-M or I can retire. In other words if, at the end of the next five years, I decide that I don't want to work, I can quit and no one can sue me. If, on the other hand, I do continue to work, I work for M-G-M and no one else.

"That's how it is and everyone is happy. But a lot of argument went over the dam before the foolscap was signed, sealed and put in the vault.

"The studio's first argument (*Continued on page 75*)



5-gaited "Sonny," Gable's favorite mount, goes coy as his owner chucks him under the chin.



The Gables celebrate "Paw's" 7-year contract and "substantial raise" over his $4000 a week.

ON THE SET



A tranquil moment in the brief and stormy romance of Freya and Hans, the tragic young lovers around whom this tale of modern Germany revolves.



Waiting for the cameras to be set up, Jimmy entertains the cast with a selection on the wine-glasses. They don't seem to recognize the tune!



Frank Borzage and Jimmy Stewart see the accomplished veteran, Maria Ouspenskaya, to the car that takes her to the commissary.



M-G-M PULLS NO PUNCHES IN "THE MORTAL STORM"—A HEARTBREAKING

WE SAW it ourselves. The swastika flag of Nazidom flying over Hollywood! Mobs of Storm Troopers scrunching their heavy boots into the yielding California soil. Hundreds of students shouting the glory of Adolf Hitler. It looked like a world gone mad. It wasn't. It was just M-G-M brewing "The Mortal Storm."

Almost a year in the preparation, "The Mortal Storm" is the picturization of Phyllis Bottome's novel of the same name. With Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart and Robert Young in the leading roles, it relates the incredible story of a family wrenched from a life of serenity by the barbarism of the Hitler regime. To date, the screen's boldest indictment of a contemporary government, "The Mortal Storm" is expected to earn the scathing damnations of the German press—and the precious coins of moviegoers who, for months, have been anticipating a story as fantastic as the burning of Rome.

Though laid in a present-day setting, the picture was devilish to produce. It actually presented a greater headache to the Research Department than a 13th Century



Old softie Bob Young had a hard time portraying the cold-blooded Storm Trooper. He's opposed to everything the character stands for.

Director Borzage can't believe his eyes as he surveys this new Frank Morgan. The perennial madcap is cast this time as a persecuted scientist.





Five assistant directors worked on the concentration camp scene, and cast and crew were sustained through the long night of work with coffee.

The be-swastika-ed Bob looks on with brotherly interest as Borzage puts the final touches on his cinema sister, Peg Sullavan's, new Dutch-boy bob.





LOVE STORY WITH HITLER'S NEW GERMANY AS ITS RESTLESS BACKGROUND

drama! Libraries are chock-full of information about the 13th Century but even a single truth about the set-up of the Third Reich is as guarded as one of Uncle Sam's gold bricks. No one said to the researchers, "Come, we want you to see our splendid, up-to-date concentration camps!" or "Sit down and let us tell you all about our gigantic book-burnings!" Der Fuehrer's Ministry of Propaganda doesn't do things that way. For months after they decided to make the picture, M-G-M, fact-hungry and desperate, tore its hair and pathetically culled scraps of information from newspaper clippings, underground German periodicals and a collection of eighteen censored photographs. These sources, unfortunately, didn't yield sufficient information to supply the background for a Pete Smith short—and the studio wanted an epic.

Luckily, they had Dick Rosson. Rosson, an assistant director on the lot, was sent to Germany last year to photograph some atmospheric scenes for "Florian." One day the authorities decided he and his camera were too snoopy and, appropriating his (*Continued on page 88*)

CAREER Girl

THERE'S NOT A SINGLE FAIR-WEATHER FRIEND AMONG JOAN CRAWFORD'S FANS, FOR SHE'S ONE IDOL WHO DOESN'T HAVE CLAY FEET

By Radie Harris

IN FRONT of a Fifth Avenue confection shop noted for the best ice cream sodas in the world, surged a huge, milling mob.

"What's the matter, has there been an accident?" was the question on everyone's tongue, as they tried to break through the lines.

Suddenly the door opened and a slim feminine figure, glamorously cloaked in a scarlet military cape, emerged. Before she had taken a few steps, she was completely engulfed by the clamouring throng. Finally, two stalwart policemen came to her rescue and literally carried her to her waiting car. Disheveled and breathless, she wilted in the back seat, but as she sped up the avenue she turned a backward glance at the crowd still lingering on the same sidewalk where "her" feet had touched.

"I know I'm in a zoo but, oh, how I love it!" sighed Joan Crawford.

It is this attitude that has made Joan Hollywood's gift to the autograph fans. Bette Davis may be the best actress—Ann Sheridan have the most "oomph"—Claudette Colbert be the best dressed—Vivien Leigh, the most beautiful—but when the vote is cast for the popularity sweepstakes, it is Joan Crawford who is the unanimous choice.

Her fan club is the largest and most efficiently organized in the world. When it was started, back in 1931, there were only eight charter members. Sixteen-year-old Marion Domner of New York City was elected president. She still holds that position and it is through her guidance, plus the personal cooperation of Joan, that the club now embraces members from all over the world. The majority of them are between the ages of seventeen and eighteen, and females predominate. The masculine contingent comprises about thirty per cent.

Official headquarters are in New York City, with no subsidiary branches. This is at Joan's own request as she prefers to give her undivided attention to one large group rather than scatter it over several smaller ones. And make no mistake about it, it is "her undivided attention" that she gives to the club named in her honor for, more than any other star in Hollywood, she believes implicitly in the importance of fan mail.

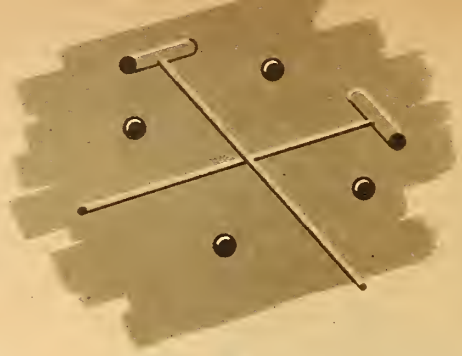
It is no press agent's yarn that she personally attends to the thousands of letters she receives each week. Every club member has her West Los Angeles address, so that none of the mail is lost in the avalanche of studio delivery. With her secretary, she has worked out a highly systematized index file. Not only is the name, address and birthdate of each member catalogued, but also such pertinent items as marriage, babies, anniversaries, when last heard from, what the letter was about and how it was answered. When there is a request for a picture, that too is duly recorded by number so that a duplicate of the same pose is never sent again.

As a consequence of this comprehensive digest, Joan enjoys the same intimate knowledge of her "public" as they do of her. She wires them on their birthdays; plays godmother to their children (there are some 400 "Joan Crawfords" now populating the country); is the "Dorothy Dix" to all their personal problems and the fairy princess of all their dreams.

Joan writes to President Domner every two weeks—friendly, chatty letters with all the news of her various studio and social activities. Miss Domner shares these personal treasures with the club members by printing them in "The Crawford News," a twenty-four page magazine which is published six times a year. Through these pages each fan vicariously lives Joan's life. Her friends—the Norman Fosters, George Murphys, Ray Millands, Cesar Romero, to name a few, are their friends. When she played an unsympathetic role in "The Women," they rooted for her success because they knew she had fought (*Continued on page 73*)



Joan, inspiration of thousands of chorines—from whose ranks she's risen—visited Earl Carroll's to meet Dorothy Barrett, on her right, who's kept a scrapbook of her for 9 years.



HE-MEN ON HORSEBACK

ACTORS AND PRODUCERS VIE FOR POLO HONORS. SCORE 2-1, PRODUCERS' FAVOR

IN THE year 710, a scribe to the court of the Fifth Chinese Emperor of the T'ang Dynasty—by name, Shin Ch'uan-Chi—curled his yellow fingernails around a quilled pen and wrote as follows:—

"Today, in the pear garden, his Imperial Majesty ordered all government officials to take part in a new sport called polo. Certain statesmen, being worn out and aged, were tumbled to the ground and remained there, to the amusement of the Emperor, Empress and Court ladies."

That was the beginning, and 8000 miles and 2000 years away a team of Actors, sponsored by Ginger Rogers, and a team of Producers, sponsored by Joan Bennett, met on the 300-yard field of the Midwick Country Club. Here, instead of chortling royalty for an audience and hapless old men for players, were 5000 paid-up onlookers who came to watch Actors Tim Holt, Charles Farrell, "Big Boy" Williams and Paul Kelly, and Producers Walter Wanger, Frank Borzage, Aiden Roark and Steen Fletcher, come hurtling down the clipped, green turf in futile pursuit of a little, willow root ball.

The game, arranged by Jean Hersholt, president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, for the benefit of that organization, presented the screwiest and possibly the worst polo ever seen in these parts. Umpired by old-timer Jack Holt, the players blundered along for chukker after chukker, roaring up and down the field to no avail and unintentionally crossing up members of their own team.

In the fifth period of play, when the score was still tied at 0-0, Boris Karloff jumped to his feet. Rushing to the announcer's stand, he grabbed the loud speaker by its throat and into it shouted the words that were in everyone's mind. "The reason neither team has scored," bawled he, "is that the Producers can't, and the Actors *don't dare*!"

That did it. Picture people have pride and, as the last echo of Karloff's jibe floated over the bonnets of the snickering spectators, Producer Wanger galloped forth. Walloping his mallet against the side of the ball, he sent it sailing between the goal posts to score the first point of the day! The crowd applauded, Miss Bennett beamed, and Mr. Wanger pinched himself to see if it was true!

Eureka, it was! The ice was broken! The Actors scored the next point, the Producers topped that—and the fair ladies cheered! There was more fumbling, no more scoring, and the game ended with the Producers triumphant!



Loretta Young, who helped arrange the game, follows the little white ball with Director Frank Capra (left) and Writer Bob Riskin.



Reggie Gardiner, with a wicked glint in his eye, looks as if a dime were a pretty stiff price to pay for Frances Robinson's hot dog.



Six cheers for the Actors! Front row: Walter Connolly, Jean Hersholt, Ralph Morgan. Back row: Otto Kruger, Boris Karloff, Ray Walburn.



)oug Fairbanks making his first pub-c appearance as a daddy, snags ome shots to show Mom and Daphne.



Looks as if Mary Astor, who doesn't understand the game at all, has asked hubby just one question too many.



Paul Kelly revives "Big Boy" Williams who played so hard he knocked himself out. GR stands for Ginger Rogers.



Forrest Tucker's lady for a day was Ann Rutherford. He flew East the next morning to join Helen Parrish.



Jackie Cooper escorted a non-professional friend, Ursula McGowan. He doesn't miss a single sports event.



Jean Hersholt presents the trophy to sponsor Joan Bennett, while Producers Wanger, Borzage and Roark look on.



A house divided: Arthur Hornblow rooted like mad for the Producers, while Myrna championed the Actors.



Roz Russell was on hand with John McLain, socialite, who kept playing rich man-poor man with her buttons.



Rubber-faced Mischa Auer returns to wifey after spending most of the afternoon at the mike making cracks.

WATCH OUT FOR FIREWORKS !

THAT RED HAIR SHOULD GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING! MAUREEN O'HARA'S 113 POUNDS OF TNT, SO DON'T MENTION BROGUES OR DIETS TO HER, UNLESS YOU'RE DYNAMITE-PROOF

By Kirtley Baskette

IT'S A little early for war babies—but Hollywood already has one. Her name is Maureen O'Hara, who has hair as red as a cannon flash, spirit like a battle flag and a mind as direct as a rifle bullet.

The wake of the first World War ushered Maureen into this vale of tears in Dublin, Ireland, and the second war made her a star in Hollywood, California, where the impact of her powdery personality has burst with the detonation of a bomb. Little fragments of the O'Hara bombshell are still whizzing around the place, I might add—little independent, fiery fragments. And if you would get in the way of any such devastating missiles, all you have to do is call Maureen Charles Laughton's "protege," mention a Hollywood reducing diet, talk in a theatrical Irish brogue or tell her she's pretty.

In any of the above cases, "Little Mary," which is what "Maureen" means, will bend her amber eyes on you and you will think you are being poked by twin bayonets. Her five foot, seven and a half inch frame will rise and rattle menacingly, and you will have to retire to your own personal Maginot Line.

That's no way, I know, to introduce a new foreign glamour girl whom RKO has starred in her second picture and hopes now to build into box-office bait. But, as Maureen set me straight once, "I'm no glamour girl; I'm a backyard girl!" I'm afraid it's the sad truth. In fact, if RKO had done a little undercover investigating into Maureen's past, they would have discovered just what a spunky package they had on their hands.

They'd have found, for instance, that Maureen never wanted to be a girl in the first place, and kept snipping off her long coppery hair all through childhood hoping it would work the sex-transformation magic. That her confessed earliest ambition was "to rob an orchard." That when she was only three years old she sassed a squad of tough British soldiers hunting down Sinn Feins in Dublin, and got her family's house thoroughly ransacked for her cockiness. That all through adolescence she banged and bruised herself around with the neighboring bucks in the Irish games of sporting mayhem called "camogue" and "hurley." That she can still rattle off the goal percentages of her favorite big league soccer team in Erin, the Shamrock Rovers.

All of that tomboy stuff is no sign, of course, that Little Mary has short-changed herself in feminine charm. Anyone who has seen O'Hara in "Jamaica Inn," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" or "Bill of Divorcement" knows she packs a punch in pulchritude that's a heavenly haymaker. I will swear willingly, further, that in person, Maureen has even more than the camera reveals, including a flawless peach blossom skin, tumbling titian tresses and a figure that even a Hollywood diet hasn't completely wrecked. Although, as Maureen complained, "If they want me any thinner, there's nothing left to do but get a saw and go to work on my bones!"

The diet is just one way, incidentally, in which Hollywood has complicated life for Little Mary O'Hara. She likes food, "any kind of food," she sighed wistfully. On the boat coming over she tripped up the gangplank wearing a size twelve dress; when she ambled down she took a fourteen. RKO executives took one look, a couple of screen tests, gasped, frowned and laid down the law. As a result Maureen has lost thirteen pounds and some of her good disposition. Maybe that's why she is quick these days with snappy comebacks on pet peeve subjects.

One of those is the mushy Irish aura which theatrical Hollywood insists on casting around her red head. The old "Sure, and Begorra," "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" stuff gives her an acute case of the pip. Call her a "colleen" and you're taking your life in your hands. I know. I mentioned innocently enough that it was odd she didn't speak with a brogue.

"What do you expect me to do," retorted O'Hara, "go around with a potato in my hand?"

The O'Hara potatoless bones were draped with shaggy Irish tweeds the day I saw her, in the small cottage up the hill from the Trocadero, where Maureen is camping with her young and beautiful "Mommy." It wasn't a particularly auspicious occasion. Maureen had just come in from a walk, swinging her square-set, athletic body, with a scrappy little Irish terrier, one "Sionn McCuail" frisking about her low heels. Maureen's yellow eyes were flashing.

IT SEEMS she'd been hiking through the Hollywood hills on an afternoon constitutional when a car-load of cops rolled up and stopped her. Who was she, they wanted to know. And why was she walking alone? She'd hardly got through explaining when another police car came up. They gave her the third degree too. And a little farther on a third radio patrol honked her to a halt. This time Maureen let loose on them, inferring she had thought this was a free country.

"This is a favorite lovers' parking spot, lady," explained the cops. "And there are lots of mashers. We're only trying to protect you."

"Protect *me!*" exploded Maureen. "And after I studied jiu-jitsu for two years!"

This non-protective, self-reliant complex is the major reason why Maureen O'Hara will bristle when you call her Charles Laughton's protege. Laughton has, unquestionably, helped in handing her some breaks, in England and in Hollywood too. All the connection amounts to, though, is that he thinks O'Hara has talent. He's no Svengali to her Trilby, as the world believes. And the word "protege" infers Maureen is under his wing. Being under anyone's wing, to an O'Hara, is a fate worse than death. Maureen's life has been one twenty-year-long declaration of independence. I certainly wouldn't advise that attitude for everyone—but in Maureen's case I've a hunch it had a lot to do with getting her where she is today.

It started literally when she was born. The doctors prophesied Maureen would arrive on April eighteenth, back in 1920. At ten minutes to midnight, April seventeenth, Maureen made her grand entrance. Her Irish nurse glanced at the clock and sighed, "I guess she just couldn't wait and be obliging about it!"

Since then, Little Mary has gazed at life with a level, independent eye. She has faced her breaks with steady blood pressure. She has had temper instead of temperament. And she has done very well, thank you.

Of course, the luck of the Irish is traditional. But the



The "Little People" must have worked overtime to transform the bruised and battered tomboy that was Maureen Fitzsimons into this pulchritudinous package, who'll next be seen in "Have It Your Own Way."

luck of the O'Haras (who aren't O'Haras at all, but Fitzsimonses) is due in large part to a beautiful and extremely capable *mater familias* already known all over Hollywood as "Mommy." Maureen not only gets her fair face from Mommy but, I also suspect, a good part of her drive, her talent, her ambition—much of what the world acclaims today, in fact—except her rusty topknot. That Maureen and Mommy both attribute to unknown Irish gods.

The fact, however, that there are four other acting Fitzsimonses of Mommy's brood, all currently making names for themselves in Dublin, is proof enough for me that Mommy, who was an opera singer, and actress herself, is a solid part of Maureen's success secret.

Maureen was just a tiny tot of four when she lisped, "I want to be an actress." It didn't surprise Mommy Fitzsimons one bit because, for one thing, everybody in Ireland wants to act. It's a sort of national weakness. For another thing, Mommy, as I said, had done her bit on the boards before marrying Charles Fitzsimons, a Dublin representative for a London hat firm. She was known as "Rita" then, instead of "Mommy," and when she settled down to having six children, she had to have something to keep her busy, so she started designing hats and gowns and training mannequins. By the time Maureen, her second child, came along, Rita was a sort of Hattie Carnegie of Dublin. To this day she designs and makes all of Maureen's creations for important occasions, like premieres and such.

It was a cinch for Mommy, who knew all about how a girl should back in and out of (*Continued on page 62*)

INFORMATION *please,* MR. MILLAND!



Ray's been happily married for nine of the ten years he's lived in America. A Welshman by birth and an ex-member of the King's Guard, he's now a U. S. citizen.

DANIEL DAVID, Ray Milland's son, upset a few plans by storming into life two months ahead of time. Ray had just finished "French Without Tears" and Mal, his wife, urged him to take a vacation. "In a little while I'll be very hard to get along with," she insisted, "and you'll need all your strength to cope with my whims. You'd better take one now."

He left without misgivings. Had he known that his child was to inherit his own impetuosity, he wouldn't have stirred five steps from his wife's side. He bore all the earmarks of that infernal but pleasant nuisance—the hovering husband.

He reached Sun Valley in the morning and skied all day. At nine that evening he was summoned to the phone by his wife's doctor.

"What on earth has happened?"

"Nothing to worry about. Your wife's here at the hospital, and the baby's due soon. Everything's all right. But you'd better get home."

"Yes, but what's——"

"I can't explain now. I've got to get back to her. Just take my word that there's nothing to worry about."

He ordered a car and raced up to his room to throw his belongings together. His nerves were rigid, and his mind a whirling confusion, through which one thought hammered like a devil's gong. There must have been an accident. Yesterday she was all right. What had happened? Why wouldn't the doctor tell him? Nothing to worry about. That's what they all said. Didn't mean a thing. Must have been an accident. How could he find out? Images flashed through his mind that he closed his eyes against. Accident, accident, accident. How could he find out? Mal's mother. He'd call her. No, she was probably at the hospital. He'd call the house, anyway. Somebody'd be there, somebody'd tell him.

His mother-in-law's calm voice answered the phone. "How's Mal? What happened?"

"Mal? Why, she's all right. She's having dinner with Joan Crawford this evening."

Milland groaned. "No, she's not. She's at the hospital. The doctor just phoned me. Get down there quick. I'm leaving right now."

As he told it later, with a kind of savage tenderness, "she'll go to such idiotic lengths to save people pain. She was in the car, going home from the beauty shop, when she realized something was wrong. She phoned the doctor, who ordered her straight to the hospital, so she had the chauffeur drive her down. She didn't let her mother or sister know. If she'd had her way, nobody would have known till the whole thing was over."

Meantime, Milland was speeding toward



In "Untamed" with Pat Morison, Ray plays a doctor, one of the few professions in which this former soldier, sailor, rancher and pistol expert hasn't dabbled.

Boise. Too jittery to drive himself, he managed to communicate his mood to the chauffeur, with the result that they made two hundred miles through a blinding snowstorm in three hours, and unscathed. He caught the air express to Salt Lake. There, with a half hour to wait for the mail plane, he sprinted for the nearest telephone.

He got the hospital. He got the delivery room. He got the nurse. The pulse in his throat threatened to strangle him.

"How's Mrs. Milland?"

"She's fine. She's doing swell."

The blood began draining back into his veins. "What—what have I got?"

She laughed. "You haven't got anything yet. Wait." There was a new note in her voice. "Wait just a minute, Mr. Milland." He heard the sound of the instrument as she laid it down. He waited three minutes by his watch, but his watch lied. He waited an eternity. Then he heard another sound—thin, high and dumbfounding. "That was your son's first cry," said the nurse.

"Th-thanks," murmured the flabbergasted father and walked out in a daze. His son's first cry and he'd heard it in Salt Lake City. It was his son who'd made that funny noise. His son—great Scott, he had a son!

That fact was confirmed by his butler who opened the door to him at 7 A. M., by which time he was lightheaded and ready for a little solid confirmation. "Suh," said the butler, "I'd give a million dollars to be in (*Continued on page 80*)

BABY MILLAND HAS SOME BIG SHOES TO FILL, IF HE HOPES TO MEASURE UP TO THAT DAD OF HIS

By Ida Zeitlin

BATHE FOR BEAUTY

—AND FOLLOW THIS DAILY DESIGN FOR DAINTINESS IF YOU'D BE A SUMMER SUCCESS

A FAMOUS European beauty specialist recently said that there are only two kinds of women in this world—well groomed women and neglected ones. This man, being wise as well as witty, added succinctly that a woman's psychological attitudes are so important to her beauty that by changing her point of view she can actually change the texture of her skin—to say nothing of the health of her nervous system, the state of her digestion and similarly mysterious inside workings.

We agree with the learned medico, for we've seen lots of evidence to bear him out. We agree, too, that a well groomed body is a total loss if the mind which governs it is not well groomed, clear visioned and intelligently perceptive. Charity toward others, optimism and a zest for living are about as important as any qualities we know of when it comes to the business of mental grooming.

But let's take our minds for granted momentarily and concentrate on a design for summer daintiness.

There's a "be-kind-to-animals" week, cotton week, woolen week, safety week, flower week, apple week, old-home week, and even cranberry week; it seems high time somebody did something about a summer-beauty week! Goodness knows we all could use one along about now! Not that every week shouldn't be beauty week—it should. In fact, that's exactly why we have made a one week's summer beauty schedule that will be simple, flexible and workable enough that practically any girl anywhere can take it and adapt it to her own individual needs. Then, once she's tried it, she'll be able to stick to it summer in and summer out—or, for that matter, all year 'round.

The very best plan, we believe, is to distribute your grooming routine equally over six days of the week, leaving Sunday in which to either relax completely or to catch up loose ends unavoidably left over. We said *unavoidably*—no common garden variety of excuses will do. You've got to make up your mind in the beginning that you are going to stick to your beauty schedule come rain or shine, famine, strikes, high water or summer visitors. Otherwise you might just as well save your eyes and skip these pages. Resolution must be a part of your equipment, if you really want any benefits from what we're about to set forth.

Let's start with Monday. Monday is an excellent day to, first, check up on your daily diet and, second, to get down to business regarding that little matter of regular exercising. Oh yes, whether you're thin or fat or beautifully streamlined, your daily diet is exceedingly important to your beauty. Conscientiously, now, if you're too thin, are you eating enough proteins—meats, fish, eggs, cheese, milk, and perhaps nuts, dried beans, peas and lentils? If you are too fat, are you counting your calories? Twelve hundred a day should be your total. Have you cut down enough on sugars, starches, rich sauces, gravies, pastries and heavy desserts and substituted raw vegetables, citrus and other fruits, skimmed milk and lean meats? Three hundred calories at breakfast, four hundred at luncheon and five hundred at dinner would be a sensible distribution—and no cheating between meals!

IF YOU ARE just right in both weight and proportions, are you maintaining a diet that will keep you that way? Don't take unfair advantage of your present good fortune. The old ounce of prevention is better than any cure. And whatever your figure status, are you drinking at least six glasses of water every day, one of these the first thing upon rising each morning? It may be prosaic, but food and drink are what little girls are made of—big ones, too—and there's no use closing your eyes and applying beauty compresses if you're neglecting the fundamentals upon which beauty is built.

Are you absorbing enough sunshine to keep your body the smooth-running machine that it should and can be? There would soon be no beautiful or healthy people in the world if it weren't for our sensible use of the free sunshine. Are you getting enough sleep to keep your skin clear, your nerves relaxed and (*Continued on page 70*)

Rich creams are summer necessities to counteract both wind and sunburn.

A cream depilatory keeps arms and legs always looking their best.

After her bath, Jean Parker dusts on powder that has a dainty fragrance.



The lovely Jean Parker knows that, after a hard day at the studio, nothing is quite so relaxing as a warm, luxurious bath with plenty of soap and aromatic bath salts.

BY CAROL CARTER



Here is Jean—cool, crisp and dainty—ready for an evening's frolic.

NINE GOOD REASONS WHY THIS LITTLE LADY BELONGS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Gracie FOR PRESIDENT!

By Gracie Allen

WHEN THE Surprise Party surprised me by nominating me for President I was so stunned I couldn't talk. George took one look at me and ran to the telephone and I said, "Are you going to call the doctor?" and he said, "No, believe it or not, I am going to call Ripley."

At first I thought the campaign would be easy and nothing but fun and play, but there is a lot of work to be done in connection with a campaign. First, there was my platform that had to be put together and then fell apart before we could get a picture of it.

And then people started asking questions like, "What are you going to do when you get to the White House?" and "How are you going to run the cabinet and the Senate and things?" All of this requires a great deal of thought, which I have been doing so much that George has the earache.

Just to give you an idea, the cameraman followed me on a typical busy day at the house in Beverly Hills, which I am using until the White House is vacated and I can make arrangements with a furniture moving company.



FISHING: It's my favorite sport, especially during the campaign, but I usually fish in the backyard because the ocean is so far from the shore. And you don't have to dig bait, either.



PRESS CONFERENCE: Lots of big office-holders get into trouble saying the wrong thing at press conferences. I don't believe in talking while pressing 'cause you get excited and burn things.



CABINET MEETING: My cabinet will be a typical woman's cabinet, because if you let a man in your cabinet, he's always spilling the sugar or misplacing the nutmeg, filibustering at midnight.



FARM PROBLEM: That seems to bother all of the candidates but me. I will just cross onions with gardenias and people will not offend each other while talking about other problems.



FIRESIDE CHATS: Yes, I believe I'll keep on giving those chummy fireside chats. It's sort of hot for a fire in Washington during the summer, but an electric fan will help cool the fireplace.



STATE DINNERS: I will give state dinners, but I will not invite anyone because if I left someone out he would feel hurt. This way, the dinners won't last long and I can listen to me on the radio.



NEWSPAPER COLUMN: Maybe I'll let George conduct my column, "Your Daily Dope." Some of the things he writes don't make sense to me, but my typewriter spells awful when I work it.



OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE: Sometimes I am so busy I have to dictate in the car. It seems kind of silly to dictate into a hose but by doing this I don't have to apologize for things I say.



ECONOMY PROGRAM: The Secretary of Labor has a lot of spare time on Saturdays and Sundays and he might as well be serving his country. After all, I can't take care of *everything!*

THE JOKE'S ON HOPE

WHERE THERE'S HOPE THERE'S INEVITABLY LIFE, AND, EVEN IN THESE GLUM TIMES, EVERY DAY IS PARTY DAY WITH THIS SELF-MADE FUNNYMAN AROUND

BOB HOPE certainly wasn't born a funnyman. And, unlike most great humorists, he wasn't dropped on his dandruff as a child, didn't win prizes for bright sayings as a brat, and never in his youth was the life of the party. Moreover, he was born in London, of a people that have never seen the joke.

Yet, he must have been destined for great comedy, for fame, and for becoming an antidote to man's ills. Because, centuries earlier, another Englishman, that old grouch, Dr. Samuel Johnson, remarked:

"Hope is the chief blessing of man."

And he is.

Today, in a glum world filled with pangs of war and depression, Bob Hope is the medicine man who is selling that greatest of quick-action pills—laughter. Today, easy and natural, he walks into a room, up to a microphone, onto the screen, and homo sapiens guffaw. He opens his mouth and stolid, respectable citizens fling themselves into the aisles, convulsed with high hilarity.

Who is this fellow, this dressy hangover of the medieval court jesters? Who is he? And why is he? And what about him?

Well, you can't be very dignified when you interview Bob Hope. It's like sitting, asking questions, and for answers having someone brush your feet with a feather. You just keep giggling helplessly. That's because, every time Bob Hope breathes, he exhales, not oxygen, but gags. His weekly radio show and his recent Paramount pictures, during the productions of which he ad libbed without mercy, all prove that Bob Hope knows his humor. Perhaps he wasn't originally cut out to be a funnyman. Perhaps he doesn't know how he ever became one. But this is certain—Hope knows Humor as Einstein knows Relativity.

"The secret of being funny or not being funny, the trick of telling a good joke, depends entirely on timing," says Hope. "Of course, to begin with, you've got to have a joke that is shorn of whiskers. I'll tell you, the big trouble with the average life-of-the-party, the amateur wisecracker, is that he usually forgets certain important details of his joke, or sin of sins, hasn't the ending clear in his mind. But mostly, he doesn't know timing. And his joke falls flat.

"I've been in this game long enough to realize there's no such thing as a new quip. There are certain basic gags like—'Who was that lady I saw you with last night?' and the answer, 'That was no lady, that was my wife,' from which a thousand jokes spring. It just takes a twist. To give you a classic idea—'Who was that lady I saw you with last night?' and the answer, 'That was no lady, that was *your* wife!'

"The object is to make a quip sound fresh by giving it a new turn, or tying it up with modern slang or situations in the news.

"For example, take the recent gag about the King of England putting on a diving suit to review his fleet. Now that was nothing but an old saw made new by the headlines.

"The main thing to watch out for, on radio or in the parlor, is going stale."

Bob Hope grimaced at the very thought of going stale.

"What happens is this: My script writers and I will line up a series of gags in which I'm constantly insulted. Luckily, it goes over big. The audience is hysterical. The reception puts us in a rut. Since it got such easy laughs this week, we try the same thing in different verbal clothing next week and the week after, until it sounds like a needle stuck on a victrola record, and our employers howl, and we think moodily of applying for the WPA where humor is appreciated."

Incidentally, Hope didn't think you could feed the public corny and obvious humor. He was positive radio, in every hamlet and village, had matured listeners and made them aware of good and bad jokes.

In his study of rib-ticklers, Hope had collected a good variety of novelty giggle-provokers. (*Cont'd on page 88*)



His love scenes with Paulette Goddard are too unsophisticated for him.



Bob's lovely ex-model wife, Dolores Read, is his severe but adoring critic.



By Irving Wallace



A GODDARD IN WOLF-GIRL'S CLOTHING HAS SUDDENLY SET AN UNSUSPECTING HOLLYWOOD ON ITS EAR

"Despite appearances to the contrary," says Paulette, "my career is my whole life; not a trinket to wear on my wrist."

Paulette's OUTSMARTING HER RIVALS

By George Benjamin

WHEN Gary Cooper signed to do "North West Mounted Police," Producer-Director Cecil B. De Mille told him, "There are three equally good male roles in the picture. You can have your choice." So Gary took the script home, read it, mulled things over for a couple of days and came back with his answer. He guessed he would play the ranger from Texas, but he didn't want anybody to tell him it was the best role in the picture. Gary drawled dryly, "I'd like to be able to play the wolf girl, Louvette."

De Mille, himself, thought enough of the role to consider Vivien Leigh for it. Louvette was a half-breed Scarlett O'Hara, and he wanted an actress who could be dangerously feminine—dynamite in skirts; and she had to talk with a French-Indian accent. He didn't think of Paulette Goddard as a possibility.

But Paulette is the girl who is playing the role.

And how did she get it? She used her head. She outsmarted everyone else.

The picture was all set to go into production. Every role had been cast except Louvette. De Mille still hadn't made up his mind about the girl to play the part. But he had decided which actresses to test, and he was testing them at the rate of two a day—one in the morning, another in the afternoon.

This particular noon, as usual, he stopped in his office on the way from the test-stage to the commissary. Only this noon, Bill Pine, his production assistant, seemed to be finding a confounded lot of things to ask him, keeping him from lunch.

Impatiently, he was answering Bill's questions when his secretary appeared in the doorway. "There's a young lady outside to see you," she said.

"Who is it?" barked C. B., studying a paper Bill had just handed him.

"She wouldn't give any name. She said she wanted to surprise you."

"Tell her I can't be surprised now. I'm going to lunch."

He looked up to glare toward the doorway to make the point emphatic—and gaped, instead.

Peering around the edge of the open door was a brown-skinned vixen with unruly hair, an Indian feather dangling from the right side of her head. And, unless his eyes were tricking him, she was wearing the same dress he had seen, only fifteen minutes before, on the girl (*Continued on page 83*)



Paulette's made a gad-about of recluse, Charlie Chaplin — Hollywood's richest man—and his sons (this is Charlie, Jr.) adore her.

When six artists agree on the most beautiful girl in the world, their decision — especially when it's Paulette—is worth noting.



JULES BUCK, OUR SNAP-HAPPY SHUTTER-BUG, SITS IN ON THE HOLLY-WOOD NIGHT SHIFT



Fay Bainter forsakes her hubby for a turn about the floor with Greg Bautzer, who is doing no brooding over his lost love, Lana Turner.



Those perennial lovebirds, the Stu Erwins, have been married 8 years! We caught them one night when they'd "snuk" out on their 2 kiddies.



Here are the Doug Fairbankses on practically their last appearance at Ciro's before Daphne was born. Doug's thrilled that it's a girl.



We've heard that aviators are a sleepy lot by night. Not so Wayne Morris, who still takes Bubbles partying in spite of his flying lessons.



Livvie de Havilland consoles herself with Valleajo Gantner, the bathing suit scion, while her heart, Jimmy Stewart, works on "The Mortal Storm."



George Murphy holds Rog Pryor, Mrs. Murphy and Ann Sothern spellbound with one of his tall tales a few days before he left for New York.



Marie Wilson is back to the Grinde (Nick) and loving it. She looks very cute after a hard day of testing for the coveted part of "Tillie the Toiler."



It's the end of a perfect evening for George Raft and Norma Shearer as they leave Victor Hugo's in Norma's car—a big 16-cylinder limousine.



Her tip-tilted bonnet shields Diana Lewis from the disillusioning knowledge that Bill Powell's catching forty winks in the midst of a swell story.



Herbert Marshall, looking tan and terrific, cigarettes his bride, Lee Russell. Herb, Edna Best's ex, is working in "Foreign Correspondent."



Mischa Auer works all day and plays all night. He and his big-as-a-minute wife haven't missed a night at Ciro's since it opened.



Al Hall has that if-you-weren't-a-lady look, as Lucille Ball goes to work on his shrimp cocktail. She must be pretty darn sure of her ground!



Humph Bogart looks heckled while wifey, Mayo Methot, beams. She's just brow-beaten him into angel-ing her brand new infants' wear shop.



Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier were wined and dined before the opening of "Romeo and Juliet" and were jittery as a pair of amateurs.



Agent Nat Wolf signals his bride, Edna Best, that he'll be right back (that old gag) as he borrows lovely Joan Bennett for a quick rhumba.



Bobby Stack is playing the field these days. Here he's cutting off a yard or two of the old line for Laurie Lane, lovely ex-Mardi Gras queen.



It looks like love for Irv Cummings and Nancy Kelly seen here on their near-elopement night, but 'tis said her heart belongs to Ed O'Brien.



The Allan Joneses were stunned to learn their extra-special car has an identical twin. They drove it away from Ciro's one night, by mistake.



Dick and Joan Powell sing the praises of marital bliss all day on the "I Want A Divorce" set, and look as though they really meant it, too.



Mary Martin and playboy beau Bob Oliver wind up even their elegant evenings with a fudge sundae. Mary gets a yen for one mid-nightly.



Fred Perry, the tennis star, looking anything but sad over wife Helen Vinson's divorce action, makes merry with Rosalind Russell at Ciro's.



Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye, M-G-M art director, will middle-aisle it this summer. It will be his second marriage and Eleanor's first.





GOOD NEWS

By Lois Svensrud

LOOK TO YOUR LAURELS, CLARK!

On the set of "Boom Town" Mickey Rooney dropped by for a visit with his idol, Clark Gable. Gable was doing a scene with Hedy Lamarr, in which the weeping actress threw herself down on a couch. Gable was supposed to come up to Hedy, pat her on the shoulder and tell her how much he loved her. The scene was just getting under way when Mickey arrived on the set, and Gable motioned to him to take his place. Imagine Hedy's surprise when she heard Mickey's voice, quavering from sheer nerves, saying "I love you." She turned quickly and burst into laughter, while Mickey blushed to the roots of his blonde hair. "That's all right, Mickey," said Hedy. "You sound a lot more convincing than Clark."

LADY BOUNTIFUL

Looks like wedding bells for Nick Grinde and Marie Wilson, who've been consulting architects ever since Marie's return to Hollywood. According to Nick, he's a little hesitant about giving Marie a house, for fear he might return from work some evening and find that she had given it away. Marie has the habit of bestowing her possessions—whether cocker spaniel puppies or star sapphire rings—on anyone who happens to admire them. But Grinde's decided that a good hefty mortgage on the place might nail down his home sweet home!

LUCK OF THE IRISH!

Nancy Kelly's almost-elopement didn't cause much excitement around town, for those in the know claim that her real heart interest is, and always will be, Edmond O'Brien. Looks as if they're right, for she no longer sees her would-be fiancé, Irving Cummings, Jr., and the long-distance calls with Edmond, who's on tour with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, are something for the telephone company to rejoice over.

BARN WITH A VIEW

Bette Davis is planning a short visit to Honolulu on completion of "All This, and Heaven Too." But the dreamy look in her eyes is not due to contemplation of Waikiki Beach but of Sugar Hill, the place she's recently purchased in New Hampshire. As soon as the elderly barn on the place is rejuvenated, Bette will hie herself east for a real vacation. She's chosen the barn in preference to the house, because its view is beautiful enough to compensate for its other drawbacks. "Then I'm just going to sit and look for a few months," claims Bette.

HOP SCOTCH

Claudette Colbert received a royal welcome when she reported for work at Metro. The red carpet was unrolled at the door, and Norma Shearer gave over her dressing-room for the visiting star's use. Miss Colbert was duly appreciative of Norma's thoughtfulness, but admitted that she was pretty uncomfortable for the first few days. It seems that she felt she should remove her shoes at the door before stepping on the white carpets. Finally Claudette solved this difficulty by bringing some scatter-rugs from home and playing Eliza-on-the-ice-cakes whenever she walked around the apartment.

GINGER'S AFFAIRS

Looks like the real thing between Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes, for the star wears a magnificent square-cut diamond whenever she appears with him in night-spots. Furthermore, her divorce from Lew Ayres was all Ginger's idea; according to his intimates, Lew was trying to effect a reconciliation right up to the last minute.

DARK VICTORY

It would seem that Ginger's permanently discarding her blonde locks along with her dancing shoes. In her next picture, "Lucky Partners," she'll have raven tresses. In fact she has announced that, from now on, she'll shun the peroxide bottle both on and off the screen. The only actress in town who's taking up the blonde cause is Frances Langford. After two years without making a picture, Frances decided that something drastic should be done to alter her looks. She emerged from the beauty parlor the next day with a reddish gold coiffure and one hundred per cent more confidence. A week later, just to prove that blondes aren't through, Frances landed a picture contract at RKO.

RECONCILIATION?

Friends of Martha Raye and Dave Rose are busy these days trying to effect a reconciliation between the two. Martha admits that there's no one else she's interested in, and Dave has convinced everyone but Martha that he's still in love. Just another case of two careers in a family being one too many. But bets are going strong that before the divorce becomes final, Martha will decide to become just plain Mrs. Dave Rose and forget that "Moutha" Raye ever existed.

NO MORE ACTORS

No hopes are held out, however, for the Tony Martins settling for domesticity. Though Alice Faye and Tony had several meetings on his recent trip to the Coast, the only thing they settled was a property arrangement. Neither is looking forward to another marriage, though Alice says that, should love

AN EAR TO THE GROUND AND AN EYE ON THE STARS — IMPOSSIBLE FEAT? NOT FOR OUR SNOOPING, SCOOPING HOLLYWOOD REPORTER!



come into her life again, she hopes it won't be accompanied by an actor.

TURNABOUT

After years of being a golf-widow, Dixie Lee Crosby suddenly turned the tables on Bing. She took to the fairways with a vengeance and has shown such remarkable progress in the game that she's now tournamenting all around the country-side. While Dixie's having the time of her life at Palm Spring and Del Monte, Bing is mamma, papa an crooner to the four young Crosbys.

FANS' DELIGHT

Maureen O'Hara is the fans' delight. crowd of autograph-seekers is too large her to accommodate with her signature c after scribbling away for a half-hour or she will look up and say disappointedly, ' more autographs wanted?" The reason feels this way, says Maureen, is tha some time when she attended previe ws Hollywood, she was never asked for a autograph. "I'd go up to the theatre sm ing graciously," Maureen laughs, "and hop ing against hope that someone—anyone would think I looked like an actress an want my autograph. If I live to be ninety I'll never get over the thrill of finally having an autograph book held out to me!"

JANE DWELLS IN MARBLE HALLS

How would you like to have a pink marble apartment presented to you on your birthday? And a soda fountain? Jane Withers was the recipient of just these things when she recently checked off her fourteenth birthday. The apartment is built on the second floor of her parents' home and the soda fountain holds the place of honor in the rumpus-room. When George Ernest, Jane's romantic interest No. 1, called to inspect the place, his eyes poppe[illegible] at all the splendor. "Oh, it's rec[illegible] said his hostess, trying [illegible] a bit more ad[illegible] t[illegible]

GLAM[illegible]

Laurence Olivier has never bothered to find out the language of the flowers, for Vivien Leigh, the girl of his dreams, would far rather have a gift of caramels or, chocolate-dipped cherries when he comes a-courting. On the set, she always has a box of candy at her elbow, and generally there's one tucked under her arm when she shows up for a preview. A nibble on a chocolate now and then is an excellent pepper-upper according to Vivien, who never gains an ounce, and glamour, in her opinion, is nothing more nor less than pep. There's an easy-to-take recipe, girls!

[illegible]VE BAROMETER

[illegible]e George Brent-Ann Sheridan romance is [illegible] the shelf and really going strong again. [illegible]r Annie is definitely on top now, and [illegible]ere are those around town who say that [illegible]e voltage of Mr. Brent's ardor can always [illegible] gauged by the career status of the object [illegible] his affections.

[illegible]AN IN A MILLION

[illegible]om a saleslady in the millinery department [illegible]f I. Magnin's, we learned that Clark Gable [illegible]ccompanies his wife on shopping tours. But he isn't much help in selecting hats for Miss Lombard," she explained. "Mr. Gable doesn't even look at the hats I put on her head. He just looks at his wife and says, 'Beautiful, just beautiful.' "

THE ACID TEST

Whether it's "luff" on Miss Garbo's part, we don't know. But there's no doubt about how Dr. Gaylord Hauser feels toward Greta—not after watching them lunch the other day at the Villa Nova, famous Italian restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. The fresh vegetable faddist stuck to his guns and ate barely a bite of the Villa's renowned spaghetti. Instead, with a beatific expression on his face, he watched Greta, whom he's been dieting for months and months, consume literally yards of pure, unadulterated starch.

ROONEY HOLDS HIS OWN

Mickey Rooney was being ribbed by his pals on the lot the other day. "You sure get the girls in a marrying mood, Mickey," said one

of them. "Only they marry someone else!" "If you have reference to the fact that I used to date both Diane Lewis and Lois Andrews," said Mickey with dignity, "kindly bear in mind that it took men with forty years more experience with women to outsmart me."

UNDERSTATEMENT

Jimmy Stewart may appear very smitten with the charms of Olivia de Havilland, but he hasn't forgotten Marlene Dietrich. When he was called to the studio the other day to discuss a forthcoming picture, the producer confided to him, "We may be able to get la Dietrich for this, too." "Not *la* Dietrich," corrected Jimmy, "but Ooolala Dietrich!"

TRULY A WONDER-BOY

Jack Benny and Orson Welles are seen together at the Brown Derby so often that the rumor got around the two were discussing making a picture together. Benny nipped this idea in the bud, however, when a friend broached the subject to him. "Orson and I discussing business?" he laughed. "Why, all we get together for is to eat. We have a mutual admiration for each other's appetite. Orson just fascinates me. Last time we met, for instance, he got away with a quart of milk, three extra-size steaks, four baked potatoes and four pieces of apple pie at one sitting. When we got up to leave the Derby I said, 'Where to, Orsie?' And he said, 'To get something to eat, of course.' So we went over to Sardi's and had cake à la mode and several cups of coffee. You can see for yourself," said Jack, "that we haven't a minute to discuss business."

BUT IS IT WORTH IT?

There's a concoction which Orson imbibes before every broadcast which might interest would-be radio stars. According to Mr. W. it keeps his vocal chords in trim and he wouldn't dream of going on the air without it. Recipe for this potion is as follows: Take a half cup of cold coffee, add tomato juice and grape juice, season with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. You might try it, just whether or not you're a genius.

CHORE-GIRL

Hedy Lamarr was late for work the other mo the director for an explanation of her tard her morning chores held her up. The "ch Hedy's morning duty of collecting the egg

and stamping them with the name of the Markey estate—now known as "Hedgegrow"—before sending them off to market. It's a fact, Mr. Ripley!

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

The title of Young-man-about-town is the undisputed right of Freddie Bartholomew these days. Though he's been dating several of the girls in the younger set, Freddie hasn't forgotten his former flame, Judy Garland, and always buys flowers for his dates at Judy's shop. The other day Judy happened to drop in just as Freddie was winding up a purchase of two corsages of gardenias. "Hmmm," hmmmed Judy, unashamedly taking a good look at the attached names, "Gloria and Peggy—who might they be?" Freddie was pretty flustered and muttered something about a "couple of girls I'm taking to a premiere," but Judy refused to be put off and proceeded to pin him down. "Well, if you must know," said Freddie, "their last name is Lloyd." Then he added with an attempt at nonchalance, "Just Harold Lloyd's kids, you know."

STREAMLINED WARDROBE

Remember the days when a certain radio star was known as Bob Brummell Burns? Well, those days are gone forever. Bob Burns has become so interested in his back-to-the-soil movement at his Canoga ranch that he hasn't bought so much as a new tie for months. Bing Crosby asked him if he didn't intend getting a new summer suit. "Heck, no," drawled Bob. "I'm not buying any summer suit. All a smart guy needs is one suit and brains enough to take off the vest when the weather gets warm, and to shed the coat when the weather starts sizzling."

GOOD GUY

Miriam Hopkins is now a member of the "Good Guy" club at Columbia broadcasting studio. The membership list is limited to those stars who have filled in at the last moment on a radio broadcast. Miriam won her spurs when Paulette Goddard took that tumble off her tor scooter and was unable to appear for a scheduled air-show. Sunday broadcast, and the blonde star was finally located, turday night dining and dancing at Ciro's. When Paulette's place, Miriam accepted the job on the went home to study her role. After the per- thanked Miss Hopkins and said, "And here eing temperamental!" "Well," said the star rdly time for temperament!"



GREER GARSON



JAMES CAGNEY



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

BING MUST BE COLOR-BLIND

The first party given by Andrea Leeds and Bob Howard in their new home was a gala affair. The guests of honor were Bob's brother Lin and his bride, Judith Barrett, but Bing Crosby stole the spotlight. Even competing with the fanciest furbelows worn by the who's who of town, his costume was in a class by itself. The Crosby outfit consisted of a pale blue slack suit with light violet shirt and matching hanky. He was completely unconscious of his sartorial splendor and had the time of his life.

A RABID LEWIS FAN

Those newlyweds, William Powell and Diana Lewis, are having a time for themselves with week-end jaunts to fashionable Arrowhead Springs and other resorts around the countryside. Diana's a great—and accomplished—badminton fan and to date has taken the honors from all her competitors wherever the Powells have stopped long enough for a game. Mr. P. doesn't play, just beams from the sidelines and cheers the little woman on. In fact, he's cheering Diana on in every way, her career included. After the preview of her latest picture, when the fans descended on her, Bill stood by looking as though he'd swallowed a canary.

FORCE OF HABIT

Greer Garson says that "Pride and Prejudice," her current picture, has meant a lot to her. It has given her a chance at a role which she really liked and enabled her to become acquainted with lots of interesting people. But the picture is also responsible for one of her most embarrassing moments. She attended a party one evening after the picture had been in production for several weeks. The guests were all assembled and primed for Greer's grand entrance. They were naturally electrified to watch her ease into the room sideways! Greer had been unconsciously turning sideways for so many weeks to get her voluminous "Pride and Prejudice" costumes through doorways that it had become second nature!

THE GOOD EARTH?

Guy Kibbee and his family have moved back into town after that valiant effort to "go back to the land" via a San Fernando Valley Ranch. "The idea was swell, but the upkeep was terrific," Guy told his pals at the studio. "One night I sat down and figured out that every tomato cost us $1.79; each ear of corn, approximately $2.00 and string beans, exactly 27c a bean. I figured right then and there that I would invest exactly two more dollars in the ranch—and that for a 'For Sale' sign!"

BOUDOIR SCENE

Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy had a strange summons from the wardrobe department the other day. They were asked to appear for a fitting at ten o'clock one morning—but a fitting for long underwear! Yep, in "Boom Town" you'll see both stars romping around in this intimate apparel.

WHAT-NEXT DEPARTMENT

After brooding for a long time over her shorn finger-nails, necessitated by her role in "North West Mounted Police," Paulette Goddard evolved the scheme of having four sets of artificial nails made up. Along with her evening clothes, Paulette's maid now lays out her mistress' choice of finger-tips for the evening—agate, red spangle, sequin or telecast red.

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

Laraine Day is so in earnest about her career that her leisure time is spent making movies on her own. With a gang of her Long Beach friends, she's just finished producing a picture that is soon to be previewed—strictly for the gang—at their "Community Playhouse." The "theatre" was formerly a Long Beach garage. "Strictly an Icky" will have a gala premiere, however, with a sand-box out in front for footprints and a cameraman ready with a Brownie.

HAIR-RAISING SPECTACLE

The other day on the set of "North West Mounted Police," the cast and crew watched with baited breath the strange spectacle of Cecil B. De Mille's having the few hairs on his bald head tweaked by a woman visitor. Mr. De Mille looked as if he felt a little silly, but didn't show any signs of blowing up. The tweaker, it developed, was none other than Elsie Janis, who is a very old friend of his.

BLUE TIMES FOR SONJA

Sonja Henie slipped out of Hollywood the day following her arrival from Honolulu. She spent several weeks at a quiet cabin on the shores of Lake Arrowhead before reporting for work at the studio. One reason for her seclusion was her recent illness; the other, her concern for her beloved Norway. (*Continued on page 67*)



JUDY GARLAND



ROBERT YOUNG



SONJA HENIE

GARBO STEPS OUT!

She was without a particle of moke-up ond was weoring o toilored beige dress, a dusty pink "hide-awoy" hat and her customory low-heeled shoes.



Gorbo, the recluse, leoves Ciro's with Andre Embiricos, a shipping executive from Greece, ofter dining with Mrs. Harrison Willioms, Dr. Goylord Houser, background, and his publisher, Frey Brown, left.







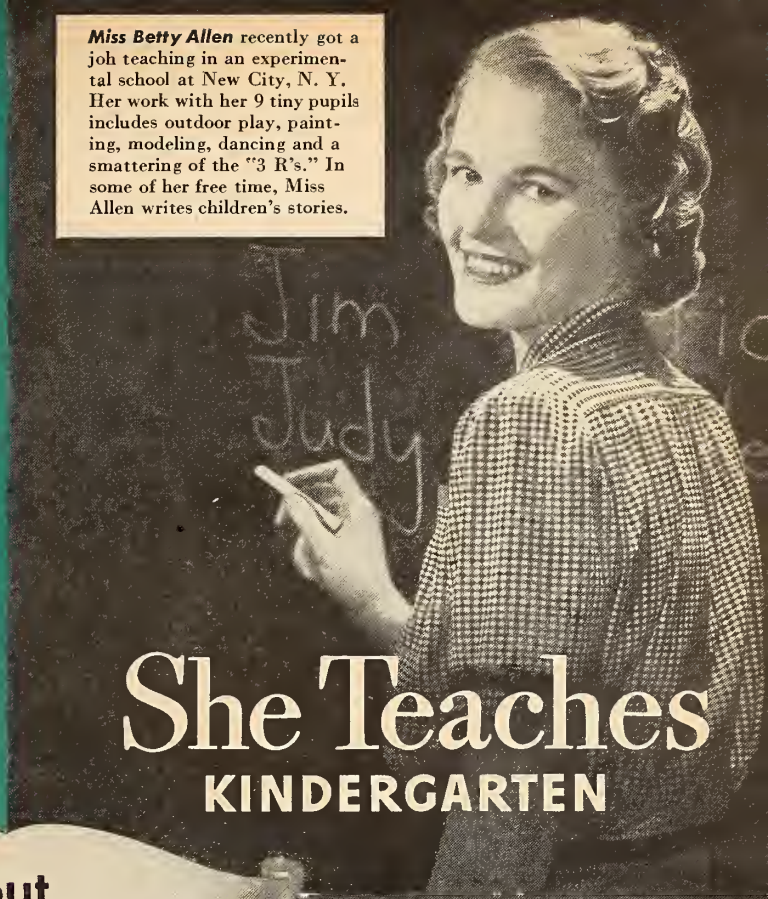
Sitting beside Mrs. Willioms, one of the world's ten best-dressed women, Greto tried to hide, exposing Houser's diamond ring on her fourth finger.

They drive off discussing their sky's-the-limit evening. Dinner lasted four hours, involved two bottles of champagne ond ron up o bill of $75.



Miss Beatrice Straight is a granddaughter of the late William C. Whitney, famous financier and diplomat. At the family's 14th-century castle, Dartington Hall, in Devonshire, England, was originated the drama group which is her consuming interest.

Miss Betty Allen recently got a joh teaching in an experimental school at New City, N. Y. Her work with her 9 tiny pupils includes outdoor play, painting, modeling, dancing and a smattering of the "3 R's." In some of her free time, Miss Allen writes children's stories.



She Sponsors THEATRE GROUP

She Teaches KINDERGARTEN

—but EACH GUARDS HER LOVELY COMPLEXION THE VERY SAME WAY

This season, Society is welcoming Miss Straight to her native America, where she is currently appearing in theatrical productions.

Pretty, red-haired Miss Allen has many interests outside of school. She adores dancing, swimming and fishing—and seems to have the "advantage" at tennis!





"Perfect for my skin"

QUESTION TO MISS STRAIGHT:

Miss Straight, is the English complexion really as radiant and lovely as we hear that it is?

ANSWER: "Yes—a good English complexion is lovely . . . just as lovely as a good American complexion! I think the charm of a girl's skin depends more on the care she gives it than where she lives. So whether I'm in England, America or in a far corner of the world—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. They're perfect for my skin."

QUESTION: Your complexion shows *that,* Miss Straight—but just how do you use your Pond's Creams?

ANSWER: "Every night, every morning and always before make-up, I cleanse my face with Pond's Cold Cream. These regular cleansings help keep my skin soft and supple, too. To smooth my skin for subtle, flattering make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream. I adore Pond's Vanishing Cream—it's not a bit greasy . . . and so fragrant and fluffy!"

"Smooths in a minute"

QUESTION TO MISS ALLEN:

Doesn't managing a lively group of youngsters keep a young teacher right up on her toes, Miss Allen?

ANSWER: "It surely does—and in more ways than one! My classroom 'public' is very observing and brutally frank. That's one reason why I'm so particular about my complexion. I use both Pond's Creams every day. No matter how busy I am—or how tired—I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream before going to bed at night, first thing in the morning, and often at noon, too. This care seems to give my skin just the fresh, soft look I want."

QUESTION: What do you do when sun and wind roughen and chap your skin?

ANSWER: "That's easy! Little roughnesses are smoothed away in a minute with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just a light film of it and presto! My skin feels marvelous and has the ideal base for soft, faithful make-up."



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVG, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Street_____

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for maids of America



A new lipstick
Chiffon

Such heavenly beauty, such glamour and allure your lips have never had before. Now your lips can have that soft and silken dewy texture that makes fashionable debutantes so desirable and kissable.

For here is Chiffon Lipstick, a new lipstick of incredible smoothness and scented with a costly perfume especially selected for its lure.

Ask for Chiffon Lipstick, 10¢, today at your favorite 5-and-10 store—your choice of these four extremely smart new shades:

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Chiffon Powder 10¢

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Dark Tan	Rose Petal	Rose Beige
Beige	Rachel	

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢

A new, entirely different cream, the only cream you need apply for cleaning, to help clarify and soften the skin. You'll be thrilled with the silken dewy texture it lends to your face.

Chiffon

the loveliest thing in make-up

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO)	4★
Adventure in Diomonds (Poromount)	2★
Amozing Mr. Willioms, The (Columbio)	3★
And One Wos Beautiful (M-G-M)	2½★
Another Thin Mon (M-G-M)	3★
Balaloika (M-G-M)	3★
Barricode (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Big Guy, The (Universol)	2½★
Black Friday (Universol)	2½★
*Bill of Divorcement, A (RKO)	3★
Blondie on a Budget (Columbia)	2★
Blue Bird, The (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Broodway Melody of 1940 (M-G-M)	3★
Brother Rat and a Baby (Warners)	2★
Buck Benny Rides Again (Paramount)	3½★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners)	2½★
Castle on the Hudson (Warners)	2½★
Cat and the Canary, The (Paramount)	3½★
Charlie Chon in Panama (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie McCarthy, Detective (Universol)	3★
Chasing Trouble (Monogram)	2★
Child Is Born, A (Warners)	3★
Chump at Oxford, A (United Artists)	2½★
Cisco Kid and the Lady, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Congo Maisie (M-G-M)	3★
Courageous Dr. Christian, The (RKO)	2★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic)	2★
Curtain Call (RKO)	2½★
*Dark Commond (Republic)	2½★
Daytime Wife (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Destry Rides Again (Universal)	3★
Disputed Passage (Paramount)	3★
Double Alibi (Universal)	2½★
Dr. Cyclops (Paramount)	3★
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners)	3½★
Dr. Kildare's Strange Case (M-G-M)	2½★
Drums Along the Mohawk (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Earl of Chicago, The (M-G-M)	4★
Elizabeth and Essex (Warners)	4★
Emergency Squad (Paramount)	2½★
Eternally Yours (United Artists)	2½★
Everything Happens at Night (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Farmer's Daughter, The (Paramount)	2½★
Fighting 69th, The (Warners)	3★
First Love (Universal)	3★
Five Little Peppers at Home (Columbia) C	2½★
*Florian (M-G-M)	2★
Flying Deuces (RKO)	2★
Forty Little Mothers (M-G-M)	2½★
Four Wives (Warners)	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
French Without Tears (Paramount)	2½★
Geronimo (Paramount)	3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Great Victor Herbert, The (Paramount)	3★
Green Hell (Universal)	2★
Gulliver's Travels (Paramount) C	3★
He Married His Wife, (20th Century-Fox)	2★
High School (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
His Girl Friday (Columbia)	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
House Across the Bay, The (United Artists)	2★
Housekeeper's Daughter, The (United Artists)	2★
House of Seven Gables (Universal)	2½★
Hunchback of Notre Dame, The (RKO)	3★
Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists)	3★
Invisible Man Returns, The (Universal)	2★
Invisible Stripes (Warners)	2★
*Irene (RKO)	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Womon (M-G-M)	2★
It All Came True (Warners)	2½★
It's a Date (Universal)	3½★
Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President (M-G-M)	2★
Johnny Apollo (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Judge Hardy and Son (M-G-M) C	3★
Kid Nightingale (Warners)	2★
Light That Failed, The (Paramount)	3★
Little Accident (Universal)	2½★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Lone Wolf Strikes, The (Columbia)	2★
Llano Kid, The (Paramount)	2½★
Mal He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal)	2½★
Man From Dakota, The (M-G-M)	2★
Man From Montreal (Universal)	2½★
Man Who Wouldn't Talk, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mon With Nine Lives, The (Columbia)	2★
Marines Fly High, The (RKO)	2★
Mexican Spitfire (RKO)	2½★

Picture	General Rating
Midnight (Poramount)	3★
Mikodo, The (Universol) C	3★
Millionoire Ployboy (RKO)	2★
Mirocles For Sale (M-G-M)	2½★
Missing Evidence (Universol)	3★
Mr. Smith Goes to Woshington (Columbia)	4★
Music in My Heort (Columbio)	2★
My Little Chickadee (Universol)	2½★
Nick Corter, Moster Detective (M-G-M)	3★
Night of Nights, The (Poromount)	2½★
Ninotchka (M-G-M)	4★
No Place To Go (Warners)	2★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M)	4★
Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO)	4★
Of Mice and Men (United Artists)	4★
Oklahoma Frontier (Universal)	2★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Old Maid, The (Warners)	4★
On Dress Parade (Warners) C	2★
One Hour to Live (Universol)	2★
One Million B.C. (United Artists)	3★
$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount)	2★
On Your Toes (Warners)	2½★
Our Leoding Citizen (Paramount)	2½★
Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount)	2½★
Outside 3-Mile Limit (Columbia)	2½★
Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Parole Fixer (Paramount)	2½★
Pinocchio (RKO) C	4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)	2★
Pride of the Blue Grass (Warners)	2½★
Primrose Path, The (RKO)	3½★
Quick Millions (20th Century-Fox) C	2★
Raffles (United Artists)	2★
Rains Came, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Range War (Paramount)	2★
Real Glory, The (United Artists)	3★
Rebecca (United Artists)	4★
Remember? (M-G-M)	2½★
Remember the Night (Paramount)	3★
Rio (Universal)	2½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)	2½★
Roaring Twenties, The (Warners)	3★
Rulers of the Sea (Paramount)	3½★
Sabotage (Republic)	2½★
*Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Santa Fe Morshal (Paramount)	1½★
*Saturday's Children (Warners)	2½★
Secret of Dr. Kildare, The (M-G-M)	3★
Seventeen (Paramount) C	3★
Shooting High (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M)	3★
Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release)	3★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists)	3★
Smashing the Money Ring (Warners)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universol) C	2½★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Maker, The (Paramount) C	2½★
Strange Cargo (M-G-M)	3★
Stronger Thon Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Swanee River (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO) C	3★
Television Spy (Paramount)	2½★
That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO) C	3★
These Glamour Girls (M-G-M)	2½★
They Shall Have Music (United Artists) C	3½★
Three Cheers for the Irish (Warners)	3★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal) C	3★
Three Sons (RKO)	3★
'Til We Meet Again (Warners)	3★
Too Busy to Work (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Too Many Husbands (Columbia)	3★
Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners)	2½★
Tower of London (Universal)	2★
Tropic Fury (Universal)	2★
20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Two Bright Boys (Universal)	2★
Two Girls on Broadway (M-G-M)	2½★
U-Boat 29 (Columbia)	3★
Underpup, The (Universal) C	3★
Vigil in the Night (RKO)	3★
Virginia City (Warners)	3★
Viva Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)	2★
We Are Not Alone (Warners)	3½★
Whot a Lifel (Paramount) C	3★
When Tomorrow Comes (Universal)	2½★
Wolf of New York (Republic)	2★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Young Tom Edison (M-G-M) C	4★

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Cutex OLD ROSE is a rich rose with that hint of blue so very flattering to your skin . . . CEDARWOOD is a lovely fresh mauvy-rose that goes with everything . . . LAUREL is delicate and feminine—a special favorite with the men in your life!

Write your own spring success story with the world's most popular nail tones—Cutex OLD ROSE, CEDARWOOD and LAUREL!

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Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



The new champion waved me aside. "A speech? Nothing doing! I'm just a tennis player." . . . "Wait!" I ask. "You've won the tennis cup, now you've got to tell them how you did it. Here—settle yourself with a stick of Beeman's. The flavor's great and that tang—"

"You win!" says the champ. "Gotta hand it to Beeman's—it's got what it takes. A fresh taste that's doubly refreshing. A dash and tang. A flavor that's too good to last—yet does." He laughed. "Sure I'll make a speech! It'll be good, too—if you'll just keep that package of Beeman's on tap!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

WATCH OUT FOR FIREWORKS!

(*Continued from page 41*)

either a stage or salon, to set little Mary straight on the art of walking and talking like an actress. When Maureen wasn't laid up with a black eye, a cracked collar bone or a kick in the shins from soccer, she was out in the backyard in a two-room playhouse her papa built for her, reciting, acting and putting on plays. As little brothers and sisters came along they joined the cast.

By the time she was twelve, Maureen had worked up quite a dramatic reputation in church entertainments and amateur plays around Dublin and was ready for bigger time. She got a professional radio job then, enrolled in Burke's Elocution School on the side and, at fourteen, was ready for the Abbey Theatre School.

THE Abbey Players, as everyone knows, are about as solid a collection of acting talent as there is anywhere around. The Abbey School is the national dramatic school of Eire where, as I say, acting is a racial mania. Maureen not only passed her school tests, but won about all the medals and awards they had lying around at the many play festivals and dramatic shillies in Ireland. If you stick in the Abbey group you know your dramatics, or else. So when Fame decided to grab her by the skirt, Little Mary Fitzsimons was prepared, if not particularly impressed.

She was seventeen. It was her first ball. It was the first time, in fact, she'd ever stepped out. The social side of Maureen had been more or less neglected. It wasn't, though, the minute the master of ceremonies started to pick the queen of the ball. He was, of all people, Harry Richman, the Manhattan crooner, and just what he was doing picking queens of Irish fetes is a little vague. Even Maureen doesn't remember. Anyway, Harry, who knows his tootsies, took one look and crowned Maureen the queen without a moment's hesitation. It all seemed sort of silly to Maureen at the time. Mommy was with her, and when Maureen was about to be crowned she whispered, "For goodness sake, Maureen—smile! You look as if you were bored stiff!"

"I am," said Maureen.

But if Maureen wasn't thrilled, Harry Richman was. He went to London and raved about the Irish beauty he'd discovered, and pretty soon an offer came from London for Maureen to make a screen test. Well, even a blasé, independent Irish colleen—I mean, girl—can feel the nippers of the movie bug, if only lightly. She had to give up a long cherished lead in the Abbey Theatre, to go over to London and make it, for the Vogue Film Company. She was sorry right away. The test was awful. They put her in a bonnet and made her up like an old biddy. The result was pretty sad. So Maureen turned down the half-baked offers she got and packed her bag for Dublin, when her agent came running up panting a magic name, "Charles Laughton." He wanted to see her, the man explained. That stopped Maureen, because all the British Isles are Laughton-conscious by now, and Maureen was a fan, even as you and I.

So little Mary stalked right over and right into the Mayflower Productions office, wearing a Jaeger travel coat and a round hat with a little feather in it. She looked like any one of a million Irish misses. But she wasn't. Most of those ordinary misses would have been ga-ga and thrilled to their open toes about the interview. Independent Maureen sat down before Laughton and Erich Pommer, his famous producer, and frowned disapprovingly.

Because Pommer had popped a script right at her and said, "Here, read this." And Maureen didn't think that was exactly the way to treat a girl. She shook her red head and calmly replied, "No! It's not fair to ask me to read this. I've never seen it before."

Instead of ushering her out of the place then and there, Messrs. Laughton and Pommer bolted up in their seats and took interest. Here was a girl who knew what was what. Spunk! Spirit! Fire! They arranged for a personally directed screen test. Before she knew it, Maureen was making "Jamaica Inn" with the

(*Continued on page 64*)



Though Brenda Joyce is now a tried and true member of Filmland, she is still loyal to her college-days' boy friend, Owen Ward. And, mind you, in spite of the fact that his job keeps him away from Hollywood a great part of the time! When he's around, their favorite recreation is hiking through the hills.

"My FEET are Just Killing Me!"

WHEN YOUR FEET HURT · YOU HURT ALL OVER

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RELIEF CAN BE YOURS AT VERY SMALL COST





FOOT RELIEF

Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, velvety-soft foot plaster relieves shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots, prevents blisters. Cut it to any size.



CORNS, CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Liquid Corn and Callous Remedy. 2 drops relieve pain quickly; soon loosen and remove hard or soft corns and callouses.



REMOVES CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Corn Salve quickly relieves pain and soon loosens old, hard corns for easy removal. Dependable, economical. Easy to apply.



REMOVE CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters quickly relieve pain and remove corns. Stop nagging shoe pressure. Easy to apply, stay in place. Waterproof.



EASES FEET

Dr. Scholl's Moleskin, foot plaster for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Prevents blisters. Cut it to any size or shape.



SORE, TENDER HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions give sore, tender heels a soft bed to rest upon. Made of sponge rubber, covered with leather. Easily applied.



CORNS, BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads in sizes for corns and bunions, instantly relieve pain of these foot troubles by stopping shoe pressure on sore spot. Easy to apply.

Quick Relief from Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Sore Toes



New *Super-Soft*
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put these thin, soothing, cushioning pads of fleecy softness on your corns, callouses, bunions or sore toes and you'll have quick relief. They stop shoe friction and pressure; ease new or tight shoes; keep you free of corns, sore toes, blisters, tender spots.

CORNS or CALLOUSES Quickly Removed

Separate *Medications* are included in every box of the New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for quickly removing corns or callouses.

Special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes. Get a box today. Don't accept a substitute. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.







PERSPIRING FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, chafed or perspiring feet. Soothing, comforting to irritated skin. Eases new or tight shoes.



TIRED, TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet caused by exertion and fatigue. Refreshing. Liquid (Vanishing) or Ointment.



CLEANSES FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap (granular), loosens secretions of the skin; cleanses skin pores; stimulates normal circulation; aids in promoting foot health.



PROTECTS STOCKING

Stocking Heel Protector firmly but comfortably grips the heel, saves wear of stocking at the heel, prevents blisters and slipping at heel. Washable.



FOOT LOTION

Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion—a refreshing application for relieving tired, burning, tender feet. Excellent for daily use as hand lotion. Dries quickly.



RELIEVE SORE FEET

Dr. Scholl's Bath Salts relieve tired, aching feet. Excellent for softening the water for shaving, shampooing and all toilet purposes.



CROOKED HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates prevent crooked heels, keep shoes shapely. Cushion heel; save on repairs. Easily attached in shoe. For men and women.

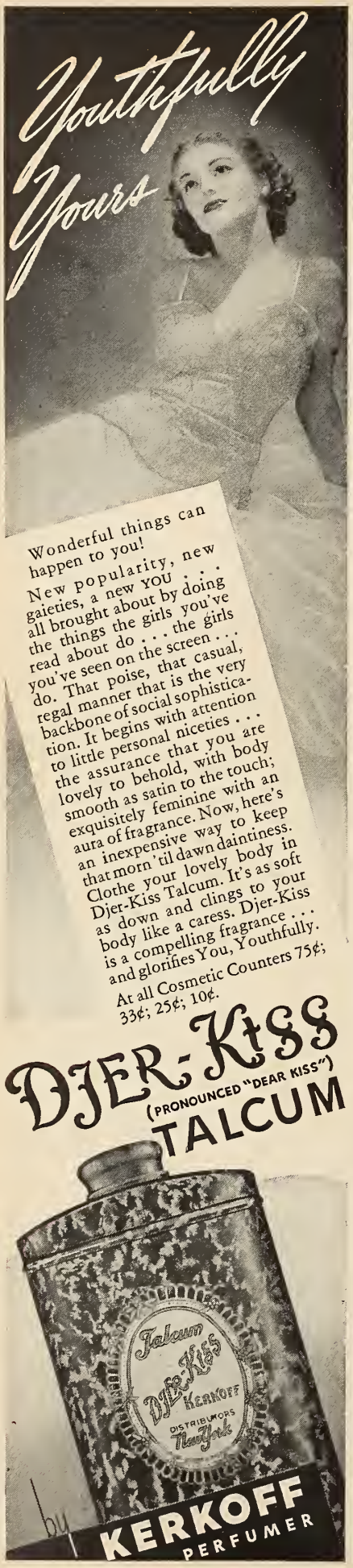


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Name .....

Address .....



great Laughton. It was just like that.

It was quite a jump from Dublin, where audiences take their Abbey dramatics pleasantly but relaxedly, to London, where movie stars are mobbed more than anywhere else in the world. But Maureen faced the crowd at the "Jamaica Inn" London premiere just as if she'd been doing that sort of thing every night of her young life. If there were any proud flutters beneath her evening gown (which I seriously doubt) they vanished forever after the premiere.

As Maureen got in the Laughton's car to be whisked away for a late supper, a man chased the automobile down the street, waving and shouting. The driver stopped, and the man thrust an autograph pad inside. "'Ere," he panted, "will you sign this?"

"Why, certainly," said Maureen. It was the first time this had ever happened to her. The man snatched his pad.

"Not *you*," he said, scornfully, extending it to Laughton. "*'Im!*"

AS a matter of fact, Hollywood didn't exactly roll out the barrel when Maureen arrived. One lone RKO hired hand met her at the station. And the first day she went down to the studio the gateman wouldn't let her in—until she told him her name was O'Hara. That didn't mean a thing to the gateman either. His name happened to be O'Toole, though, and he couldn't give the back of his hand to an O'Hara.

Maureen is only mildly thrilled about being a Hollywood screen star at this point. The trouble is, that heretofore things were so pleasant and simple, now her life is mixed up like a chef's salad.

For one thing, she has a seven-year lease on a house in Hyde Park, London, which is just sitting there to worry her. For another thing, she up and married a London film production manager, George Brown, a couple of hours before her boat sailed for Hollywood, and that's on her mind too. For a third, she had an Irish holiday after "Jamaica Inn" during which she rambled all over Ireland, kissing the Blarney Stone, ringing the bells of Shannon and dunking in every rock-rilled brook on the island, the memory of which is making Maureen so homesick now she could die. Then along came the war to make everything more topsy-turvy.

It's this same war, of course, which has been the backhanded stroke of luck that made Maureen O'Hara RKO's golden-haired girl today. When Laughton haled her to Hollywood in a hurry for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," she had no idea in the world of staying. Her marriage right before sailing is proof enough of that.

But when she'd finished "The Hunchback," packed her bags and booked her return reservations on the boat which was to take her back to home and hubby—boom!—Hitler got going, and war was declared. Every Hollywood actor from the British Isles ran around for days like a decapitated chicken. Finally the word came to stay put. So Maureen did—lucky for her in one way; unlucky in another.

London film production promptly went to pot. In Hollywood, however, RKO, with O'Hara hanging around biting her nails, decided to put her to good use as the long-sought star in "Bill of Divorcement." That's the sunny side of O'Hara's plight. And bright it is, too. Two more starring pictures are already lined up for her—"Have It Your Own Way" and "The Water Gypsies." At RKO, where they can use a new young star, the sky's the limit for Little Mary.

On the other hand, away from the career Hollywood isn't much fun for Maureen. She knows hardly anyone. She hasn't had time to go places, see and do things. She has been in a rush, ever since she landed in New York harbor.

Reporters caught her there in Quarantine for a few pearls of Irish wisdom and found Maureen busily packing her bags. In between trying to make things fit and talk sense too, Maureen heard someone say, "What do you think of the New York skyline?" It occurred to her then that she hadn't even seen it. So she rushed to the window, gave a quick peek, said, "It's gorgeous," and then found herself hemmed in again. That's the only look she got. Even in Manhattan, where she stayed only a day, talking business, all Maureen saw was, as she says, "bald heads and billboards." The next thing she knew she was on a train, and as she hates trains, Maureen stayed in her berth as much as possible, emerging only at Albuquerque to buy a Mexican sombrero.

The hat came in handy in Hollywood, on the "Hunchback" location in hot San Fernando Valley during the hottest wave California had had in sixty years. Maureen spent her first weeks dancing in the sun and dragging herself into the hay nightly at eight. After "The Hunchback," the studio shot Maureen around the country on a personal appearance tour. But in Little Rock she threw her thigh out of joint, in Portland she swelled up like a balloon with sea-food poisoning, in Seattle she landed in the hospital with appendix pains and in Chicago she got lumbago! There wasn't much playgirl percentage there.

Being a married lady, naturally Maureen can't step around with Hollywood's host of beaux eager enough to oblige. She doesn't go for the gay life in a big way, anyway. When she does dine out, always with Mommy, Maureen will trade you froth for fodder any day. A couple of nights she showed up at Ciro's and the Victor Hugo, on the arm of RKO publicity men, but that was just for—well what do you think publicity men do for a living? When the photographers aren't around, Maureen breaks training and reverts to a ravenous appetite at the House of Murphy or Lowry's Prime Rib, or better yet, whips up an Irish stew at home.

HER spare time in the day, if and when she has it, Maureen spends swimming, trotting a horse, batting a tennis ball around or striding through the hills—when the cops let her. To keep out of mischief she's also taking ballet lessons and voice for the ultimate career ambition—which is to be a prima donna in the opry. That keeps her fairly happy.

But, as Maureen confessed to the Hollywood Hibernian society on St. Patrick's Day, "Hollywood is very nice—and I like everybody—but—I want to go back to Ireland." That's where her heart is. She wants to see her sisters and brothers—Florence Catherine and Charles Bernard and James Bartholomew and Margo and Bridget Marguerite, who'll take her final vows as a Dominican nun this August (which means she'll never see Maureen in a picture). And she'd like to get acquainted with her husband, Mr. Brown, too. So this summer Maureen is taking the Atlantic Clipper home, war or no war.

"And I'd like to see anyone stop me," she said with her chin in the air.

I told her not to look at me. It's a job I wouldn't take for all the gold in Glamourland—stopping independent Little Mary O'Hara from doing anything that she has made up her mind to do.

A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

(*Continued from page 17*)

I have seen Beverly on the stage during her present personal appearance tour, and a lovelier, more feminine woman there never was. Yet she was dropped from her contract because it was hard to find roles for her. Why was it hard? Why wasn't she given a chance to show how truly lovely she is?

Why didn't the brothers Warner give her a chance to sing? Beverly would be superb in the type of role Alice Faye does—a chance to use that lovely voice of hers and a chance to get her teeth into a good dramatic part. When is some producer going to wake up and realize that she has what it takes?—Evelyn Lacques, Revere, Mass.

A Way of His Own

That cowboy has me. I'd rather see that sincere, refreshing man, Gene Autry, in a movie than all the Academy Award winners put together. There are no fake build-ups and glamour stuff for Gene. The songs he writes are as American as Stephen Foster's, his voice is as clear as a rain-washed sky and his grin is as catching as the mumps.

He's setting a wonderful example both on the screen and in real life for the kids who worship him. For clean, wholesome, unsophisticated, satisfying entertainment there's no one like him! It's easy to see why his fans are world-wide.

Whenever anyone starts a popularity poll, Gene is right at the top, in spite of the fact that his pictures are not as widely heralded or distributed as those of other actors. The amount of his fan mail is second to none. While other stars have their ups and downs, their ins and outs, that amazing fellow Autry, with his guitar and spurs, keeps right on grinning and climbing the heights of success.—Jean D. Shepard, Oakland, Cal.

Tch, Tch, Marlene!

After seeing Marlene Dietrich in "Destry Rides Again," I can't help thinking how wrong she was to use this type of picture for a comeback. Marlene has always been the screen's most glamorous star. We fans admired her for her cold beauty, perfect grooming and flair for beautiful clothes. She is one star who can get away with glamour alone, and we would like her to stay that way.

In "Destry" she lost her glamour as well as her dignity. There ought to be many roles requiring a "lady" for the part. Marlene should apply for these roles and leave barroom maidens alone. —Jane Brennan, Beverly, N. J.

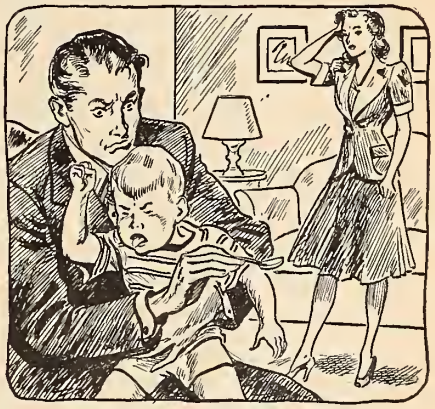
The Price

Whenever I turn my thoughts upon
What movie queens are nurtured on,
I wonder if the sacrifice
To gain the crown is worth the price.
For a little middle, a languid eye,
They ever must pass the pastry by,
Confine their cramming to lemon and toast
Till they're as wan as Marley's Ghost.
To evade the deplorable double chin,
A pillowless bed they slumber in.
Though Lombard, Lamarr or blonde Queen Beth
Can charm any attractive man to death;
Let those who have the will to do it
Gain the crown. They're welcome to it!
—Rebecca Wood, Tulsa, Okla.

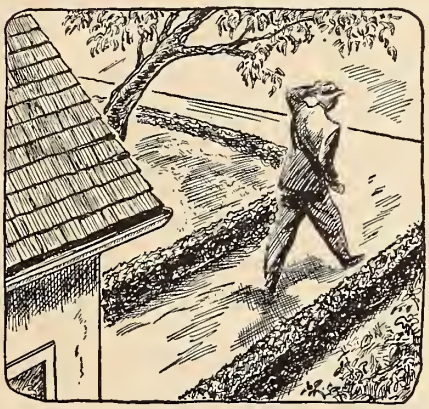
"The biggest mistake I ever made with my boy"



1. One day when I came home from work, I found my wife mad as a hornet . . . and Bobby standing in a corner, sullen and defiant. I asked what was wrong. And when my wife said, "The same old business," I knew what she meant.



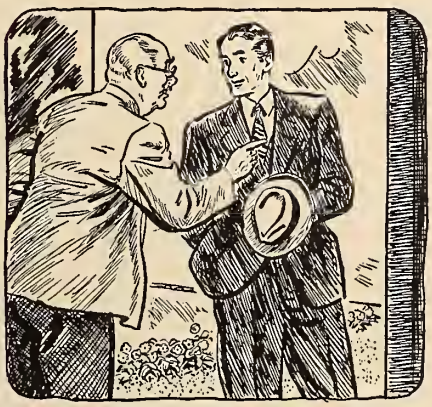
2. For Bobby was a laxative-hater of the worst kind. And this time I decided to take a hand. I grabbed his shoulders—and poured the stuff down his throat . . . I'll never forget the resentful look in his eyes. I felt a gap had come between us.



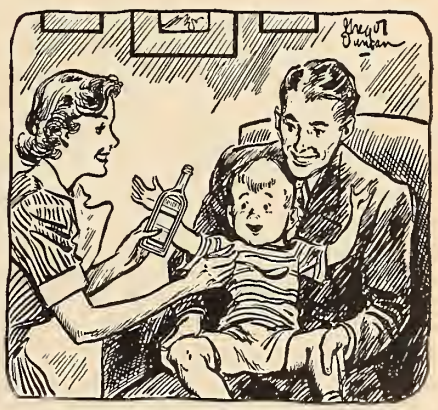
3. The incident stayed on my conscience all next day. I couldn't seem to get rid of it. And so I decided the best thing to do was to talk to our doctor and get his advice. I saw him early next evening, and told him the whole story.



4. When I finished he said: "John, you've made an awful mistake. We grownups are inclined to forget that children can't see the reason *why* it is necessary to take a bad-tasting medicine, and forcing them to take it can *shock* their delicate nervous systems."



5. He said that a child should get a nice-tasting laxative, BUT not one made for adults, and recommended Fletcher's Castoria. It's the laxative made *especially* for children. It has no harsh "adult" drugs. So it's always mild, and SAFE.



6. I bought a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria, and we gave some to Bobby. He took a sip, sort of scared-looking. Then his eyes widened, and he downed the spoonful! He grinned from ear to ear. And right then, I knew we'd had our last "laxative battle."

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children



DON'T be afraid of unkind remarks about your bare legs this Summer, when you follow the stockingless fashion in shorts, sports and dress clothes.

"Pour yourself a pair of stockings" and glamorize your legs. MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP will give them the same velvety attractiveness it does to face, neck and arms. Stays on for hours and hours.

Try Hawaiian the new Summer shade, or one of the 4 other flattering skin tones.

Ask for by name—
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I enclose 3c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-Up FREE!

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Hawaiian ☐ Suntan ☐ Brunette ☐ Rachelle ☐ Peach ☐

A New Deal in Productions

It is about time the era of "boy-gangster" films ended. Perhaps they do carry a moral and "food for thought" value, but I maintain that they provide a nucleus or seed in the mind of youth which in time may bear criminal fruit. You may offer the "crime does not pay" education, but these films do show the offender's life a merry even though a short one.

Three cheers for such screen vehicles as "Babes in Arms," "Judge Hardy and Son," "Seventeen" and "Young Tom Edison." These motion pictures place before us a youth of which we can be proud. They show the life and ambitions of boys who reach their goals the hard but honest way. They encourage the young folks to succeed over obstacles and odds which seem destined to produce failure. They bring about a realization of the satisfaction reaped in the end from hard-earned success.—Ruth May Knell, Bellerose, N. Y.

Overlooked

What is the matter with the Hollywood producers? Don't they know a star when they see one? We hear talk of child prodigies—Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, for instance. Well, they have another one just as good or better in the person of little Sybil Jason and they don't even seem to know it.

Seems to me—and I speak for all of my friends—that Sybil is one of the best little actresses that has appeared on the screen. They ought to give her the lead in a picture and let her prove her talent. She gave such a brilliant performance as a little servant girl in "The Little Princess" that I thought surely her talent would be recognized.

As a member of the supporting cast, she is grand. In the lead, isn't it just possible that she would be a big hit? I say orchids to Miss Jason. After all, aren't we, the audience, the real judge? —Carol Frost, Ardmore, Okla.

The Fate of Actor Raft

I am an ardent George Raft fan and think he is one of the most attractive stars on the screen. He is grand in prison roles but, occasionally, I would like to see him as something besides a convict. Just because he plays that role so well, I don't think he should be typed and his talents limited to that kind of picture alone.

I also think some of his pictures should end without his being killed. And why can't there ever be any love life for him? I think it would improve his pictures immensely if, once in a while, he could succeed in getting the girl he loves. Why not give him a romantic part opposite Maureen O'Hara, Lana Turner or Paulette Goddard and, please, let him do a little love-making for a change? His fans will love it, I'm sure.—Winnie Brunner, Farmington, Wash.

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

You're in love again—this time with that brand new leading man you saw last night—and you can't find a soul who'll bear with you while you rave. Or maybe you're feeling smug and self-satisfied 'cause some nonentity you admired months ago is coming to the top. Perhaps you're harboring a secret grudge against "America's Sweetheart," but have kept it dark, feeling yourself a minority of one. Are you a conscientious objector to war pictures, but in your element whooping at a Western? Whatever your views are, we're interested in them, so drop us a line, and who knows—you may win a prize! Just one thing—please don't copy or adapt letters already published. That's plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Send your letter to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



What's wrong with this picture? You can't blame Hugh Herbert if he seems a bit confused. In "La Conga Nights" he plays five feminine roles and here, bedecked in beaded evening gown and silver-haired wig, he hits the drums for a sixth one.

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 57*)

Though Sonja and her family are all in this country and call Hollywood home, the star says that in her heart, home will always be that island in Oslo fjord where the Henies lived for twenty years.

A COUPLE OF GOOD SCOUTS

Extra-curricular activities of two of Hollywood's leading stars ought to prove that movie actors and actresses don't spend all their leisure time in frivolity. Clark Gable, for instance, devotes two evenings a week to Boy Scout Troop 59 in Westwood, while Shirley Temple gives every Saturday evening to the Campfire Girls of Santa Monica. Shirley's just been given a new name, which she likes lots better than her own. It's the Indian name Keri-Woh-Sune-Anang and means "The Bright Shining Star."

CINDERELLA STORY

It's been really "rags to riches" for Joan Crawford, cinematically speaking. For "Strange Cargo" her wardrobe set Metro back exactly $37.45. But for "Susan and God" Joan has had Adrian's exclusive attention—and Adrian's attention costs about $37.45 an hour. In addition to this colossal dent in the budget, the star's gowns had to be turned out in threes—identical in every detail. Ordinarily, you see, a star's gown is dry-cleaned after working hours and presented, ready for wearing, the following morning. But these outfits were too elaborate for such speedy methods.

NOT A PONY-PLAYER

Alice Faye was considerably flattered when reminded how much she resembled the beautiful and romantic Lillian Russell. However, when one old-timer told Alice he heard she even gambled as recklessly on the horses as Miss Russell did, the star said, "I'm afraid not. Gee, I haven't the nerve." She added, "I'm in the two dollar class at the tracks, and even then I feel as if I'm plunging."

CLOSE SHAVE

Gary Cooper discovered that there's no more privacy in a barber-shop than in a goldfish bowl. The other morning he dropped in for a shave and a hair-cut at the shop across from Paramount studio and settled down in the chair with a nonchalance that was short-lived. On glancing out the window, he saw two girls, noses pressed against the pane, watching his every move. He retired fast behind a hot towel, hoping that the girls would be on their way. But, when he finally emerged for a breath of air, they had been joined by several others. "Look," sputtered the embarrassed actor, "can't you do something?" The barber shook his head and pointed out that his shop was right on the way to a neighboring high school. Cooper thrust a bill into the astonished man's hand, hurriedly wiped his face with a towel and made his getaway via a back-door.

SHORT SHOTS

Joan Crawford has had her house redecorated in orchid—every room. It's her favorite color . . . Margaret Sullavan is Hollywood's most enthusiastic reader and totalled 17 books during the shooting of "The Mortal Storm" . . . Roger Pryor, Ann Sothern's hus-



Baby: "Don't dodge the issue, my fine-feathered friend. You oughta be ashamed to show your beak! Leaving a baby in a place without Johnson's Baby Powder! What's a fellow to do about chafes and prickly heat?"

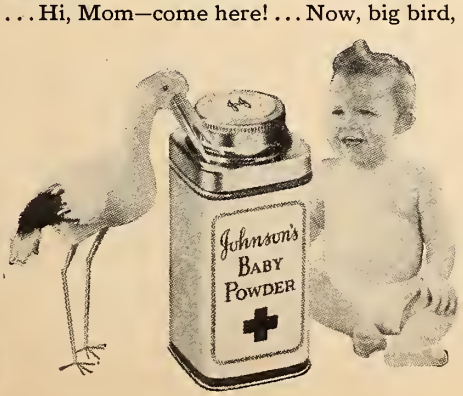


Stork: "Now, Baby, don't give me a dirty look! I knew you When. And today when I heard you were in trouble, I dropped everything and flew right over! What's wrong? Room too small? Parents unsatisfactory?"



Stork: "Dear, dear—a ticklish question . . . How can I smooth things over?"

Baby: "You can tell my mother to get me silky-soft Johnson's Baby Powder *quick!* . . . Hi, Mom—come here! . . . Now, big bird, do your stuff!"



"Believe me, there's nothing like a sprinkle of satiny-smooth Johnson's to please a baby! That nice powder is such fine help for prickly heat and chafes...inexpensive, too!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.



The Most
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FINGERNAILS
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DURA-GLOSS

The search for beauty is a never-ending quest, and rightly so! Now comes a *new nail polish*—Dura-Gloss—that brings new beauty to your fingernails. Thousands have adopted it already. *Have you?* For those who admire you, and for yourself, acquire this gleaming new beauty. See how smoothly and easily Dura-Gloss *goes on,* and *how much longer it wears!* In the loveliest shades. The best nail polish you can buy. 10 cents at all cosmetic counters.

Send for "Proper Care of Fingernails." Only complete *guide to nail beauty, fashion, health and manicure. Enclose 3¢ stamp, Dept. 33*

Choose your color by the
FINGERNAIL CAP



Only Dura-Gloss has it! New "fingernail cap"—coated with the polish that's in the bottle. Shows exact shade. Banishes guesswork, disappointment.

10c

Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey

band, has been signed to a picture contract at Columbia, but will keep on with his radio assignments, too . . . Lew Ayres is off for South America, planning to take a 1600 mile jaunt through the Inca country . . . Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson are planning to accompany Leopold Stokowski on his next concert tour . . . Mrs. Basil Rathbone will donate her script on "The Life of Franz Liszt" gratis to any studio that will star her husband Basil in it. She's tired of his being a meanie . . . It wasn't the Hays office that nixed Alice Faye's appearing in tights for "Lillian Russell." 'Twas Lillian Russell's daughter . . . Bette Davis' protege, Pamela Caveness, has been signed to a long-term contract at RKO. They're going to make an "oomphier" girl out of her . . . Robert Montgomery's first trip to Hollywood was made on an oil-tanker. It was during his college vacation days . . . The Don Ameches are calling Al and Ruby Jolson's former house their home, sweet home . . . Anne Shirley has a weakness for chocolate sundaes and goes on a sundae spree every once in a while . . . Irene Rich is proud as Punch of her famous sculptress daughter and is trying to persuade her to remain in Hollywood.

UNDERCOVER WORK

Since Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart are mum on their romantic status, we've taken to doing a little quiet sleuthing on our own hook and have one clue to report. Olivia is patronizing a well-known Boulevard tailor, and has ordered two dashing aviatrix outfits. Though Jimmy has been "grounded" by studio orders until his current picture is completed, he's planning on taking off for Mexico City the moment the ban is lifted. We haven't caught Olivia boning up on Spanish—but quien sabe?

PLAY WITHIN A PLAY

The most entertaining set in town these days is "Strike Up the Band" over at Metro. For one thing, Mickey Rooney's in the cast. Then there's Judy Garland to keep things moving at a fast pace whenever Mickey pauses for breath. Between their acting and their acting up, Mickey and Judy still find time to work on their own musical comedy. Mickey, with the help of his pal, Sydney Miller, is writing the script, the music and the lyrics, while Judy is going to be the star.

ORCHIDS TO GINGER

The Screen Guild Theatre program, as you may know, relies upon the picture people giving their services gratis. The proceeds from the broadcasts go into a fund to help needy people in the film colony. And the Hollywood stars have rallied to the cause with alacrity. When Ginger Rogers made her recent appearance on the show, it marked the third time she had donated her services. Bette Davis and James Cagney are the only ones who have equalled Ginger's score.

CARRILLO FOR GOVERNOR

Everyone knows movie stars have gone berserk on the subject of higher education. But nevertheless, it was something of a shock to learn that Leo Carrillo is now enrolled in a political science course at the University of Southern California. He's cramming for California's next election when he'll run for governor of the state.

MOONLIGHT AND ROSES DEPT.

Come summer, Eleanor Powell will be dancing altarwards with Merrill Pye, art director at Metro . . . Director Gregory Ratoff and Eugenie Leontovich, after eighteen years of marriage, are on their second honeymoon to celebrate her decision to stay in Hollywood and accept a movie contract . . . "Big Boy" Guinn Williams is going for romance in a big way—it's Steffi Duna . . . Gilbert Roland and Connie Bennett have said goodbye, but Roland's looking mighty happy around the night spots with Mrs. Dick Foran, who's getting a divorce any day now . . . It's Junior Laemmle and Mary Carlisle again . . . Anatole Litvak is dividing dates evenly between Bette Davis and Barbara O'Neil . . . Brenda Joyce didn't accept so much as a tea-date with another man while her boy friend Owen Ward was away for two months on a business trip . . . Greg Bautzer looks mighty cheerful for a jilted lover—especially when he's around Elaine Shepard . . . Liz Whitney and Bruce Cabot look that-away . . . Robert Preston and Dottie Lamour have pfft! . . . Andy McLaglen, Victor's six-foot-son, will soon marry Anne Ralston Page of Pasadena . . . Anita Louise is trousseau shopping and meaning it . . .

FAMILY AFFAIR

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are purring all over the place since they landed that co-starring picture deal at Paramount. For a long time they've been trying to get some studio to see things their way, since they feel that the Powells are a team that can't be beat. They've nixed all current picture offers for son Normie, however, and contend that they'll wait until some studio dreams up a picture that will have a place for Normie right along with Ma and Pa.

ANOTHER HORSE-FANCIER

The stables of Robert Young and Allan Jones are well-known, but few people know that Don Ameche is a horse-flesh enthusiast. He and Chet Lauck, of Lum 'n' Abner fame, have plenty of their do-re-mi tied up in the L. and A. Stables in the San Fernando Valley.

ALONG SUNSET STRIP

Fanny Brice coming out of an antique shop, triumphantly bearing a Victorian table and being followed by the shop-keeper staggering under a heavy mahogany rocker . . . Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman driving into the Sunset nutburger stand and ordering two sandwiches without onions—but definitely . . . Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson walking arm-in-arm down the boulevard and pausing to look at windows showing art collections . . . Loretta Young, with an armful of brown paper sacks from which celery and carrot tops wave in the breeze, coming out of a vegetable market and getting into her fancy gun-metal limousine at the curb . . . Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, engrossed in an argument, speeding along in their open roadster . . . Shirley Temple perching at a drug-store counter with her mother and sipping a strawberry soda while the admiring soda-jerker is the only one in the store who pays any attention to her.

TEAR JERKER

Latest glamour gal to take the town by storm is Baby Quintanilla, whom you saw in

"Forty Little Mothers." Yes, the truth is that Eddie's baby "son" is really a girl. But there's nothing phony about the affection displayed on the screen between the actor and scene-stealer Quintanilla. The youngster was so smitten with the Cantor charms that loud gurgles and wide grins were the only responses the director could get from her whenever the two were in a scene together. Finally, to get some loud wails demanded by the script, he hit upon an idea. He motioned Eddie to put on his hat and start to leave the set. The ruse never failed to bring the required amount of tears.

TRUE WORDS, MARIE!

Whenever you see Marie Wilson in a tearing hurry, you can be sure she's just heard of a new numerologist, crystal-gazer or palm-reader. At Warners the other day she was being teased by her co-workers about throwing her money away. "Throwing it away, nothing!" said Marie, indignantly. "Why imagine getting someone to talk about you exclusively, for an hour. Why, it's cheap at any price!"

DIDJA KNOW

That Madeleine Carroll plans to return to France to see that romantic army officer if she can book passage on any boat—de luxe, freighter, or what-have-you . . . That Baby Sandy is going to be a ballet dancer when she grows up if her parents have anything to do with it—she's taking lessons daily. . . . That Hedy Lamarr is swooning with joy over being in a picture with Clark Gable—she used to keep a scrap-book of his pictures clipped from her magazines . . . That when Mrs. Ray Milland returned home with her new baby son, she found a brand new swimming pool which was Ray's gift to her . . . That Gloria Jean has grown exactly two inches in the past year and now measures exactly five feet . . . That Margaret Lindsay got a real ovation when she visited her home-town of Dubuque, Iowa, and had such a wonderful time that she wondered why she had ever left the place . . . That Bette Davis is taking French lessons twice a week and studying on the set between "takes?"

GYPSIES AT HEART

Tyrone Power and Annabella have had to give up that idea of Rio de Janeiro due to Tyrone's studio assignments. They have been planning this trip for months and for sentimental reasons. It was in Rio, if you'll remember, that their romance first flourished. But don't think that the studio's plans mean the Powers will stay home and stagnate. They're planning week-end jaunts while the pictures are in progress, and cross-country jaunts for any breathing spells between pictures. According to both Annabella and Tyrone, travelling is their avocation and they would rather be away from home any day wishing they were back, than at home yearning to get away.

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All 3 sizes of Kotex have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And *all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

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There is also a **LIQUID NONSPI**—*at drug and department stores.*

BATHE FOR BEAUTY

(*Continued from page 44*)

your mind alert? Check these points on Monday, and no evasions or excuses allowed. Don't try to fool yourself.

What about regular exercising, too? We're still doing the Monday check-up—remember? A daily dozen of stretching and limbering exercises for ten or fifteen minutes the first thing every morning is a week-day "must," if you want to keep a trim, graceful and comfortable as well as beautiful figure. But what of outdoor or active indoor exercises just "pour le sport?" Swimming, tennis, golf, riding, playing ball, roller-skating, bicycling, bowling, rowing, dancing, hiking or just brisk, peppy outdoor walking? Set aside every Monday as a day on which to treat yourself to one or the other of these active exercises. (Walking is one of the most beneficial in the whole category—so don't feel a bit sorry for yourself if that is the only one in which you can conveniently indulge.) Or maybe you'd rather go to a gymnasium for your weekly work-out. Set every Monday aside for concentration on the diet and exercises that will give you a face and figure that will reward your efforts for every minute you devote to their grooming.

TUESDAY is a good day for that leisurely weekly manicure—and appropriate, too, Wednesday usually being beau night, bridge night or some other social celebration in which hands are likely to play a leading role. Try giving yourself a luxurious oil manicure. Use plenty of rich, softening cream or lotion while massaging and exercising your hands before you start. Then, at the end of the manicure, treat yourself to a bright, gay nail polish that gives your hands sophistication and eye appeal. Give your polish plenty of time to dry and apply a coat of nail protector before and after each coat of polish. It will make the polish last longer.

Wednesday, give yourself a home facial. Relax for half an hour, then scrub your face, neck and arms with a soft complexion brush dipped in warm, soapy water. Follow this with a thick slathering of cleansing cream which you allow to remain on for at least five to ten minutes before removing with a cool skin freshener. Next, pat on your favorite lubricating cream, massage it in well, then close the pores with a cube of ice wound in a facial tissue or a clean hankie.

Now, luxuriate with one of those new skin-matching foundation make-ups in either stick, cream or liquid form and put on cheek rouge. Top it all with a film of fluffy powder, first applied with a clean puff, then lightly brushed off with a soft bristled powder brush. Now, add your lipstick and eye make-up and go out and dazzle the world.

Thursday is a perfect day for that regular hair shampoo—just before the week-end parties or the restful relaxation that follows a hectic week of working. Comb and brush that hair of yours, up and out, then massage your scalp deeply to loosen tight nerves and stimulate the brisk circulation necessary for lively, lustrous locks. Now, give yourself a hot oil shampoo. Afterwards, set your hair with some of these wonderful new curling gadgets that so intrigued you the last time you were browsing through your favorite store.

Friday is the day for all those little grooming luxuries that make the difference between a smart and careless appearance. Apply one of those lovely, safe new depilatories to upper lip, forearms and legs. Pluck your brows—but sparingly, just around the wild edges—with a shiny new pair of tweezers or one of those handy little scissors-shaped gadgets. Change your nail polish for the week-end and give yourself a pedicure. (Be sure to match your toe and finger nail polish.) Flounce yourself down in front of your dressing table and take a critical inventory. How do you like your reflection?

Saturday—two guesses! Yes, a bath! But not the ordinary every day tub or sponge or shower—goodness me, no! The kind of bath that we're talking about now is the kind that is so important that we put it right into the title of this article. It's one of those super-salubrious, extra special baths that not only gets you clean (we trust we don't even need to mention here the primary importance to both health and beauty of every-day baths which you take as regularly as you get up every morning or



George Raft, right, treats his friend, Mack Grey and Norma Shearer's cute freckled-faced son, Irving, to a baseball game.

go to bed every night—we hope) but, as a leisurely, luxurious, ceremonial kind of bath, washes away fatigue, "nerves," petty worries and drooping spirits. It's the kind of bath that leaves you literally purring with comfort, relaxation and pleasure.

You can take this in the form of one of those jolly, caressing new bubble baths that are sweeping the country like a tidal wave (we might say "washing the country," if we wanted to be punnish.) Or, if you're an apostle of plain old-fashioned simplicity, you can take a tub bath with just good, pure soap and water and a dash of fragrant bath salts or a fresh-scented water-softener together with your bath brush, sponge, wash-cloth or bath-mitt. But, whichever kind you take, lie back, relax and luxuriate. Don't have the water too hot—that would be enervating and weakening—just have it warm and fragrant with your favorite scent. We don't know what it is, but there's something awfully soothing about a scent that you particularly enjoy. Spend at least half an hour in such a bath, and behold, the cares of the world will fall as a cloak from off your shoulders. Try it and see.

How often do you change your kind of toilet soap? You don't need to keep using the same soap year in and year out, you know. You're missing a lot of pleasure if you do that. There are so many delightful, heavenly scented, delicately colored good soaps that are such a thrill to use that you feel just as though you're splurging every time you take a bath with them. Any number of them are amazingly inexpensive. Try changing your soap from day to day and see what fun it can put into even the routine business of keeping clean.

IF showers are your special joy, get yourself a jaunty, pretty shower cap, a long-handled bath-brush or a sturdy friction mitt. Put some bath salts in your friction mitt or on your brush or sponge and rub yourself with fragrance. Sing or whistle or splash with more abandon than you dare put into any other operation throughout your routine day. Step out onto a clean, dry mat, take a clean, heavy towel and give yourself a vigorous, stimulating rub-down.

Dash on a lot of your favorite cologne or toilet water—or spray a thick mist of it in front of you and then walk through it if you want a feeling of utterly exquisite luxury. Finish up with a fresh, clean-scented dusting powder and last, but not least, use a good deodorant. You're clean now, but be sure you *stay* clean.

Deodorants come in many forms, creams, liquids, powders, sticks and so forth. Some check perspiration for several days, some for hours, and others only partially. Choose the type you like best and use it regularly, as often as you need it. Nothing is more disillusioning than a girl who *looks* pretty but has neglected to be personally fastidious.

And why, can anybody answer, do so many of us neglect our feet? Is it because we don't see so much of them? Goodness knows we can feel them often enough! Not only will their comfort more than repay any coddling you may give them but, in taking care of your feet, you are also giving a beauty treatment to your face. Never forget that many a drawn mouth and furrowed brow are directly traceable to abused, neglected tootsies.

First, bathe your feet thoroughly and, if possible, soak them for five or ten minutes. A special foot soap massaged well into wet feet will not only cleanse them thoroughly but will also stimulate circu-

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lation and help relieve fatigue. Next, rinse your feet in alternating warm and cold water, then rub them dry with a clean Turkish towel. Massage a soothing cream or liquid foot balm well in, then finish off with a generous dusting of a good foot powder. If you have corns or callouses, do something about them. Never cut a corn, though. Soften it with a mildly medicated corn plaster, then lift it out with a clean blunt instrument. Protect callouses from pressure and friction. There are excellent little medicated pads to soften and remove callouses, too.

A few points in parting and we'll leave this business of summer daintiness entirely in your hands. Use good cosmetics, the kind that agree with your special skin and fulfill your individual requirements. Nowadays, beauty aids don't have to be expensive to be both pure and effective. The best are often the least expensive. Keep your beauty accessories—powder puffs, combs, brushes, towels, etc., immaculately clean and in good working condition. Once in a while treat yourself to a salon hair-do, facial, massage or the like.

Go out window or store shopping once in a while just for the pleasure of looking and for the fun of gathering some sprightly new ideas. You'll be surprised how many you will find. Go frivolous every so often, curl your eye lashes with one of those cute, simple little inexpensive gadgets. Match your make-up from tip to toe and wear your prettiest dresses when you're not expecting "company." You'll get a lift from such simple doings.

Keep yourself clean and crisp and dainty whether any one is around to see you or not and, if you make these things a daily habit, we'll venture that when romance or opportunity do their unexpected knocking you'll not only be called on—you'll be chosen.

* * *

The popular "stockingless" fashion with playsuits, shorts and other play togs is often a considerable problem to us girls, especially at the beginning of the summer season when our legs are apt to be the same pale color as hot-house bean sprouts —and just about as alluring. But one of our favorite manufacturers has taken this problem to heart and comes to our rescue with a perfectly grand liquid make-up which gives a smooth, velvety finish that will stay on for hours and hours. Available in gorgeous, deep, rich tones that blend beautifully with your own skin coloring, it is very easy to apply. Of course, you don't need to confine this dandy liquid make-up to your lower extremities—it is just as attractive and effective on arms, face, neck and all other areas that are subject to improvement by a first-rate cosmetic of this kind. We recommend it for general make-up purposes, too, but we're especially keen about it for those too often neglected legs. Try it in this summer's newest, richest shade. We're sure you'll like it. Shall we send you the name?

* * *

When grandma was a girl, most fastidious young ladies cherished little pot-pourri jars in which they kept skillfully blended spices and flower petals to sweeten their clothing and their persons. We moderns don't always have our own gardens, and pot-pourri jars in stores are often quite expensive, but we've recently discovered a talcum powder that is such an exquisite blend of delightful spice and blossom petal scents that it is just about the next thing to a jar of pot-pourri. Besides imparting a fresh and lovely scent to your skin and clothing, this talc will contribute a lot to your cool summer comfort, too. Showered over your entire body every morning, the film that this talc forms between your skin and clothing will help to eliminate the excess perspiration usually caused by friction. It will help keep your undies dry and sweet, too, and that's so important! Drop us a card and we'll be glad to send you the name of this delightful spicy, blossom-scented talc.

* * *

With Fairs at both ends of our country, vacations all over the land, and hot weather rampant from border to border, it's practically impossible for a great many of us to avoid tired, aching feet at one time or another. One of the most important contributions to foot comfort we've seen in a long time is the convenient little kit of three necessities boxed together by a firm that is a recognized leader in this highly specialized field. There is a can of fine, granulated foot soap for cleansing, stimulating and resting tired feet. Then a jar of soothing foot balm to soften, cool and refresh them. And last, but not least, a can of antiseptic foot powder to sprinkle over the feet and between the toes to help absorb perspiration and relieve chafing, friction and that tight, binding feeling that so often accompanies warm weather. It's worth a lot to be able to be foot-happy and fancy-free, come heat, cold, summer visitors, vacations or what not. Write us today for the name of these indispensable foot comforters.



As pretty as any sea-nymph we've ever seen is Marilyn Merrick, who belongs to the "barefoot school."

(Continued from page 36)

Louis B. Mayer tooth and nail to play it. They were awfully glad, though, to see her carry the love interest again opposite Clark Gable in "Strange Cargo." Romance and Gable are their favorite formula for a Crawford picture. As for her romance in real life, they approve of anyone who can make her happy—even if only temporarily.

Of course, their heroine worship continues unabated 365 days of the year, but it is on March 23rd that it reaches its apex. This is Joan's natal day, and from all over the world packages of every shape and size pour in on her in a never-ending stream. These are no ordinary gifts either, but gifts planned with the utmost care and discrimination. Pennies are hoarded day by day, so that an evening bag, a feathered fan, a paisley scarf, chiffon handkerchiefs and other accessories from the smartest, most exclusive shops are selected with an eye to her own exquisite taste. Not only Joan, but her adored six-year-old niece, Joan Crawford LeSueur, is showered with birthday presents. Joan (big Joan, not little!) made an attempt to return some of these gifts, as she felt guilty about the involved cost, but the fans, who would rather deprive themselves of their own personal luxuries if it means pleasing Joan, were so hurt that she now keeps them all and is deeply touched and grateful.

It was last year, during her annual holiday in New York, that Joan attended her first meeting of The Joan Crawford Fan Club. It was held at Loew's Lexington Theatre, and no four-star picture ever played to greater capacity. Joan, shaking like a jitterbug, was so overwhelmed at the ovation given her that all she could do was cry unashamedly.

Incidentally, it is on her New York visits that Joan comes most closely in contact with her fans, and her arrival is a signal for dancing in the streets. The autograph hounds know that during her entire stay their days and nights will be touched with glamour. Joan, being a very systematic person, plans her schedule ahead of time so that she knows exactly where she's going to be every minute of her "vacation." So do the fans, for the simple reason that from the time she steps off the 20th Century at Grand Central, until she boards it again, Joan gives them her entire schedule in chronological order.

A GROUP of "regulars" usually pool their resources, pile into a taxi and tag her around, like a game of Follow the Leader. From the Hampshire House—to "21"—to Hattie Carnegie—to Saks Fifth Avenue—to Beekman Place for tea with "Alfred and Lynn"—to the Colony for dinner with "Ellen and Irving"—to the theatre to see "Gertie," "Kit" or "Helen"—to the Persian Room, Algonquin, Stork Club and El Morocco—and back to the Hampshire House, they maintain their ceaseless vigil. Neither weather nor food ever interferes.

It was during a recent trip that Joan, visiting El Morocco for the first time, arrived at two A.M. to find a bedraggled, tired little group, impervious to the cold December winds and the steady downpour of rain. She pleaded with them to go home, but they stubbornly refused. To anyone else, if these kids were foolish enough to want to risk catching pneumonia, it would have been their own affair. But Joan's not like that. Once inside, she fretted about them so much that finally nothing would do but that she invite them into the ante-room and treat them all to hot coffee and sandwiches. There are still a lot of established residents in New York who have never been inside El Morocco because they can't afford the sandwiches and coffee—without Joan Crawford thrown in!

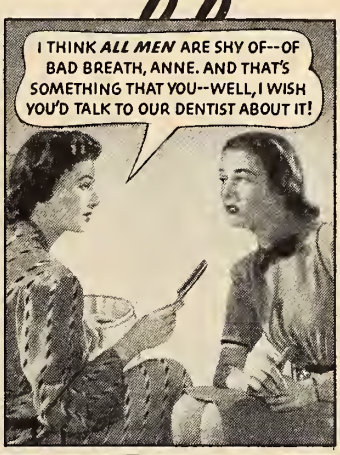
Another event that still has the fans walking around in a Charlie Butterworth daze is the memorable day that Joan invited a few of the chosen ones up to her suite at the Waldorf and let them listen to the recordings she had made of her mezzo-soprano voice. On another occasion, when she emerged from a shopping spree to find her "gang" patiently waiting for her, she extended an invitation to the whole lot for an ice cream soda treat at her favorite fountain. If they had been drinking champagne, it would have had the same effect!

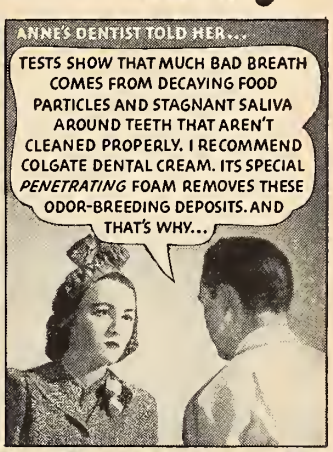
Joan hasn't had much opportunity to travel through the United States, but on her brief stopovers in Chicago, Albuquerque and other railroad depots along the Santa Fe line, she is greeted with the same adulation. In Hollywood where movie stars are as indigenous to the soil

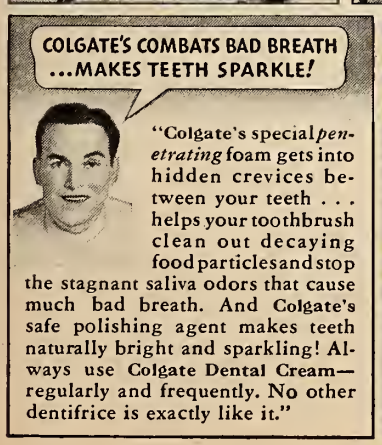
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as orange groves, her every public appearance creates interest.

Amazingly enough, although her home address has been so widely publicized, fans seldom try to crash her gate. When members of her club come to Hollywood on their summer vacations they write to her and she arranges to have them visit her at the studio. This, needless to say, is an added thrill, because besides their own adored Joan, they may be lucky enough to spot Spence Tracy, Bob Taylor, Clark Gable and Mickey Rooney!

Not only is Joan acclaimed by the fans, but for two consecutive years all the lensmen in Hollywood have voted her the best liked and most cooperative star. This year they gave her a gold cup inscribed, "To Our Darling." And last year their appreciation took the form of a silver cigarette box dedicated, "To Our Beloved."

OTHER players, knowing of Joan's slavish devotion to Great God Publicity and to her fans, wonder what good it does. They point to Garbo, Margaret Sullavan, Jean Arthur, Laurence Olivier, Ginger Rogers, Paul Muni and Katharine Hepburn, who haven't her sympathetic attitude but draw the fans anyway.

Joan knows all about them but, as she explained to me in one of our long confidential chats, "I'm nice to my fans because I *want* to be. I don't even care if they want to swap my autograph for one of Myrna Loy's or Rosalind Russell's—I'm so grateful that they want it for *anything*. When I first started on the M-G-M lot and was just a nobody, I was flattered to death when a few people shoved an autograph book in my face. Now, after working hard to build that handful up to crowds, I'm still flattered. Incidentally, I suffer from claustrophobia, so you know how panicky I get in a crowd, but I've learned to control myself. The time when I really will be panicky is when the fans *stop* giving me claustrophobia!"

Of this eventuality, there is not the remotest possibility. Through good pictures or bad, through happiness or sorrow, the fans will never let Joan down. Because Joan will never let them down. She is too fully aware of the illusion they have built up around her, and she tries in every way to live up to it. Unlike a great many stars who relax in their off-screen moments, Joan, whenever she makes a public appearance, is *still* a creation by Adrian. She is the one star who in real life epitomizes the glamour that glorifies her in every magazine.

Of course, the underlying reason for her understanding of fan psychology is her own rabid enthusiasm for movie stars. Her idea of diversion after a hard day's work at the studio is running off a picture in her private projection room, and to watch her audience reaction is an interesting experience. As familiar as she is with story outline, as acquainted as she is with most of the cast and as movie-wise as she is to all the tricks of the trade, she is still transported into a make-believe world as magically as any moviegoer. She never misses a Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Sullavan or Greta Garbo picture. And since "Intermezzo," Ingrid Bergman has been added to her list of favorites. Among the men, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Charles Boyer, Jimmy Cagney, Paul Muni and the French actor, Jean Gabin, are tops in her esteem. If she meets anyone for the first time whom she admires, she is as ga-ga as are her own fans meeting her.

In trying to sum up Joan's fan appeal, I can't think of a better story to illustrate it than a conversation I overheard between two staunch admirers. The scene was a ladies' dressing-room during the period preceding her divorce from Franchot Tone.

"Have you heard about Joan and Franchot?" asked the first young girl.

"No, what?" her companion gasped.

"They're splitting up!" came the response in tragic tones.

"Oh no!" was the other's horrified retort. "That's awful! When did you hear it?"

"Oh, I heard it Friday, but I didn't want to ruin your week-end!"



Exciting intrigue rides the gaad ship "New Maan," in the film of the same name, with Jeanette MacDonald, a French belle, and Nelsan Eddy, a duke masquerading as a pirate, providing the lave element.

(*Continued from page 33*)

was: 'You haven't enough money to retire.' Well, I haven't the $10,000 a year life income I thought I would have. Taxes see to that. I have enough for my own needs. My tastes haven't changed any; I still hold with the old axiom that you can sleep in only one bed, wear only one suit of clothes, eat only one beefsteak at a time. I still want to live like a farmer. I do now. Our place is twenty acres with a small, nine-room house. It's easy to live in and easy to rent, if we want to get away.

"The money I've got now would be all right for our present set-up, but not for our future set-up which, we both hope, will include some kids. And when you've got kids you can't brush the matter of income off like that. I wouldn't want to think that kids of mine might say someday, 'The old man was okay, but he certainly saw to it he did what *he* wanted to do. Responsibility didn't bother him any, the lazy so-and-so.'

"Then the studio came out with this: 'You'd put a lot of people out of work, if you retired. Don't you think that's kind of a selfish way to look at things?'

"I called that one. I said that, if I didn't work, someone else would. They refuted me, saying that was okay in theory but might not work out in practise. If they brought an actor in to replace me, they asked, what guarantee would they have that he'd last? They said that you can't replace a 'going concern' with a gamble and rest easy nights. They said that for me to retire for no sound reason (wanting to travel around the world and rake alfalfa aren't 'sound reasons' to business men) was setting an unhealthy precedent. If everyone felt like that, what would happen?

"They called my attention to the fact that an established star is a 'One Man Industry.' A top star in Hollywood entails big exploitation which, in turn, calls for a huge personnel. They itemized the scenarists who do the scripts, the typists, the boys in the mimeograph department, the boys in transportation who carry companies to and from locations, the make-up man, the wardrobe man or woman, the script girl, the set designer, the publicity department, etc., all the people who 'eat off' the success of a ranking Hollywood star. They painted a grim picture of the unemployment situation that would result if many of us decided to retire.

I HADN'T thought about it like that. But when I did think about it, it did seem kind of selfish. After all, I wasn't planning to retire because of ill health, the only valid reason, I suppose, for a man to quit working. I was planning to retire for purely selfish reasons, so I could do the things I wanted to do.

"Besides, and not to sound too much like the gallant fellow who lays down his cherished desires for his fellow-men, there was another reason for not getting out: I couldn't do what I wanted to do. Carole and I had, as you know, a scheme up our sleeves. I might call it a dream and not be too fancy about it. We planned to take at least two years off and do nothing but travel. We planned to go in our own little car, with no chauffeur and as little luggage as possible. Time, we said, was not to be considered. We might come back in two years; we might come back in twenty years; we might never come back. We'd see everything in the world while we were still young enough to be up and doing. We'd go into Egypt, India, South Africa! We'd follow the trails the tourists have made and explore out of the way, lonely places, too.

"Well, that scheme was knocked in the head when the war rambled in. We couldn't go to Europe. The Orient was closed up. We could have gone to South America, but I've been there before and that's not what we wanted, anyway. We wanted to be free to go everywhere.

"Carole and I didn't do much talking about it. What was there to say? When we thought we could go, she was all for my not signing another contract, of course. Now that we can't go, not yet anyway, we don't talk much about contracts and things. We never have talked shop at home, you know. We still don't. The most we ever do is check with each other on how long we expect to be on our current pictures. We try to plan it so that we'll both be working at the same time and both be free at the same time. A few weeks ago I read in the paper that Carole had signed a contract with RKO. I called her on the phone," grinned Clark, "and asked her about it. It was the first I had heard of it. She said she hadn't decided.



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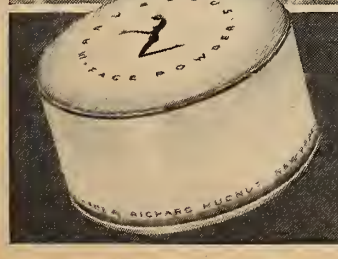
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"I got to thinking, too, what would I do with myself at the end of the first year of retirement? Read books? I'd read a couple of books, then I'd be ready to relax. I'm just not of the Intelligentsia, you know; I've got to be active, got to have things to do with my hands. The farm wouldn't take up all of my time, and pretty soon I'd be talking to myself!

"I thought of the bunch I've worked with all these years, pals of mine like Vic Fleming and Jack Conway, the boys on the sets, the fellows who drive the studio cars, the boys and girls of the Press who have been so swell to me. And they have;" said Clark, "I wouldn't be where I am if it weren't for them. There have been a couple of times in my career, when they could have done me in with a few neat phrases. They could have made me the laughing stock of the country. They didn't. They told the truth and left it at that. One or two have taken a sock at me, but that's the law of averages, and you can't blame the lot for the few. Yeah, I decided I'd be pretty lonesome without the gang who 'made me what I am today.'

"So, when you add all these things up, the answer seems to be that there's no reason to be an obstinate lunkhead and do something just because you once said you'd do it.

"Last but not least, I must confess, I had another reason for saying, three years ago, that I'd retire this year. I thought I'd be washed up by this time. And I'd hate like hell to go down and down and down. That I'm not washed up is a matter of. . . ."

"Don't say it's 'Luck'" I interrupted him. "You always say it's Luck, the 'breaks.' That's too modest and not true."

"Sorry, sister," Clark said, patiently, "but I've got to call it Luck because that's its name. I've told you right along, and I'm still telling you, that the breaks I got might have come to anybody, they just happened to come to me.

"Figure it out! Look, I made 'San Francisco;' that was swell. Then bang, along came 'Parnell.' No one went to see the thing. Know something? The fans can smell out bad pictures before we've finished shootin' 'em. They seem to be ahead of us. All right, after 'Parnell' came 'Test Pilot,' a honey, but—it might have been another stinkaroo. The cards were shuffled right for me, that's all. Then 'Idiot's Delight' . . . yeah . . . and then 'Gone With The Wind.' See what I'm getting at? I've always alternated, one good, then one not so good, then a good one again. I've never had two baddies in a row. Two baddies in a row don't do anyone any good."

The man's modesty is chronic and invincible. Ten years have tested and proved that. Why, in his first two years of stardom he went through a barrage of fan fever and feminine swoons, such as no man, saving perhaps Valentino, ever knew. It would have made the head of a less earthy man spin like a whirling dervish on a bender. Clark's head didn't spin nor did it swell. He never lost the 'common touch.'

ALMOST as though the thoughts running through my head were visible to Clark he said, "This has always been a business to me. Nothing personal about it. How can you take a personal bow for making a picture like, well, like 'Boom Town?' A forty million dollar organization is back of you. The best writers, best director, cameraman, the best cast to be got is given you. A group of people as a whole should take a bow when a picture is a success—not an individual."

I said, "I was thinking of the more personal adulation you get—the fan letters, the autographophiles, the tumult and the fury given *you*, as an individual."

Now Clark did laugh. He said, "Honey, when I get one of those hot potato things in the mail I think, 'So what, they wrote that to Ronnie Colman day before yesterday!' That sort of thing doesn't hand the palm to me; it hands it to the sales force behind me. Nothing to get conceited about," said Clark, "in this business." He added, with a grin, "the defense rests its case."

"No Retirement Plans." I'll say not. But not because he changed his mind, not because the studio argued him out of it, not because he can't go on his travels. That's just what Clark honestly thinks. The real reason is that We, the People, wouldn't let him retire. You don't let a friend get away from you, do you?



We hear that Baby Sandy is even having a Health Week named after her, these days. She's such a busy little bee around the set of "Sandy Is a Lady" that it isn't often you catch her in her special chair. Pencil in hand, she's just been making some additions to the script!

THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT GLAMOUR GIRLS

(*Continued from page 29*)

Be sure to make it something strong."

Even with the libation in hand to fortify him, he was loath to talk about himself—that is, in the light of a Hollywood social success. He said, "I'll tell you one thing that can happen to a man going out with a Glamour Girl. I took a certain young lady—never mind her name—to the preview of her first Hollywood picture. She was unknown before that night. The picture made her a sensation, a star. The theatre rippled with excitement about her. You could feel it. When the picture was over, she sat in her seat, as cold as ice, scared stiff about facing the crowd outside. 'Come on, darling,' I said, 'you've got to take it. We'll make a dive for it.' We started up the aisle. At the top of the aisle, fifteen or twenty kids pounced out and wanted her autograph. I beamed to her to sign them. I stood off at one side, letting her have her first taste of glory.

"First she handed me her gloves, so that she could write better, then her bag, then her furs. A few feet away stood two elderly women who didn't want autographs but who were interested spectators. Queerly enough, they seemed to be watching not her, but me. Then they whispered. From their expressions I gathered that they were saying something like, '*Who* the devil is it? He must be a great friend of hers.' Suddenly they both rushed over to me. 'Oh, Mr. Disney,' they chorused, 'won't you please sign our programs?' I was put in the position of signing Walt Disney's name from memory. As I remembered, he had a circle over the 'i.' All the while they kept up a babble about 'how they loved those little chipmunks.' I was afraid they were going to ask me to draw Dopey."

Any Hollywood bachelor taking out a Glamour Girl is very apt to have the experience of being shunted to one side, while the populace mobs his companion. Men outside Hollywood wonder if this one thing wouldn't be hard to take. According to Reggie, "At the most, it's inconvenient. If you like a woman, what's painful about having your taste confirmed?"

THIS being-pushed-aside is one experience peculiar to the Hollywood bachelor. So is the large number of compulsory buffet dinners. "At which," to use Reggie's word-picture, "you have to consume half a dead duck, orange jelly, celery, a cream puff and a diseased radish, invariably mixed with a scotch you didn't need." Otherwise, the life of a Movietown bachelor is much the same as the life of a bachelor anywhere else. Except that there is more of it.

"There are more beautiful girls here to the square mile than in any other town in Christendom," he said. "And they are all very good men's girls. They mix well—even the children of sixteen, just out of the egg. Though I've noticed that the ones who are most successful with men are those who retain a certain elusive quality. Not a hard-to-get quality. Something more subtle. It's more an element of mystery combined with naturalness. They don't wear emeralds the size of baseballs, if you know what I mean.

"People have the horrible suspicion that beauties are haughty damsels. I've seen some haughty chorus cuties in my time, but it has been my experience that movie queens not only can take ribbing; they can dish it out. Collectively, they have a sense of humor. For your information, they don't issue decrees about what they want to do when a man asks them out. They like the man to plan the evening, though it helps if he knows what dance orchestras they prefer or what their favorite foods are and where they can be found. Most of them dance, and few of them diet.

"I've never yet asked a Hollywood girl for a date that she didn't say, 'What shall I put on?' They all like to be told to put on evening clothes. I think it's because they're in slacks and sport things all day long and when evening comes they want to dress up."

Reggie was gradually warming to the subject of Glamour Girls. He even became willing, for the fun of it, to give a Hollywood bachelor's impressions of a number of the Hollywood bachelor girls, providing it was understood in advance that it was all in fun. He didn't want anyone wondering if next he would be kissing and telling.

At the top of the list was Loretta Young. "Definitely Bachelor Girl No. 1," commented Reggie. "Loretta has everything except the habit of giving a man any hope. She is keeping herself to



herself, until further notice. Only the other day someone asked her how much longer she planned to keep on with her career. 'Until the right man comes along,' said Loretta. 'When I fall in love —which, so far, I haven't done—I'll marry. And when I marry, that will be the end of the career.' Strangely enough, I wouldn't be surprised if she meant it."

He mused for a moment, studying the end of his cigarette. Then, still studying the end of his cigarette but smiling to himself, he continued, "Loretta is a dual personality. She has a very provocative quality, she is a terrific flirt, she likes to be thought slightly wicked and, at the same time, she is devoutly religious. She is a madonna masquerading as Scarlett O'Hara. I strongly suspect her of playing Scarlett all day and then going back to her niche at night."

Ginger Rogers? "Ginger doesn't like to go out much. And," Reggie added, with a lifted eyebrow, "I've heard she doesn't really care about dancing. She'd much rather see a picture in her own home or discuss her latest drawing or the latest bust she has sculptured. She is a great home-girl. Then, just like a woman, every so often she whips out and becomes the belle of the ball. I have a lot of respect for Ginger, the little Texas Charleston dancer, who has developed into a completely un-phony artistic person. She loves things artistic and, what's more, she *does* them.

"Few people really know Ginger. I'm far from positive that I'm one of them. The girl is full of surprises. For example, at her house I came upon a canvas on which were drawn two adult golf balls, with four or five little golf balls nearby. All of them had faces. Over at the right, behind a hillock, lurked another golf ball, with a leering expression. The caption was, 'She said she found them behind that bunker.' The serious artist in a frivolous mood, as it were. She has a grand sense of humor. And a pert reserve. You can see the squelching comebacks in her eyes. It would do you as much good to get fresh with Ginger as it would to try to push over the Empire State Building."

Olivia de Havilland? "Now, there's a complex person," frowned Reggie. "A bright little governess that no sensible married woman with a susceptible husband would have around the house. Not with those eyes. You have to stay on the intellectual plane with Olivia, which is all very confusing, because those eyes seem to be daring you to get off it. But every man who obeys that impulse, even before he starts, has the wretched feeling that somehow he won't succeed."

Bette Davis? "Probably the most forthright woman in Hollywood. Refreshingly frank. I wouldn't be surprised if she had a terrific yen to do what the Hays Office won't let you see—the untold story of Queen Elizabeth. Bette is a very simple person who really has a tremendous capacity for fun—and *has* the fun, at times. But condemned to play fallen, blind, frustrated, unhappy women in one picture after another, an armor has grown up around her. She can't go rushing about, doing the shag. It isn't 'in character.' She is definitely one actress whose roles have had an effect on the sort of person she is. I should imagine that she's a damned good business woman. She isn't an obvious Glamour Girl, but she has a strange sex appeal."

JEAN PARKER? "She's one of the most amusing women in Hollywood and the one with the best figure. An amazing person, really. I have reached the conclusion that she is related to Puck. She's either Puck's sister or daughter. Serious one moment, the next she jumps up and runs off, heaven knows where. She has enormous talent. She paints excellently, has great taste in clothes, reads right up to the moment, is highly musical, can talk about anything under the sun, and last, but not least, is



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an intelligent actress. And yet, with it all, she's a pixie."

Madeleine Carroll? "I've known Madeleine so long, I don't know if I dare say anything about her. We did a play together in London twelve years ago. Even after all that time, Madeleine still is something of a mystery woman to me. I've never been able to escape the feeling that she is one actress dying to be something else—but what, I don't know. I'm reasonably sure of only two things about Madeleine. She is very beautiful and, if the nunnery were on the hill, she'd be likely to take the road to the beach."

Rosalind Russell? Reggie rubbed his hands, smiled and cleared his throat. "When I heard that RKO was planning a certain picture," he intoned sonorously, "I was positive that Roz was going to do the title role, even though she was an M-G-M player. The title exactly fitted her. It was 'The Mad Miss Manton.' I have a very deep spot in my heart reserved for Roz, although she probably doesn't know it, because I consider myself a serious person seized with an uncontrollable urge to clown, and I suspect Roz of exactly the same thing. I also suspect her of pausing in the hall, just as she is about to leave the house in one of those wonderful creations of hers, and snatching a bit of lampshade—just a bit. Then, on the way through the garden to the car, snatching a clothespin from the line and, with the clothespin, clamping the bit of lampshade to the right side of her hair-do."

Greer Garson? "Better than anything I could say about her, I urge you to remember Cathy's first meeting with Mr. Chips in the fog on the mountain. That wasn't Cathy. That was Greer Garson."

Mary Martin? "I sometimes wonder idly if there are any more like Mary down Texas way. If so, I must see Texas. She's full of high spirits and vivacity. But one thing I'm quite convinced of: her heart does not belong to Daddy."

Frances Robinson? "She is the girl who is queen of the campus, only she has left college. She is everything that a gay girl can be: young, bright, pert and pretty. She is grand company for a man, a 'good scout.' I can have as much fun with Frances as with anyone I know. She has probably the loudest laugh in Hollywood. It starts with three staccato notes in high F and does a sudden sepulchral swoop to the last black note on the piano. It can be heard on the southwest point of Catalina Island."

ELEANOR POWELL? "She has two horrors. One's men who stammer, 'I'm embarrassed dancing with someone as expert as you, Miss Powell.' The other is Reginald Gardiner." He rolled his r's ominously. "When we were doing 'At Home Abroad' on the stage together, we had adjoining dressing-rooms, and I was always popping next-door to see Eleanor and her mother. Somehow, a running gag that I was her secret husband started. I would make veiled, barbed remarks indicating that my patience as a husband was wearing thin; I wanted to know when she was going to give up this career and come home. This went on and on and Eleanor was amused—until some South American millionaire with a flock of titles, who had conceived a violent passion for her and had sent her $150,000 (more or less) worth of flowers, was scheduled to make a call backstage.

"Eleanor pleaded with me. 'Please don't come into my dressing-room tonight. Or, if you do, please don't say anything to embarrass me.' I simply had to see the ardent suitor. So I went in, as usual. There he was, with a large bouquet in one hand and his top hat, gloves and cane in the other. We were introduced, and I couldn't have been better behaved. I turned on all that old British charm. Finally I shook hands and said, 'Well, I must get along.' At the door, just before I closed it, I paused to say to Eleanor, 'Goodbye for now, darling. I'll run the tub for you.' The suitor had kittens then and there."

And the most beautiful girl in Hollywood?

"The most beautiful brunette," answered Reggie, "I won't argue about—it's Hedy Lamarr." This certainly proved him unbiased. Remember that Hedy married someone else, after going with Reggie, her first Hollywood discoverer, for a year and a half! "Though let's face the fact," he added, "that little Viv Leigh isn't bad-looking.

"The most beautiful blonde woman is more difficult. I'm tempted to say Marlene Dietrich. Being asked 'What do you think of Hollywood beauty?' is a little like living among 3,000,000 sturgeon for a year, and then being asked, 'Don't you love caviar?' After a year, you're sated with seeing the most perfect sort of caviar. You're looking for mauve caviar, or yellow caviar, or red caviar—any kind that's different. And Marlene *is* different. Her face doesn't have a doll-like perfection. It has character. To anyone who paints, it takes character lines to give meaning to beauty."

The interviewer, preparing to go, had one more item of curiosity to satisfy. Spring was in the air; Spring, which did things to a young man's fancy. Who was his choice for the evening ahead?

"The most cosmopolitan girl of them all—the one I can't resist," said Reggie, "is none other than Elsa Maxwell."



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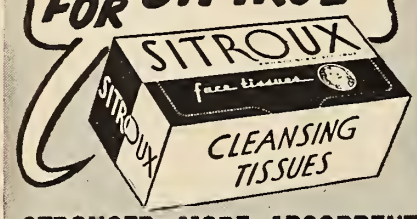
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INFORMATION PLEASE, MR. MILLAND!

(*Continued from page 43*)

your shoes right now. You've got a son that's six pounds, nine ounces heavy."

They didn't know that the baby was in an incubator, nor that his hold on life was precarious. Mrs. Milland didn't know either. She smiled when she saw her husband in the doorway, then burst into tears because she was weak and so glad to see him. Outside, the doctor broke the bad news to Milland. For five days it was touch and go. The baby was given two blood transfusions. Through a glass window, Milland was allowed to peer at the blackhaired scrap who, even at twenty-four hours, managed to look amazingly like his father. Then he'd go back to his wife to take up again the heavy game of pretense.

FOR Mal, of course, wanted to talk about the baby. "Not having seen him, I don't feel like a mother at all. So you'll have to tell me every little single thing to convince me that it wasn't just an appendix."

"His fist was curled up today," he'd report, and Mal would be enchanted. Sometimes a cloud crossed her face, and fear would clutch at him lest she suspect something. But, "Are you *sure* you don't mind its being a boy?" she'd ask. In his heart, he'd wanted a boy, and had kept insisting on a girl only to prevent Mal's feeling he'd be disappointed if it were a girl. Now he had the whole thing to unravel backward. "But how do I know you're telling the truth this time?" His comment, irrelevant enough, seemed to content her. "Women!" he said. "You never can figure them."

Then there was the engrossing topic of "what shall we call him?" They both like Biblical names. A baby born in Hollywood promptly suggested to Ray the image of Daniel in the lion's den. David is the patron saint of his native Wales. So they arrived at Daniel David.

At midnight of the fifth day, the doctor said there was a fifty-fifty chance. On the afternoon of the sixth day, he went farther. "I'm going to make a prediction. I may be wrong, in which case you'll hate me for this later. But I think your baby's going to live, and I think he's going to be a hundred per cent." He saw the shadows clear from a pair of eyes that had been haunted and felt his hand being crushed to just short of a pulp, as the world was washed new for Daniel's father.

They told Mal she could see the baby at eleven next morning. When Ray arrived at nine, she was out of bed and dressed and all prettied up for her son. This was one time when she didn't want to talk about him. She spent the two hours waiting and watching the clock. At length, her husband's arm around her, she was standing, staring through the glass. Her hands went out in an instinctive gesture, but the pane barred their way. She tried to say, "Bless his heart," and couldn't get the words past her trembling lips. So she turned to Ray and buried her head in his coat. "It's all right, honey," he said. "This is just a preview. We'll have our own opening when we get him home."

Mal went home first. Daniel was three weeks old before he was strong enough to leave the hospital.

"Won't you want me?" the chauffeur asked that day.

"Look," said Milland. "When it's your baby, *you* can drive him home." His sister-in-law went along to take charge of the infant. He annoyed both her and traffic—the latter by clipping along at a pace of twenty miles, the former by frequent admonitions to sit up on nonexistent bumps. He let her carry the baby into the house, though. He was no dope.

Commitments to Paramount compelled him to tear himself from the crib side a few days later for a trip to New York. Daniel bore the parting with philosophy, his parent with impatience. Every night he'd phone, and Mal would report the latest world wonder. "Just think! He weighs nearly ten pounds and he isn't even supposed to be born yet."

Meantime, *Information Please*, that radio program of wit and wisdom, had learned that the actor was to be in town. Many actors come to town, but few are chosen. Asked what you had to have to rate as a potential guest, Dan Goldenpaul, the producer, answered: "A well-stocked mind, an absence of stuffing in the shirt, an ability to bandy language and to take your blunders in strides." Many a guest, possessing these qualifications has sat up there with the seasoned experts, only to find his well-stocked mind dry as a desert, and his banter tripping, indeed, and falling on its face. Alice Longworth, as nimble-witted a lady as you'll find in a month's search, will bear this out. Wendell Wilkie had to be coaxed for a year before he'd go on.

IT was on this formidable program that Milland was asked to appear, the invitation having been issued through Paramount's New York office. At first he was incredulous, then cagey.

"Must be some other Milland they mean, not me. Well, what in the name of common sense would they want me for?"

It seemed that someone had heard of his academic prowess at Cambridge.

"Yah! So I suppose they'll pop me questions on medieval Italian history, just to let me show off. No thanks, it's too big-time for me. Anyway, I want to get home to my baby."

They didn't point out that it would be excellent publicity for him and for Paramount, and his new Paramount picture, "French Without Tears," which Fadiman would be sure to plug. They wisely soft-pedaled that aspect. They stressed the fact that it was an honor to be asked. They recited an impressive roll of earlier guests. They said it was less important to answer correctly than to contribute to the gaiety of the hour. He began to think twice. It was sheer perversity, though, that cinched it.

He'd told Mal about it over the phone one night. She went to a party next day, and when Ray called that evening, she was all of a dither. "They said not to do it, Ray—"

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"Who said that I shouldn't do it?"

"Oh—Jack and Joe—all of them at the party. They said you'd be sticking your neck out. They said, 'Does he know they don't see the questions beforehand?' "

"They said he's going to make a prize jackass of himself," grinned Milland. "That settles it, honey. I'm going on." By the time he'd subdued her protective terrors for him, he owed the telephone company most of the profits.

Tuesday night came. The studio audience gathered. Who they are is a mystery, for the legend goes that you have to know the rooster himself to get in, so clamorous is the cry for tickets. Fadiman sat at his table, stage right, looking over the questions. Facing him were the tables of the quizzees. The pianist in the rear was softly playing a Gilbert and Sullivan tune for F. P. A. Kiernan squatted downstage, talking to two pretty girls. "That's his daughter," somebody whispered. "The prettiest one."

Milland opened the stage door, his toes curled in panic. "I was going to stroll in, very nonchalant, with my hand in my pocket. And there were these three little steps, leading to the platform. Thinking how nonchalant I was going to be, I fell up the steps and entered on all fours."

This feat was hidden from the audience. To them he appeared upright—tall, dark, hatless, the collar of his topcoat turned up, his air faintly rakish as you've seen it in the movies, nonchalant as anything. He was introduced to Fadiman and the others. From a corner came the sound of Levant's distinctive bray, so you knew that all the experts were present and accounted for.

There's a fifteen-minute warm-up period preceding the broadcast. Fadiman is presented to the audience and he in turn presents his quartet. "The relatively personable gentleman," he said, "seated between Mr. Kiernan and Mr. Adams—" A round of applause told him he need go no further. He beamed at the relatively personable gentleman who appeared to be blushing.

You'll have to take Milland's word for it that he was shaking and never quit shaking till five of nine. He gave no evidence of it. He seemed wholly relaxed. He was neither coy nor hasty in volunteering. He proved as conversational as the veterans and as little bowed down by lapses of memory. Asked for three current plays based on books, he supplied "Life With Father," then cheerfully confessed himself stuck. He mistook the name Plessy for Grecy, and offered Richard Coeur de Lion as the person associated with the place. His had been the only hand up. "You're way ahead of the others," Fadiman soothed him. "They didn't even know it *wasn't* Richard Coeur de Lion." He knew that "March on, march on" was part of "La Marseillaise," adding pleasantly, "I love my accent."

AN entente was promptly formed between him and Levant, who was in fine fettle, egged on, it seemed, by Milland's appreciation. The actor was fascinated by him, howled at each sally. "This Levant is very funny," he excused himself after one such outburst. They played into each other's hands, passed the buck to each other. "Who went from cavalry to cinema?" Fadiman asked. "This fellow Milland," yelled Oscar. Ray half rose and made him as courtly a bow of acknowledgement as his position, wedged between chair and table, permitted.

The platform fairly radiated good will after the show, indicating that the *Pleasers* were as pleased with their guest as he with them. They wanted to hold him, but he had a ten-thirty plane to make. Between the excitement of the program and the prospect of getting back to his wife and child, his spirits ran high. All the way out to the airport, he chuckled over the antics of Levant, marveled at the learning of Adams and Kiernan and at Fadiman's smoothness. "Lord, how he lacerates 'em. And all the time soft as silk, so you have to think twice to get the sting. Looking forward, it was torture. Looking back, it was grand. Now that it's finished, I'd like to do it all over again."

Fadiman had offered to send him a record of his percentage. "Do that, will you?" Milland had urged. "I need it for my kid brother-in-law. He'll never believe I made more than zero minus, unless it comes with authority."

Mal's brother is thirteen, and a skeptic on principle. Ray approves of him. "He's the kind of kid that gets shy and embarrassed with people. These kids that say howdyado, I'm so glad to meet you, then sit on the edge of a chair, all smug and polite—I could hit 'em across the teeth, couldn't you? I've warned my wife that if ours ever says howdyado, she'll answer for it."

The car came to a halt. A redcap reached in for the luggage. "Go easy with that one," warned Milland. "It's my wife's present."

"How 'bout the big one?"

"I'll take that myself. It's for my boy."

The porter eyed the huge package. "Must be a powerful big boy," he grinned.

Milland was striding toward the plane. "That's right," he flung back over his shoulder. "Five weeks old today."



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ICE CREAM—AND HOW!

(*Continued from page 11*)

Baked Alaskas always have been regarded as *tops* in party desserts, though said to be too difficult for amateur cooks to attempt. This one suggested by Gloria Jean's mother, however, is not one bit hard to make.

JUNIOR ALASKAS

4 tablespoons cocoa
⅓ cup cold water
1 cup sugar
¼ cup butter
½ cup sour cream
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 egg, beaten
1 cup sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
a pinch of salt
small servings of vanilla ice cream
16 campfire marshmallows

Place cocoa in saucepan, slowly add the cold water. Cook and stir over direct heat until smooth. Add butter and when butter has melted add sugar. Mix thoroughly, cool. Add sour cream and vanilla. Beat egg thoroughly, add to cocoa mixture. Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder, soda and salt; sift again. Add liquid ingredients to dry ingredients all at one time. Beat together thoroughly. Bake in large greased and floured muffin tins in moderate oven (375°F.) approximately 25 minutes, or until cake taster comes out clean. Cool on wire cake rack. Return to pans. Hollow out cake centers, using a grapefruit knife. Fill hollowed-out cakes with ice cream, level with tops of cakes. Cover ice cream completely with halved marshmallows, cut side down. Place under hot broiler flame for a bare half minute or so to brown and puff the marshmallows. Remove to individual serving plates, working quickly. Serve at once. The cake that was scooped out may be mixed with whipped cream, cut marshmallows, drained crushed pineapple and chopped nuts for dessert the following day.

FROZEN FRUIT SHORTCAKE

2 cups orange juice
½ cup granulated sugar
grated rind of ½ orange
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon gelatin
1 tablespoon cold water
2 egg whites, beaten
3 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 cup whipping cream
sliced sponge cake

Heat orange juice. Mix sugar, rind and cornstarch. Beat in the yolks. Very slowly add hot orange juice. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until smooth and creamy—approximately 3 minutes. Sprinkle gelatin on the cold water and when softened add to hot orange mixture. Stir until gelatin has dissolved. Cool until slightly thickened. Line refrigerator tray(s) with waxed paper. Cut an oblong sponge cake to fit tray, in a slice about ¼ inch thick. Fit this tightly into bottom of tray. Beat egg whites until they begin to hold their shape. Beat in the powdered sugar, one tablespoon at a time. Whip cream, combine with beaten whites, fold into cooled and thickened orange custard. Pour orange mixture into prepared tray(s). Freeze quickly—with regulator set at coldest point—approximately 3 hours. When frozen, set regulator back to a less cold point, to store until serving time.

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PAULETTE'S OUTSMARTING HER RIVALS

(*Continued on page 51*)

he had been testing all that morning.

He was not only surprised; he was startled. Involuntarily, he said, half to her, half to himself, "Who—who is it?"

The vixen smiled at the effect she had produced, stepped into the room and said, "Hal-lo. My name, she is Louvette. What you think, eh?"

De Mille smiled, in spite of himself. The girl, whoever she was, had contrived a clever ruse to get his attention. He relished her showmanship.

She was cleverly made up, too. He still didn't recognize her. He admitted it, asking, "Louvette who?"

"Louvette Goddard—no one else," she said.

"What!" he exclaimed, a man stunned with amazement. "Paulette?" He was both incredulous and delighted.

"Why, you little dickens. So you think you could play the wolf girl?"

"What do you think?" she said.

HE didn't answer immediately. He stood up, walked around her slowly, looked her over from every angle, as critically as a camera would. "Your fingernails are too red and too long," he said finally, "but we could do something about those. Otherwise, you look the part. I'd like to hear you read some lines." He reached for a script, ruffled through it to a certain scene.

"But I haven't read the script before," said Paulette. "To help me get the feeling of the scene, would you read the man's lines as I read the girl's?"

De Mille looked helplessly at Pine, who said, "*I'm* no actor. You'll have to do it."

So De Mille—who had completely forgotten about lunch—went through the scene, himself, with Paulette. But reading the man's lines kept him so busy and made him so self-conscious that he couldn't concentrate on her interpretation of the girl's lines. Finally, he admitted, "This isn't fair to you. Take the script home, study the scene, and then come back tomorrow at noon and read it for me. I'll have somebody here to read the man's part."

He implied, "You're a smart girl. You thought of a way to make me wonder if you couldn't be Louvette. Now, the rest is up to you."

That was all that Paulette needed—the chance to show what she could do. She proved that the next noon. In her own clothes and without benefit of appropriate make-up, she gave her idea of how a North Woods spitfire would talk and behave. De Mille was convinced. "I'm not giving you a screen test, Paulette. You don't need one. I know you can play the part."

This story has been carefully suppressed. The public has been led to believe that Paulette was the original and only actress considered for the role. But having had a tip-off that that was not the case, and that the real story revealed unsuspected things about the girl named Goddard, I went to her to do a little checking.

I found her on the set of "North West Mounted Police," stirring up trouble—for picture purposes—among some Indians. The Indians were genuine, but such is the magic of make-up, she looked as Indian as they did, except for those mischievous blue eyes. "The blue eyes aren't out of character," she said, smiling, her white teeth gleaming against the background of dark greasepaint. "I play a half-breed, you know."

She led the way to her portable dressing-room, a canvas coop rigged up on the sidelines of the set, and crowded with three chairs and a dressing-table. She sat down on the dressing-table bench, one bare—and shapely—leg curled under her, the other dangling, and waited for my first question.

I told her the story I had heard about how she had gone after the role, and asked her if it were true.

"Yes, it is. It didn't look as if I could get myself considered for the role any other way," she admitted frankly. "At least fifty actresses wanted it. It's that kind of role. But apparently none of them wanted it quite as badly as I did.

"As long as I've been movie-minded, I've dreamed of doing a picture for Mr. De Mille. Everyone he makes is important. He has never produced a flop. And no one in Hollywood is his equal for bringing out players, making them famous"—a statement that indicated, all by itself, that those blue eyes were observant and the brain behind them shrewd.

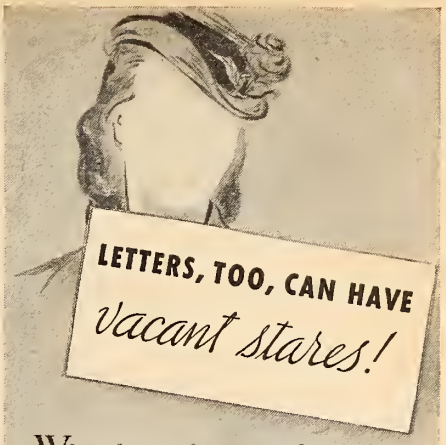
"I met him for the first time at the Academy dinner three years ago. We sat side by side. He teased me about looking like his idea of Delilah. I asked him jokingly why he didn't do the story of Samson and Delilah, and let me play Delilah? He joked back, 'Maybe I will! Shortly after that, I went on a six months' trip to the Orient. From every port, I sent him post cards. From Singapore I wrote: 'When are you going to have a part for me?—because I want to work for you.' From Hong Kong I sent: 'Don't forget—Paulette.' It was all in fun, but mixed in with the fun was a certain amount of wishful thinking. And that, as I say, was three years ago."

PAULETTE drew her leg up under her. "The first I heard of Mr. De Mille's search for Louvette," she continued, "was when I saw a drawing of her in the paper. Everybody saw it. The caption underneath the drawing was: 'Have you seen this girl?' The implication was that her living counterpart would be a dramatic sensation in 'North West Mounted Police.' I studied the picture, and I asked myself, 'Why couldn't I look like that—if I had the chance?' Not that I felt I'd ever get it. What I thought was that this so-called search was a big build-up to an announcement that So-and-So had been cast in the part—with So-and-So having been decided upon months in advance. Maybe that was what people thought when I was announced for it!

"I was away from the Paramount lot for several weeks. When I got back, I had a lot of gossip to catch up on. One morning I said to Dot Ponedel, my studio hairdresser, who ought to know: 'Tell me—who's going to play Louvette?' To my infinite surprise, she answered, 'The part hasn't been cast yet. Mr. De Mille's lining up people for tests.' She showed me the drawing I had seen reproduced in the newspaper—which the hairdressing department was using as a guide in fixing the girls' hair for their tests. I said 'Hmmmm!' and got in touch with my agent as soon as possible.

"If the part wasn't cast yet, I was going to try for it. I made up my mind on that point in a hurry. Here might be my chance at last to work with Mr. De Mille!

"My agent tried to discourage me. 'I've already got three other clients out for it, Paulette. That means I'm due to have at least two disappointed clients. Maybe



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three. And I'm not going to risk having four.' In short, he wouldn't even mention my name to Mr. De Mille.

"That setback only made me all the more determined to get in the running. But how was I going to compete with girls who had agents talking up for them? I *had* to do something unusual—something to make Paulette Goddard stand out as an unexpected possibility for the part.

"I couldn't imagine myself walking into Mr. De Mille's office in my own clothes and saying, 'Why couldn't I play Louvette?' and trying to persuade him that I could. For one thing, I wouldn't look the part.

"That gave me an idea. I'd go in to see him—and I *would* look the part.

"That took a bit of conniving. I persuaded Dot Ponedel to fix my hair like Louvette's, got one of the Westmore boys to put on the make-up touches, and had a wardrobe woman snatch Louvette's dress off the other girl's back, as soon as her test was over, and rush it to my dressing-room. Meanwhile, I had begged Bill Pine to hold Mr. De Mille in his office for fifteen minutes that noon, because I had a surprise for him, and Bill promised not to tell I was coming.

"It took a lot of nerve, but I wanted that role desperately."

PEOPLE have underestimated Paulette. They considered her the girl in Charlie Chaplin's life. They haven't suspected her of a long and determined campaign to make a name for herself as an actress. They have suspected her, instead, of only toying with a career.

Paulette planned it that way. She wasn't taking any chances of being knifed by stars afraid of her. She smiled and let them think she wasn't serious about a career. She kept her ambition completely and shrewdly hidden until she sensed the psychological moment to turn it loose.

That moment arrived when the role of Louvette loomed on the horizon. She had just finished "The Ghost Breakers," written especially for Bob Hope and herself, which would be out in early summer. She had just played the girl in "The Great Dictator," Chaplin's long-awaited first talkie, another part especially written for her. Both pictures had hit possibilities. But both were comedies. Now, if she could only do a big dramatic picture like "North West Mounted Police,"—well, 1940 might be her year. Anyway, it was worth a gamble.

As she explained it, "My career is my whole life, not just a trinket to wear on my wrist. And it has been that ever since I first arrived in Hollywood, despite appearances sometimes to the contrary.

"I wasn't as lucky as some girls with screen ambitions. I had no acting background worth mentioning. I had done two small bits in two New York shows; that was all. I had to acquire an acting background by starting at the bottom.

"I arrived in Hollywood originally on a week-end party with some friends from Reno. I hadn't been here twenty-four hours when I received a movie offer—to be a chorine in Hal Roach Comedies. I took the offer, but I didn't have any illusions about being able to step from the chorine ranks to stardom, because I knew I didn't know how to act. On the other hand, I didn't have any intention of staying a chorine forever.

"What I did was to look around for the best dramatic coach in sight. I decided that Samuel Kayser was it. I think Howard Hughes brought him out from New York during 'Hell's Angels,' to coach Jean Harlow. He had also coached Janet Gaynor and countless other people, helped to make them famous. I started working with him, and I haven't stopped since, except for short intervals—the longest one six months. I have always come back, started again. Every day at nine, when I'm not working, I have an hour's lesson. I don't have something new to do every day; far from it. Some of the work is so repetitious, and I become so bored, that I could scream. But I have always been able to make myself keep on, make myself have that much vitality and take that discipline."

In other words, she has been smart enough not to relax, not to underestimate for one moment the calibre of the competition. She hasn't waited for the breaks. She has worked for them.

"The long hours, months, years spent with Kayser were the only thing that gave me the courage to sign with Selznick two years ago," said Paulette. "I hoped I was ready to strike out and have a career—at last. The first thing I did was 'The Young in Heart,' followed almost immediately by 'Dramatic School.' Meanwhile, the Scarlett O'Hara business was going on, with endless tests and talk about my doing it. After such a build-up, the eventual letdown was cataclysmic. I lost all my belief in myself as an actress.

"George Cukor, who was originally to direct 'Gone with the Wind,' still believed in me. He talked me into doing the role of the show girl in 'The Women.' He said, 'it's a minor role, but it will do a lot for you. Especially the scrap with Rosalind Russell.' He was right; it did do a lot for me. The scrap was what impressed people.

"You hear that in Hollywood everybody tries to beat you down, if you're new. But everybody I've known has tried to help me. I don't understand it, but that's the way it has been."

The girl is too modest. It's easy enough to understand. She hasn't trampled other people, in her efforts to get somewhere, herself. She has been smart enough to take her time, to make friends all along the road.

I ASKED her about the Chaplin picture. Was it true she had the biggest part any girl had ever had in a Chaplin picture—and, if so, did she talk Chaplin into making the part so prominent?

She answered, "Yes" to the first question, "No" to the second. "The part looms up so well," she said, "because the story revolves around the girl. She typifies the Ghetto, the Common People. She is the only one willing to help the persecuted, and lives in hope of beating up the Storm Troopers. Being created especially for me, she is very much like me, except that our voices are different. In the picture I use what I call 'my little voice,' and I jabber constantly—so that Charlie never gets a chance to talk as the little tramp. He plays a dual role, you know, a dictator, and a little tramp who is a double for the dictator. I love the story. It should be a tonic to everybody who sees it. Only it's too bad that the dictator-ridden countries can't see it.

"What kind of roles do I want to do? Every kind. Amusing ones, tragic ones, dramatic ones, romantic ones. That's the fun of acting, it seems to me. There's no limit to the things you can try to do, the interesting people you can try to be. You can never reach the end."

Paulette Goddard has an animated face that you can't confuse with any other on the screen. She has a figure that was recently voted "the world's most beautiful." She has talent and ambition and a terrific willingness to work. But, most important of all, she has a smart head on her shapely shoulders.

Her rivals will have to think fast to keep up with her—because Paulette is going places in a hurry. Watch and see.

ANNIE MEETS THE BOYS

(*Continued from page 31*)

stay up until four or five in the morning."

Ann Sheridan smiled. The smile was dazzling. And while we recovered from it, she sipped her iced tea, left some lipstick on the straws and told us she usually wears evening gowns to formal parties and big affairs. On the average date, she likes to be comfortable in slacks. Her shapely legs are always bare beneath her formal attire, but she wears stockings with slacks. There are two dozen gowns in her closet that she hasn't tried on yet. They're in her favorite colors of black and white—"And, of course, red. I'm daffy about red. But while I speak Spanish fluently, dance Spanish, like Spanish food, I can't wear that type of clothes because it's too colorful for my hair."

She admits that most of the beaux don't much care what she drapes on her body. They are satisfied if she is comfortable and happy in her clothes.

WITH a bit of Machiavellian urging, we managed to keep Ann on the subject of stepping out in Cinemaland. With candor she discussed her favorites—punctuating her conversation with the word "honey," and using it democratically in addressing the waitress, a scenario writer, a producer, two relatives of a director and us.

She mentioned Jean Negalescu, the mysterious author and painter, a fascinating man-about-town, witty with words and fortified with a French accent.

"Jean is great company. Entertaining. Never a flat moment. I sometimes go to Earl Carroll's huge restaurant with him . . . Jeff Lynn is a little different. Very reserved and New England, and delightfully serious about his work. You'd never believe this secret about him, but so help me, one of his favorite amusements is—jitterbugging!

"I've been out with Randy Scott. And I always look forward to a date with Franchot Tone when he's in town and nice enough to call me. Franchot has a brilliant mind, is so well-mannered and intriguing. I like to rib him. When he gets too serious I call him 'The Doctor.' I used to see David Niven a good deal before he returned to England and the war. I wonder if he's married, as they rumor? David was a terrific clown, gagging, joking and possessing the most lovable topsy-turvy charm.

"One thing I like about the men I've gone out with: None of them talks politics, thank God! And when they take me out, they're rarely serious, which I appreciate because it's relaxing, and they never talk shop, except to tell a story or get rid of a little gossip about themselves or someone else in the studios."

Ann Sheridan was frank enough to admit that she's had plenty of embarrassing moments on dates.

"There was Ouida Bergere Rathbone's last party. You've heard of Ouida, haven't you? She's the red-headed wife of Basil Rathbone. She was head of Paramount's scenario department for seven years before she married him. Her parties are the best in town, but once she had foul luck because it poured when she threw a big shindig. We've now nicknamed her 'The Rain Maker.'

"Anyway, at her last get-together, the wooden dance floor was built out over the terrace, and at the extreme end there was a dip. Well, I was dancing with Cesar Romero, and he was feeling good, and he started a very fancy adagio. He

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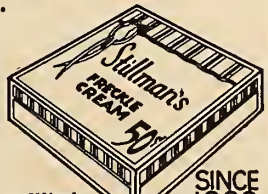
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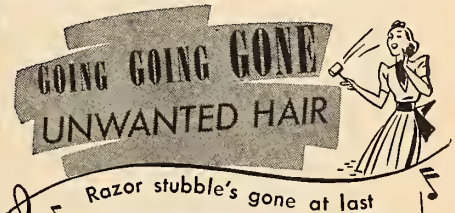
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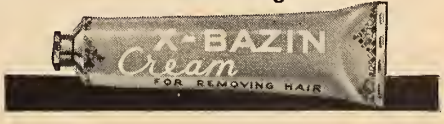
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worked me toward that dip in the floor, and as I landed on it, I slipped, my high-heel caught inside my dress—and rip!—whew!—a yard of the dress gone, right up the back. I was half nude, and all of Hollywood was staring at me. My face became redder than my hair. But I just stood there, learning a lesson in poise, while the Japanese maid came over, and right on the floor, sewed me decent.

"Another terrible occasion, which I shan't forget, took place at Orry-Kelly's party in honor of Judith Anderson. It was held at Victor Hugo's. After I came in, I wanted to pay my respects to Miss Anderson, whom I consider a top-notch actress. I walked over to her table where she was seated with Sally Eilers and Mrs. Warner. I reached out to shake her hand, and in my usual enthusiasm, knocked over a tall tumbler filled with scotch. It spilled right on Sally Eilers' gorgeous white formal! I wanted to drop through the floor!

"Back in Texas, such incidents would not have been so bad. But dating in fast company, among celebrities, it's awful."

ANN tilted her chair and stretched, revealing curves that will enrich her forthcoming picture, "Torrid Zone," and a figure that has already prostrated men from Ethiopia to Japan.

"But sometimes we get sick of night clubs," she said finally. "When that happens, I throw an impromptu party at my place, invite about a half dozen friends, hire two Mexican guitar-strummers, roll up the rugs and the fun starts. After a couple of hours, I wander into the kitchen and fry some chicken and eggs, and despite ensuing indigestion, it always turns out to be swell sport."

About this stage of the interview, under the influence of Ann's confidences and her Parisian perfume, we began to get a trifle chummy. Not forward enough to ask for a date ourselves, we mentioned a friend who wanted to meet her.

Ann screwed up her face.

"No, thank you. No blind dates for little Annie! Listen, honey, I've never been on a blind date in Hollywood, and I don't intend to begin now. I just don't believe in them. You never know what you're running into. Rather than accept a blind date, I prefer to go out alone and often do. . . . Sometimes hosts try to put something over on me. At the last minute they'll phone, ask me to drop around for a party and tell me some friend of theirs will pick me up. 'Keep your friends,' I always reply. 'I don't want to run into strangers that way. I'll come along alone.' "

Refusing to set herself up as some divine and infallible Juno sitting on some high Olympus, Ann didn't want to offer advice to other girls. She didn't think that, in the final analysis, she knew enough about men to give advice.

"But there's one obvious mistake I constantly notice in other women," stated Ann. "Sometimes they are just too, too feminine. You know, after one drink they start talking baby talk, becoming fluttery and coy. That gets under my skin. They begin requiring protection and so many attentions. You know how those girls get—they want the table changed, coat removed, clothes checked, food returned, until a fellow must think he's going insane. A lot of ladies ought to get wise to themselves. Most of the actors here dislike such traits in women."

Without conversational transition, we whispered one word—Matrimony.

Ann Sheridan emitted a sound similar to "Woof" and almost fell off her chair.

"Not for Annie!" she exclaimed. "I'm not at all interested in getting married! And don't forget the exclamation marks!"

We wondered—though said nothing about it—if she was recalling her first and only marriage. That was four years ago. She was living in an apartment hotel. One morning she forgot to take with her a letter she intended to mail. Returning for it, she bumped into a handsome young actor, Eddie Norris. That was the start. On a blazing hot Sunday afternoon, August 26, 1936, she went to Ensenada, Mexico, with Eddie Norris. She was in a white slack suit. He was in a sport ensemble. The Mexican judge, near-sighted, mumbled the ceremony in Spanish. And Ann Sheridan was married. Two years and ten days later she was divorced.

"I'm not at all interested in getting married again!" she repeated. Was it a case of having touched fire once, and of being afraid to get burned again? We didn't press the point.

But Ann did say that *if* she ever were wed again, it would be in the same quick, strange, exciting way.

"I hate big elaborate ceremonies. If I marry again, it'll be on the spur of the moment, an elopement.

"The kind of fellow I'd like? He doesn't have to be handsome, but not ugly, either. An older man, preferably, maybe around thirty-five or forty, ambitious, interesting and with a sense of humor. Someone who would be a gentleman at all times, would be careful about his appearance and would not take me, or himself, too seriously!"

Of all the men in all the wide world, she said there were four she would go out of her way to meet; men she would like to spend time with, chat with, know very well. They are Nijinsky, the dancer; Oscar Levant, the wit; Noel Coward, the "Scoundrel"; John Steinbeck, the author.

According to Ann:

"I've always been fascinated by the man Nijinsky and his life. I know he is now aged and mentally unbalanced in a Swiss sanatorium, but I hear he is regaining his mind and, when that day comes, I'd love to meet him. As for Oscar Levant, after hearing him on the air and reading his 'Smattering of Ignorance,' I'm anxious to be introduced to him. I understand he is very biting, quick on the verbal trigger and professionally insulting.

"As for Noel Coward. Well, what girl wouldn't want the pleasure of his suavity, worldliness, cleverness? And after reading 'The Grapes of Wrath,' I just wonder what John Steinbeck looks like and what kind of person he is."

CONCERNING the red-headed lady who would like to meet these men, there isn't much more to tell. Most has already been told. That she was born and reared in Denton, Texas, a town which can be found in any handy seed catalogue, is ancient history. That she was born on Washington's birthday, that her name used to be Clara Lou, that she is five feet five, that she is part Indian, that her sister, Kitty, sent her photo to Paramount and that's how she broke into Hollywood, that she is ticklish under the ribs—all of that is also history.

Actually, Ann Sheridan's life can be dated from that singular afternoon, over a year ago, when the telephone rang at four o'clock and bespectacled Bop Taplinger, head of Warners' publicity, told her to get into a formal and show up at a dinner being given for male writers, actors, business men and socialites.

Ann showed up for the banquet, on which Taplinger spent $160 for food. Ann was crowned the Queen of Oomph and given a bracelet. She then went home

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A hundred wits tried to explain what it looked like.

Gene Towne, zany writer, claimed, "Oomph is simply It—with a supercharger!" Busby Berkeley, dance director, thought, "Oomph is the quality that drives girls to stardom and men to distraction."

Ann Sheridan herself, typically frank, solved the enigma. "Oomph," she exclaimed, "is what a fat man says when he leans over to tie his shoe lace in a telephone booth."

She told us she was very surprised at her sudden success. And to prove it, showed us a bright little bracelet which she gave to herself. On it were the words—

"From Clara Lou to Ann. You continue to amaze me, kid."

But cockiness hasn't even touched her. Not a single bit. The best antidote for an inflated ego, thought Ann, was to see herself on the screen.

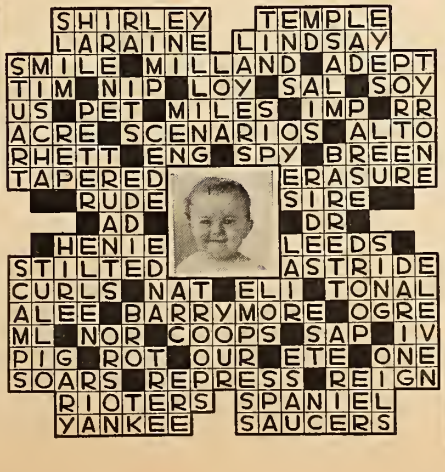
"It's an ordeal, a torture. I go to a preview, and when I see myself flashed on the screen, I almost slide under my seat. I try to sit there, try to be brave, and proceed to pick the polish off my nails. I suffer a thousand hells, promise never to go again—and do. I see the bad angles, I see myself ham and mug. I see my fat face. My face makes me miserable."

She paused.

"Gee, I'd give anything to have a face like Marlene Dietrich! Then I'd never have a worry about getting dates and holding fellows!"

Dates and fellows? We remembered. That's exactly where we came in!

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14



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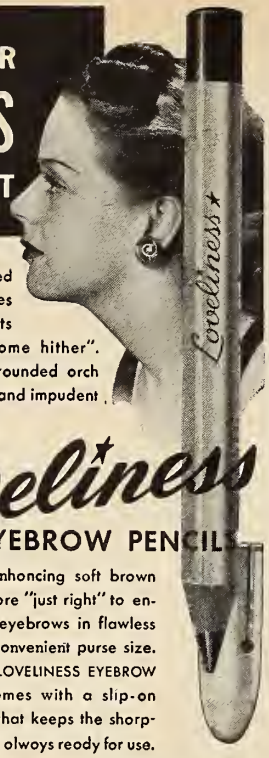


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(*Continued from page 35*)

equipment, dumped him into a concentration camp. There he remained for forty days, existing on barley soup and dry bread—when he was fed—and grateful for the daily quart of water which he could use for either drinking or washing.

In September, by the grace of God and Louis B. Mayer, Rosson was released and is now Hollywood's foremost authority on concentration camps. However, while interred, he was too angry to think of doing research for the future edification of the boys back home, so there were many details he overlooked.

As a last resort in its round-up of realism, M-G-M turned to the refugees. Or rather, the refugees turned to M-G-M. Scores of them, learning of the studio's mammoth undertaking, phoned in their personal experiences and volunteered their services in any capacity whatsoever.

Accepting what it could, Metro set about building its own concentration camp. At the end of six weeks, at a cost of $15,000, one of these modern-day torture chambers rose in Culver City. And into it goose-stepped over 400 extras, to shiver in synthetic rain and cower under Storm Troopers' lashings for $11 an evening.

ALMOST as difficult as the concentration camp set was the creation of the Storm Troopers. To play the parts, the studio hired 200 ex-gridiron stars and then proceeded to have them Hitlerized. As the first step in their Nazification, the boys were trotted over to a neighborhood tonsorial parlor where a French barber gave them German haircuts. A lot of moss can grow on 200 scalps, and when the mass operation was over the floor of the shop was covered with enough hair to stuff a mattress!

The next step was getting them dressed for their roles. That meant putting each one into a $75 uniform (figure it out yourself) and trimming him off with swastika-ed hats, armbands and buttons. Interesting is the fact that no manufacturer in town would agree to make these embellishments and the studio, unprepared for a moral sit-down, had to go to the great expense of making them and the Nazi flags needed on their own lot!

Finally came the actual education of the "Troopers"—the business of teaching them the Nazi salute, the Nazi song, the Nazi carriage. "We don't know how we done it, but we did!" about sums up the attitude of the coaches. According to them, one of the toughest tasks they ever had was showing these easy-moving young Americans how to click their heels, stiffen their bodies and say "Heil!" as though they meant it. In fact, the perfection of this motion alone took three weeks!

Acquainting the boys with the Horst Wessel Song, the national anthem of Nazi Germany, was another painful process. Besides drilling them in daily voice classes, it was necessary to provide every "Trooper" with a recording of the song, which could be studied from a home victrola. When, at last, they all had it down pat, some one suddenly remembered that the "Horst Wessel" copyright was owned by a German firm and that any unauthorized usage of the song would constitute an infringement! But Germany had to have a national anthem. The inspired music department at Metro sat down promptly and wrote one—a similar melody entitled "The Adolf Hitler Song," which it is to be earnestly hoped will never reach the Hit Parade.

Undoubtedly the greatest spectacle in the entire picture is the book-burning scene, Hollywood's first presentation of the most loathsome incident in modern history. In this scene, several hundred university students set fire to a mass of books, supposedly those banned by the German government and ordered destroyed by Adolf Hitler. To secure the props for the sequence, a corps of men scurried from one second-hand bookshop to another, picking up all the literary junk they could find. Their search netted them 2,000 volumes which they purchased at an average cost of 25c apiece. Since they were mostly turn-of-the-century novels and outrageous dream books, their loss is hardly to be regretted.

Nor is it regrettable that snug-in-its-corner Hollywood has gone to such great lengths to take a whack at a dictatorship. The picture is bound to have a tremendous influence on its audiences.

THE JOKE'S ON HOPE

(*Continued from page 48*)

He repeated the shortest jokes he knew. One was a poem that had to do with the genealogy of fleas. It went like this—

"Adam
Had 'em."

Another short joke (reading time: 1½ seconds) was—

"Bill Rose sat on a tack,
Bill rose."

And another—

"Boy, miss,
Joy, kiss,
Popper sees,
Doctor, please."

Bob Hope insisted that the lowest form of humor was not the pun. "When people groan at a pun like, 'She wanted to be a school teacher but she had no class,' they're only groaning because they didn't think of it first."

Bob has been married five years. Her name is Dolores. She used to be a model and a hoofer. They have a four-month-old adopted daughter. Every summer Mr. and Mrs. Hope take a honeymoon—behind the footlights! Last summer they returned to vaudeville for seven weeks. This summer, they'll do it again. Very few fans know Bob Hope is married, but if you want to see his wife, watch for the gorgeous brunette who goes under the name of Dolores Reed in the billing.

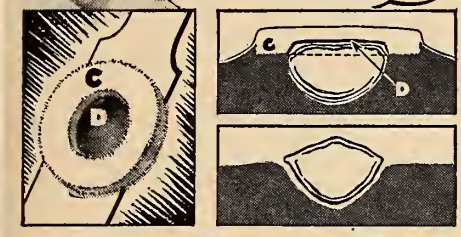
Bob Hope admitted that the one person in Hollywood who could best him in a practical joke was Harry Lillis Crosby.

"Bing really has a sense of humor. He's funnier than his horses. Anything for a chuckle. Have you seen the sign on Bing's front lawn? It reads, 'Keep off the grass. Remember when you, too, were struggling for recognition.' And did Bing ever tell you about the practical joke he pulled in Boston? It was a honey! They were holding a contest.

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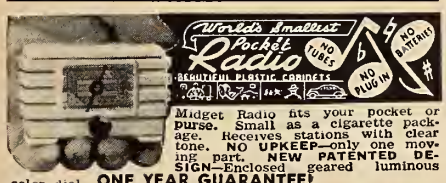
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A singing contest. The idea was to find the best imitator of Bing Crosby. Well, Bing, himself, put on a disguise, entered the contest—and lost!

"It's almost impossible to match him on a stunt. You've seen those little stands on each corner, where fellows print any headline you want on a newspaper for two bits? Well, the other day Bing had one of the boys print a large black headline reading—HOPE TO BECOME A STAR AT LAST; BUYS PARAMOUNT! He passed that damned headline all over the studio. It almost drove me nuts!"

I asked Hope if he enjoyed working with Bing in their last picture, "The Road to Singapore." Did he enjoy it? Sa-ay! Hope's frame, huskier off-screen, shook with inward glee.

"What a riot! I'd rather work with Crosby than with any human alive. It's not work. It's play. Besides, Bing gives me something. Do you understand? He's easy, simple of style. Together, we're relaxed. We have a picnic, forget the script. Why, in 'The Road to Singapore,' we practically threw the scenario in the wastebasket, and made up half the dialogue, just horsing around. We didn't play a single scene twice the same way, or with the same words.

"Someday I'd like to work with W. C. Fields. I'd be a little afraid, though. He's my idea of the best comedian in the business. He leaves me limp. Fields has a curious manner. You know, just an old rogue. He kids everything. It's unbeatable.

"And another thing, I wouldn't mind doing more love scenes. Professionally, that is. (Now, now, Dolores, you heard me clearly, I said, professionally!) Of course, I've never had any serious passionate moments on celluloid, but I repeat, I wouldn't mind. Maybe I wouldn't be good, though. Maybe I'd cavort like an untrained chimpanzee. Because, up to now, with girls like Shirley Ross, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour and Paulette Goddard, I've never embraced or kissed them for keeps. I've just burlesqued everything. I'd like to do sophisticated love scenes, the 'Thanks For the Memory' sort of stuff."

WHETHER or not he's ever converted into a Casanova, one thing sure, he will always sport the cap and bells because he has ridden to fame with laughing gas. And the entire story of Bob Hope's career, to date, can be summed up in the four familiar words: From gags to riches.

Born in the shadows of Westminster Abbey, Hope was transported, as a child, to Cleveland. There he attended high school, and his education consisted largely of learning to tap dance. There, also, he toiled for the Chandler Motor Car Company, and was befuddled when all the salesmen laughed at everything he said during staff meetings. He began to fancy himself as a simon-pure humorist, and one afternoon tried out some of his pet gags (most of them concerning his superiors) on the boss' dictaphone. This was fine practice and most educational, except that Hope neglected to remove the cylinder from the dictaphone—and the following morning, when the boss started the machine, he got an earful. As Hope's first professional audience, the boss was not receptive. His criticism took the form of a two weeks' notice.

For a brief period Hope considered becoming a prizefighter. Which proves that even in those days he had a sense of humor. He had been boxing previously, but only as an amateur. One of his sparring mates was a blubbery fellow

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named Johnny Risko, who eventually tangled with Max Schmelling and Jack Sharkey. Hope's pugilistic aspirations ended on that day when, in a gymnasium arena, Mr. Risko threw a right uppercut at him; Mr. Hope neglected to remove his chin, and the uppercut almost obliged.

About that time, Fatty Arbuckle was making a personal appearance. He needed supporting acts, and Bob Hope and a friend rehearsed a blackface tap routine and landed the job. Not only did Hope dance, but he was the voice offstage, he sang in a quartet, played the sax in the pit orchestra and helped move the scenery.

That was the beginning. Some weeks later, scheduled to work in a night club, his partner fell ill with fever. Hope shuffled out to announce that the act was postponed. To make the announcement graceful, he began relating a few inoffensive Scotch jokes. He told his favorite about the Scotchman who sat up all night in order to watch his wife's vanishing cream. The patrons cackled with glee. Encouraged, Hope went on for an hour. The audience was prostrated with joy and—

A new funnyman was born.

THEN there were the usual things. Alone, unarmed, he wandered into stag parties, cocktail lounges and out on the vaudeville stage, wise-cracking for experience and for the root of all evil. Sometimes things were tough.

"But it wasn't too bad," said Hope. "Oh, I starved a couple of weeks here and there. But that's not very original. It was the only real discouragement I ever faced. That lack of food. It's hard as hell on your timing, believe me!

"At one period I was $4,000 in debt, had holes in my shoes, and had forgotten whether you cut a steak with a knife or drink it out of a spoon. Then I cracked Western vaudeville."

Eventually he reached the entertainer's Babylon—a dizzy, dazzling, blinking place called Broadway. And on the gayway, he got the worst press notice of his entire career.

He winced, remembering it.

"I opened in vaud at the old Palace. It was my debut in big time. My first show was great, terrific. But the critics didn't come until the second show. By that time a reaction had set in. I was tired, nervous, my timing was way off, and I misfired. The billboards outside the theatre advertised me as, 'The Mid-West Sensation,' but after that second show, Lew Strauss, a critic, wrote in the Graphic—'So this is the Mid-West sensation. Why did he ever come East?'

"The payoff is this: Three years later, I hired a Strauss as my press agent, not knowing he was the same fellow who wrote that almost suicidal review!"

During that period, as his success grew, he took his first screen test for Pathe.

"That test was a classic," groaned Hope. "I started into the scene. My chin was on the screen for five minutes before I appeared!

"They sent me into the projection room, by myself, to see the test. I learned, later, that was because nobody else could stand being exposed to it!

"Some screen test! The projectionists who ran it off wore gas masks, and the Pathe rooster never crowed again, realizing that none of his hens could ever lay an egg like that one!

"After it was over, Pathe officials wouldn't even give me street car fare home!"

Having somehow survived his first ill-fated bout with the camera, Hope scored smash hits in such musicals as "Ballyhoo," "Roberta," "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Red, Hot and Blue." He even indulged in a feud, now a legend, with another comic, Milton Berle. It seemed that Bob Hope heard Milton Berle was lifting some of his best gags, and so Hope, instead of sueing, merely said:

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, Berle."

That ended the alleged crimes.

While playing in the stage hit, "Roberta," Hope loaned a musician named Fred MacMurray his hat and cane for a screen test at Paramount's Manhattan studio.

"That's the only reason I ever came to Hollywood," said Hope. "I followed MacMurray. I had to get my hat and cane back."

In Movietown, Bob made his first appearance in "The Big Broadcast of 1938." He teamed with Shirley Ross—and soon had streets and infants named after him for his rapid-fire gags and his warbling of "Thanks For the Memory."



Something new in beach outfits is Zorina's lovely coat with its puffed shoulders and bustle bow.

He made eight shows in a row. "The Ghost Breakers" was the ninth.

"Ten years ago, I never dreamed I'd be sitting on a Hollywood set, talking about the most interesting subject in the world to me—myself." He sighed.

"I was surprised the first day I ever got to this town, and I've been in a state of suspended surprise ever since. The wrong things always happen to me. A short time ago I had a dressing-room right next to Carole Lombard. My first day in that dressing-room, I heard a knocking on the wall. Thrilled, I jumped out of my room and ran next door—but how was I to know Clark Gable smokes a pipe!"

Hope confessed to the following habits and hobbies:

He sleeps in a bed six by nine feet in size, a bed imported from New York. In it he does all of his reading. His principal diet consists of what he smilingly considers the most fascinating literature in America. "You know, the Daily Variety and the Hollywood Reporter!" He enjoys eating pickled herring, caviar, garlic and gulps down a quart of milk a day. He swings a wicked game of golf, but Bing Crosby always licks him. He plays excellent billiards. He owns Leica and Graflex cameras, and also takes terrible outdoor movies with the 16 mm. He has a Great Dane, a Scottie and canaries that eat out of his hand. He sleeps six hours a night.

He believes in taking life as it comes to him. He is always willing to admit a mistake. He considers mother-in-law jokes stale. He has a single driving ambition, "And that ambition is to one day be able to stay home and present my weekly broadcast while reclining in bed!" There is no person in the world he would rather be than Bob Hope. "Ah, sir, if I couldn't be myself, I wouldn't want to live!"

Once, during the interview, when he left me to perform in a scene, I asked the people on the set about him. I learned one major thing. That Bob Hope, like most funnymen, was a rank sentimentalist. If there was a worthy charity, a benefit of any size, Hope was willing to contribute his talent gratis. He didn't want to hoard his humor, keep his best gags in hiding. For a cause, he was willing to give his all.

When he returned from his session with histrionics, I asked him about benefit performances. He was modestly silent for a moment. Then he confided:

"There was one benefit appearance I made that I'll never forget. It was the most embarrassing experience I've ever had. It took place a short time ago, at the Madison Square Garden, before 20,000 people. I was on the stage, trying to entertain the audience. I began a long story, building to a single climax, to a single punch line that would put them in the aisles. Then, just a split second before I reached that punch line, a side door opened and Governor Lehman of New York entered. Immediately, the 20,000 forgot about me, turned toward Lehman, sent up a giant whisper, 'There's the Governor!' I was left red-faced on the stage, with a funny punch line and no audience. Embarrassing? God! What did I do? Just stood there for about five minutes, and finally, when everyone settled down, I said simply, 'Remember me, folks?' And then everything was all right."

HOPE told me he used about 125 jokes on each radio broadcast. He told me, also, that he had on file at home about 50,000 jokes, almost half of them of Scotch origin.

This joke collection, plus Hope's ability and growing reputation, impressed me not half as much as a few comments he later made: They had nothing to do with the interview. I had accused him, off-the-record, of being soft-hearted, and Bob Hope shrugged and replied:

"Maybe. Maybe not. But the one thing that gets me down and makes me miserable is seeing old people in poverty. When I'm driving down the street, and I see a very old lady, you know, bent and weary and hungry-looking, waiting for a street car, well, geez, it gets under my skin. I want to stop my car, get out and give her a fin. People like that need more than laughs."

After he said that, he paused thoughtfully; someone nearby cracked a joke, and Hope grinned suddenly and topped it with a gag of his own. And soon everyone was guffawing. But I didn't pay attention. I had learned, from those last few words, all I wanted to know about Bob Hope, about what kind of a fellow he really was. I had learned that he possessed what every great man and every great comic must have—a heart!

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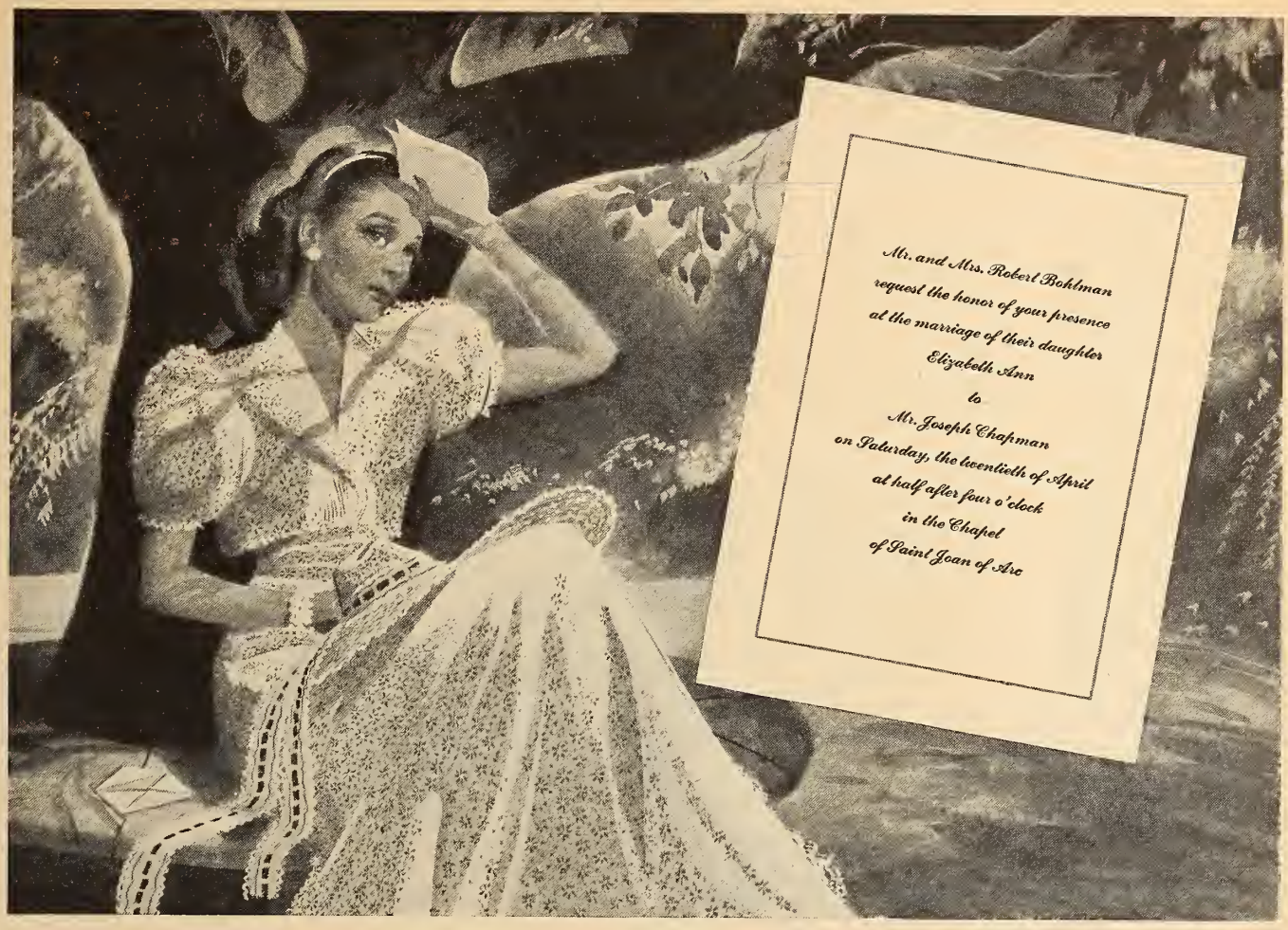
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One of the most famous plays...



You'll fall in love all over again with the romantic heroine of 'Goodbye Mr. Chips'

The dashing star of "Rebecca" handsomer than ever in an exciting new role!

And now, it will be one of the most famous pictures ever filmed!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents

Pride and Prejudice

STARRING

Greer GARSON · *Laurence* OLIVIER

with

MARY BOLAND · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN · ANN RUTHERFORD · FRIEDA INESCORT

Screen Play by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin · Directed by Robert Z. Leonard · Produced by Hunt Stromberg

Movie Reviews

★★★★ OUR TOWN



REVIEW—Right here and now our own personal Oscar goes to Sol Lesser and all those involved in transferring Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize play to the screen.

Admittedly, "Our Town" presented tremendous difficulties. As a play, it was enacted on an absolutely naked stage; the entire action was kibitzed by Frank Craven, who narrated the setting and the story thread direct to the audience over the footlights; and the play itself was a delicate, serious slice of life cut from a small, typical New Hampshire town.

The transference to the screen has been accomplished with great skill and sincerity: Sam Wood has directed with brilliant imagination; some of the photography and scenes are the most daring and revolutionary ever snapped by Hollywood; the small town characters and speeches are as if carved from Vermont marble; the New England atmosphere is as right as apple pie (with sage cheese); and the cast, especially Frank Craven, Martha Scott, Bill Holden, Guy Kibbee and a little girl newcomer named Ruth Toby, is a dream charm. If Martha Scott doesn't get a solid gold Oscar for her début performance, I'll eat up all the Oscars Bette Davis now has in her attic. There isn't, in other words, a false note in it, and even the happy ending hasn't spoiled it.

Many of the scenes are memorable. I will never forget the adolescent love scene between Mr. Holden and Miss Scott; and the beautiful sequence in which Martha Scott makes her visit to the dead is one of the great scenes of the theatre or screen. Directed by Sam Wood.—*United Artists Release.*

PREVIEW POSTCRIPTS: Sol Lesser paid Thornton Wilder $45,000 for the screen rights, Sam Wood $100,000 to direct it, and spent about $500,000 more to produce it. . . . Heroine Martha Scott is a University of Michigan grad, taught in a small town school for a while and worked in a department store in Detroit for $11.50 per week. She likes men named Bill if they smoke pipes, rarely smokes herself, can make dandy taffy and Yorkshire pudding, is thrilled when she meets movie stars, and can emote without a letdown for 18 hours a day. . . . Frank Craven's known as the "pipe-and-pants-pocket actor" and probably sleeps with his hand in his pajama pocket and his pipe in his mouth. His salary is $1,000 a day (when working); he's careless about his clothes, and is slightly delirious about viewing sports. . . . Bill Holden wanted to be a bacteriologist, but got to be bugs about acting, instead. He plays a bit of violin and collects hot jungle recordings. . . . Thomas Mitchell's been "discovered" six times; now seems established at a bank president's salary. Fans advised him to give up drinking in pictures; so he drinks only coffee in this.

★★★ EDISON, THE MAN

REVIEW—Obviously it's pretty hard to get a lot of good roundhouse drama into the life of any great inventor or thinker who spends most of his life in a chair thinking. However, taking the three climaxes of Edison's early manhood, starting with the invention of the stock ticker, the phonograph and winding up with the heart-and-headaches that went into giving us the first electric light, this blooms into a gripping and not too technical picture.

The theme of the visionary man of science fighting the unvisionary man of business is as durable as the hills and as inspiring; a story that can be told again and again. The uncertainty before the actual consummation of the first glowing bulb, the doubts that even Edison's wife felt in the dark moments of the gas-lit days when Edison was broke and the light refused to come—these build to a real lift when his dynamos finally make contact and light shines into an advancing world.

The cast, like the picture, is soberly capable, and Clarence Brown's settings and direction show his usual conservative workmanship. There is a magnificent speech at the picture's end on the relation between science and character, and it has a deep bearing on the world we live in—a world in which science is too often the tool of the Devil.—*M-G-M.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: "Young Tom Edison" got favorable reviews everywhere but was a box office disappointment. "Edison, the Man" which cost almost $900,000, will have to gross double to defray Young Tom's shortcomings, its own publicity costs, etc. . . . Studio spent more than Edison, himself, to recreate Menlo Park Laboratories faithfully, down to Edison's pipe organ and "corpse reviver" with which he awakened snoring employees. Over 25,000 different items were made, including 20,000 odd-sized chemical bottles, glass jar batteries, and jumbo dynamos. Henry Ford loaned M-G-M Edison's original ticker tape machine, phonograph and incandescent light—and everything still worked! . . . Tracy studied Edison's gestures from a movie made of the Great Wizard in his lifetime—watching him three hours a day for three weeks. . . . Clarence Brown has two engineering degrees, has made about $20,000,000 worth of Hollywood pix, none small, and his only flop was "The Trail of '98," which cost about $2,000,000. . . . Genuinely blonde Rita Johnson is from Worcester, Mass. She has violent claustrophobia, hates small swimming pools and automatic elevators, isn't keen on thunder (with or without lightning), enjoys screwball friends, swims a mile a day to keep in condition and is a green salad fiend. . . . Edison never made that speech at the picture's end—Marc Connelly wrote it. . . . Will Rogers claimed Edison would have been a grand fellow even if he hadn't invented anything.

(More Reviews on Page 8)



"Some Girls look Older in Summer - & GRIT in Face Powder is one of the Reasons!"

says Lady Esther

1. Day by day the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! You *should* look younger in summer, yet it is tragically true, says Lady Esther, that many girls *look older*. The reason may be a shade of powder that was all right for March but all wrong for July—or it may be a face powder that is wrong in texture—a face powder that contains GRIT.





2. Yes, grit in your powder can give your skin a "grainy" look, a "powdery" look . . . often mistaken for an *aged* look and much more noticeable in summer! So beware of gritty powder—test the powder you are using, and do it *right now!*



3. Make my famous "Bite Test!" Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth—now bite hard and grind slowly. Don't be surprised if your teeth find grit—***for impartial laboratory tests show GRIT even in many expensive face powders...powders that cost $1.00, $2.00, $3.00.***



4. But you'll detect no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. My powder is so smooth it clings 4 long hours. Put it on say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter you, never giving you a "powdery" look that makes you *seem older.*

Are you using the WRONG SHADE *for Summer?*

Thousands of women unknowingly wear the wrong shade of face powder in the summer—a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps, but is all wrong for July!

For in summer, the sun has changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin *as it is today.*

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all!—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is most glamorous for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette.

So find the right shade of my grit-free powder—the lucky shade for you, out of this glorious collection of ten, and you will look younger, lovelier—you will be really in tune with life.

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Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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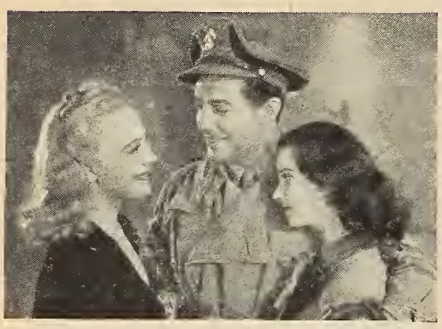
CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

Waterloo Bridge



Bob Taylor and Vivien Leigh discuss wedding plans with Ginny Field in "Waterloo Bridge."

Torrid Zone



Ann Sheridan, Jimmie Cagney and Helen Vinson share an exciting moment in "Torrid Zone."

Turnabout



You'll roar at the antics of Carole Landis and John Hubbard in the rollicking "Turnabout."

★★★½* Waterloo Bridge

Against a background of London during World War No. 1 and a present day air-raid, Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor co-star in a romance with enough tensely thrilling moments to please any audience. Vivien Leigh's performance is excellent, as might be expected, while Taylor turns in some acting that will surprise everyone. He proves himself eminently capable and, what's more, shows unsuspected charms.

The story concerns a ballet dancer, Vivien Leigh, and a young officer, Robert Taylor, who fall in love on the eve of his departure for France. Because of her negligence during their hectic courtship, the dancer loses her job. With a pal, Virginia Field, she combs the town looking for work and gradually becomes reduced to desperate straits. In the meantime, Taylor believes her to be in the safe-keeping of his mother, so is completely unprepared for the saddened and tragic girl he finds on his return. Fearing that she will bring disgrace to her fiancé and his proud family, the girl decides upon drastic measures to settle the situation. From the first, both Vivien Leigh and Taylor will hold your sympathies, and their tragic story will keep you engrossed to the end.

In the supporting cast, Virginia Field, Madame Marie Ouspenskaya and Lucille Watson give admirable performances. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: For the first time in his career, Robert Taylor appears as a middle-aged man in two sequences and also wears his first screen mustache. So well does he photograph that way, that he will also wear the mustache all through "Escape". . . . This is the second time that Vivien Leigh has played with Robert Taylor. They met while working in "A Yank At Oxford," which was made in England, and Bob is the only American star who knew her "when". . . . This picture is the first to reach the screen with a realistic portrayal of a London blackout. Both a 1917 and a 1940 type are shown. . . . Throughout the film, Vivien Leigh spent every free minute knitting one, purling two to make helmets for the soldiers on the Maginot Line. Her average, since the war has started, has been one woolen helmet a day. . . . Vivien Leigh lost 1,800 pounds for her role. That was the difference in weight between the heavy costumes she wore in "G.W.T.W." and the light ones in "Waterloo Bridge." For Scarlett, she had 32 costumes, each one weighing from 30 to 60 pounds. She has only four costumes in "Waterloo Bridge," including a ballet number and all told they weigh less than 20 pounds.

★★★ Torrid Zone

By simple arithmetic, this banana epic of Central America deserves nine stars, being made up of "The Front Page," "What Price Glory" and the "Good Bad Man," neatly combined and streamlined. Cagney is giving up raising bananas forever to return to the Midwest and run a chain store. However, O'Brien, in the style of the Front Page editor, is trying to keep him in banana land, using the lowest forms of subterfuges known to man and author.

Meanwhile, Ann Sheridan, a whiskey-drinking, poker-playing dancing gal, and Helen Vinson, her rival, are slugging it out for Jimmie's favor. Further complications are added by the "Good Bad Man" antics of George Tobias who, as Rosario, a banana bandit, almost steals the show.

Though no harder to follow than your nose, the picture moves at marching speed with machine-gunned punch lines, gags that must have just missed Mr. Hays by a whisker, and lots of tropical love stuff that, truly, is temperature-raising.

The cast is both easy on the eye and ear. The Oomphashioned Ann Sheridan improves tremendously as an actress, and Helen Vinson, still unsympathetic, has the stuff men go for in carloads. As for Cagney, he knows how to move around in front of a camera, and Pat O'Brien has been the Front Page guy so often, he can make up the role as he goes along. Andy Devine, as ever, is very amusing. There is a nice tendency on the authors' parts to kid the script: as Cagney bends over the card-sharping Sheridan in the final clinch, he leers: "You and your 14-carat oomph!" 24-carat, Jimmie, 24-carat! Directed by William Keighley.—*Warner Brothers.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: This is the eighth film in which Cagney and O'Brien have played together, and the second one they've made with Sheridan. Jimmie was severely injured during the making of the picture when a blank cartridge exploded in his right hand. The entire production was held up for several days while his hand healed—costing the studio about $25,000 cheerfully refunded by insurance companies. . . . A banana grove, a jungle and a tropical seaport were erected on an exterior location near the studio. More than 950 genuine banana trees were transplanted in the plantation grove, the trees being recruited from all parts of California. Unexpected California windstorms blew down all the trees directly after planting, and they had to be replaced. Then a phony hurricane, filmed at some expense, wound up on the cutting-room floor to make the picture the right length. The studio also bought an old narrow gauge engine, cars and tracks from an abandoned lumber camp in Northern California and built a two-mile railroad through a studio backlot swamp. The complete sets cost about $200,000 but were cheaper to build than to ship the entire company and equipment to real banana country. . . . Before studio moguls would pass on Jimmie Cagney's mustache (which makes its début) he was "kiss-tested" by Ann Sheridan and Helen Vinson in romantic scenes. Because neither of them voiced a complaint, bigwigs decided that the lip-piece did not take any of his glamour away. Ribbers sent Cagney mustache cups, hair restoratives, hunks of false hair and glue. . . . Neither Cagney nor O'Brien used doubles in the scene where knives are whizzed by their noggins. Each had faith in the accuracy of Hollywood's veteran knife thrower, Steve Clemento—though the scene was retaken seventeen times to get it right. . . . 35,000 lbs. of green fruit used as props, ripened and turned black and had to be replaced three times before the picture was finally completed. (Continued on page 15)


New Screen Triumph Wins
Praise from Hollywood Stars . . .
"Don't miss 'Tom Brown's School Days.' Packed with dramatic punch . . . exciting melodrama . . . rousing humor. A full measure of enjoyment and laughter for every movie-goer."
Warren Barry
"Another great classic comes to the screen. I enjoyed myself tremendously and I know you will, too."
Joan Bennett
THE AUTHOR OF "GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS" SAYS:
"'Tom Brown's School Days' was the first, and still is one of the richest, of all stories of school-boy life. I am delighted to see Tom and Doctor Arnold, the 'Mr. Chips' of Rugby, brought to warm-hearted, youth-loving America. We salute the film version of this completely delightful entertainment for old and young alike."
James Hilton
"'Tom Brown's School Days' is a great and different picture. Its charm and realism completely intrigued me."
Charles Boyer
GENE TOWNE PRESENTS
The greatest schoolboy thriller of all time . . . read and loved by over 50,000,000 people
"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS"
with
Sir Cedric Hardwicke · Freddie Bartholomew · Jimmy Lydon
Josephine Hutchinson · Billy Halop · Polly Moran · Hughie Green
Ernest Cossart · Alec Craig · Gale Storm
Produced by GENE TOWNE and GRAHAM BAKER · Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON
Adaptation and Screen Play by Walter Ferris & Frank Cavett and Gene Towne & Graham Baker
Additional Dialogue by Robert Stevenson · Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures
THE PLAYS THE THING
RKO RADIO PICTURES
"Exciting! Thrilling! This famous classic is at last brought to the screen in a way that will make you catch your breath. I loved every minute of it."
Ann Sheridan

SALAD SATISFACTION



Even the W. C. T. U. will sanction Otto Kruger's bar! Salads are the pièce de resistance and minors are welcome.

Courtesy Wesson Oil

By Marjorie Deen

NEW IDEAS FOR SUMMER SUPPERS THAT WILL MAKE YOU EAT YOUR "GREENS" AND LOVE 'EM!

AROUND Hollywood, Otto Kruger is known not only for his sterling portrayal of sympathetic roles (remember him as Willie Baxter's harassed dad in "Seventeen?") but for his parties as well. So famous is Otto as a perfect host and a superior cook that the Who's Who of this cinema city angle for invitations to the Krugers' gay and informal gatherings. In warm weather guests know they will gather out by the barbecue pit in the loveliest of flower-filled gardens. Here long wooden tables are set up, spread with bright checked linen table cloths, and wooden bowls of fruit serve as colorful decoration. And here, in the long California twilights, friends will find Mr. and Mrs. Kruger presiding happily and efficiently over their justly famous specialties.

But before discussing them, a few words about the Kruger steaks on which Otto's high reputation as an outstanding amateur chef was originally founded. These steaks are of the thick-cut variety that men favor and are barbecued to the point where they are well blackened on the outside and rosy all the way through. They are served simply swimming in Otto's own Sauce Diable—as devilishly fine a concoction as ever originated in a gourmet's brain. A sauce, incidentally, which does not necessarily call for *barbecued* steak in order to delight the discriminating. In fact, one well-known Hollywood restaurant now serves this very sauce with its plain broiled steaks, thereby adding to its already high culinary reputation! You, too, can now do likewise, thanks to "Chef" Kruger, who generously shares with you the secret of this sauce's success.

STEAK WITH SAUCE DIABLE

Soak thick steaks several hours in salad oil to which a clove of garlic (sliced thin) has been added. At serving time put the oil and garlic into a skillet, add a dash of A-1 Sauce and a dash of Worcestershire. Add a half pound of butter, season to taste with salt, black pepper and a very little cayenne. Heat slowly until butter melts, while steaks cook. When steaks are sufficiently "done," salt lightly and place them in the pan with the sauce, to which you add, at the last moment, a half cup of cream. Allow the meat to simmer in the sauce for a moment or two before serving.

This is enough sauce for a sizable gathering, of course. For a family of four, divide the recipe in half. For a gang of people increase it proportionately.

And now, if you're looking for real, honest-to-goodness

salad satisfaction, why not follow Otto's suggestion and set up a Salad Bar? For this you can use your buffet, the center of your regular dining table with a linen runner forming the "bar" down the center; or for porch, patio or garden simply a covered plank placed between firm foundations. The main idea is to have plenty of room for lots of little bowls and for one big salad bowl as shown in the illustration.

The large bowl holds a mixed green salad, moistened with a tasty salad dressing, while the small bowls hold an intriguing choice of cold foods. At the party, the host serves each guest from the main salad bowl into individual wooden bowls or onto chilled salad plates. Then each guest helps himself from the bowls lined up on the "bar." These are then blended with the greens, while additional salad dressing is provided for those who wish it.

You can readily imagine that, from the hostess' point of view, this would be the easiest of buffet and Sunday supper party ideas imaginable. It's a charming form of self-service which is perfect for the maidless home and so smart and effective that you are sure to start a vogue by trying it out on *your* crowd. One can readily believe that it allows for extravagance in ideas and expenditures; but, on the other hand, let me point out that it really can be more economical than the average form of entertaining. Why you can use up little bits of this and that of the left-over variety; you can fall back, conveniently, on an unlimited selection of appropriate canned and bottled goods; and best of all you can make your Salad Bar so complete that it becomes a summer meal in itself, when accompanied by bread and a beverage and followed by a dessert.

SETTING UP THE SALAD BAR

In the big salad bowl place crisp, thoroughly chilled salad greens selected with an eye to providing a contrast between light and dark shades of green.

Selection of Salad Greens: Endive, escarole, chicory, lettuce (either Boston or Iceberg) watercress, spinach, romaine, chard, and dandelion, in season.

Salad Dressing: At the last moment, add salad dressing made right on the spot. Use only half the salad dressing supply over the greens, placing the remaining dressing in a bowl on the bar.

Selection of Foods (with an eye to pleasing the men, and in amounts sufficient for a group of 8-10 people).

One pound of cooked shrimp, marinated in French dressing; 2 onions; 2 green peppers; 1 cucumber, sliced thin; 2 cups thinly sliced radishes; ½ pound cold boiled chicken or ham or both, cut into thin "julienne" strips; skinless frankfurters cut into inch-thick slices; salami cut into small cubes; cold cooked string beans or canned green asparagus tips, marinated in dressing; cauliflower flowerets served either cooked or raw; tomatoes, peeled and cut into eighths; chopped parsley; chopped chives; chopped fresh mint; celery, stuffed with cheese and cut into half inch pieces; hard cooked eggs, halved and stuffed with highly seasoned deviled egg mixture; stuffed olives and pickled onions; small cubes of Swiss cheese; crumbled roquefort cheese and grated American cheese. (These last two may be added to the extra dressing by those who like the idea—and that means most of the men!) Steadily increasing interest in herbs and spices suggests that you also include celery, onion and garlic salt, cayenne and chili powder (some like

(*Continued on page 69*)

"You little imp!"

HOW DARE YOU MAKE FUN OF ME!"



Golden bar or golden chips—

Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap. Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



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★ In make-up, as in all things, it is best to "Be Yourself... Be Natural". Use Tangee for a glorious lip color which is *yours* and *yours alone*. Tangee changes magically from orange in the stick to the ONE shade of red YOUR skin-coloring demands. That's the Tangee way to—

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☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Attention, Theatre Managers!

I'm not a squawking person. I can sit through hours of movies—good, bad or indifferent—and you won't hear a peep out of me. But the time has finally come when I must make myself heard!

We took our young 'un to "The Bluebird," as did a hundred other parents. The companion picture was "Congo Maisie." During "The Bluebird" everything was quiet, but during the other picture my child and ninety-nine other ones were squirming around, tripping up and down the aisle getting a drink! I chalked it up to experience!

Then we took same young 'un to see "Pinocchio," and the companion picture was "Beyond Tomorrow," which I felt was even a little beyond me. Again ninety-nine off-spring and my own were wriggling, squirming and making trips up and down the aisle.

When showing children's movies, why don't theatres have suitable companion pictures? A group of animated cartoons or some of those animated songs would solve harried parents' problems beautifully.—Mrs. John Ruppel, Kohler, Wisconsin

Immortalizing Modern Literature

I believe I but echo the views of a great many picture-goers when I point out that I often see a great picture before having read the book from which

YOU'LL ENJOY THESE FRANK, UNCENSORED OPINIONS



it is made, thus having my impressions of the characters formed by the screen version. I am glad to be able to add that, almost invariably, I have found the picture to be superior to the book and certainly more compact. For example, take "Rebecca," a lengthy, rather morbid tale on paper, but on celluloid a drama filled with interest, suspense and a certain macabre feeling—in a word, a wow.

Having viewed the picture, I flew to the novel, and all through it my imagination was colored and stimulated by the still-fresh memory of the Hollywood interpretation. This seems to confirm the long-held suspicion that Hollywood wields an incalculable influence on the fan mind. "The Grapes of Wrath" is another biggie that lost nothing and gained (*Continued on page 75*)

OF YOUR FELLOW FANS

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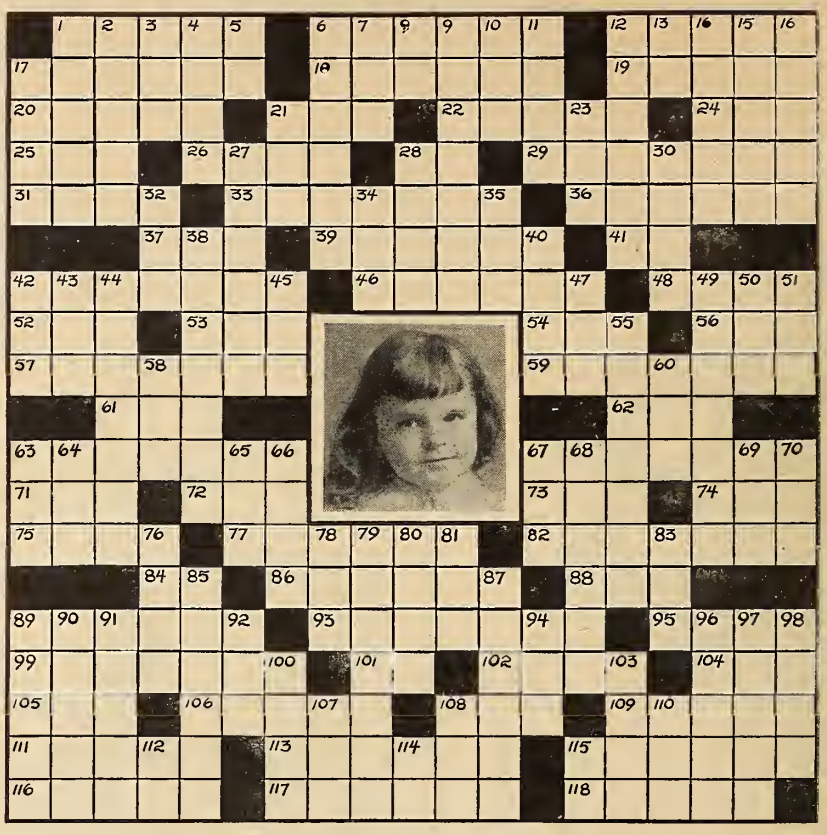
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I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

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Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 83

ACROSS

1 & 6. Character actor
12. Star of "Charlie Chan in Panama"
17. "The Westerner"
18. Father of "My Son, My Son"
19. She's in "My Favorite Wife"
20. Actress in "Pride and Prejudice"
21. M-G-M's motto: "- - - Gratia Artis"
22. - - - - - Stewart
24. Eleanor Powell's kind of dance
25. "Little Ac- c - - - nt"
26. ". - - - - of Mrs. Cheyney"
28. Four: Rom. num.
29. Novelist in "The Doctor Takes A Wife"
31. Ken May - - - -
33. Girl in "Henry Goes Arizona"
36. "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"
37. Arabian garment
39. Bette Davis' ex-hubby
41. Southern state: abbr.
42. Femme in "All This, and Heaven Too"
46. Regard
48. Milland's rival in "Irene"
52. Silkworm: var.
53. "Waterloo Br - - - e"
54. Small tag
56. Japanese herb
57. Permit
59. Great actor in "Boom Town"
61. Skill
62. Portuguese coin
63. Andrea Leeds' sister-in-law
67. Actress in "Way of all Flesh"
71. Queer
72. Scarecrow in "Wizard of Oz"
73. Director of "Our Town"
74. "Rosa - - -"
75. Cad
77. Hero in "I Was an Adventuress"
82. Oldest
84. L - - n Errol
86. Detective in "'Til We Meet Again"
88. - - - O'Connor
89. Our star's son in "The Crowd Roars"
93. Prettier
95. "It's a - - - -"
99. Father in "Bill of Divorcement"
101. Therefore
102. Goldfish in "Pinocchio"
104. - - - La Rocque
105. Bow
106. Danielle Darrieux's hubby
108. Word of triumph
109. Meek
111. Great Swedish star
113. Dedicate
115. Hard
116. Prussian city
117. These make up a film
118. Nobles

DOWN

1. One of "Lillian Russell's" husbands
2. His last name is Pryor
3. "Tarzan's" jungle friend
4. "- - - - Gwynn"
5. Author of 51 down: init.
6. Popular male singing star
7. Exclamations of wonder
8. "- - union in Vienna"
9. Most serious
10. Daughter in "The Ghost Comes Home"
11. - - - - Hamilton
12. Crowns
13. "The Emper - -'s Candlesticks"
14. Latvians
15. Growing out
16. Refund
17. Abel's brother
21. "The Ware C - - -"
23. Actor in "Sandy Is a Lady"
27. Prizes
28. Misfortunes
30. "- - - - pade"
32. Small lump
34. Joel McCrea's lovely wife
35. Eggs of fishes
38. Grand actress in "Our Town"
40. Traps
42. Ralph - - - lamy
43. "Naughty M - - - etta"
44. Former film menace, now director
45. To become old
47. Chart
49. Wise-cracking comedienne
50. "Broadway Seren - - -"
51. "- - - thwest Passage"
55. She's scheduled for "Joan of Arc"
58. Go astray
60. Born
63. Comic in "Road to Singapore"
64. Fuss
65. Label
66. Novice
67. "Disputed P - - - age"
68. Character
69. "The N - - - ance"
70. Film stage
76. Length of film
78. "- - - Tide"
79. Tending to wear away
80. Who sang in "Music for Madame?"
81. Evening: poet.
83. Boy
85. Mickey was this in "Boys' Town"
87. Recesses
89. Gene Autry is "at home" here
90. Scents
91. Portends
92. "The Shop Around - - - Corner"
94. B - - - Lugosi
96. Furnished with weapons
97. Labors
98. Our Star managed him in "Sweethearts"
100. Concludes
103. Mr. Kruger's first name
107. "Off the - - - ord"
108. Consumed
110. "Oklahoma Front - - -"
112. Bob - - eele
114. Upon
115. Co-star of "Two's Company": init.

(Continued from page 8)

★★★ Down Went McGinty

Having made himself genuinely disliked for some years now, Brian Donlevy, the World's Toughest Guy, shows pleasing signs of softening into a very likable human in this solid little political travesty. As Dan McGinty, fugitive from a breadline who plays ball with the crooked politicians and rises to be Governor of a State, Brian gives as sympathetic a hard-guy performance as you've ever seen this side of Edward G. Robinson. One or two more roles like this may yet place Mr. Donlevy's name on the theatre marquee.

Also headed for stardom (and you can remind us about it next year) is Akim Tamiroff, the Amazing Russian who seems to be able to play anything on two or more legs, standing, sitting or lying. In this case, the lusty Akim plays the political Boss, and Donlevy, his stooge. The pushing around these two insensitive lugs give each other throughout the fast-moving action is taken out of the banal feud class by their capital performances and the fresh slant provided by the story.

Undoubtedly the picture isn't in the "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" class—but misses by only a single star. There are some unbelievable bits, such as tossing the Governor into jail and refusing him a writ of habeas corpus, but the low-down into smelly politics is timely and authentic; the heartclutchings engendered by McGinty's ruinous reformation, thanks to quietly blonde and lovely Muriel Angelus whom he married purely on a business basis, are pretty clutchy; and it all proves you don't have to spend a trillion to make a good entertaining picture—if your yarn and actors have what it takes. Written and directed by Preston Sturges.—*Paramount.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: This started as a B picture, and wound up an A. Usually it's the reverse. . . . When the studio realized what it had, $150,000 was added to the original $250,000 schedule—for added glamour, election crowds, etc. . . . Brian Donlevy, who bites off babies' heads and spits spikes, was born in Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland, where his father manufactured Irish whiskey before immigrating to Sheboygan Falls, Wis. At 13, he bugled for the Wisconsin Nat'l Guard, chasing Villa around Mejijo; at 14, he'd fibbed his way into the Lafayette Escadrille; at 17, he was dog-fighting over the Western Front in World War No. 1, and has two wounds, one in the head to prove it. He's married solidly to Marjorie Lane, leads an unsensational, hobbyless life, and is so broad and thick-necked you wouldn't believe he measured 6 ft. His middle name's Waldo, and if you call him that—duck! . . . Blondly maturish, Muriel Angelus was born into the London middleclass, is convent-bred and was a child dancer for Fokine along Piccadilly, winding up in the musi-comedy chorus when she rounded 17. She's been drop-kicked between London and Paramount for the past three years and hopes this second "discovery" by Paramount will stick. . . . Preston Sturges, who wrote and directed this film, has made 45 trips to Paris, where his mother used to manufacture cosmetics. He's beautifully and internationally educated, Chicago-born and was once a Wall Street runner. He got drunk the night his play, "Strictly Dishonorable," opened because it seemed a flop. Next a.m. his mother wakened him and read the rave notices and he's never touched a drop since. He's yacht-nuts, owns the Holly-

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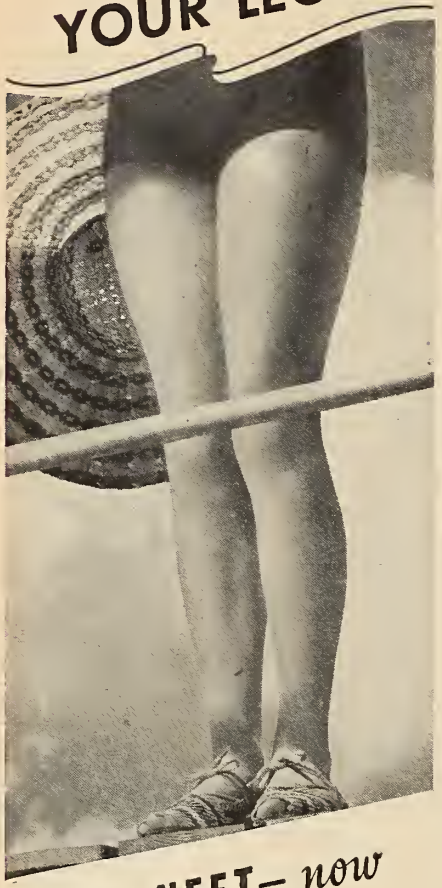
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wood Green Hat cafe, has been married three times, now happily to Louise Sargent. . . . Akim Tamiroff worked in this, "Untamed" and "Way of All Flesh" at the same time. He and Donlevy lost ten pounds in their rough-and-tumble feud fights, broke no bones, each being pretty solid, but really wrestled!

★★★ My Favorite Wife

Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are together again in one of the hilarious comedies in which they excel. And with Garson Kanin directing, you can bet your last cent that this picture's put over with a punch that will hang grins on every last sour-puss in the audience.

The story concerns a young man, Cary Grant, who has wife trouble. This is not unusual in itself, but Cary's main trouble lies in the fact that he has one wife too many, and trouble with both of them. Irene Dunne, Wife No. 1, has been dead, supposedly, for several years and takes her husband's second wedding day, of all days, to put in her belated reappearance. Wife No. 2, Gail Patrick, cannot imagine why her brand-new spouse suddenly loses all interest in her when they arrive at their honeymoon hotel, little dreaming that poor Mr. Grant has just spotted Wife No. 1 in the lobby.

From that moment on, Mr. G. has one terrible time. Irene Dunne is still his favorite wife, but Gail Patrick is not a girl to be trifled with—and before the harassed hero can muster up enough courage to confess, several reels of the most hysterical situations have gone by. Chief among them is when Grant discovers that Wife No. 1 had not been alone on the desert isle for all these years as he supposed, but had been kept company by handsome Randolph Scott. You'll just have to see this yourself to really believe that a happy ending can be worked out from all the confusion and mix-up. Directed by Garson Kanin.—*RKO-Radio.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: When this picture went on location for a scene at the swank Pasadena Vista Del Arroyo Hotel, staid millionaires and retired Iowans besieged the gates to watch the scene in which Irene Dunne was dunked in the pool—the rough-and-ready treatment now prescribed for glamour girls. The cost to the studio amounted to $400, for three costumes were used before the scene was okayed. . . . Cary Grant, Randolph Scott and Director Kanin spent their location week at the hotel, which caused a record-breaking turn-out of Pasadena debs for teas, luncheons and dinner-dances. . . . Leo McCarey's début as a full-fledged producer got off to a bad start when, returning from location-hunting at Lake Arrowhead at the start of the picture, the car in which he and Author Gene Fowler were riding overturned, and both were seriously injured. McCarey conducted much of his work from a hospital bed and, against doctor's orders, showed up on the set for the final scenes.

★★★ Turnabout

Sally and Tim Willows, being very scrappily married, were getting along as well as could be expected, until one day a Magic Widget switched them into each other's bodies—by request. Tim became Sally in Pants, and Sally became Tim in Brassieres.

That's the gist of this screwball extravaganza, another of the late Thorne Smith's nuthouse farces. Thorne also gave us the delirious "Topper" series, and while "Turnabout" doesn't have the punch satire that underlay "Topper"—it has its points.

Ordinarily the situations would point to another of those stories about a husband and wife who fight because each feels the other is leading a life of ease. But when Tim Willows (John Hubbard) goes swish, putting his hand on his hip and throwing his tonsils in high; and the eye-filling Carole Landis (as Sally) becomes deep bass with manly muscles, it gets pretty delightfully hilarious. Carole's take-off of her husband's mannerisms proves Miss Landis doesn't have to get by in Hollywood on her figure alone.

Since that eminent doctor of prattfalls, Hal Roach, produced and directed "Turnabout," the entire picture skids along on a banana peel and is choked with gags.

The settings are pretty terrific, being very Apartment-of-Tomorrow, with linoleum walls, transparent doors and windows that open at the touch. Even Tim's office has patent leather chairs. As for the clinch closing gag, it is north of terrific. After the Nasty Widget restores them to their original selves, he neglects to transpose the baby Sally was, as they say, expecting! And to Sally's great amusement, Tim finds that he is to be the mother of their child! Directed by Hal Roach.—*United Artists Release.*

PREVIEW POSTCRIPTS: John Hubbard is from East Chicago, Indiana, pilots his own plane, and is practising bull fighting —to his wife's horror. Says she: "John may throw the bull in Hollywood, but not in Mexico!" When the picture was completed, Hubbard asked Hal Roach for the nightgown he had to wear in one sequence, then tore the dainty feminine tidbit into tiny pieces. "That restored my self-respect," he explained. . . . Carole Landis, who last wore six sea shells and a postage stamp in "1,000,000 B. C.," dons mental pants in this—has no idea what the future will bring. She's quite an athlete and had little trouble aping John Hubbard's manly gestures because she insists she was a tomboy when a gal. Offstage, she holds hands continuously with Alan Gordon . . . Margaret Roach is Hal Roach's daughter. After finishing the picture, she left for a sanitarium to reduce. She's been seen around with Edgar Bergen. . . . Carole Landis, Mary Astor and Joyce Compton generously loaned $112,632 worth of their jewels to the studio for this. It cost $4,000 to insure them for one day! Gosh, times are hard around Hollywood! . . . Mary Astor's romantic life is most subduedly serene these days and she shows it . . . Everyone on the set went nuts trying to describe the plot of the picture to each other . . . Director Hal Roach is a crack polo player, owns banks, says he carries his office in his hat, and ribbed players throughout the filming . . . Dapper Adolphe Menjou and his missus upstaged each other all through the film, trying to steal scenes from one another, Verree usually winning. Miss Teasdale's related to Edith Wharton and Sara Teasdale, is known as Voo-voo to friends but can do nothing about it. She likes popcorn, ice cream, bum puns, good books, L'il Abner, baby pictures, dogs and Menjou. She hates cats, cigarettes, umbrellas, tub baths, germs and snooty waiters. She and Adolphe make about $6,500 a week when both work. They just struggle along . . . Franklin Pangborn's screen name in this is Pingboom; Will Gargan never got it right, calling his Penguin, Pingpong or Pinball. Gargan, by the way, ropes calves for exercise. The four-legged kind, that is. He is also an expert at tennis.

★★★ The Doctor Takes A Wife

When a beauteous spinster who lives alone and loves it gets mixed up with a doctor who loathes career women, the fun begins. And with Loretta Young and Ray Milland as the aforementioned parties, you can be assured that the situations are handled with as much finesse as frivolity. It's Loretta Young's best role in a long time, and the leading man comes through with a performance which will undoubtedly leave feminine fans screaming for more Milland. Reginald Gardiner, Gail Patrick and Edmund Gwenn are additional money-back guarantees for this picture.

Reginald Gardiner falls heir to the meanie role of the heroine's publisher who is more interested in her ability to make money than in the little matter of whether that ability wreaks havoc with her personal life. The fact that she has to put up with a sham marriage to Milland to hold her public doesn't concern Reg the least bit. However, when it looks as if Milland is really going to get Loretta for his own, Gardiner tries to throw a monkey wrench in the happy ending. Gail Patrick is the villainess of the piece—a dangerous dame from the deep south, who intends to grab off Dr. Milland if it's the last thing she does. But after the fair Loretta brings her forgotten feminine wiles into play, the southern charms of belle Patrick look mighty sick. Edmund Gwenn gives a grand characterization of the sentimental, muddling pater of the hero. The rest of the cast is completely satisfactory in every respect. Excellent entertainment. Directed by Alexander Hall.—*Columbia.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: It took the city of Escondido, California to be prudish enough to refuse to allow part of the picture to be shot in that town. Director Alexander Hall wanted to take his company to Escondido, California, for location, but its Chamber of Commerce refused on the grounds that the film was indecent. The reason? The script calls for Ray Milland and Loretta Young to live together without benefit of clergy.... It took a stuffed dummy to get more closeups than Loretta Young. The dummy was used for the medical scenes. . . . Nineteen-year-old Maurice Max, messenger boy on the lot, was technical adviser for the jitterbug scene in the film. He's an amateur who has won numerous cups for his Terpsichorean efforts. . . . The foreign countries were well-represented in this picture, with Ray Milland, Reginald Gardiner, Edmund Gwenn and George Metaxa all from across the ocean.

★★★ If I Had My Way

More like a vaudeville show, with song and dance acts appearing as frequently as they did in the good old days B.C. (Before Cinema), "If I Had My Way" has little to offer in the way of a plot. But, what it lacks in story, it more than makes up for in cast. With Bing Crosby and Gloria Jean, the picture can't help but be entertaining.

The trouble with the film lies in the fact that you know exactly what is going to happen from one reel to the next. You're sure that Gloria Jean's father will be killed in the beginning of the film, leaving Bing and El Brendel to take her to her wealthy New York uncle. You know that the uncle will pack Gloria off to her great-uncle, a vaudeville has-been with a heart as big as the salary checks he once received. You realize that the restaurant Bing and Brendel are stuck with will turn out to be a whopping success—saved from the clutches of the Friendly Finance Company in the nick of time.

Gloria Jean is excellent; Bing Crosby is his same, easy-going self, crooning and clowning his way through a galaxy of songs. The Swedish comedian, El Brendel, is good for numerous chuckles, while Charles Winninger is the lovable character you always expect him to be. Blanche Ring, Trixie Friganza and Eddie Leonard are a few of the old-timers who revive their acts successfully on the screen. The director, David Butler, helps the story by handling it with a deft and sure touch.—*Universal.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Gloria Jean is Bing's twenty-first leading lady and the third one to sing with him in pictures. Her favorite dessert is ice-cream, in any shape or form. She has three sisters, ranging from a high-school sub-deb to Baby Bonnie, now two years old. None of her sisters long for movie careers, in fact, her oldest sister is so shy, she won't even pose with Gloria, without terrific urging. Sister Lois is Gloria's stand-in at the studio—work which she regards as "all right" but not too glamourous. . . . If you're familiar with old-timers, you'll spot Blanche Ring in this film. And you can't miss her ex-husband, Charles Winninger, who also appears in this. For the first time in its long and illustrious screen career, the famous Bing voice had to have a "double." In one scene Bing was supposed to give out with a low and guttural chuckle. Take after take was made, but Director Butler just didn't think Bing was low or guttural enough. Finally the actor suggested that the director do it himself—which is exactly what Mr. B. did—and on the first "take."

★★ Untamed

Well sir, it seems that after all these years the big clean Northwest still has its healing power. But even up thar whar men are men and grizzly ba'rs ain't white mice, you certainly cannot take the oldest formula in the world and get a modern up-to-date picture, even though you throw in Technicolor.

All the ancient ingredients are here: the good-natured French-Canadian trapper (Akim Tamiroff), with the lovely blue-eyed, black-haired young wife (Patricia Morison); the gossipy strait-laced neighbors at the Factor Post; and the young doctor who has come north to regain his soul (Ray Milland).

And you can call the shots as they come. The doctor and the repressed young wife will fall in love. You know that when they are about to separate forever he will have to go out into the raging blizzard and bring back the sulfanilamide; that she will follow to save him; and that Akim, conveniently away until this moment, will return and misunderstand. Why they didn't call this "Old Faithful" instead of "Untamed," I will never know and will give an old set of encyclopedias to find out.

The Technicolor works hard to take the eye off the stodginess of the going; Pat Morison's fresh loveliness lends well to the color cameras, too; and the rest of the cast does its best to fan life into lifelessness. Though their work is untiring, the patient dies. Ray Milland's operations and love-making show experience, but I can't understand why, living in the rugged, healthful North, so many of the trappers and their families needed medical attention. Directed by George Archainbaud.—*Paramount.*



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BOB HOPE PAULETTE GODDARD in

"THE GHOST BREAKERS"

A Paramount Picture with

RICHARD CARLSON · PAUL LUKAS
ANTHONY QUINN · WILLIE BEST

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL · Screen Play by Walter DeLeon · Based on a Play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard





PAULETTE SETS BOB'S HEART A-DANCING WITH SOME VERY UN-GHOSTLIKE ROMANCING!

What Love has done to BARRYMORE

SOME years ago I interviewed John Barrymore. I was lucky to find him in rare good humor, brilliantly loquacious and witty, even willing to grow confidential. The subject slipped into forbidden territory: women. "You know," he suddenly confided, "I've never married a woman—they have all married me!"

Well, it's all changed now. For if Love hasn't finally come to the Great Profile, it most certainly is a very reasonable facsimile thereof. Having spent his entire life defending himself against women, marrying only those whose assaults have been too determined to resist, he has finally fallen as desperately and as deeply in love as only a battle-scarred Great Lover can, with Elaine (Blitzkrieg) Barrie.

Not that Barrymore hasn't had genuine passions before, often leading to marriage. But thus far no woman has been able to hold the romantic fortress after storming it. The Barrymore temperament has been too complex for any of them to grapple with successfully. That is, any of them except Elaine Barrie. For Elaine, though she is most heartily disliked by all the able-bodied females of the country, has so far been thoroughly equal to the task. She cannot be underrated.

Today, as I write, she is in full command of the situation. John literally eats out of her hand. Elaine has become a sort of wife-mother to him. She has straightened him out physically and has dashed the bottle from his lips. He has his occasional beer and once in a while he gets tight, but he seems to me to be in the best physical condition in years. Elaine has yanked his foot out of the grave, his step is jaunty as of old and his eyes have lost that pair-of-poached-eggs-swimming-in-milk look. He bathes regularly, his clothes are clean and well-pressed, and they say he has money in his pocket. At least it is certain he has money in Elaine's. He even has an overcoat, not to mention a car, and he is attacking his enormous debts with some systematic plan.

On the motherly side, Elaine keeps house, lays out his clothes, fights his business fights and may even yet wangle a cherished yacht from the financial wreckage in which he has lived for years.

Now, were Elaine content to take a place in the background and manipulate her fascinating clown prince, all might be well. A patient wife, sitting at home knitting socks and sweaters for her lover, mixing hangover juice to soothe his aching brow, softening the blows of unkind press notices, might earn the grudging credit of the world.

But no. Elaine burns with a great ambition. She wants to be an actress. And not an ordinary actress. She has a firm belief that she is a genuine Barrymore (look at the name she had assumed even before she knew John), and she has an undying ambition to be recognized as such.

It was Elaine who talked Barrymore into appearing in "My Dear Children," a cute, if sappy, little play, written to suit (and about) Barrymore's talents and life. Elaine's purpose was threefold: (1) She wanted to get away from the process servers who literally lived in and around the grounds of their $100,000 Hollywood estate (registered in her name); (2) she wanted to get John out of Hollywood, which she thought was killing him, and have him all to herself in the top of a theatrical trunk; and last, but not least, she had visions of becoming another Bernhardt. Had she not just finished a triumphal tour of the burlesque houses in something by Ibsen called "How to Undress in Front of Your Husband?"

But it took a lot of talking to lure John from his Hollywood discomforts to the discomforts of the road which he hadn't visited for 17 years. His health at the time was none too good, he was making a comeback around Hollywood, he wouldn't read the play (he never reads anything), and he had no illusions about Elaine's acting ability. But John is like putty, actually. You can talk him into anything. Elaine put on a successful assault and, before he could say,

"To hell with William Shakespeare," Barrymore was back on the boards, hopping about on jitter-producing one-night stands.

Opening cold in the Midwest Bible Belt, the show was received most icily. Either out of jealousy for Elaine or genuine shock at the gradual inception of off-color ad libbing Barrymore began injecting into his part, the women's clubs all but succeeded in closing the show in Davenport, Iowa. Yet, despite all the newspaper attacks, crowds always managed to collect by the hundreds outside the stage doors, to wait patiently for John. Most of them were women. They cheered Barrymore and gave Elaine the feminine equivalent of the bird.

Meanwhile, all was dissension and ill temper backstage. Barrymore and Elaine weren't getting on too happily (her reception bothered her), the cast reflected the general jitters, Barrymore was beginning to consult the scotch for relief, and the play producers were about to say, "The devil with it!" Then, suddenly, came a blessing in disguise.

It happened in St. Louis. The play had been granted another life by an angel appearing with a much-needed $1500, and Barrymore had consented to fight it out despite everything. Just before performance time our hero sat in his dressing-room, drinking a highball. Elaine walked in without knocking and cried: "John, don't drink that highball!"

"Why not?" Barrymore said coldly.

"Because it will kill you!" Elaine answered.

Barrymore replied by draining the glass, then refilling it Calmly he raised it to his lips, and calmly Elaine walked over and struck it out of his hands. He ordered her out furiously. As she left, a wicked gleam came into his eyes.

There is a well-known scene in "My Dear Children" in which John upends and spanks one of his three daughters. (He never remembers by which of his three wives he had them.) Elaine played one of the daughters. That night, when it came time to spank Elaine, John hit her so hard he split her panties. She, called on to bite him in retaliation, bit him so hard the green sleeve of the doublet he was wearing for the scene was dripping blood when he went offstage. That there was no further bloodshed was remarkable.

Instead, John played the rest of the evening and week ignoring Elaine who in turn froze him. They went to separate hotels, not a word passed between them, except on the stage and you could defrost them only with a blowtorch. The spanking scene was delivered with much restraint and not even the few under-the-breath words of hatred with which John had occasionally let off steam towards Elaine in the past, were heard. The only difference was, Elaine got her notice.

As she left for New York, her parting shot was a note from a local lawyer reminding the producers that Elaine had a run-of-the-play contract calling for $500 a week. John, who was getting a ten per cent cut of the gross, replied "Nuts!" or words to that effect. Later when Equity clamped down in Elaine's favor, either through remorse or relief, Barrymore announced dramatically: "I'll pay half!" The producers, pleased with Elaine's exit, willingly agreed to pay the other half.

From that night on, a strange thing happened. The play, about to lay an egg, became a tremendous success. And John, left alone, fell off. For, on moving into Chicago, word had got around by feminine news express that the Great Lover once again was free, hanging there lusciously on a vine, a slightly fermented grape vine perhaps, but free again for the plucking. With a tremendous sigh of relief, Chicago womanhood threw off its restraint and attended en masse. "I'm seeing John Barrymore's show tonight," one matron summed it up, "and I do hope he's drunk!"

Free of Elaine, John sought the comforts of the bottle, and at the theatre everyone (*Continued on page 77*)



By Ted Shane

HANDLE WITH CARE



IT'S JOAN FONTAINE WHO HAS THE UPPER HAND NOW AND SHE DEMANDS THE BEST IN TREATMENT!

By Kirtley Baskette

Though Joan was a British citizen until two years ago, she's never set foot on English soil—except technically, at the Tokyo Embassy.

NOT LONG ago a pretty, sensitive-faced girl walked into a Hollywood preview with a serene smile and high hopes. She was wearing a brand new evening gown. There were orchids at her throat and a handsome young man at her side. She had come to see herself in the picture which, her studio had assured her, was to be her big chance at last.

When she walked out, the smile and the orchids were both wilted, the hopes were shattered and the young man was trying awkwardly to be comforting. Even her friends felt so embarrassed they turned their faces as she passed. What had happened in "Gunga Din" had happened before —time and again. Her part had been pared to practically nothing. But this time was the last time.

Joan Fontaine knew that night she was through sticking her pointed, determined little chin out for Hollywood movie-makers to bat around. "I am tired of being told I'm unpretty and unwanted," she thought bitterly. "I'm sick of being too young, too English, too easily slighted, too readily hurt. No one will ever take me seriously. I'll always be Olivia de Havilland's little sister!"

Quite suddenly the screen career she had sought so fiercely through four years and fourteen pictures became unimportant. "I don't understand this business anyway," reasoned Joan Fontaine. "I don't like it. I'm through with it." And she meant it.

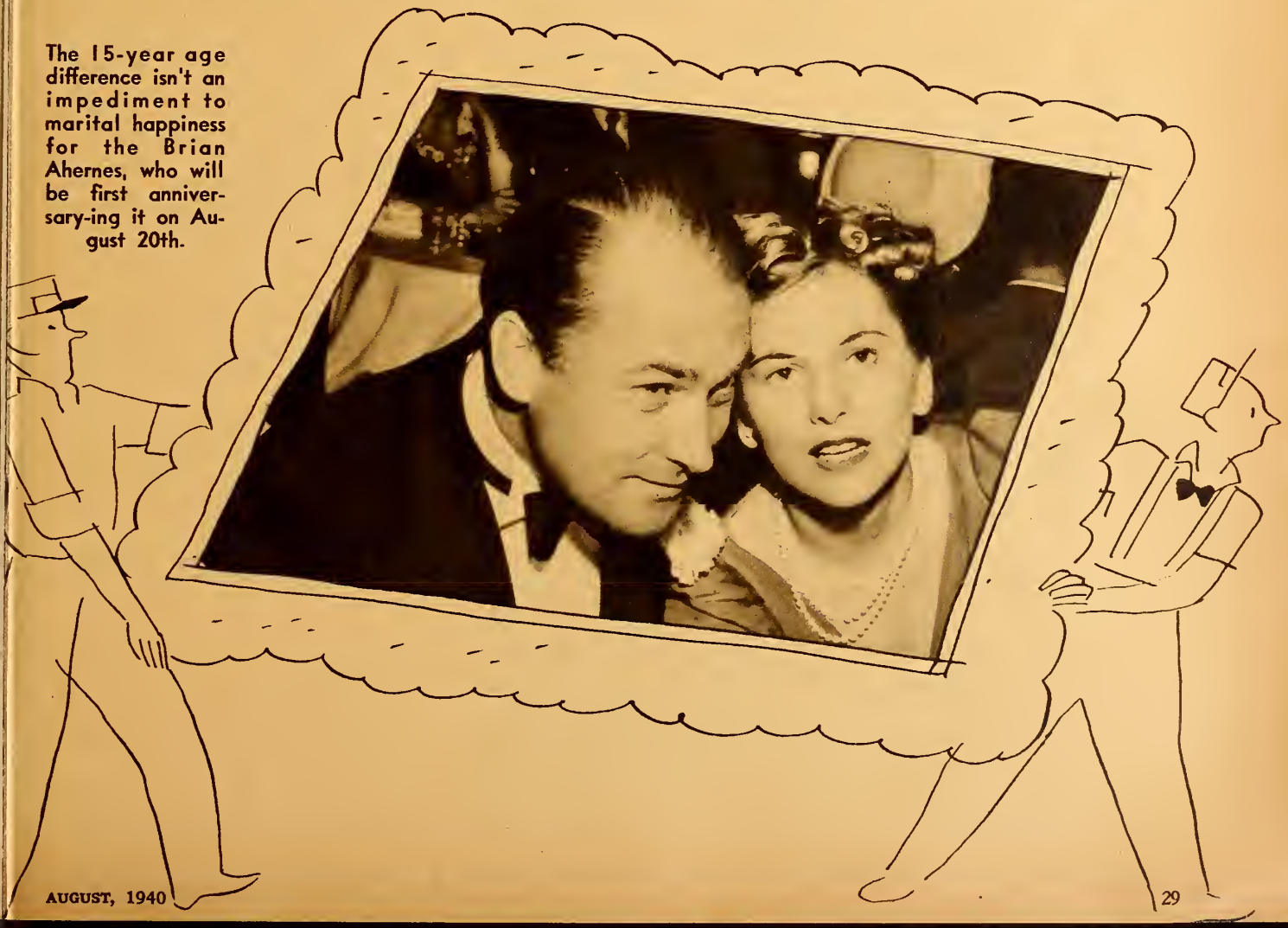
All of which makes it the more surprising that today Joan Fontaine is acclaimed one of the two genuine stars "discovered" by Hollywood in recent years. The other is Vivien Leigh. Joan's picture, "Rebecca," is chasing the astounding attendance records of "Gone With the Wind," around the nation. The White House has commanded it for a third showing. Critics hail Joan as a remarkable dramatic "find", and everyone pictures a thrilled Miss Fontaine, with a seven-year contract with Dave Selznick, basking in a state of delirious career rapture at long last.

That's not exactly true. She's pleased, of course, but she's not too impressed. In fact, Joan Fontaine has yet to see herself in "Rebecca." She has never seen "The Women" either. She has never viewed herself in any picture since she walked out, sick and disheartened, from the preview of "Gunga Din." Something happened then, as I said, and something else a little later—something called love. Together they have switched Joan Fontaine's ambitions around just when reluctant fortune beamed her broadest smile.

Some day, when Hollywood scenario writers run completely dry of ideas, I suggest they pry into the personal saga of Joan Fontaine. It has about everything a story should have—heart throbs and heartbreaks, the struggle of a strong will in a frail body, triumphs, disappointments. It has the drama of a rival sister act. It has recurring, incurable romance. It has a sprinkling of Cinderella. It even has that Hollywood specialty, the happy ending.

Joan Fontaine's happy ending is not, however, her "Rebecca" success. It's her home and her husband, "Mr. A.," as Joan calls Brian Aherne. Joan Fontaine can take movie success or leave it at this point. She may do either, by the way. What really counts in her life is the modest, but pretty, home in Beverly Hills where I saw her the other day, shared an excellent lunch in her garden and talked over the epic struggle of Fontaine versus Hollywood which she now recalls with a decided twinkle in her grey eyes.

Incidentally, the general impression of Joan Fontaine around Hollywood, I regret to say, for too long has been that she is a driving, ambitious, career-obsessed young lady with about as much sense of humor as a time clock. That's not only too bad, it's utterly untrue. I can personally swear that "Mrs. A." is gracious, vivacious, voluble and extremely swell company. She (*Continued on page 70*)



The 15-year age difference isn't an impediment to marital happiness for the Brian Ahernes, who will be first anniversary-ing it on August 20th.

Ladies' man

WHEN OLD maids look under their beds at night, they hope to find Charles Boyer.

When statisticians pore over figures (feminine and financial), they learn that the number of women suing for divorce doubles after the release of each new picture starring Charles Boyer.

In brief, and though it'll make him wince to hear it, Charles Boyer, a perverse gentleman who hates hats, neckties and spats, is the "reel" reason ladies leave home.

He is a legend with a French accent. And, since the death of amorous D'Annunzio, the Italian famed for his affair with Actress Duse, Charles Boyer is now the only authentic, two-legged, full-fledged "Ladies' Man" in captivity.

Such are the facts. Unfortunately, the facts do not make Monsieur Boyer very happy.

"Do I mind being labeled a Ladies' Man?" he will repeat slowly, seriously. "Truthfully, I don't like it. I don't consider it complimentary. After all, the term is used so much, and I've been around this business long enough to know that three or four new heart-throbs are born every year in the movies."

And having stated his mind in so frank a fashion, Monsieur Boyer, who is a nervous chain smoker, will puff clouds of smoke from a slender cigarette. From behind this protective smoke screen, he will attempt to point out that, not only does he dislike being called a Ladies' Man, but that—and his sincerity is such that you almost believe him—he is really not that kind of creature at all.

He will speak thus and so—and most emphatically:

"Actually, I have no romantic illusions about myself. I don't mind wearing a scrawny beard, or being bald, or having a club-foot—if my characterization calls for it. But, frankly, I am not pleased when my scripts consistently demand me to play a lover.

"Indeed, it would be most sad to be famous merely because women considered you attractive. I should never want to depend upon my appearance, which really isn't much, anyway. Moreover, I know that appearance changes, that you grow older, that you can't possibly last. Besides, I'm too realistic."

BOYER will then glance at the dressing-room mirror, stare at himself critically, and then wag his head disapprovingly.

"Yes, I am realistic," he will confess. "I know that if I happened to be a bond salesman or a drugstore clerk instead of an actor, and I strolled down Broadway today amid hordes of women, none would even bother to give me a second glance, except to say, 'God, look at that thing passing by.'

"So, if women consider me romantic, it is merely because they fall under the spell of the characters I portray. I am identified mainly with romantic roles, so they get the impression that I am that kind of person in real life. Which, as you see, I am not."

However, all of this conceded persuasiveness on the part of Monsieur Boyer, does not alter the facts of the case. He has made passionate love, on the screen, to most every great or glamorous actress in

JUST ONE DREAMY GLANCE, ONE SOFTLY-SPOKEN WORD AND, IN SPITE OF HIMSELF,



By Irving Wallace

Filmdom. Hedy Lamarr, Jean Arthur, Bette Davis, Greta Garbo, Irene Dunne, Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert—all have succumbed to his cinematic appeal.

Moreover, all of these women admit that Monsieur Boyer is ever so much the Ladies' Man. Hedy Lamarr says, "He is tender, so sensitive, so gallant." Bette Davis adds, "He is utterly charming." Irene Dunne confesses, "He has strength, vitality, a dark attraction."

We sat with Charles Boyer in his portable dressing-room, as he slumped in a wicker chair, resting from a strenuous five-hour tussle with Warner Brothers' "All This, and Heaven Too." We sat across from him, and passed the compliments of his leading ladies on to him.

He chuckled pleasantly. Then, suddenly serious, he wrinkled his brow. True, American women might consider him a Ladies' Man, because they were hypnotized by the fiction of his roles. But Hollywood actresses couldn't be fooled that way.

"Why, I can't understand it," he said. "I'm very intense and serious on the sets. I can't imagine how the actresses playing opposite me can consider me (*Continued on page 86*)

BOYER WINS ANOTHER HEART

WHAT HAPPENS TO MOVIE STARS' CLOTHES?



WHILE Hollywood women feud and fume over men, roles, servants and pets, there is one point on which they all hang together. That point involves their unanimous belief that death itself is a happier fate than being seen twice in the same outfit. Exactly nine years ago, a bright, young stenographer named Patsy Brogan recognized this unique Movietown precept and, being of a practical and inquisitive mind, began to worry about what happened to a $400 Schiaparelli after it had made a single night club appearance. A bit of investigation answered her question. The gorgeous creation hung in a closet between an Adrian gown and an Irene suit—and no one but the camphor balls ever looked at any of them! The hideous extravagance of this practice hit Patsy Brogan right between the eyes—and then gave her a great idea. Why not, she wondered, ask the stars for their neglected clothes and sell them, at muchly-shrunken prices, to skimpily-paid girls like herself? Then, the stars would receive a return on their huge outlays, and she, as middleman, would profit also! Two months later, after frantic negotiations, "Patsy Brogan—Picture Stars' Garments" opened for business. Since that big day more than 1,200 movie personalities have become "clients" and, through the years, Patsy's arrangements with these people, regardless of their importance, have always been the same. When Hedy Lamarr, for example, appears at the shop with an item she wishes sold, Patsy takes her into a back-room huddle. There Hedy puts her signature to a paper consigning her gown, coat, wrap, bag, gloves, costume jewelry or shoes (all of which are to be found in the store) to Patsy, and agrees to tote the article home again if it isn't sold in six months. Also agreed upon in this session is the sales price of the item, usually 10% of the original cost, and Patsy's commission, usually half of that. All things considered, it's a very strange shop, but the strangest thing about it is the fact that, though it carries every kind of feminine apparel, there isn't a stitch of underwear in the place! "I can explain that," confides Patsy. "Most stars don't wear any!"

SOMETIMES THEY GO TO CHARITY AND POOR RELATIONS, BUT MORE



Many of Joan Crawford's gowns are sold at Patsy Brogan's, but some stars buy their clothes in this bizarre shop!

Ann Sothern's daring dres are easily recognizable the racks. They're all a-way, 'way down in



OFTEN YOU CAN FIND THEM FOR SALE IN THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY DRESS SHOP IN THE WORLD



Madeleine Carroll dieted heavily after making "My Son, My Son" and had to sell the apparel of her heftier days.

Joan Bennett brings in 100 items every six weeks. The average star brings in 15 to 20 items every two months.

Paulette Goddard's cast-offs keep the sports department well-stocked, although most stars' clothes are very simple.

Dolores Del Rio's $200 gowns are priced at $20, but are wide-shouldered and -hipped and therefore hard to sell.





DON'T GET HIM WRONG!

By Ben Maddox

Very much at home on the range are the McCreas, and why not? Both have dozens of pioneer ancestors.

RECENTLY Louella O. Parsons, veteran Hollywood observer, admitted in her daily newspaper column that she couldn't be more surprised. What astonished her most on that particular morning was her discovery that Joel McCrea is one of the richest actors in Hollywood.

Now, in these perilous times, no sensible star wants excessive publicity about the dough he may have managed to sock away as a gesture toward security. Least of all a man like Joel, who is no blasted plutocrat by any stretch of anyone's imagination. He has no delusions of grandeur, no feeling that he is set apart from the common crowd. He never thinks the other fellow, who may be broke, depressed, and near to defeat, is an inferior human being just because of his predicament.

Joel, himself, was even more amazed at reading this news. Before nightfall a stranger had insisted that the McCrea wealth finance a giant munitions factory; several newsboys had cracked, "Lend me a dollar"; two of the really rich men in Hollywood had kiddingly branded him an impostor; and his wife had floated in with three new John Frederics hats, "because I've just heard. . . !"

Besieged and bewildered, Joel finally found out how the story got started. Because he is conservative and has arrived at a position of independence, because he doesn't accept every picture offered him, folks began to gossip. He has always turned down radio shows when he is making a film, asserting that he can't do justice to both, at once. This rare confession added fuel to the fire.

Investigation proves that he has never bought a town house, a limousine or a yacht. He owns no race horses. He is never the life of the party at expensive cafés like Ciro's, nor has he ever entertained lavishly at home. He hasn't committed even a minor splurge.

He is one of the "easiest to meet" persons in Hollywood, because he is intensely interested in practically everyone regardless of age, sex, creed or temporary position in life. If a contest were ever held in the studios for the most popular actor, the one face that wouldn't be red would be McCrea's. Literally, hundreds of people in Hollywood, from big shots to would-be's, will boast of his friendship at the slightest opportunity. Yet, actually, there are a great many facets to Joel's personality that have been constantly overlooked. He loves to talk, but he is so consistently sympathetic that he is usually talking vividly about the break a mutual friend deserves. You learn that Joel is his attractive, competent, thoroughly masculine screen self, plus a lot more, if you dare to ask him a flock of personal questions, point-blank. We did, in the name of the public, on one of his busiest afternoons.

He was being guided through an explosive scene with Laraine Day in "Foreign Correspondent" by short, portly Alfred Hitchcock, who is much in demand since directing "Rebecca." They repeated it four times, an hour's stint, before he returned to his set dressing-room.

Immediately you are struck by Joel's size. Extremely broad-shouldered, he is six-feet-three and wears a thirty-eight-and-a-half sleeve, which gives you an idea. You (*Continued on page 84*)



JOEL McCREA'S GOTTEN A LOT FROM LIFE, BUT NOT AT THE OTHER FELLOW'S EXPENSE

"If a contest were ever held in the studios for the most popular actor, the one face that wouldn't be red would be Joel McCrea's."

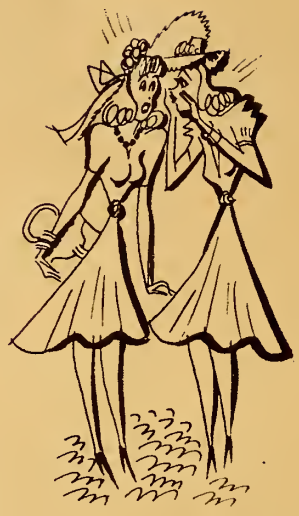
HER THREE SINGING IDOLS ARE LAWRENCE TIBBETT, JOHN CHARLES THOMAS AND HELEN JEPSON.

SHE NEVER WEARS ROUGE OR LIPSTICK IN PUBLIC ONLY POWDER.

CURRENTLY, HER TWO FAVORITE SONGS ARE "SAY IT" AND "SHAKE DOWN THE STARS."

OFF SCREEN, DEANNA REFUSES TO PAINT HER NAILS THE ONLY THING SHE DOES TO HER NAILS IS BITE THEM WHEN NERVOUS.

DEANNA DURBIN ISN'T PLUMP, AS MANY FANS BELIEVE. HER BUST IS 33½ INCHES, AND HER WAIST ONLY 25 INCHES—BOTH AVERAGE.



SHE DRIVES A GREY-COLORED, LOW-SLUNG LA SALLE COUPÉ. THE DASHBOARD GAUGE SHOWS SHE HAS DRIVEN EXACTLY 3,698 MILES TO DATE.

SHE ALWAYS ADDRESSES PEOPLE BY THEIR GIVEN NAMES. SHE REFUSES TO CALL ANYONE "DEAR", OR "HONEY" OR "DARLING."

SHE WOULD RATHER LISTEN TO DICK JURGENS PLAY HIS SWING ARRANGEMENT OF "CECILIA" THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON THE AIR.

Strictly Personal



Her present contract expires in 1943. By that time she will have earned a salary of $1,600,000—an amount so stupendous that it would take the United States Mint ten days and nights of labor to turn it out in separate dollars.



She saw "Naughty Marietta" seven different times! And she read "Gone With the Wind" twice—from cover to cover—"because it was so sad."



She's wild about new shoes, especially anything cute or tricky. She prefers sandals, pays from $12 to $22 a pair, and wears size 6, which isn't bad. After all, Greta Garbo requires size 7 AA, and Deanna's girl friend, Helen Parrish, sports a 7½ A.



Before a scene, when the wooden slate with the scene number on it is held up in front of the camera, Deanna will always lean forward and knock wood for good luck. Otherwise, she has no superstitions. "I haven't been in show business long enough to acquire any," she admits.



Her mother still calls her Edna Mae, which was her monicker before publicity people tagged her with Deanna. Her married sister calls her Eggnog, and studio folks call her Dee.



Deanna's favorite dish is spaghetti. Her second favorite dish is another helping of spaghetti. However, she can't stand mushrooms; the sight of cauliflower makes her ill; and chewing vegetables, she says, nauseates her.



Deanna has never kept Vaughn Paul waiting on a date. Nine out of ten times she is absolutely punctual. Neither dressing nor excessive primping ever delay her. "When he's downstairs, I whip through my make-up like mad," she explains.



She wears a jeweled wrist watch which Vaughn Paul, whose father is general manager of Edward Small productions, gave her last Christmas.



Charles Previn, pudgy studio musical director, used to puff cigarettes while Deanna Durbin sang for him. He knew the smoke wasn't good for her, but wished to teach her to warble under any conditions, and to grow up without prima donna fussiness.



By George Benjamin

Our Cover Girl's the prep schoolers' dream girl, and even their mothers and sisters approve! What's she got, anyway? Any number of "sterling qualities," but it's those "little things" like her salary that really set her apart.

EXCLUSIVE! A "TRUTH SESSION" WITH DEANNA, DIVULGING DOZENS OF FASCINATING QUEERIOSITIES!



At home, she keeps a diary, a drawer full of licorice sticks, a wig-stand upon which to practice coiffures, and three midget turtles named Penny, Joan and Kay.



When she is worried about her personal problems, or aggravated, or angry—which is extremely rare—her speaking voice, as caught by the microphone, becomes a mumble.



Once a week she reads her most interesting fan mail. She answers the best letters, but does not correspond with fans regularly. She now replies to notes from French soldiers in the trenches, and has authorized the studio to send 500 of her records to the American Red Cross in Europe.



A couple of years ago she gave Joe Pasternak's secretary an autographed portrait of herself. It was autographed with her first poem: "To Eleanor—Our friendship still lasts, though two years have slipped by; I hope it continues, at least till we die—Lovingly, Deanna."



Mrs. Kellephene Morrison, her tutor, admits that Deanna doesn't take to mathematics at all. However, she can't get enough of French and history! Mrs. Morrison says that her beautiful 17-year-old pupil is a better than average student, although she hasn't much time for studying. After completing her high school courses this summer, she'll take up operatic Italian and German, and take a strum at the harp. But the payoff is this: The California state law demands that Deanna continue studying—of all things—music appreciation! A snap for her!



She can't stand people who are too meticulous, people who, for example, after using a towel, fold it neatly and hang it up. She always stuffs her towel back into the rack.



She never has trouble falling asleep. She wears a plain nightgown to bed, sleeps very soundly for eight hours—and has dreams about twice a month.



A White Russian named Alexis Holmonsky, who resides in Shanghai, China, writes her a ten-page fan letter every month. He believes Deanna is the reincarnation of a Saint. He thinks it is her mission to bring peace and light to a world filled with darkness, and feels she should be kept pure—and not be embraced or kissed on the screen. (*Continued on page 88*)

JACKIE OF ALL TRADES

AND DEFINITELY THE MASTER OF THE WOMAN SITUATION, TOO!

By James R. Scheer

SHE'S a sweet kid, isn't she?" Jackie Cooper's grey-blue eyes followed the shapely form of the young girl exiting from the sound stage at Paramount Studios. The "she" to whom he referred was Leila Ernst, his leading lady in "The Aldrich Family in Life With Henry," blonde honey and a deb from Boston.

"Now don't get the idea that I'm in love with her! Sure, I like her! What guy wouldn't? But, honest, I've never really been out on my feet—in love, I mean."

When Jackie says something is true, you needn't bother putting a stack of Bibles under his left hand, and asking him to raise his right, for those grey-blue eyes spell honesty.

And the Hollywood girls who go out with him know there's not an ounce of conceit in him. Jackie is the same fellow



Jackie has gone conservative in all but sports coats. They're his one weakness.



Leila Ernst, Jackie's favorite leading lady, has rejoined "Too Many Girls" on tour.

whether he's wearing loose fitting polo shirts and cool gabardine slacks, or his tux. Once a month he likes to dress—to get all formaled up. But, invariably, the stiff collar wears red streaks in his neck, and he's glad to closet the regalia when the evening is over.

On date nights he always shaves. Which proves that he has a great deal of imagination, since his beard is very much like the little man who wasn't there.

His address book includes the names and phone numbers of Judy Garland, Bonita Granville, Leila Ernst, Jimmy Rogers and, recently penciled out, that of Diana Lewis, now Mrs. William Powell. On going-out nights, his wallet usually contains $10.

"None of the girls I take out are gold diggers, so $10 is a pretty safe sum. Actually, there aren't many places to go. We either go bowling or dancing at Ciro's, the Beverly Wilshire or the Victor Hugo. I never like to take a girl to a dive. And this will probably surprise you, but I usually have a dollar or two left when I come home. What's more, my date and I have never had to wash dishes to pay the check."

Most of the economy comes from the fact that neither Jackie nor his dates drink liquor—partly because of lack of desire and partly because of city ordinances.

At the risk of making Jackie sound like the pride of the W.C.T.U. and a simon pure piece of male virtue, it must be said that he's not a prude and doesn't drink because, as he says, "I don't like the stuff. If others want to drink, it is entirely up to them. I like beer, (*Continued on page 74*)



Jackie's never co-starred with Judy Garland but he thinks it would be fun.



Coop's band, "The Clambake Cats," hopes to swing an engagement in the East.



By

James Reid

Jean's is the reverse of the usual Hollywood story. The more successful she has become as an actress, the more self-conscious she's grown as a person.

THE STRANGE CASE OF JEAN ARTHUR

IT TAKES A "PEEPING TOM" OR A CLAIRVOYANT TO GET THE LOWDOWN ON JEAN

ONCE UPON a time—around the year 1925—several promoters banded together to start a club at Encino, the San Fernando Valley spot. Ten miles from town, it was unknown territory to Hollywoodites and the promoters faced the problem of getting the moneyed movie crowd interested in a place "so far out in the country."

They decided to make a two-reel movie of the club's attractions and exhibit it in a sales office in town. They didn't want to spend much money, so scouted around till they found two unemployed, but ambitious, young men willing to do the job for $200. For this sum the two men agreed not only to make the picture, but to furnish the camera, the film and the girl to portray the happy club member.

The boys managed to borrow a camera, rent free. They also managed to get some free film—never mind how. And one of them knew a girl so ambitious to have a screen career that she would work for nothing, on the gamble that she would be "discovered" in the movie.

The "happy club member" put in such a strenuous day enjoying, for the benefit of the camera, every sport the spot offered, that she couldn't eat the free dinner the club had agreed to provide. After the third course, she had to be taken home, exhausted.

That girl, so willing to work for nothing to become a part of Hollywood, was Jean Arthur. Yet today, well-established, she has a reputation for being that town's most "difficult" star.

Three years ago, she went on a one-woman strike against the studio that had made her name important. Perhaps she was justified, perhaps not. Anyway, after a year, the studio wanted her back—at her terms. The way was wide open for harmony at last between star and studio. She came back, but still with a large chip on her shoulder. She said in effect, "I don't want to be bothered by your publicity department."

People assigned to interview her made the discovery that they had to work through the publicity chief of a rival studio at which her husband, Frank Ross, Jr., was then an associate producer. They made the further discovery that they were expected to interview Frank, ask him what they wanted to ask Jean and quote his answers as if the words were hers. They had to join in the conspiracy or go without stories. Jean Arthur "interviews" couldn't be had any other way.

The writers wanted to know why she had to have her husband talk for her. Why couldn't she talk for herself? They were told that interviews made her a nervous wreck. She went through agonies of self-consciousness, being asked to talk about herself.

Few of the press believed this explanation. What they believed was that Jean probably fancied she didn't need stories written about her and that Frank was trying to cover up her attitude. Certainly press agents thought she fancied she didn't need publicity, the way she resented items they cooked up to get her (*Continued on page 82*)

SHOULD HOLLYWOOD

Yes!

"Shall women remain slaves? Of course not. Women are the equal of men, and they deserve the right to succeed at career . . . "

Victoria Woodhull, 1872

LISTEN, LADY, if your husband or boy friend becomes too violent, just remind him that women were freed only fifty-seven years after the slaves.

This freedom business took a lot of effort. Susan Anthony was jailed for casting a ballot; Mrs. Amelia Bloomer was pelted with mud for wearing panties in public; Victoria Woodhull was cursed because she ran for President, and Emmeline Pankhurst went on a hunger strike to prove women were citizens.

In brief, lady, all this happened to free you. And today, if you're married and don't want to be a feminine frozen asset—well, feel at liberty to go out and get a job. And if you're not yet married, but intend to be, and feel you have career talents beyond massaging the laundry twice a week, get busy and further that career.

Listen to these film idols who, with wives exactly like you, are authorities on the subject. They'll convince you.

John Payne, grandnephew of the man who composed "Home, Sweet Home," does not believe it has to be home, sweet (*Continued on page 65*)

By James

John Payne



The Paynes haven't spent a split second repenting their hasty marriage! He proposed on one week's acquaintance; they were married after 3.

Allan Jones



Both the Joneses were married before to non-professionals and are sold on the idea of two film careers under the same roof.

Louis Hayward



A first for both is the Hayward-Lupino merger, and their advice to would-be happily marrieds is a long engagement. Theirs lasted about 3 years!

Dick Powell



Dick Powell is a good pal of Joan Blondell's ex-husband, George Barnes, and is now the legal father of Joan's and George's little son, Normie.

WIVES WORK???

No!

"In the career of a female there are few prizes to be obtained which can vie with the obscure state of beloved wife or happy mother . . . "

Jane Porter, 1840

BUT WAIT a minute, lady. Before you go running off to get a job, chisel out a career and sign your own checks, you'd better think it over carefully. Because, when all is said and done, maybe there's no place like home.

Sure you're free and independent. Sure you've got a right to live your own life. But maybe being a career woman isn't all it's cracked up to be. And maybe there's something to this soft stuff about a stove on payments and a trundle bed with someone in it.

Think it over. Maybe the twenty-four hour a day job of being a housewife and a mother won't ever get your name in bulbs—but it'll keep you from acquiring callouses while punching a time clock, or suffering a pretzel spine while hunched over a secretarial typewriter, or getting a mechanic's wrist while taking shorthand.

In fact, there are plenty of men, important men, who'll trade you ten career girls any day for one peaceful and efficient limper lily whose talents are wholly confined to burning toast, tending the baby and warding off collectors. (*Continued on page 62*)

Carson

Henry Fonda



Hank and Peg Sullavan didn't get on at all during their 2-year marriage; now, wed to new partners, they couldn't be friendlier!

James Cagney



An unseverable tie binds the Cagneys. In a dozen happy years of marriage, these two have fought their way up from nothing, together.

Gary Cooper



After being pursued for hectic years by Clara Bow and Lupe Velez, Gary fell in love with "Rocky" "for her quietness."

Fred MacMurray



Fred MacMurray's been married for 4 years to gorgeous ex-show girl, Lillian Lamont, who was his first and only love.

Beauty

UNDER THE SUN

By Carol Carter





DO YOU take to sunshine like a duck to water or do you spend your summers dodging from one shadow to another, trying to escape the havoc that Old Sol wreaks upon your sensitive complexion? There really are two types of people, you know: those who should sun-tan and those who should not. So this month we're going to outline two compaigns of summer beauty strategy—one for each of you.

Time was, when Hollywood was new, that every girl who hit the camera coast had to expose herself indiscriminately to the mercies of the sun, and bake and broil before she could expect to be taken seriously by anybody in that fabulous film capital. Now, however, everybody from Hollywood Boulevard to Housatonic Falls and back again knows very well that some skins just have no business being sun-tanned at all.

How can you be sure about yours? Well, here's one pretty safe test. If the pigmentation (coloring, to you) of your skin is evenly and uniformly distributed, and if you belong to the brown or dark-haired persuasion, with medium to dark eyes, you will, almost invariably, have a skin of a depth and thickness that will hold its own with Old Man Sunshine. On the other hand, if your hair and eyes are light, or if you are a natural red-head, you will almost certainly be the possessor of a skin low in pigmentation—thin, light and sensitive to even slight exposure to the sun. You in this group may find it, not only unsafe, but impossible to tan and you're likely to do your skin irreparable injury if you try.

If you decide to go in for tanning, do, no matter what





SWING INTO SUMMER CONFIDENT THAT YOUR MAKE-UP IS ALWAYS RIGHT. AND WHETHER YOU SUN-TAN OR WHETHER YOU DON'T, HOLLYWOOD HAS SOME HELPFUL TIPS FOR YOU

your coloring, take it easy on the first few exposures. Otherwise, you achieve nothing but an ugly burn that will not only ruin your appearance, but also dry and harden your skin so that it won't absorb any of the sun's ultra-violet or other beneficial rays. You doubtless know that sun rays, acting upon the sterols in your skin, produce a natural vitamin D which, in turn, is absorbed and acts on the calcium in your foods. This is what builds sturdy teeth, bones and nerves. We all need sunshine—either direct or indirect—for health as well as beauty, and it behooves each one of us to get it in the way that will do the most good. When you first start to sun-tan, protect your skin with copious and frequent applications of one of those special creams, oils or sun-tan lotions that are now available everywhere. Use these both before and during exposure.

Five minutes on each side is plenty of direct sun for blonde beginners. Ten minutes on each side will be just about right for darker sun worshipers. Increase each side's exposure five minutes a day and, before you know it, you'll have a smooth, golden, even tan and, besides that, your nerves, digestion and general health will improve. Did you know that a tanned person can actually withstand more heat or cold than one who is not tanned? It's true.

You blonde beauties ought to know about sky shine, too. That is sunlight *reflected* from the sky. It penetrates your skin, even when you are in the shade—if you are outdoors. For you super-thin-skinned lassies, sky shine will provide all the tan you ought to have. Try it and see for yourselves. (*Continued on page 80*)





BRENDA JOYCE
A 20th Century-Fox Player

Photos by Jules Buck



Lipstick kisses were planted on the bride and groom when the ceremony ended.

Ann Rutherford wants a man! She battled for, and won, Anita's beautiful bridal bouquet.





Three years ago, at a cocktail party, a mutual friend introduced Buddy Adler to Anita Louise—and this is what happened! They're shown above with their attendants, among whom were Ida Lupino, Wendy Barrie and Greg Bautzer.

WHEN Anita Louise became the flustered but beautiful bride of blushing Buddy Adler, the movie colony heaved a sigh of relief that bounced from the wedding place to the sea. Not that the colony was especially perturbed about Anita's protracted spinsterhood. They knew she'd marry *some* day. But for three long years her romance had inched along, blocked by parental objection and Buddy's inability to support her in the Hollywood manner, and the town had been growing anxious.

On May 18th, at exactly 8 P.M., the long wait was ended. The 25-year-old actress and the 32-year-old script writer-theatre owner were finally and securely bound in holy matrimony. The wedding took place in the pretentious Los Angeles home of the Socialite Ray Dodge. There, before Judge Thurmond

and so they were married



An avalanche of rice followed Mr. and Mrs. Adler to their waiting Cadillac limousine.



The wedding supper was served in the brilliantly lit garden of the Ray Dodge estate. Drinks flowed freely and, according to the waitresses, Buddy and Anita Adler ate much more heartily than any bridal couple they'd ever seen!

Clarke and fifty invited guests, Anita appeared, clad in an ivory moiré and slipper satin period gown adapted from the one worn by Martha Scott in "Our Town." In her hand she carried a white Bible that closed about a spray of lilies of the valley, and beside a white satin kneeling bench she accepted the plain, gold band that made her Mrs. E. Maurice Adler.

Immediately after the ceremony the entire gathering spilled into the garden for refreshments which consisted primarily of stuffed squab and chicken for the wedding party and chicken à la king and scotch for everyone else. Not until the last man had eaten did the festivities halt and then, making a quick switch to street clothes, the happy couple faced a barrage of rice and dashed away for a four-day, destination-unannounced honeymoon.





I HAVE SEVEN WIVES!

DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR? NO—THE STRAIGHT FACTS ON MRS. TYRONE POWER

By Gladys Hall

IT ALL began by my saying idly to Tyrone, "Supposing you had twenty-seven wives, like Brigham Young. . . ."

There was a slight widening of those Power eyes, an imperceptible pause, a quick thrust of laughter, and Ty wowed me by saying, "But I have!"

"Maybe it's wishful thinking," I said soothingly, "or maybe it's the altitude."

We were sitting on a fallen ironwood log up in the wild and piney heights of Big Bear, where the "Brigham Young" company was on location. In the distance we could see tepees of the Indians, the covered wagons of the early Mormons, oxen, horses, cows, children scuffling in the dust and women preparing the evening meal over fires. In the foreground was the six-feet-three figure of Dean (Brigham Young) Jagger, completely surrounded by twelve of the wives he has in the picture.

"It's well for me, though, that I'm not Brigham Young," Ty went on. "I have claustrophobia and can't stand elevators, small rooms and crowds. If I had twelve wives, let alone twenty-seven, I'd smother!"

Catching my inquiring eye he continued, laughing. "When I said I had twenty-seven wives—well, I was exaggerating. I should have said that I have *seven* wives. But, happily for my claustrophobia, they are all neatly packaged and combined in the person of Annabella.

"Back in the days of Brigham Young, a man probably needed twenty-seven wives to get one good, well-rounded companion out of the lot of them. Now it's completely different. The girl of today is a composite of all the girls the imagination of a man can conjure up.

"For instance, when I was very young and dreaming about my ideal girl, I got myself into a lather because my tastes and preferences would change from month to month. One month I'd decide that



she should be a domestic girl, a housewife, a girl who would be the clinging vine to my sturdy oak. The next month that idea would bore me and I'd visualize a vital, forceful Dorothy Thompson type, a girl who would give me mental companionship. Then I'd decide I wanted to marry the athletic type, a young Amazon, a girl keen on sports and the out-of-doors. The business girl would get my next vote—someone who would be a partner to me, someone who would share my interests, understand my problems.

"I'd dream of the pioneer woman, who followed her man into the wilderness, meeting hardship and disaster, and taking whatever came on her sporting chin. I'd imagine how nice it would be to be married to the old-fashioned girl, the kind of girl who would faint at the sight of a mouse, be insulted if you offered her a cigarette and swoon if you offered her a drink. Next I'd go for the idea of the ultra-sophisticated girl, veddy smart, the good sport, shock-proof. In sequences as rapidly shifting as the pattern in kaleidoscope, I'd fancy myself married to a country girl, a city girl, a girl who would give me laughs, a wise girl, a play-girl. Well," said Ty, "today a fellow gets all of those in one girl." He added *"I* did.

I'LL PROVE it. Annabella, for instance, is the Home Girl, the domestic girl. She not only plans all our meals, knows food values and food combinations, does her own marketing thriftily and tastily, feeds her family as wholesomely and efficiently as any Mrs. Brigham ever did, but what is more, if she has to go into the kitchen and cook our food herself, she can and has.

"There was a night when guests, eight of them, were expected for dinner. The servants were taken ill. But at eight, our eight guests sat down to a dinner which would have given any chef the medal for distinguished service. And from the shrimp cocktails to the marron glacé, Annabella did it all!

"Other times she goes into the kitchen just because she feels like it. The added attraction," Ty laughed, "is that she never looks kitcheny. I mean, those trick French and ruffly aprons she wears when she whips up a little something. And the dash of lipstick and the hair thingumdo! Annabella in the kitchen looks like a scene from a Lubitsch picture.

"As for being feminine—well, Annabella, like most girls of today, can shake a mean niblick, draw a pay-check as big as any man's or discuss the international situation, man to man. But, in the last analysis, I am the Lord and Master in our house. I dare to make this brash statement," laughed Tyrone, "knowing that Annabella will read it. I have enough faith in her femininity to know that she would be the last to deny it, or want to deny it. By being the Lord and Master I mean that, though nothing is ever said about our relative status, marriage being a partnership these days, money matters, decisions about trips, plans for the future, investments—all those things are my domain.

"I also married the forceful, vital type," said Tyrone. "Annabella has a heart as stout, a spirit as steel-strong as any woman of the pioneer days. She proved that when, at sixteen, after having been sheltered like a hothouse flower all her life, she ran away from home, went to Paris and lived through poverty, loneliness and discouragement until she got what she wanted, her chance in pictures.

"My hat is off to the girls of today," said Ty, doffing his broad-brimmed felt hat of the Mormon scout, "who go out and earn their livings, keeping their chins up, keeping themselves well-groomed and alert, physically and mentally. No, I don't admire the women of the 'good, old (*Continued on page 67*)

WITH A FLIP OF HER WRIST

THE MAGNIFICENT MARLENE

BRINGS MEN A-RUNNING



WHEN DIETRICH BECKONS

MARLENE has the situation well in hand. With allure perched on every eyelash and enticement written into every curve of her beautiful face and body, she is probably the only woman in town qualified to laugh at the touchy subject of escort-scarcity in Hollywood. Her problem is never one of nabbing a companion, but rather of finding time to see all the men who want to see her.

Just what *has* she got that brings them running? She is the adoring mother of a 15-year-old daughter. She is a rabid stamp collector. She is a devout Clark Gable fan, and she is on friendly terms with her husband. Certainly none of these points can be the basis of her appeal. What is it then that wins her four escorts an evening while others sigh for one?

Some observers say, vaguely, that she has a knowledge of every feminine wile employed since the days of Mother Eve. We think it's something more tangible. We think it's her amazing intelligence, her scissor-sharp wit, her exquisite grooming and her native genius for making the man she is with seem important to himself.

Last year, a group of college boys elected her the world's "most escortable" woman, elaborating on the obvious advantages of having her beauty and charm dangling from their willing arms for an evening of gadding about. Though their judgment is not to be sniffed at, they, too, missed the real Dietrich. They ignored the fact that she is a superb cook, that she has a wicked sense of humor, that she thoughtfully sends flowers to her friends whenever *she* leaves town and that she is an easy touch.

And if you think such characteristics aren't worth having, just look at a list of her escorts.





Erich Maria Remarque, forty-three years old, shy, elusive, fascinating, is best known for his authorship of "All Quiet on the Western Front." A native of Germany, he was driven almost to madness by the horrors of the first World War and sought respite from torment by joining a gypsy troupe, by becoming a country schoolmaster and, finally, by obtaining a job as an organist in an insane asylum. Following the appearance of "All Quiet" in 1929, he divorced the woman he had married after the Armistice, gave her his home and became a recluse in Switzerland. Today, no longer the embittered man of the past, he finds happiness in the Hollywood hills and in the company of the ravishing Marlene.



Suave, witty and not-too-wealthy Tim Durant arrived at the West Coast a little more than a year ago and immediately settled himself on the top of Hollywood's social crust. Just turned forty, and an Eastern socialite, Durant is the former husband of Barbara Hutton's cousin, lovely Adelaide Devart. The two were divorced in 1932 when their daughter was only a few months old. By occupation a gallant and a sportsman, Tim Durant divides his waking hours between racing his handsome string of horses and acting as charming three times-a-week escort to Dietrich.



Marlene is famous for her brilliance in maintaining amity among her numerous companions, even when she has several in a single evening. Newcomer to the ranks of "extra" men is Spencer Tracy. A close friend of Tim Durant, forty-year-old Spence joins him and Dietrich on those occasions when Mrs. Louise Tracy is busy or out of town. Never present in Marlene's retinue is her husky, blonde husband, Rudolf Sieber, who is employed by the same studio as his gorgeous wife—but in an office 3,000 miles away!



Josef von Sternberg, a small, heavy-set man with a sharp face and Mephistophelean mustache, was born forty-six years ago in Vienna. Originally a film cutter, he saved his money and then gambled his last cent on the production of a free-lance picture which turned out so sensationally well, it made him famous. He topped that fame by discovering Dietrich, and in his years as her manager was her tender friend (to the vehement objection of his wife), and a ruthless taskmaster when her work was involved. At present, his glory dimmed, von Sternberg lives quietly in a smallish Hollywood house, not far from Marlene's own. Despite the proximity of their homes, they are not neighborly and now meet less and less frequently.

At thirty-two, Jimmy Stewart is four years Marlene's junior and one of the youngest men who has ever paid her court. Jimmy and Marlene had never met before they appeared on the set of "Destry Rides Again," but while the introductions were still being performed, Marlene's eyes sparked interest. Jimmy, enormously flattered but greatly surprised and instinctively wary, held back at first. Then, according to some, he became more than mildly infatuated with the Dietrich glamour. Though their romance has blown cold and they greet each other only politely, it has been noted that the Stewart orbs still light up at the mention of Marlene's name—much to the glee of the gossip columnists who find his behavior spicy food for fat paragraphs of speculation.

TABLE-TRAVELING NIGHT OWL, JULES BUCK, SNAGS SOME NEW SHOTS OF THE LATE-TO-BED BRIGADE



Lovebirds George Raft and Norma Shearer, who're thinking of doing a play together, razz Gary Cooper for using a cigarette holder.



Loretta Young out-Fraziers Brenda in a strapless black chiffon. How Tom Lewis, advertising executive, can talk shop, we don't understand!



Portrait of a starving man and his wife. The Humph Bogarts are exhausted from arguing over whose idea it was to dine out, anyway.



Anna Neagle helps her Svengali, Herbert Wilcox, celebrate his birthday at a fabulous $3000 party which RKO gave at Ciro's t'other night.



When Virginia Bruce teased Hubby J. Walter Ruben about looking so "sour-pussy" in public, she didn't bargain for this sort of reaction!



Irene Dunne is still being scolded for those hunches she played at the Derby. Well, lucky in love, unlucky at pony-playing, Dr. Griffin!



Charlie McCarthy has to be nailed into bed the nights Eddie Bergen dates June Duprez, the lovely English actress. He's that jealous!



As love-lit a pair of "just friends" as we've seen—Dan Topping and Sonja Henie. They go everywhere together—from Honolulu to Ciro's.



Pat Paterson, who's succumbed to the dark-hair trend, gets chucked under the chin by Jack Warner, Husband Charles Boyer's ex-boss.



This Nick Grinde-Marie Wilson thing goes on and on, but it's not fazing their appetites—the strawberry sundaes are the last of seven courses.



Myrna Loy, decked in a peppermint-striped silk crêpe gown of red, white and blue, trips the light La Conga with Writer Jean Negulescu.



They're dubbing Kay Francis' producer-escort the "French Orson Welles." Has a million films up his sleeve, but none ever materialize.



The biggest menace around is Ann Rutherford. We caught her at Ciro's "snaking" Bonita Granville's one and only, Rand Brooks.



Bruce Cabot, who's taken an option on Socialite Frances Robinson, supervises her calories at Hal Roach's elaborate buffet supper.



Mrs. Massey, snacking on bacon and eggs with Hubby Raymond, confides that she'll brain the next person who calls her Mrs. Lincoln.



Nothing blasé about the Louis Haywards when they go night spotting. They do it so seldom, it's still mighty thrilling business.



Spencer Tracy takes "Mama" (that's what he calls Louise) to a preview to celebrate her return home, after a month in the hospital.



Imagine Roz Russell in a movie called "No Time For Comedy!" She and Cary Grant, of "His Girl Friday" fame, are Hollywood's gayest pair.



Claire Trevor is glowing from radio producer-hubby, Clark Andrews', slightly prejudiced praise of her air-wave Duse-ing in "Big Town."



Hollywood's best dressed couple, the Adolphe Menjous, have just seen themselves in the movies and couldn't be more pleased!



New England champion half-miler, Jeff Lynn, side-burning it for "All This, etc.," sprints Pat Stillman to the nearest jitterbuggery.



George Brent and Ann Sheridan (they're Brenty and Annie to each other) are hot 'n' heavying—and it's not a publicity stunt either!



CROONER COLMAN

Hollywood's newest song-bird is Ronald Colman. Think we're kidding? In his new picture with Ginger Rogers, Colman will warble a selection called, "Say When." Asked the other day for more details concerning his musical debut, Colman shook his head and refused to commit himself beyond, "The less said about it, the better." However, according to ear-witness Ginger, there's no need for his modesty; she says he's as hot as they come!



JUDY ENTERTAINS

...land's favorite form of entertainment ...enings is "record parties." The ...come to come for a dip in ...ather 'round the barbe- ... and listen to her ...ranges from ...umbers.

Judy ... the ... ga... he... c...



TEA ROSES

You're apt to run into all sorts of odd things around Ginger's set. We came across the star and her maid carefully plucking the petals off several dozens of American Beauty roses. It looked a little zany to us, but we found the method in the madness. Ginger dries the petals in the sun and uses them with a very special blend of tea. We haven't heard of such an exotic touch since Dolores Del Rio went on her famous reducing diet of gardenia petals.

THERE'S LOTS NEW UNDER

GARBO—PLAYGIRL!

According to Garbo's close friend and Dr. Hauser's publisher, Frey Brown, the Silent One is a great gal. "There's nothing high-hat about her," he claims. "Why, like as not, five minutes after you meet her you'll be on the floor playing games. She's that simple." We don't doubt that Miss Garbo's that simple, but how about the games? The intricacies of leap-frog never came easily to us.

SURPRISE VISIT

The other day Irene Dunne was working in the garden that is her pride and joy. Ordinarily she keeps to the fenced-off section, but this day she had wandered, trowel in hand, to work on the petunias bordering the front walk. A sight-seeing bus suddenly careened around the corner and, before Irene could scramble to her feet and make a getaway, the driver had spotted her and megaphoned the news to his gaping passengers. The bus came to a stop with a screech of brakes. In answer to the cries of "Hello, Miss Dunne!" the star could only manage a weak, "Well, this is a pleasure!" and, smiling and waving, backed away slowly until she made the hedge where she disappeared from view.

STANDING DATE

May Robson has one date with which nothing can interfere—that's her Saturday afternoon appointment at the beauty parlor. According to Miss Robson, two hours in the hands of a good beautician before every Saturday night rolls around does any girl lots of good.

BLITZKRIEG

On the set of "I Love You Again," William Powell and Director W. S. Van Dyke are waging daily battles. No, it's not a case of temperament, since Powell thinks Van Dyke is tops as a director, and "Woody" feels the Powell histrionics can't be beat. The two just like to argue—about anything and everything. Of course, the fact that Van Dyke is a violent Roosevelt booster, and Powell is equally vehement in upholding the Republican party, gives them plenty of material for discussion. But the other day the fur flew hot and heavy. Only this time the argument concerned itself with whether a dash of cream should be added to scrambled eggs. Powell, of course, was the one who was all for the dash.

ROMANCES AND REBOUNDS

Linda Darnell and Bob Shaw are still smitten with one another's charms, but now are spending all their evenings teaching Linda's young brother and sister, Calvin and Monte, how to skate at the Tropical Ice Gardens



FAIR EXCHANGE

Clark Gable's such a successful farmer that his Valley neighbors often drop by for advice on their alfalfa crops. Mrs. G. gets their wives into a huddle and begs them for "recipe counsel." Seems that Clark, proud of his record-laying hens, likes the fruits of their labor used for his own table. "After you've fried, boiled, scrambled, baked and even eaten them raw," Carole moans, "then what's to do?" And don't think she doesn't slip them a dozen or two!

GOOD NEWS

THE HOLLYWOOD SUN! AND OUR ACE REPORTER, LOIS SVENSRUD, FERRETS IT OUT!

. . . Connie Bennett still goes places with Robert Ainley while ex-heart Gilbert Roland looks mighty happy in the company of Frances Robinson . . . Deanna Durbin's needle-pointing like mad between scenes. The handiwork will develop—she hopes—into dining-room chair seats for her new home . . . The Buddy Adlers (Anita Louise) say they wish they'd taken the great step months ago and not wasted so much time finding happiness . . . William Powell and the bride are on a steady diet of night clubs, and Bill's showing more vim, vigor and vitality than he has in years . . . George Brent gets positively poetical when the subject of Annie Oomphie Sheridan is brought up . . . Loretta Young is still dividing dates between writer Robert Riskin and radio producer Tom Lewis . . . Lana Turner and Artie Shaw have patched up their differences and claim the dove of peace has settled in their honeymoon cottage to stay . . . Nancy Kelly and Irving Cummings, Jr., have never been more serious in their lives . . . Martha Scott and Perc Westmore looked awfully pleased in one another's company, while ex-Mrs. Westmore (Gloria Dickson) and Ralph Murphy are holding hands in every dark corner in town . . . Tyrone Power and Annabella have had to give up their South American jaunt, but haven't given up the idea of second-honeymooning there as soon as the Power heir puts in an appearance . . . Alice Faye and Tony Martin are having secret rendezvous and may patch it all up . . . Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden are promising in front of a preacher as soon as her divorce papers are signed on the dotted line.

COMPETITION FOR NORMA

George Raft and Norma Shearer may be as inseparable as ham and eggs, but—if the truth were known—Norma hasn't supplanted the Number 1 girl in Mr. Raft's life! At the Brown Derby the other evening, Raft was showing a picture he'd just received of his real heart-beat. She's Joanie Peine, six-year-old daughter of Virginia Peine. "Prettiest picture I ever saw," said George proudly.

BARGAIN HUNTER

Martha Scott had just one day's notice before going into Joan Fontaine's role in "The Howards of Virginia." That one day was jammed with a hair-dresser date, an agent's appointment, a check-up with the dentist, and even, mind you, a luncheon interview. She arrived at the appointed place, much out of breath. "I just couldn't help being late," she explained. "On the way up, the elevator boy said something about a sale on the third floor and—well, gosh, I'm only human—I just had to stop off and go through all the racks. I didn't buy anything," she said, but added with true feminine pride, "but you can bet I didn't miss anything, either."

Jimmy Stewart blows out his 20 candles (sheer flattery) at the hilarious surprise party Roz Russell planned in his honor.

It was on the "No Time For Comedy" set—a misnomer if there ever was one! Here's the first of thirty-two hard whacks.

After yelling about the atrocious service, cast and crew fired Jimmy and Roz and helped themselves to colossal slices.



MAUREEN'S NO CLOTHES-HORSE

Maureen O'Hara is the despair of her studio when it comes to clothes. No one looks lovelier in the latest gowns than she does, but no one cares less about them! She has three outfits—a slack suit, a tweed street suit and a brocaded white evening dress. They were all made by her mother, and Maureen's so fond of them that she sees no need for other clothes. "They're nice outfits," she says, "but of course, they won't be at their best until they're about five years old. That's the English idea, you know, so unless I go Hollywood in the next four years, I'll still be wearing them—and liking them!"

TRACY'LL FIX HIM

Maybe you've doubted that Spencer Tracy really packs the punch which you've seen him deliver on the screen. But it happens to be a fact that extras shy away from the job of having a screen fight with him. They just can't take it. So in "Boom Town," you'll see Frank Hagney at the receiving end of the Tracy wallops. Hagney's the man who made his reputation years ago as the only man in pictures who stood up for ten rounds with Jack Dempsey!

THAT'S RISING TO AN OCCASION

Lots of cracks have been made about Elsa Maxwell since she landed in Hollywood, but out on the "Public Deb No. 1" set, the lady would win any popularity poll. In the words of cast and crew, Elsa's a "good egg"—and that's top movie-lot praise. Just f'rinstance—the other day a wardrobe girl called up Maxwell's home and left word that she should appear for work in a dinner dress. Elsa, you know, wears all her own clothes in pictures. She turned up in a beautiful Paquin gown of swirling black crêpe, only to learn that the wardrobe girl had made a mistake and that it should have been an afternoon dress. For a moment, it looked as if production costs would zoom to the skies while a messenger went to the Maxwell home for another dress. It also looked as if the wardrobe girl would be invited to leave the studio's employ. But only for a moment, for Elsa boomed, "What's all the fuss about? We'll just chop this off to an afternoon dress length. Gimme a pair of shears, and let's get going." With the help of the same wardrobe girl, the actress snipped off and basted up her dress and was on the set in fifteen minutes.

MAXWELLIAN RHUMBA

Tyrone Power dropped by on the set another day when La Maxwell was going into a rhumba scene. "Are you going to gag it?" he asked politely. "Honey," said Elsa, "with my figure, there's no choice!"

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

For a scene in "Dance, Girls, Dance," Lucille Ball has to do a strip-tease act. She did it several times, and each time the sequence was rejected by the Hays' office. When the director called Lucille and told her to report for another retake of the same number, Lucille said plaintively, "Hey, what is this? I'm beginning to think the boys at the Hays' office are having me do all these versions of the strip-tease just for their entertainment."

SCARE-PROOF

The other evening Lucille and her current steady, Director Al Hall, took a busman's holiday and went to a theatre where "Rebecca" was showing. Lucille was so in the mood of the play that she was still shivering when Al bid her good-night at the door of her apartment house. Once inside the door, she noticed how dark the hallway was and got a violent case of the jitters. Naturally, when a figure loomed up out of the shadows, she let out a blood-curdling scream. "Oh, gosh," she apologized, when she recognized her harmless next-door neighbor, "I'm terribly sorry to have scared you, but you see I've just been to a movie and . . ." "Perfectly all right," said the lady from next door. "Just tell me the name of the picture. I wouldn't miss it for the world!"

JIMMY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

On the "No Time For Comedy" set, Jimmy Stewart was given a surprise party by the cast and crew—and Olivia de Havilland, who came over from Set 7 on the same lot to help celebrate Jim's "32nd."

The Stewart face gets fed! Later, Jimmy confessed he'd eavesdropped and the party was no surprise to him at all!



The whole thing was Roz Russell's idea and she had a huge cake made, with "Happy Birthday, Jimmy, from the Gang" embroidered handsomely 'mid garlands of roses. She hired three Western Union messengers, dressed them in grotesque masks from the make-up department and, at the proper moment, had them rouse Jimmy from deep study of his script with the high-pitched strains of "Happy Birthday to You!" With this as a start, production stood still while much went on behind the scenes!

NOT TY'S BEST

When the "Brigham Young" company went on location at Lake Arrowhead recently, Annabella went along for the ride. The script that day called for a love scene between Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell and, after Ty had kissed his leading lady, Director Henry Hathaway asked Annabella just what she thought of the scene. "Very nice," said young Mrs. Power. "But—" she hesitated, "I've known him to kiss better."

DIDJA KNOW?

That Spencer Tracy spends every lunch hour visiting his polo ponies . . . That Claudette Colbert is a candid camera fiend and loves to snap as she goes around the studio lot, of all places . . . That Gene Raymond spends eight hours a day practicing the piano when not working on a picture—and if working, makes up for lost time on Sundays . . . That Laraine Day and Sidney Guilaroff may decide to make a life partnership of their friendship . . . That Genevieve Tobin is taking orders from her husband, William Keighley, on the "No Time For Comedy" set, and she loves it . . . That Luise Rainer is back in town, looking for a new picture career . . . That Ann Sothern has given up keeping her husband company when he goes bowling. Says it isn't worth the finger-nail havoc . . . That Helen Parrish and Forrest Tucker really mean it about "going steady" for the next two years . . . That Virginia Field and Richard Greene are buying kitchen ware for their new home and will name the day any minute now . . . That Lana Turner's hair is now a dark red and that Hedy Lamarr's wearing a very short bob . . . That Mary Martin had quite a time on the set of "Rhythm on the River" the day following her elopment. Everyone wanted to kiss the bride . . . That Maureen O'Sullivan has taken a house in Canada for the rest of the summer in order to be near husband John Farrow, who's there in training . . . That Olivia de Havilland will take out a pilot's license one of these days and show Jimmy Stewart how flying's really done . . . That Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier are contemplating another co-starring play to be presented in New York in spite of the chilly reception given their "Romeo and Juliet" by the critics. Nothing ventured nothing gained is their motto!

NO MORE FISH STORIES!

Jane Withers has really fixed her father. Mr. Withers' favorite pastime is going on week-end fishing trips, from which he brings back very few fish but a good many stories about the size of the ones eaten over the camp-fire. When the pater's birthday rolled around recently, Janie presented him with scales. But most fabulous scales that not only weigh, but measure, and at the same time record all the data on the catch!

SEWING CIRCLE

You'd never have believed that the "Anne of Windy Poplars" set was in super-sophisticated Hollywood! Every single day Anne Shirley, her hair-dresser, her stand-in and every feminine member of the cast got together and sewed like mad on the layette for Anne and John Payne's prospective heir. The chief electrician rigged up a special Klieg light for the ladies so that there'd be no excuse for anything but the most infinitesimal stitches. Naturally, Anne was duly grateful for all the help she'd had from the feminine contingent, but she was absolutely overwhelmed by the present bestowed on her by the crew. The burliest electrician on the lot was the one to hand her the gift "from the boys." It turned out to be the most fragile and dainty of crêpe de chine crib covers!

LOVE IS ALSO DEAF

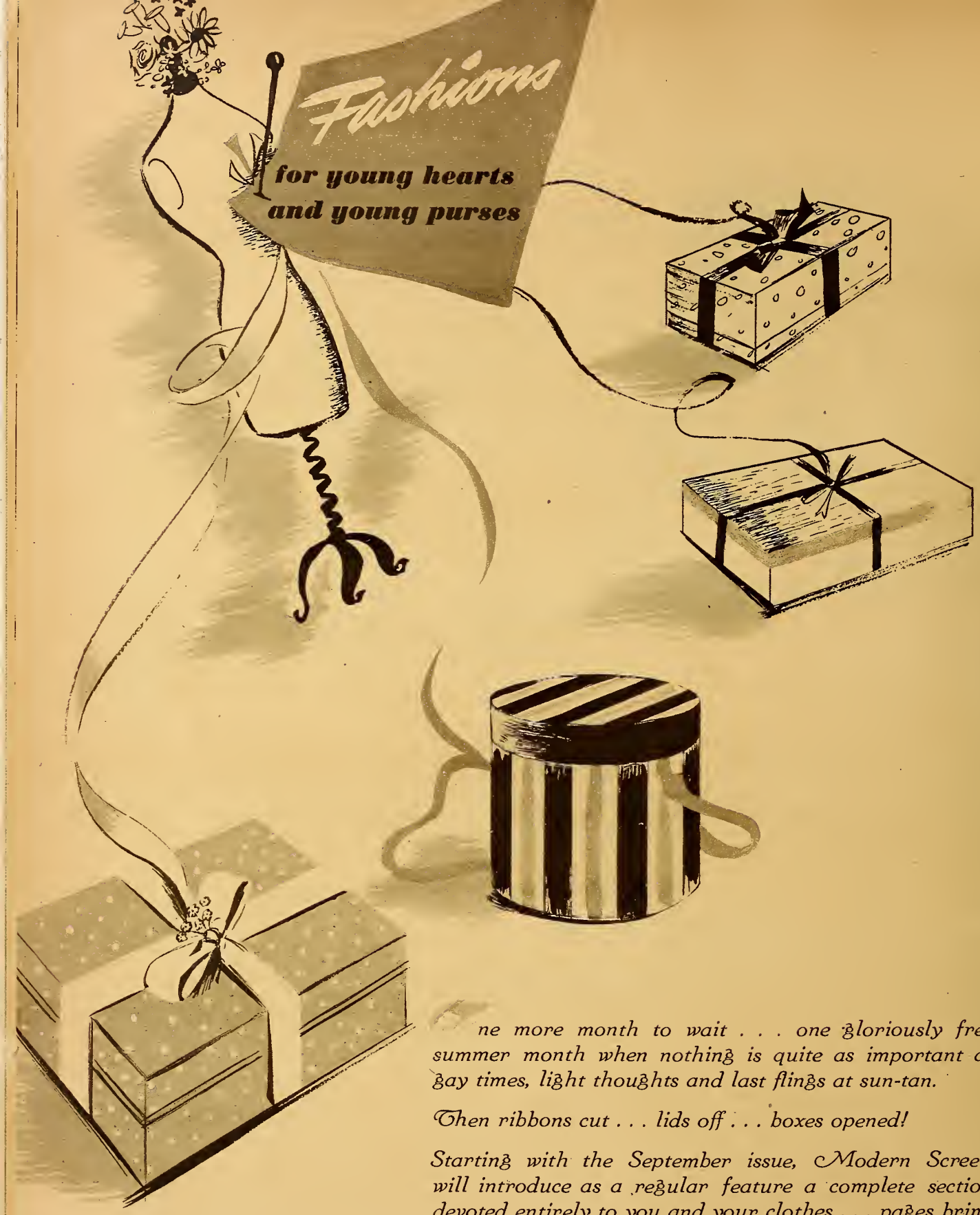
Sonja Henie and Dan Topping are still seeing one another exclusively, but Sonja's sticking to her story that there are no romantic feelings on either side. At a recent party at Arrowhead Springs Hotel, however, it looked like pure, unadulterated romance. Sonja and Dan were doing a tango and looking so deeply into one another's eyes they didn't notice that the music had stopped and the whole floor had cleared. It took a round of applause from the rest of the dancers to jar them out of their trance—and even then the situation didn't quite seem to register.

UNBALANCING THE BUDGET

When John Payne was having a swimming-pool built in his backyard, he decided he needed some exercise and wanted to help the workmen out. The contractor nixed the idea, however, until Johnnie could get a union card. This was obtained, and the next day he reported for work bright and early. But he was fired before the day was out. The contractor explained as nicely as possible that he just wasn't keeping up with the rest of the boys and was ruining the contracting budget.

SHORT SHOTS

Dr. Joel Pressman flew all the way from Victoria, B. C., to treat Director Wesley Ruggles' sore throat on the "Arizona" location . . . Jonathan Hale was Ceylon consul for ten months—but didn't know it was illegal until he got to Washington fifteen years later. He wasn't twenty-one at the time of his consulship . . . Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have assumed personal supervision of the film career of a six-year-old actor, Mickey Kuhn. They're convinced he'll win the hearts of movie-goers as no youngster has since Jackie Coogan . . . On the "Arizona" set, nicknames are as follows: Jean Arthur, Little Phoebe; Bill Holden, Cactus Kid; Warren William, The Cad; and Porter Hall, the Villain. Just for fun . . . Robert Young is planning a super trip to Alaska with his wife and kiddies. They'll charter an Alaskan-going yacht . . . The Don Ameches are expecting a fourth baby, and maybe it'll be a tie-up for Don's new Fox picture, "Four Sons" . . . George Brent's bought a 75-acre pineapple plantation in Hawaii . . . Jean and Mrs. Hersholt recently celebrated their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary and are happier'n (*Continued on page 90*)



ne more month to wait . . . one gloriously free summer month when nothing is quite as important as gay times, light thoughts and last flings at sun-tan.

Then ribbons cut . . . lids off . . . boxes opened!

Starting with the September issue, Modern Screen will introduce as a regular feature a complete section devoted entirely to you and your clothes . . . pages brimming with fashions that are new and news . . . pages sparkling with clothes as pretty and practical as they are penny-wise . . . pages designed around budgets and chock-full of ideas on how to stretch them . . . fashion pages with a mission and a Motto. Remember September!

CLOTHES *for* YOUNG HEARTS *and* YOUNG PURSES

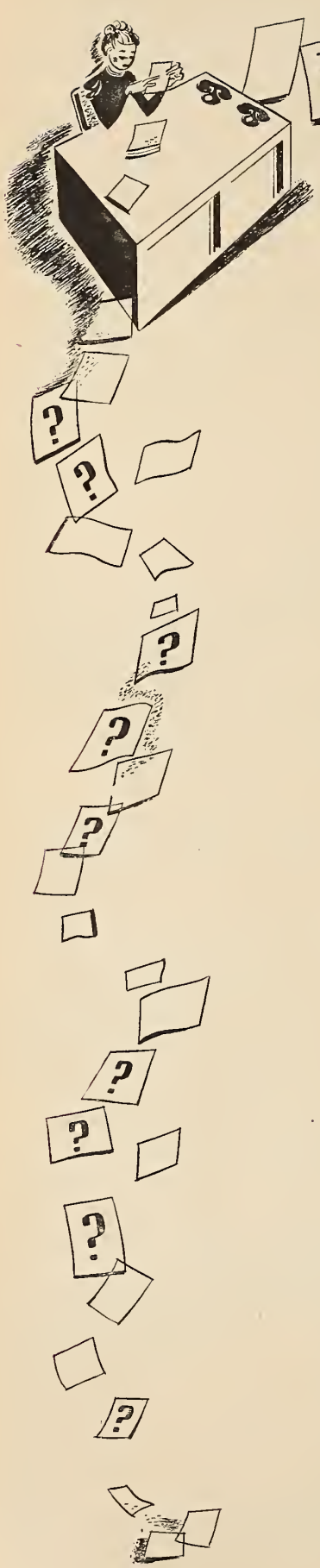


Take Hollywood's tip—try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS *for 30 days*

HAVE YOU FOUND the right care for *your* skin? Claudette Colbert tells you how to take an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL with Lux Toilet Soap. Here's a gentle, *thorough* care that will give your skin protection it needs to stay lovely. Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather that removes dust, dirt and stale cosmetics *thoroughly* from the skin —does a *perfect* job. Try Hollywood's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. You'll find they really *work*—help keep skin smooth, attractive.



9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



INFORMATION DESK

STARS HAVE NO SECRETS FROM US! WRITE IN, WE TELL ALL

Dot Yackum, Rochester, N. Y. No, Ruby Keeler isn't scheduled for a picture right now. We hear, however, that she is thinking of taking her ex-husband, Al Jolson's, offer of a part in his forthcoming musical show.

Steven Kaczor, New York Mills, N. Y. We've been checking up on the "horsey set" in which you are so interested and have discovered the names of ten Western stars' mounts. Here they are: Gene Autry—Champion; Roy Rogers—Trigger; Bill Boyd—Topper; Dick Foran—Smoke; Tex Ritter—White Flash; Bob Steele—Tony; Jack Randall—Rusty; Buck Jones—Silver; Bob Livingston—Silver Chief and Russell Hayden—Sultan. Russ also has a horse called Banjo, whom he rides a good deal, but Sultan is his favorite.

Rose Carrillo, Rochester, N. Y. You are far from alone in your admiration for Bobby Stack; for although he's made just one picture ("First Love"), he gets more fan mail than any other masculine star on the Universal lot, and only Deanna and Gloria Jean top him among the ladies. He's twenty-one years old and is one of the few stars to be born in Los Angeles. When he was eleven, Bob went abroad with his mother and dad. He studied in France for six years, at the end of which time his family was stunned to discover he'd forgotten most of his English. He had to converse with them through an interpreter. He wound up his education at the University of Southern California, where he had a finger in practically every campus pie. He starred in swimming and boxing; got his varsity letter in polo; was active in dramatics; kept up with his studies remarkably well, and—in his spare moments—managed to work in a feminine conquest or two. Furthermore, he won the junior skeet shooting championship and broke several auto-racing records. At nineteen he left college and entered a Los Angeles dramatic school. It was there that a talent scout ferreted him out and arranged for him to take the test which resulted in his contract. Bob is six feet, one inch tall, has blue eyes, blonde hair and weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds. No, ma'am, he's not married. Claims he's wedded to his art.

Eleanore Golembski, Chicago, Illinois. Yes, Gantry, the beautiful race horse in "Pride of the Blue Grass" was really blind. The young man in that picture, who so took your fancy, is James McCallion, and you can write to him at Warner Brothers, Burbank, California.

C. Schleininger, Canton, Ohio. That chap who's painlessly teaching history to so many children and their parents these days hasn't always been such a good example. No indeed, Don Ameche has only recently recovered from a prolonged and severe case of incorrigibility! As a child, he was in and out of a dozen scrapes a day; growing up, he found himself in and out of four colleges in as many years; then, in the business world, he had a new employer practically every week or so. However, since he's discovered the acting profession—or vice versa—he's calmed down miraculously and is fast becoming Hollywood's most solid citizen. Thirty-two-year-old Don is from Kenosha, Wisconsin, and his pre-movie jobs include mattress stuffing, ditch digging, truck loading and radio work. He couldn't bear one town or one job longer than a few days. But in acting he's discovered the variety and excitement he's always craved, yet never dreamed he'd find in a single job. Don's smile is famous all over the world and it has given him the reputation of being a devil-may-care sort of fellow. There's a serious side to him, too, however. He reads avidly and is informed on almost every subject. Don is married to his childhood sweetheart, Honore Prendergast, who never lost faith in him even when everyone else claimed he'd never amount to a row of beans. They have three sons, Donnie, Ronnie and Tommie.

Eleanor Shaw, New York, N. Y. Alan Marshal came by that slight English accent honestly. You see, he hails from Sidney, Australia, and, in spite of a partial American education, he's retained some of his broad "a's." He's not one bit affected, however, and is extremely well-liked in Hollywood. Alan's thirty-one, and won't have another birthday until January 29. Just over six feet tall, he weighs 165 pounds and has dark hair and brown eyes. Good news! No woman in his life yet!

Beatrice Schramer, Aurora, Ill. You'll be surprised to hear that Mary Lee has attained the ripe old age of fifteen, although she looks lots younger than that. Her birthday is October 24, and she was born in Centralia, Illinois. Until two years ago, Mary led a perfectly normal, unexciting existence, of which the high spots were going to school, taking piano lessons and studying voice. However, one fine day, Ted Weems heard her singing at some local function and asked her if she'd join his orchestra as the vocalist, and come to New York. Would she! She practically had her bag packed before he'd finished the sentence. New York was wonderful, but Hollywood, where she landed after Gene Autry heard her sing—is even more thrilling, says Mary. Something's happening every minute. She goes in (*Continued on page 69*)



It's really a treat for a baby's relatives to hear his mother say, "Dear—dear! I just can't get him to eat his vegetables!"

At this signal, they're off, each with a screamingly good trick, guaranteed to charm a baby into eating. Usual upshot: a tantrum.

And it's so unnecessary—*you don't need tricks if he likes the taste!* Try him on the flavors and textures that have made a hit with so many babies—try him on Clapp's! Watch him eat when he gets food that he likes!

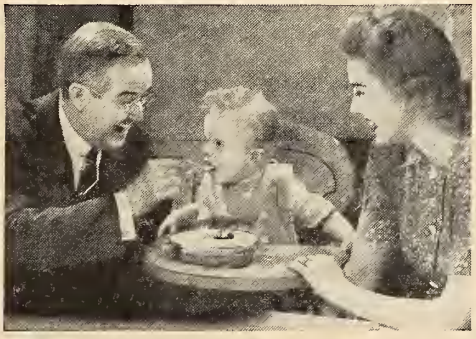
Dodge those family pow-wows . . .

BABIES TAKE TO CLAPP'S!



Get your baby's advisory council to make a taste test—they'll soon find out why babies like Clapp's so well. Vegetables are more pleasant to *anybody's* taste when they're canned at the peak of freshness and lightly salted according to doctors' directions.

And with Clapp's rich flavor goes a growth-producing supply of vitamins and minerals, too.



Yes, and it's the feel as well as the taste! Clapp's Strained Foods feel smooth—though not liquid. Clapp's Chopped Foods are uniformly cut.

For 19 years, Clapp's have been getting tips from doctors and mothers . . . you learn a lot in 19 years! Clapp's were first to make both Strained and Chopped Foods commercially, and they make nothing *but* baby foods.



17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.

12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Combination Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Applesauce Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.

Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A "Lovely" Menace?



What every woman yearns to be! A lovely female menace! . . . an exciting threat to the most determined bachelor . . . and bad news to every other girl at the party. Do you qualify? Don't bother to search your wishful soul for the answer—here's a little chart that Tells All!

CHECK UP ON YOUR APPEAL!

	(Mark "yes" or "no" to these 8 questions—then learn your score from the answers on the opposite page.)	YES	NO
1	Do busy young men hold open the doors in public buildings for you?		
2	When you buy a new hat, does the salesgirl assure you that it looks "youthful"?		
3	Do you ever have to be introduced to the same man twice?		
4	Do your "blind dates" say you're a knockout at the beginning of the date, but forget your name before the evening's out?		
5	Are you versatile? Can you play a hard game of tennis with Tom in the afternoon and be Dick's glamorous dancing partner in the evening?		
6	Does forgetting your powder compact on an important date throw you into a panic?		
7	Do you ever go to bed with stale make-up on?		
8	Do men ever tell you that you remind them of their favorite flower?		





SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR *Good Fair or Terrible* NEWS

HOLLYWOOD WIVES SHOULD NOT WORK

(*Continued from page 43*)

Some of the males who think a wife's place is in the home—and keep their own wives there—are renowned stars like Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Gary Cooper, Don Ameche, Pat O'Brien and Fred MacMurray.

While they all have different ideas on why a female shouldn't chase a career, they all agree on one point: that a woman shouldn't be forced to remain at home; the choice must be left to the woman. It's useless, they confess, to argue with a female. The only man, they agree, who can tell a woman where to get off is the street car conductor.

On the subject of the wife and the home, Henry Fonda would be an expert. A happy husband, just returned from the East, bringing by airplane his newborn son, Fonda was anxious to reveal his thoughts.

"I don't believe in wives working," he declared, flatly. "The first few years of marriage are a period of adjustment. If the husband and wife are working, and both are tired in the evening, the adjustments are hard to make.

"True, if a wife has been working before marriage, she may miss a certain feeling of independence, of knowing that her money and her time are her own to spend as she pleases. But marriage infers partnership—a partnership with the same mutual interests, but with a division of duties.

"Women, nowadays, are not trained to be homemakers. Therefore, unless the couple can afford servants, which the average newlyweds cannot, the woman has the most difficult side of the adjustment. She learns a new job, and to have to do the new job and handle her career as well, is an imposition that should not be expected of her."

FONDA paused, studied a snapshot of his infant son which he weighed in his palm and then continued seriously:

"Aside from rare cases of a husband's illness or outsiders to support which the husband cannot afford—conditions under which a wife might work—I believe a woman makes a better wife and mother if she does not exhaust her energies by working outside the home."

For further data, a search was made for James Cagney. He was caught on the run, literally. In an effort to take off ten pounds for his next flicker, "City For Conquest," Cagney was trotting in a wide circle around his house.

Did Cagney feel his wife should hold down an outside job? No, he didn't. As he ran, legs tattooing the manicured lawn, arms flaying the ozone, the little Irishman puffed forth his theories:

"I consider my wife . . . puff, puff . . . an individual. When she married me, I expected her to remain . . . puff . . . whew . . . independent of mind. I left it up to her to decide if she wanted to continue her . . . puff . . . career. I asked her if . . . whew, didja ever try to talk while running? . . . I asked her if she wanted to be a dancer or concentrate on being Mrs. Cagney."

Cagney gulped oxygen and snorted. He slowed down.

"Billie, my better half—she's watching us from the window there—made the decision I hoped she would. When we got to Hollywood, she announced her decision. 'Jim,' she said to me, 'I think

I'll have enough to do in our home. You devote your energies to making a living and getting some place, and I'll help you save and do what I can for your career.'

"Whew! What a wife! Utterly unselfish. She's always insisted that I have the limelight. Do you think this running will help me lose weight? Geez. She has concerned herself with keeping a comfortable house for me to return to from the studios. What a relief, this house, after staggering home dog-tired. I'm glad my wife stays put. Like now, after this gallop, she'll have a big meal for me. Sure, I think a wife should work . . . at home!"

After the preceding strenuous chitchat, Gary Cooper was most relaxing. In fact, he was entirely relaxing, as he slumped on a canvas-backed chair, in the corner of a sound stage, chewed a commissary toothpick and meditated.

HE emerged from meditation with this statement about career women:

"No, thanks. None of the women in my family ever had careers. They always had enough to do without that. And I believe the same should hold true for my wife.

"Besides, my wife, Rocky, was never really interested in a career. All her early training pointed toward being a proper wife. She had gone to finishing school and been brought up along those lines. Which suited me.

"Listen, I never in my life met a career woman of forty or more who didn't wish she'd devoted more time to her marriage than to her career. Such women have missed one of the most vital things in life—companionship. Their marriages have been only business arrangements."

Gary Cooper added strongly (being very social minded) that he had enough money and that it would be indecent if his wife earned even more for the Cooper coffers. Further, he felt his wife didn't have to work and that, if she did, she might possibly deprive someone more needy of the bread and butter.

"If my wife ever decides that she wants a career," concluded Cooper, "she doesn't have to look further than me. Because God knows, I'm a big enough career in myself!"

Over at Twentieth Century-Fox, Don Ameche, the poor man's Paul Muni, halted between takes of the anti-Nazi bombshell, "Four Sons," long enough to echo the question of the moment and to answer it in detail.

"Should wives work?" repeated Ameche. "Definitely not!

"A woman has just as much responsibility and hard work in her duties as homemaker as a man has in his business and career, whatever his work may be. She should not be subjected to the double duty of being wage-earner and homekeeper, or she might become a tired drudge instead of the charming companion who inspired his love.

"A woman's responsibilities as sweetheart, wife, mother and housekeeper require more physical labor, more applied psychology, more tact, diplomacy and good management than any man's job.

"Definitely, I am against wives working outside the home, and that doesn't mean I think a woman's place is in the home. If a woman is an efficient housekeeper, she takes the leisure to cultivate herself and other interests outside the home, which make her more interesting. Naturally, there is a period when children are young, when this is not possible, since children require such constant care. But it can be done, and Mrs. Ameche is perfect proof of that fact.



HERE'S YOUR "Lovely Menace" RATING

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON OPPOSITE PAGE		Your Score
1	Yes? Then you must have that radiant complexion men notice right away! If you must push your own doors, try daily Pond's treatments to soften blackheads, make pore openings less noticeable . . . give a fresh, glowing look!	20 for Yes 0 for No
2	Beware! That sales talk is used to flatter the not-so-young looking. Has dry, lined skin stolen your youthful sparkle? Use Pond's Cold Cream regularly to soften skin, help postpone superficial lines.	10 for No 0 for Yes
3	We hope not! You should make such an indelible impression at the first meeting that the poor fellow can't get you out of his head. And here's a pointer—nothing about a girl makes such a thrilling, *lasting* impression as a lovely, fresh Pond's complexion.	10 for No 0 for Yes
4	If "yes," notice that end-of-date letdown is often the fate of the poor girl who looks "greasy" as the evening wears on. Warning: Before make-up, remove all cleansing cream and excess oiliness of skin with Pond's Tissues. They're softer, stronger, *more absorbent!*	10 for No 0 for Yes
5	You're no smarter than you *look!* While wielding the racket, protect your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Before the dance this cream will "de-rough" your skin in a trice!	10 for Yes 0 for No
6	It shouldn't—and won't if you've used Pond's Vanishing Cream. Gives skin a soft finish that holds make-up for ages. Hates a shiny nose worse than you do!	10 for No 0 for Yes
7	You're a silly girl if you do. That's the *worst* beauty crime you can commit! Every night: Pat in gobs of Pond's Cold Cream. Mop up with Pond's Tissues. Finish with Vanishing Cream for overnight softening.	20 for No 0 for Yes
8	Only a flawlessly lovely complexion inspires such poetry in the masculine heart. If you'd *like* to be some man's ever-burning inspiration, hear down hard on your Pond's homework—night and morning—Monday through Sunday!	10 for Yes 0 for No
		Your Total

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

If you made 80 or more—congratulations! You're a full-fledged menace to men. If you rated 60 to 80, you have possibilities—get to work and build your rating up. And if your total is under 60—you can't afford to wait another minute! Begin right now to give your skin the care that will spell SUCCESS.

Build up your Score!



CLIP THIS COUPON

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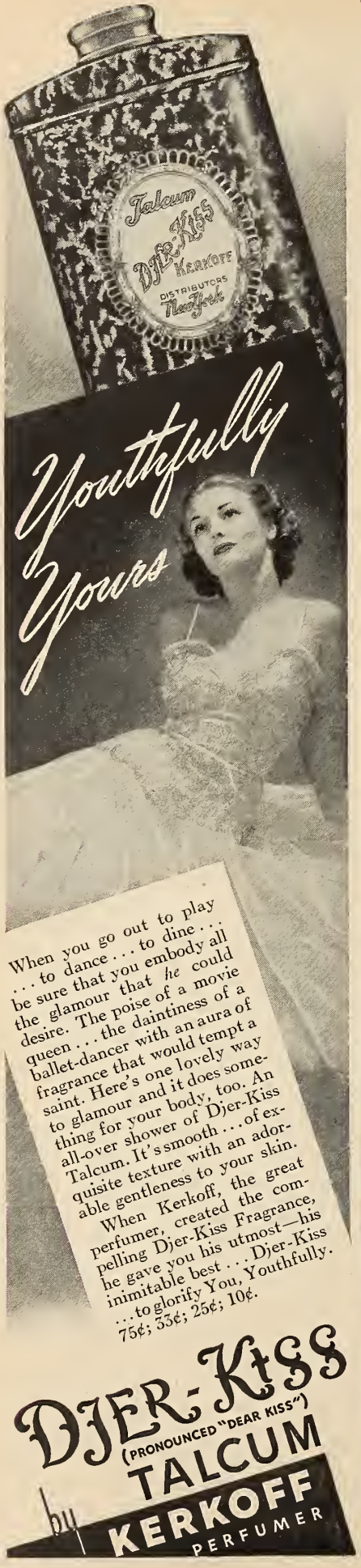
Please send me—quickly—so I can begin at once to build up my "lovely-menace" rating—a Pond's Beauty Kit containing a generous 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream, special tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Liquefying Cream (quick-cleansing cream), and 7 shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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"Mrs. Ameche was a fine dietitian and intensely interested in her work. But she did not insist on continuing her career after marriage. She made her home and her family her career. We now have a lot of fun together. I'm very much in love with my wife. I look forward to going home to her and the children after a long day at the studio. We're happy. Proof that maybe our way is the right way."

Next debater to take over the platform was a football coach—or, at least, jovial Pat O'Brien, transformed by the art of the Warners' make-up department into a perfect carbon of the great Notre Dame mentor, Knute Rockne.

Having completed an important moment in his latest film, Pat O'Brien sat down heavily in a chair and screwed up his face.

THIS was, perhaps, no time to be discussing femininity and career, but Pat seemed pleased to speak of Eloise Taylor, his wife.

"Frank McHugh, you know, first introduced me to Eloise," Pat explained. "She was dancing in Frank's musical comedies. And a couple of years later, when I met her in the road company of 'Broadway,' we married. I was opposed to Eloise continuing her career, but I didn't say anything. I left it entirely up to her. And finally she was the one to suggest forsaking her dancing for the role of wife.

"I think both wife and husband participating in careers makes for a tough proposition. Especially in Hollywood. You see little enough of each other when just the husband is working, but when you're both working—why, you become strangers. I mean, if Eloise chose to enter films, I might be working morning and afternoon, and come home to learn she had been called for work at night. That wouldn't be much of a marriage.

"A woman, at home, makes it better for the kids, too. We have Mavourneen and Patrick. Fine Irish youngsters. And they're getting a swell upbringing because my wife is home to look after them. At least they see one of their parents. If my wife wanted a career, the youngsters wouldn't even know they had parents.

"Should Hollywood wives, or any wives, work? You can quote me. Pat O'Brien says 'No!'"

For final arguments, Fred MacMurray was cornered. Getting him to talk was like extracting one of his molars. The Kid from Kankakee, known to his family as Bud, paced on the "Rangers of Fortune" sound stage.

He recalled being knotted to Lillian Lamont. He had met her in "Roberta," when he was in the orchestra and she was a show girl.

But ever since their wedding, Fred hasn't allowed Lillian to work. Though it was her decision, really. Instead, she has devoted her energies to helping Fred learn Spanish, seeing that he got his favorite meal of pot roast and sauerkraut, holding his hand at previews and assuring him that he wasn't the worst actor in the world.

"She's the perfect wife for me," admitted Fred MacMurray, finding his tongue. "You know, when I leave the studio, after a long tiresome day of work, I prefer to return home to a fresh, new world. I like to be greeted by a wife who doesn't care about discussing pictures.

"Sure, maybe I'm selfish. And maybe I'm being male. But I'll be frank—I want my wife to devote all of her time to me. It's comfortable, enjoyable and great for my ego. Also, with Lillian at home instead of on the stage, I get my meals on time, I get a mate who is alive and not work-worried.

"But don't think my wife is in a gilded cage. She isn't. She has plenty to do. Why, our home is a job alone. Lillian didn't phone some fancy-priced interior decorator to furnish it. She furnished every chair, footstool and lamp herself.

At this point Fred MacMurray became confidential.

"Psst! I'll let you in on a big secret—the real reason I don't think my wife should have a career. I married her because of the hats she wears. The goofiest cockeyed collection of headgear on earth. And isn't it plain—if she were busy at a career, how in the devil would she ever have time to go shopping for those fascinating hats?"

There then—a half dozen veterans of marital bliss, insisting that a woman in that white bungalow with green shutters is more important than one in a business office.

And maybe they're right. Maybe it would be better to put down the want ads, lady, and hop right over to the free cooking school around the corner!



Clark refuses to be impressed by the not-too-wild animal act Mrs. Gable is putting on to entertain him on one of his rare days at home.

HOLLYWOOD WIVES SHOULD WORK

(*Continued from page 42*)

home, for his wife of three years, Anne Shirley. The Southern lad, who will inherit a half million dollars on his thirty-fifth birthday, relaxed on the "Maryland" set long enough to point out why he permits his wife to work—and why other men's wives should be given the same opportunity.

"Most men don't realize it, but it's often necessary for a woman to work," young Payne stated. "There are two kinds of necessities. The first is financial; for instance, a young couple either makes so little that it takes the earning powers of both to keep going, or they prefer to work for a few years in order to save enough to start raising a family on something more than hopes.

"The second necessity, and equally important, is the desire of the wife to continue working. If she enjoys her work, if she's of the temperament that is happier outside a domestic sphere and is capable of managing both career and domestic responsibilities, I see no reason why a wife should not work."

JOHN PAYNE leaned forward, and his voice became very earnest. "My wife, Anne, has been on the stage and in pictures since she was a baby. She enjoys it. There is no financial necessity for her continuing, but there is a temperamental necessity—she likes the work and wants to continue it.

"If I took the old-fashioned 'I'm-the-Master-of-the-House' attitude and forbade my wife to work, I believe that would be as cruel as though I beat her!

"All these career matters, I believe, should be ironed out before marriage, to prevent any quarrels later . . . Anne and I expect a baby in July. We're delighted. Naturally, the picture she is making now will be her last for a while. But, if, when the baby is old enough to be left in other competent hands, Anne wants to do a picture occasionally, there's no reason why she shouldn't.

"My wife and I are both in the motion picture business. We understand each other's problems. I know when she works all day and has early calls, that she has to rest in the evening and won't feel like gadding about. And she realizes the same thing about me. I think unhappiness and quarrels about whether wives should or should not work arise when couples refuse to try to understand each other's problems, when they selfishly fail to co-operate and to be considerate of each other.

"In brief, I feel wives are, first of all, individuals. They're not chattels. Why not let them follow a career? Why not treat them as thinking human beings who know as much as husbands do about the interests of their partnership?"

Second on the verbal firing line, accosted and barraged with question marks, was Gene Raymond, blonde-haired, hard-working husband of Jeanette MacDonald. Did he think it was all right for a wife to follow a career?

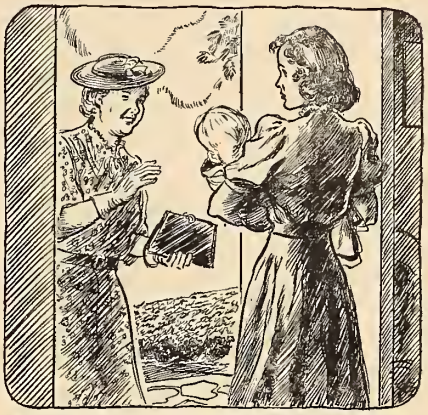
He did. "In my case, the answer is certainly 'Yes!'" he replied. "Can you imagine anything more ridiculous than my thinking an artist of Jeanette's calibre should stay home and plan meals and mend socks for a guy?

"As to what I think of women in gen-

"An old maid showed me how to raise my baby"



1. I was unlucky, I guess. Some women go through pregnancy hardly knowing it. Mine was awful. Some mothers have babies good as "gold." Mine used to howl all night long. And was terribly constipated in the bargain.



2. One day an old friend of the family came to visit us. The house was a mess. The baby upset again. And I was on the verge of tears. My friend put her arms around me and said maybe she could help.



3. "I may be an old maid," she said, "but I work for a baby doctor. And he always asks mothers if they use *special* food . . . do they use *special* powder . . . *special* baby medicines. You see, everything a baby gets today should be made *especially* for him."



4. She looked up on the dresser and saw the laxative I was using for the baby. "Now that adult laxative up there," she pointed: "my doctor would advise against it. He would recommend one made *especially* for children . . . one like Fletcher's Castoria."



5. She told me that Fletcher's Castoria was designed especially and *only* for a baby's needs. It's gentle, as a baby's laxative *should* be. Yet very effective. It works mainly in the lower bowel—so it's not so likely to upset the stomach. And above all, she said Fletcher's Castoria is SAFE.

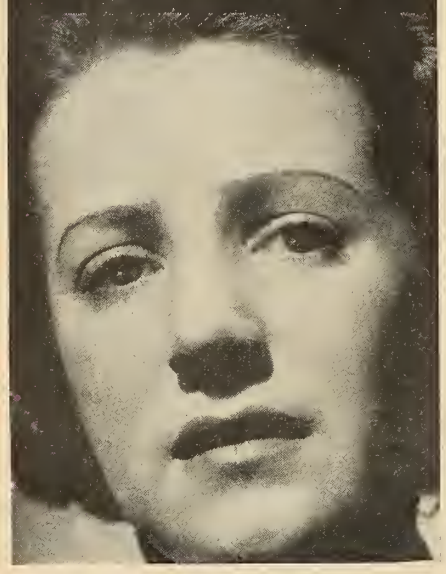


6. So I bought a bottle. It worked like a charm! But one of the pleasantest surprises was its nice taste. If your baby is a medicine-hater, as mine is, you know how important taste can be. So you can bet I keep Fletcher's Castoria always handy. (I honestly couldn't recommend a better laxative.)

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

"MODESTY" CONDEMNED ME TO AGONY!



The Embarrassing Trouble Many People Suffer!

Terrible, indeed, is the price of "modesty" when you suffer from Piles—even simple Piles.

Simple Piles can torture you day and night with maddening pain and itching. They tax your nerves; drain your strength; make you look and feel old and worn. Millions of men and women suffer from simple Piles. Mothers particularly, during pregnancy and childbirth, are subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

SEVERAL EFFECTS

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

TRY IT FREE!

Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request.

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eral working, well, I don't think of women in general. It's a problem to be decided strictly by the two people concerned, and it's no one's business but their own. In other words, if your husband doesn't want you to work, well, you shouldn't. Me, I think it's right for my Mrs. to work. And so she does."

For another candid opinion, I had a session with Allan Jones on a sound lot at Universal Studio, amid the antiquated temples, chariots and Roman soldiers. To hold forth on career women, Allan Jones beat a retreat from "The Boys From Syracuse" and his wife, Irene Hervey, playing opposite him in the comedy. Then, in the seclusion of a dressing-room, he spoke his piece.

"Certainly a Hollywood wife should work. Any wife anywhere should work. After all, if a woman has spent her single years as an actress, warbler or lawyer, toiling hard, trying to improve herself, getting on the road to success, she shouldn't let marriage detour her.

I HAVE always encouraged Irene to work. I wanted her to appear in this movie with me. I think it's good for her, and fortunately, she has also been able to bear a child and keep up a happy home life. Of course, there are pitfalls. It would be fatal for a wife to become more famous than her husband. I wouldn't get much kick out of being addressed as Mr. Hervey. But that pitfall is up to the woman. She should know how far to get lost in a career. She must be like Irene Hervey—the perfect working wife!"

However, for the English accented version of a hubby who thinks the little lady should work, I went to good-natured Louis Hayward. When he got rice and Ida Lupino in his hair, he also got a new problem in his head. And in that same head of his, he solved it. Here's how—

"If a man's wife wishes to work, she should," began Hayward. "I must say, though, I wouldn't have put it just that blandly a year ago.

"We had a number of intense discussions about it."

His eyes twinkled in remembrance.

"I told her I thought she had worked long enough, that she should give retirement a fling and see if she didn't like it better than getting up at six o'clock in the morning and smearing her pretty face with grease-paint. Well, the little lady said no!

"So we worked out a compromise. She was to free-lance. In this way she could select the pictures she wanted, and if she didn't like a script—well, she could stay home and devote all her time to me. That, naturally, appealed to me."

Louis Hayward's face glowed. "It's turned out very well. Ida seems happier than she's ever been in her picture work, and I realize now it would certainly be stupidity to expect her to give up something she enjoys so much for any outdated ideas such as I may have once had. On top of that, I think she's one of the really fine young actresses on the screen, so why should I keep her from work, and why should I deny the entertainment world a person of great talent."

On the drawing-room set of Paramount's "I Want A Divorce," Dick Powell, the reformed crooner, was in the mood. He had just finished a scene opposite his wife, Joan Blondell. In the scene he had kissed her. He enjoyed getting paid for kissing her. Work was a pleasure. Indeed it was. Mellowed, and a trifle thoughtful, Dick Powell couldn't imagine his wife not working.

"Joan was born and raised in a trunk. All her early li'e was vaudeville. There was never a moment she wasn't supporting herself. And today, though that's no longer necessary, she still must work to remain one hundred per cent happy. I have more sense than to take a bird out of its native state.

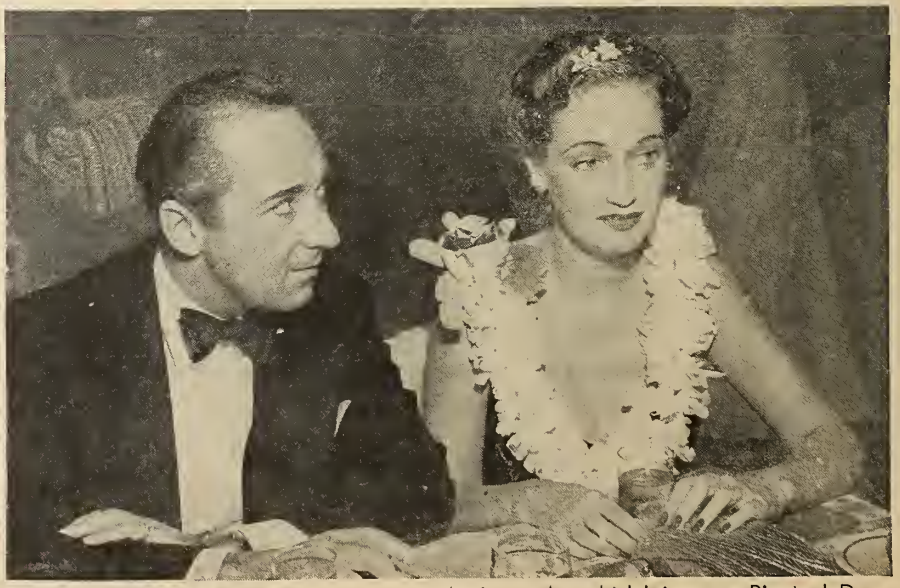
"Moreover, in our particular case, Joan's career is no problem because it doesn't interfere with the other things in her life. Joan is one of those oddities who can follow a career and, at the same time, raise children and run a home.

"I personally think an outside job is really good for any woman. It prevents her from becoming dulled by the four walls of a home. It keeps her from being bored. It makes her interesting."

There's the encouragement five major Hollywood males can offer you, lady.

What? You say your husband objects?

Well, listen, just sic Allan Jones, Gene Raymond and John Payne on him, the narrow-minded lug! Who does he think he is anyway?



Dattie Lamour, breath-taking in a gardenia and archid lei, gaes Pirates' Den ning with her agent and very gaad friend, Wynn Racamora.

I HAVE SEVEN WIVES

(Continued from page 49)

days any more deeply than I admire the working girls of today. They've got what it takes," said Ty.

"So I married a Pioneer Woman, too. I know that if something happened to Annabella and me so that we could never work in pictures again, so that we would lose the money we have and have to start from scratch, we could do it. I know what is important to us and what is non-essential. I know that we could very easily do without cars, servants, a big house, expensive clothes, gadgets, wines, all the things money can buy, and be just as happy as we are today. Perhaps happier," said Tyrone, thoughtfully.

"Because, look . . . it's difficult to find fault with anything that has been as good as this movie business has been to me. I know very well that there's one thing harder than working, and that's looking for work; one thing tougher than grousing about food and houses and servants and responsibilities, and that's not having food or houses to grouse about. But I also know that money is the bane of my life. And Annabella knows that. I never had so much trouble as I've had since I began to have some of the stuff. It's a hectic round of investing this, investing that—financial gymnastics which are as boring to me as they are mysterious.

"The only way you can really enjoy anything you're doing is to have no fear of it. I have no fear of being without money. I have no fear of losing the spot I am fortunate enough to occupy on the screen today. For, of course, I can't always remain where I am. I can't be tops indefinitely; I know that and don't give a damn. I figure if I lose my place, all right, I lose it. What is more, if I should lose it and turn to the theatre in vain, I'd be the worst bum in the world. I have neither ability nor ambition in any other direction. I couldn't do anything else, not one blessed thing. But I'm a Fatalist, and I believe whatever is to happen will happen.

MY point is that a woman without stamina, a woman not a pioneer woman at heart, would try to change a man of my temperament. She'd be afraid of me. She'd be afraid of what I might do, where I might go. Annabella isn't afraid. Annabella doesn't try to change me. Annabella doesn't try to make me "safe for domesticity." She isn't afraid for precisely the same reasons as those women of the covered wagon days weren't afraid when they accompanied their men into the wilderness, braving every kind of hardship and hazard, facing the dark Unknown. Just so would Annabella, or any modern girl, follow her man. Today it's a wilderness not peopled with Indians and wild animals, perhaps, but peopled with economic depressions and fears for the future which can do quite as clean a job of scalping and torturing as hostile Indians ever did."

There was silence between us, there on top of the world. And I was thinking that if, in Annabella, Tyrone married several women, in Tyrone, Annabella, too, must find a companion for every mood and want, a friend for every hour. This slender chap with the poet's eyes and the clean, definite lines of face and body has in him the qualities of many men. He has passion, pain, pity, an understanding of women which does not come to most men until they are ripe

ANDREA LEEDS, SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR, IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE "EARTHBOUND"



ANDREA LEEDS

and childhood chum agree

A Woodbury Beauty Nightcap revives Skin Glamour

Andrea exchanges beauty secrets with a friend, as told to LOUELLA PARSONS, Movie Columnist



1. Aboard ship, returning from her honeymoon, Andrea met another bride, a girl she hadn't seen since her pigtail days. "You're prettier than in pictures," said her friend. "How do you keep your skin so soft?"



2. The other bride has lovely skin, too. So when the girls compared notes, they found both take a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap. Both use Woodbury Cold Cream to cleanse, soften and enliven their complexions.



3. What husbands think, counts most with brides, says lovely Andrea. So she uses 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream every night at bedtime for cleansing; leaves on a light film to invigorate her skin while she sleeps.

Build Beauty into Your Skin at Night with this 3-Way Cream

At bedtime *cleanse* with Woodbury Cold Cream—its germ-free purity protects the skin. *Lubricate* with Woodbury—leave a film on overnight. Woodbury's oils melt at skin contact. Let Woodbury *invigorate* your skin—it contains a skin-invigorating Vitamin. Buy a jar of Woodbury Cold Cream today. This 3-Way beauty cream costs only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, at all beauty counters.



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with years. He has a reverence for life and the courage to laugh at it, too. Some of these qualities he was showing me, unconsciously, of course, as we talked. In the silence, I paid tribute to him for being wise beyond his years.

"I married the Business Girl, too," Ty went on. "Or rather I married a girl in my business, which amounts to the same thing. For with Annabella, I don't have to go home and draw a diagram of what I'm doing, and why. I don't have to be afraid, when I'm in a melancholy mood, that Annabella will be hurt or won't understand. She always understands. Being a business woman, she isn't personal about everything—that's the answer. When I am in such a mood, she doesn't immediately assume that it has something to do with her. She knows that a scene has gone wrong, that we're behind schedule, that it's something like that. When I'm in a bad mood I can't tell you what Annabella does about it, because I don't know. The mark of the clever woman is, I think, when she can fit herself to a man's moods without his knowing she is doing it. Annabella has that 'mark.'

BUSINESS women don't grumble about the demands of business. For instance, we like to take trips together. We'd planned to take a long trip this summer. Well, I didn't have to be afraid that Annabella wouldn't understand when I told her that we couldn't go, because as soon as I finish 'Brigham Young' I start on 'The Great Commandment' and then on 'The Californian.'

"Business women know how to make the best of what time they have. So, instead of taking our trip together, Annabella comes up to our location week-ends, and we make the most of it. And when she isn't with me, I don't have to have the uneasy feeling that she is languishing at home, bored, feeling sorry for herself. She is studying English every day, ridding herself of her accent, preparing to do pictures again. She is doing some radio work, too. She is as busy as I am—that's the comfort of having a business woman for a wife.

"And not only did I marry a mental companion but I married the Good Companion, in every way. We read a lot together—the essays of Montaigne at present, if you please! We read everything there is to read about the situation abroad and at home. But, also, I've often gone home on a Friday, told Annabella I had a couple of days off, said 'Let's hop in the car and just go!' and without a glance at her hair, without a single wail of 'What shall I wear?' Annabella chucks a suitcase in the car, is in herself and, with no questions asked, we're off!

"Married to Annabella," Ty went on, liking the sound of his own voice, I could tell, because the words were framing Annabella, "riches never cease. I found I also married the Athletic Girl! Annabella swims with me, stroke for stroke. We swim almost every morning in our pool and let me tell you, I duck her at my peril! We play golf together, bowl, play tennis and badminton. We ride together, take hikes together. It's always a toss-up which one of us will tire first.

"She's a Country Girl because she knows things about gardens. She loves them with that deep, earthy love that—well, that makes things grow. And I don't mean hot-house orchids, either. I mean she knows about soils and planting things at the rise of the moon and all the rural lore. She grows pole beans and husky tomato plants and makes the young green corn to spring and the pumpkin vines to flourish. And she can take what she grows and can 'em!" Ty fetched up, triumphantly.

"Come evening, she can get into a smart gown, do things to her hair, go to Ciro's with me and be a City Gal. She's the Play Girl because she smokes a companionable cigarette with me, takes an occasional cocktail, does a nasty rhumba, enjoys a good story and has more 'chic' than all of poor Brigham's twenty-seven wives could muster up among them.

"Annabella's also the Old-fashioned Girl because she wants babies and prefers home to night clubs, and she's wise with that 'woman's intuition' we read about. For instance, she knows that I hate arguments, and will back away from anything resembling a fight. Consequently we never argue at our house. She knows my pet hate is people who drive in the middle of the road at ten miles an hour, deaf to any horn. When I cuss my pet hate, Annabella doesn't tell me not to be silly, she says a few French words, too!

"You can't be bored with the Girl of Today," said Ty. "There's no longer any excuse for polygamy because now a man marries half a dozen women when he says 'I do' to one. I did," he told me again, laughing, "and hope I've proved it!"



What every motorist should know

When you drive, take some Beech-Nut Gum along. It's always refreshing and restful, especially when you get tired or tense. Your choice of 7 delicious kinds:

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Beech-Nut Gum



GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR? Visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.



Even a temperature of 100° couldn't keep those sports addicts, the Ronald Reagans, away from the tennis match Bill Tilden and Lester Stoefen played for the benefit of the Red Cross abroad. Like a couple of kids at the circus, Jane and Ronald drank one lemonade after the other to keep cool!

SALAD SATISFACTION

(*Continued from page 11*)

'em hot!) sorrel, fennel, tarragon and sweet basil.

Surely with such a collection and with the thousand and one other ideas from which you can choose, you have advance assurance of success for your Salad Bar party. Now all you need is a good salad dressing recipe—and here it is!

SALAD BOWL DRESSING

Mix in a bowl or in a jar with a tight-fitting cover, or right in the big salad bowl itself before adding the greens, the following ingredients in the order given:

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon black pepper
¾ cup salad oil
¼ cup vinegar (cider and tarragon mixed)

A touch of garlic may be added to the dressing, though our star expert prefers to rub the large salad bowl with a cut clove of garlic, instead. That's all there is to it. . . . your guests provide their own extra seasoning and they have fun doing it, while you get the reputation of being a mighty smart little hostess and a big jump ahead of your crowd!

INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 60*)

for every sport under the sun. She also collects phonograph records and rides at least once a day on the big double decker busses in Los Angeles, because she still gets a huge kick out of them. Mary is a fraction under five feet, weighs 100 pounds and has curly brown hair and brown eyes. She loves the color red, and her greatest ambition is to some day own a bright scarlet convertible coupé.

Lois Kinchiner, Pottstown, Pa. You can reach both of those little singing stars, Linda Ware and Susanna Foster, at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, California.

Jenevieve Hunton, Wheatland, Wyo. June Lang, who was formerly married to Vic Orsatti, was recently married to John Roselli. No, Betty Field and Jackie Cooper don't go around together. Jackie is five years younger than she is, and they each have their own group of friends. Also, Betty is now on Broadway, many miles from Hollywood. Lana Turner loves nice clothes, especially sportswear. Did you know she has seventy sweaters? Ginger Rogers is twenty-nine years old.

INFORMATION DESK
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"Have you despaired of finding the perfect summer shade? I know I had! And then, I found Dusk Rose. And I want every one of you to discover it, too. Write in for a free sample. And when it arrives, I'm sure you'll be thrilled! It's not as dark or tan as most summer shades are . . . instead, it's beautifully deep and rosy," says Miss Vermilye.

DUSK ROSE gives your face a lovely smooth and even finish. It's so flattering—to both blondes and brunettes! And more than that . . . it's grand at keeping your face from looking shiny under harsh lights and in brilliant sunshine. How can it do this? By being anti-shine . . . by absorbing harsh lights and reflecting the softer, more flattering ones from your face.

Dusk Rose comes in 10¢ and 20¢ boxes, as well as the big economical size that so many women prefer. Have a beauty treat . . . go out and buy a box now.

Free! **Write in for a free sample of Dusk Rose this very minute. With it will come 3 other lovely summer shades: Rose Dawn, Rose Brunette and Sunlight. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PH, Clinton, Conn.**

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If you like cream, ask for Dri-Dew, daintily-scented, harmless to fabrics. If liquid is preferred, Instant Dew dries in seconds. Use Dew today and be safe. At drug, department and 10-cent stores.



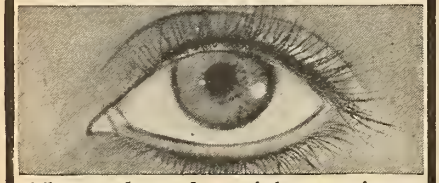
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USE EYE-GENE

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

HANDLE WITH CARE

(Continued from page 29)

has as much bounce as a tennis ball, as well as plenty of what strings the racquet, too. Weakness following a serious operation wasn't nearly enough to keep her from flying East and back with Mr. A. the other day. Nor has the hospital pain wiped out the laugh wrinkles around her eyes.

In spite of her unhappy career moments in Hollywood, Joan Fontaine has maintained a flexible funny bone. And, all in all, she has managed to get more out of her young life along the way than a lot of other people, including perhaps, big sister Olivia de Havilland.

FOR instance, while Olivia still plucks daisy petals, Joan has had seven engagements—count 'em—seven from the first at sixteen till the one that took at twenty-two. The first betrothal, oddly enough, plunged Joan into all her protracted Hollywood career worries, just as the last one lifted her blissfully out.

Joan Fontaine first came to Hollywood from Saratoga to bid her sister Olivia fond farewell. She was going back to Japan, of all places, to get married. The idea of "Livy's" startling good fortune and budding dramatic career in Hollywood struck little sister Joan as something to be expected more or less. Things like that always happened to Livy. Never to Joan.

So when a Hollywood agent met her with Olivia and said, "Why don't you stay in Hollywood and act, too?" the shock was too much for her frail constitution.

"Good heavens," said Joan. "Is it as easy as that?"

"It should be for you," said the agent, explaining why. Well, Joan listened to beguiling words, and pretty soon she guessed she'd have to change her plans. Cupid took the count, as Cupid often does at sixteen, and instead of sailing for Japan, Joan had her trunk sent down to Hollywood. She should have known what she was letting herself in for. But for some reason she didn't.

Right here, it might be a good idea to dip briefly back into the *dossiers* of *les soeurs* de Havilland of Saratoga, California, during the pre-Hollywood era. Coming events sometimes cast their shadows before.

Only fifteen months separate Olivia and Joan. But that apparently was plenty of time for the Fates to huddle and whip up an entirely different personality pattern for little sister. Olivia and Joan have always been and still are as close as those two peas in a pod. But they've also always been as different as day and night.

For one thing, there was the matter of health. While Olivia was skipping serenely through childhood with nothing much more serious than hangnails, Joan was a chronic doctors' delight. She spent her first year in this life wrapped in cotton, her entire little body burning with eczema. Later on came combined measles and streptococcus infection. Then serious ear trouble, rheumatic fever and double pneumonia with pleurisy—all scattered strategically through her growing-girl years.

The result was half days at school and long play hours indoors sucking a thermometer, reading endless books and being in general a frustrated Alice-sit-by-the-fire, while Olivia and all the rest of the kids were romping around outdoors, doing big things at school and energetically asserting their personalities. Inferiority complexes fastened on Joan like barnacles.

"You said you thought I was good in 'Rebecca,'" smiled Mrs. Aherne. "I ought to have been. I *was* that girl. I *knew* I was a plain, unattractive nobody. I was certain everyone hated me."

Olivia, on the other hand, was sure everyone loved her. Or she should have been. Scholarships, honors, fun and festivity came her way. She was a beautiful belle of the town; she was bright. Everything in school was *cum laude*. Everything nice plopped into Olivia's lap. Everything nice was usually snatched out of Joan's. Such as the time Joan was to do Alice in "Alice in Wonderland" in a Saratoga amateur production.

It was easily the biggest moment in her life to date. On the eve of the play Joan came down with pneumonia. Who played the part? Olivia.

The point is, Joan should have known that Fate wasn't going to let her get by with a comparatively easy conquest of Hollywood. Olivia, as advertised, has sailed along smoothly with steady, normal, sunny successes. For Joan it was the hard way from the start.

Of course, the heaviest handicap you can ask for in Hollywood is to be the sister of an established star. Olivia had worked in Hollywood almost two years before Joan came back from Japan, where she had sailed for her health, taking snow baths for some odd reason and getting herself betrothed to a young American consul. Once she had decided on a career instead, she knew she faced making good entirely on her own. Which suited her just fine.

THE Hollywood measures she took for a separate identity earned Joan Fontaine local accusations of resenting and determinedly rivaling Olivia's success. She adopted her stepfather's name, Fontaine, and at first, rather naively, actually believed no one would unmask her as Olivia de Havilland's sister. In her first contract at RKO she specified that no studio publicity was ever to hook her up with Olivia de Havilland. She made a point of making her own friends and keeping her business interests separate from those of her sister. For a long time she and Olivia made it a rule not to go out in public together.

There's no doubt the sister situation presented a definite challenge to Joan Fontaine. After all, she had spent most of her life being overshadowed by big sister Olivia. In Hollywood she wasn't content to fix Olivia's lunch, haul her to and from the studio, sew her frocks and act as maid in waiting, all of which she did for some months. Joan is an individualist and a spirited one. Hollywood, in a way, was her first chance to be important in her own right and she determined to take advantage of the opportunity.

The idea of jealousy, however, is pure Hollywood bosh and can be very easily exploded by scores of incidents. It was Joan, for instance, not Olivia, who first was called for a test for Melanie in "Gone With the Wind." "I can't do Melanie," she told David Selznick, "but Olivia can." In her place the next morning she sent her sister—for what resulted in the greatest part Olivia de Havilland has ever had.

This didn't start out to be a sister story, though, believe it or not. It started out

to be the story of how Joan Fontaine fought to get what she wanted in Hollywood, and then found she wasn't sure she wanted what she got. And you can chart her progress, as Joan pointed out, with little peaks of high hopes and dizzy drops of despair.

Hope number one swelled when she made a local stage hit in "Call it a Day" at Hollywood Boulevard's El Capitan Theatre. Joan was on the stage only two minutes but she walked off with the reviews. That triumph, all two minutes of it, brought a screen contract with Jesse Lasky, then part of the Pickford-Lasky studio. But the minute after Joan signed, it seemed, Pickford-Lasky split into little pieces and her hopes with it.

She started again, this time at RKO. A couple of B pictures did her no good, but while playing a small part in "Quality Street," Joan caught the eye of Katharine Hepburn, and Hepburn went to bat for her. "You ought to give that girl a lead," she told RKO big bugs. Oddly enough they did. Joan played her first real job in a little picture called "The Man Who Found Himself" and made the movie critics sit up and blink. Not enough people saw the picture to make her a star. But at RKO it had results.

The front office called an excited Joan in and told her she was terrific. "Our biggest discovery," they exulted. "We're going to build you . . . groom you for big things!" Joan tripped about on air. The long hours of dramatic training she had savagely attacked with her determined ambition seemed about to pay off at last. Then the air suddenly slipped out from under her—and for the silliest possible reason. She got in bad with her own publicity department!

It happened, Joan firmly believes to this day, because her poker education had been sadly neglected. She was on location at the Norconian Club when a bunch of the boys asked her to sit in on a red-hot game one night when shooting was over. Joan was tired in the first place and wanted to go to bed. In the second place, she didn't know a bob-tailed straight from a royal flush. She said "No." They said she was high-hat. The studio publicity chief even bawled her out when she got back to Hollywood. The press began to take cracks at her. Being sensitive anyway, new, completely bewildered and at a loss as to just what to do about it, Joan feared her career was ruined forever. When the part in "Stage Door" she had been promised went to Andrea Leeds instead, she was sure of it.



Another back-to-the-soiler is Baby Sandy, who preserves that figure by strenuous gardening between films. Note that she's traded in her boyish bob for an ultra-feminine hair-do!

It's a pretty terrible thing to be sensitive in Hollywood where set manners are rough-and-ready and relations strictly off the cuff. Joan wasn't used to it. Nor has she ever got completely acclimated to a world where people you barely know call you "Honey" and "Darling" instead of "Miss" and "Madame" and are quite likely to put their arms about you instead of shaking hands. It terrified her even more then, and she didn't know what to do about it. "All I wanted to do was get along with people," Joan Fontaine recalled a little wistfully.

Probably the nadir of Joan Fontaine's Hollywood experience, ironically enough, was the picture hailed as her greatest break. "Damsel in Distress" was much more than a title. The damsel was Joan—and no kidding. Her tortures were not only mental, but physical as well. She made the picture in a state of high nerves, apprehension and physical exhaustion.

"Damsel in Distress" was the Fred Astaire cinematic divorce from Ginger Rogers, you'll remember. Joan got in on

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a rain check. RKO really wanted Loretta Young but couldn't get her. Nobody particularly wanted Joan. She didn't even want herself. She hadn't danced since she was fourteen. She knew she couldn't possibly follow Ginger Rogers teamed with the best hoofer of them all. But she dragged herself down to the studio at four in the morning for weeks and did the best she could about it. She limped home at night and taped the red sores worn into her heels. On the nervous side—well—Ginger liked to visit the set almost every day which didn't help Joan's composure any. And halfway through the picture the producer came up to her and heartened her by saying, "You know, I've been worried about you in this picture. But I've just seen the rushes and I think you might do!" Joan could have shot him.

ABOUT the only reward Joan Fontaine got from critics for "Damsel in Distress" was some kindly condemnation with faint praise. From her studio she got a quick return ticket to the B's. And from her public—

One night with a current fiancé Joan crept into the Hollywood Pantages Theatre to see the fiasco with her own eyes. She had been much too terrified to take in the preview. Sitting in the dark watching herself in action, Joan heard a woman sit down behind her and suddenly gasp. "My! Isn't that girl revolting!"

Joan crept out feeling like a criminal. That's when she began to wonder if this Hollywood business was worth it. She never saw herself in another picture until the "Gunga Din" mistake.

"Gunga Din" was Fontaine's Last Chance, in capital letters, at RKO. As usual there was the build-up for Joan before the letdown. You lucky girl, was the idea, after all the terrible pictures *you've* made, getting another chance in RKO's picture of pictures with Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and all this epic production. Well, the chance was all right with Joan. But after she had worked a few days, "Gunga Din" went on location and stayed for weeks while Joan sat around Hollywood biting her nails. When the company got back she went on the set one day and asked to see the script so she could find out what she was to do. There was an eloquent silence, then a few people laughed. "This is a little embarrassing, Joan," said one, "but you see, we're cutting you out!"

They called her later and said that wasn't true at all and for her to be sure to show up at the preview to see her triumph. That was when Joan got herself the new dress, the handsome young escort and the orchids. That was also when she watched the picture go on and on as her face grew redder and redder. She thinks she walked in and out of a few scenes. She knows pretty soon she was walking out of RKO for keeps with her last pay-check in her purse. She's never been back on the lot.

That was the end of Joan Fontaine versus Hollywood. There was an episode with "Man of Conquest" and her dramatic bit in "The Women," but as far as Joan was concerned, the waltz was over. "I gave up," admitted Mrs. A. "I decided the whole thing had been a bad idea."

She went up to a desert ranch at Victorville. She rode horses all day and read books after supper. One book kept her up all night, glued to its pages and scared half to death. It was Daphne du Maurier's "Rebecca." And to show you how hard the Hollywood habit is to break up—"I shot the whole picture myself in that room that night," Joan recalled. "I plotted every shot, every camera angle." She never held the slightest hope of doing it, of course. It was all just a flight of fancy. Joan felt as if she was practically retired from the screen anyway.

Then the thing happened, as things often do in Hollywood. At a dinner party Joan sat next to David Selznick. She got around to that have-you-read-any-good-books-lately? stage of the conversation and mentioned "Rebecca." "It certainly should make a good picture," she said.

"I think so," said Selznick. "I've just bought it. How would you like to do it?"

It wasn't as simple as all that, of course. The offer was mainly parlor conversation



Eric Blore irons things out for Joe Penner on the set of "The Boys from Syracuse," while Alan Mowbray supervises. The picture—adapted from the play—is hilarious, with the famous "duck salesman" in a dual role—twin slaves, no less!

with Selznick, too. Joan was tested, though, off and on a dozen or so times for almost a year. But so were Vivien Leigh and Margaret Sullavan and a few others. Selznick really wanted either a very big name star or a complete newcomer. Joan Fontaine was neither one. "Better forget 'Rebecca,'" they told her at last. So she did. Something new in her life helped her—a gentleman named Brian Aherne.

Joan met Brian Aherne strictly by mistake. It happened in Palm Springs one week-end. He heard her voice and thought she was Olivia. Brian had long been a member of that chivalrous Hollywood male group at Warner Brothers, known as "The Society for the Protection of Olivia de Havilland." But Olivia, much to Joan's disgust, had never brought him to the house.

Well, they had fun in the desert sun, and, after that, it seemed they kept running into each other around town in the most romantic places. But things didn't progress at all. The reason was obvious. Joan, as usual, was already engaged, this time to Number Six.

One afternoon Brian invited Joan to a cocktail party in the garden of his home which is now their home. There was a fortune teller there. When he got around to Joan he rolled his eyes mysteriously and exclaimed, "You're going to marry your host!" Just like that.

Joan thought that was rather funny, so she called, "Oh, Mr. Aherne, listen to this. He says I'm going to marry you!"

"Maybe we'd better do something about that," replied Mr. A. gallantly. "When can I see you?"

"Wednesday or Thursday," suggested Joan.

"Wednesday *and* Thursday," corrected Mr. A., completely master of the situation.

Of course all that swami stuff sounds to me like Mr. A. was a pretty smooth operator. Anyway, Number Six was out of luck right then and there, and Number Seven was telling Joan he needed a wife. He wanted someone, Brian said, who wasn't in the movies. "That certainly sounded like me!" recalled Joan with a grin. Four days after their first date they were engaged.

And two days before the wedding, with all the trimmings which Joan had planned at Del Monte, her telephone rang. "You're going to play 'Rebecca,'" the Selznick office informed her. "Come on over for a make-up test."

"I am going to play myself in my own wedding," Joan replied. It was much too late to consider, she continued. She had decided to quit pictures anyway. In other words, the answer was "No."

"A seven-year contract goes with the part," they told her.

JOAN said she had a contract for life. She just wasn't interested.

Well, of course, she did play "Rebecca" in the end, with all her heart, because she was wrapped up in the part. She showed her courage fighting an illness which made her faint on the set twice and finally resulted in a serious operation. But, remember, she didn't consent until she'd had her wedding and her honeymoon. And even then only when Brian, knowing how much she had wanted to do it, said he thought she might as well, inasmuch as he would be tied up with "Vigil in the Night" and "My Son, My Son" for the next few months anyway.

But the fame that has at last come to Joan Fontaine is nothing to her compared with the happiness she has found outside of her career. Brian Aherne is her major career, her sun, moon and stars, too. And if Hollywood even faintly threatens her marriage—it is just too bad for Hollywood! Joan has made that plain.

Her contract with Selznick is the only one in Hollywood which stipulates she can follow her husband wherever he goes, regardless of Selznick's wishes or production plans. Right now "Mr. and Mrs. A." are blissfully flying all over the skies in Brian Aherne's new plane, and no studio is going to ground them either—or their happiness.

"The truth is," stated Joan Fontaine, "that now I don't particularly care about being a star. I don't even know that I'll keep on acting after awhile.

"I've suddenly found everything I could ask for in my husband. I'm so divinely happy being his wife. I'm going to see that this one thing I really care about is never taken away. Any career I might have is secondary in my life. What amazes me now is that I ever worried about one."

All of which makes Joan Fontaine's trail of Hollywood heartbreaks well worth-while at last, I should think. It takes a lot of other Hollywood career girls I could name a lifetime to arrive at any such sage conclusion—and then sometimes they're never quite sure they're right about it.

Joan will do "Jane Eyre" next for Selznick, but not until fall, when she's fully recovered from the surgery and fat and sassy again. As for "Rebecca," I said I thought it was high time she took a look at herself and learned what all the shouting was about.

"Maybe some afternoon," conceded Joan Fontaine, "I'll sneak off and see it. But I don't know. I've got a million things to keep me busy here at home."







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JACKIE OF ALL TRADES

(Continued from page 39)

though, and sometimes my mother serves it at my parties."

Parties at the Cooper home on Crescent Drive in Beverly Hills are noisily enjoyable affairs—for everyone but neighbors Marlene Dietrich and George Brent, who find themselves wavering between a decision to call out the riot squad or shut the windows on the Cooper side.

It's not "women" but his band that's Jackie's favorite topic of conversation. Eight years ago on a steamer to Panama, he heard a drummer who handled the sticks and the wire brushes like Ray Bauduc. And his mother and stepfather, a producer at Monogram Studios, have never heard the last of it.

"I saved my pennies and bought a set of drums," he explains. "Then I took some lessons, but they slowed me up. I guess I had tom-toms in the soul. While in the East, I met Gene Krupa when he was still with Benny Goodman. Gosh, that man's good! He's by far the best technical man in the business and reads music perfectly! I learned a lot from him. Krupa can get more results with less effort than anybody I know of."

GENE KRUPA, busy with sticks and the one-two-three-four, may not be aware of it, but he gave Jackie Cooper the push that started him organizing his own swing band.

"Maybe you'll laugh when I tell you our combination of instruments," continued Jackie, "'cause it sounds crazy. We have two trumpets, one trombone, two clarinets (the clarinetists double on saxes) and a full rhythm section of piano, drums, guitar, bass fiddle and vibraharp. But actually it sounds good—at least to me—especially when the clarinets take melody an octave above the trumpets. I love that.

"You see, this isn't a regular jazz band. We're not copying the style or arrangements of any name orchestras. We can't. It would sound too thin with ten players. Most orchestras have at least thirteen men in them. We play Dixieland style—not quite on the order of Bob Crosby. That is, not as corny or New Orleansy. It's more modern Dixie stuff.

"Although we've had bookings at private parties and at a few night spots, we don't want to play dances," Jackie confided. "That's one reason we have such a peculiar combination of instruments. Right now it looks as if we'll be signed by a sponsor to play regularly on a national hook-up.

"I really organized the band because every year I like to tour vaudeville. When you make personal appearances, you can't just stand there and smile and talk. You gotta give the audience its money's worth."

The only thing Jackie doesn't like about his band is the name "Clambake Cats" that a publicity man pinned on it. "The name has stuck to us—like a burr on the seat of our pants," he says.

Another thing Jackie doesn't like is the constant buzz of rumors about himself and Mickey Rooney.

Jackie is precocious. There's no doubt about that. He is four or five years older than his physical age. He's as tactful as a two-in-one version of Milton Wright and Dale Carnegie. He's a husky kid with big hands and a handshake like the Village Blacksmith. He's not the kind who says one thing and means two others. And his Achilles heel is a sensitivity about being misrepresented in regard to Mickey Rooney.

Recently a national magazine, touting the ability of Mickey Rooney and his fists, implied that Mickey and he never meet each other without a new chip on their shoulders. This hits Jackie square in the heart. He knows they have never exchanged lefts or rights, nor even been near it.

Everything considered, such a match would be a mismatch. Discounting Fitzsimmons' statement, "The bigger they are the harder they fall," one must remember that Mickey is five feet and one half inches tall; Jackie is five feet, nine. Mickey Rooney is light as a jockey. Jackie weighs 156. Jackie has been taking boxing lessons since he was five—exactly 12 years.

Comparing them bicep for bicep in anticipation is actually silly, for Jackie has never had real trouble with Mickey Rooney and doesn't expect any.

"A lot of articles say that I'm jealous of Mickey! Gosh, but I'm not. Why do writers have to say those things? Naturally it burns me up. Whatever success he's achieved—and that is plenty—he deserves. That's the way I feel about it!

"Some people say, 'Why doesn't he go around with Mickey if they are such good friends?'" Jackie snorted exasperatedly. "Now that's kinda silly, isn't it? We're friends. Just because we don't go with the same groups doesn't prove a thing. Because we both happen to be actors, doesn't mean we must be bosom companions. In the younger set, Deanna Durbin doesn't pal around with Judy Garland, but does that mean they are enemies? People are friends because they find recreations, hobbies and other friends in common," he said.

JACKIE feels a great deal of personal interest in Mickey's success in comedy roles.

"Four or five years ago, I told Mickey I thought he should try comedy parts. Look what he's done recently! Every Andy Hardy picture is a smash. So far as competition in acting goes, I don't feel that any such thing exists between us. In comedy roles, he and I differ entirely. To use an example, you might say Mickey and I go along the style of Bob Hope and Jack Benny. Like Hope, Mickey delivers the gags straight out. Like Benny, I pull the dumb sort of stuff and get laughs from being the butt of the gags.

"Nope. We're distinctly different types. Frankly, I like Mickey. And I'm not saying this as a sort of handshake in words. That isn't at all necessary. He's been pretty nice to me, and I respect him a great deal," he said.

As Jackie Cooper sat there on the studio bench on Sound Stage 11, he puffed thoughtfully on his black carbon-caked pipe—permission of his mother and step-dad.

He's an odd combination of youth and maturity—this Jackie Cooper. And for a young fellow whose salary spreads into three zeros, his taste is surprisingly simple compared with that of most youthful Hollywood professionals. Most of them, for instance, have warehouses full of suits that get most of their wearing from hangers. Jackie is practical, however.

"Lemme see now how many suits I have. I really don't go around in gunny sacks, but I haven't got 365 suits and one

for leap year day. There's the blue pin stripe, the plain blue, the dull green, the brown, the tux and a couple of others—seven in all. They cost between $50 and $60. One reason I don't stock up on suits is that I'm still growing. And I don't want to buy them to keep the moths busy.

"Sports coats are my weakness. I have a million of them"—discounting youthful enthusiasm, 10 or 12—"and I pay $35 apiece for them. I like loud socks and solid colors in slack socks. I never have enough shoes or socks. It's the truth," he insisted, tapping ashes from his pipe.

What with pipe, adult clothing, perfect social adjustment, external symbols of a ripening personality, the Cooper of today is different in a thousand ways from the scared six-year-older who lisped a popular ditty in the Fox "Movietone Follies" in 1929. "Now my voice is too gravelly for singing," he laughs.

JACKIE, who gets along on a $15 a week allowance, long ago graduated from Cooganish roles to boyish problem child roles and, finally—with plenty of growing pains—into adolescence.

It was at the in-between age—when knees are knobby and bodies awkward and voices crack into a fluty falsetto without warning—that Jackie Cooper left M-G-M. In 1934 executives feared that his acting days were numbered. So Jackie got an offer to study in the studio's dramatic school at a salary till he was 21 years old.

He and his mother said "no" simultaneously. And it turned out to be the wise thing, because later Jackie wowed them on a personal appearance tour. Then he spent a year at Beverly Hills High School, followed by a small-budget picture, "Boy of the Streets," as a warm-up with Monogram. "That Certain Age," with Deanna Durbin, cinched things. Today you can't stop him.

If he isn't acting, he's drumming like Krupa or rehearsing his band. And if he's not doing that, he's bowling, dancing—he can waltz or jitterbug with equal ability—or seeing a show with Forrest Tucker, Helen Parrish and whatever girl he dates. He has no steady and doesn't want one for six or eight years.

Jackie, who reads Pearl S. Buck avidly, shows horses yearly at Palm Springs, takes swell 16 mm. movies as a hobby, likes hiking in the hills, collecting guns, wrestling with his two dogs, "Champ" and "Schlepperman," and enjoys telling stories, revealed a bit of his romantic past the other day.

"Do you know Helen Parrish could sue me for breach of promise if she wanted to?" He chuckled. "I had a crush that was a crush on her when we were eleven. One day I kissed her, and the next minute we were very practical about the whole affair. 'We'll get married as soon as we're twenty-one,' I said, and Helen agreed. Well, that was long ago, and times have changed. So have Helen and I. She's more beautiful than ever, and if you don't believe it ask my friend, Forrest Tucker."

Jackie is not so free with proposals today. He tries to keep his heart where it belongs—off his sleeve—and that is where acting technique comes in handy even if, as he remarks, "it's no great help on moonlight nights." And when blonde Leila Ernst, his new bubbling gal in "The Aldrich Family in Life With Henry," comes near the set, he tries to comment casually—"She's a sweet kid, isn't she?"—but his eyes show him to be a master of understatement.

It may be that elusive thing that Tin Pan Alley lyricists call "a strange madness," or what full-fledged adults call love, or it may be nuthin' but a "crush"—if Jackie Cooper will go so far as to admit that. But words being tricky things and young men's fancies being even trickier, perhaps we'd better do the sensible thing—drop the subject.

A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

(*Continued from page 13*)

much by its passage through the movie mill. Summed up, one might say that to be immortalized, modern literature *must be screened.*—E. A. Loucks, Vancouver, Canada.

Change of Heart

I waited until "Broadway Melody of 1940" played at third run houses before I saw it. I did want to see Fred Astaire, but frankly, I was afraid Eleanor Powell would spoil the picture for me. After hearing good reports of the film generally, I finally gritted my teeth and went.

Well, I was pleasantly surprised. In fact, I liked Eleanor Powell so well, I sat through the picture twice and I'd certainly like to see her co-starred with Astaire again. That, coming from me, sounds odd because I never thought I would want to see Fred dance with anyone but Ginger Rogers. Here's hoping this letter helps bring the two of them together again. — Josephine Crutcher, Tampa, Florida.

No More Sour Grapes

Why must women act offended when their husbands rave about the beauty of feminine stars? Wives have their favorites, too!

When men remark upon the beauty of Joan Bennett or Jean Arthur, must we always snap back, "I'd like to see her sans make-up," or "I've heard she's positively unglamorous off-screen." Ten to one, men are waiting for some jealous rejoinder and think it's very childish. Why not just say, "Yes, she is beautiful and so talented one lives through the part with her." Then, when you mention the good looks of Richard Greene, he'll probably say, "Yes, he is a handsome devil."

Try it sometime, ladies, and remember, we'd look worse without our make-up, too!—Leona Brock, Fairfield, Ill.

Tribute to Bette

Years ago, across the screens of the world, there flashed a doll-faced, insensitive, terrifying soulless girl. Her name was Mildred. The film was "Of Human Bondage," and in it Bette Davis first revealed the acting genius that sets her apart from every other living actress.

"Fury," "Bordertown," "Marked Woman" and "Kid Galahad" followed, and in each of them Bette Davis revealed new depths of emotion, new heights of artistry, of beauty and passion. "That Certain Woman" was a welter of sentimental nonsense, but out of it she created moving drama and tragedy. In "Dark Victory" she gave us a portrait so rich in emotion,

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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(NOT GOOD IN CANADA)

so moving in its poignancy and beauty that it seemed she had set herself a standard she could never again equal.

Then came "Elizabeth and Essex," and again one is humbled by the genius of Bette Davis. Her Elizabeth is violent, cruel, passionate—but withal possessing an obscure beauty. This is her triumph and, because of it, I again salute Bette Davis—screen immortal.—Jan Howard, South Island, New Zealand.

Glamour vs. Oomph

I know some folks clamor
For the thing they call glamour
Which is sold by Lamarr and Lamour,
But Lamarr leaves me cold;
On Lamour I'm not sold—
Their acting is pretty but poor.
It's for the oomph girls I yearner.
(See Annie and Turner.)
They're the ones that can make me say "Ah!"
They don't have to pose
In long slinky clothes
Or sarongs, like Lamour and Lamarr.
Though they have sex-appeal,
It's the kind that is real;
Ann's wrestling with Garfield's enjoyed.
But would Lamarr still allure
Tumbling 'round on the floor
With her beautiful po(i)se all destroyed?

Lorraine King
Hampton, New Hampshire

Let Lloyd Go Straight

Haven't they enough villains, running around loose in Hollywood, without miscasting Lloyd Nolan as one? He plays them well because he is a good actor, but it's such a waste of oomph!

He'd be much bigger box-office rescuing maidens in distress or making love in the moonlight. Even a layman can see that. He may not be the pretty boy, matinee idol type, but he has a very potent brand of appeal all his own. Even when he's portraying an out and out rat, you find yourself liking him!

Why not leave the leering and sneering to George Raft, Chester Morris, Cesar Romero or George Sanders—all past masters in the art, as well as implausible heroes—and let Lloyd go straight?

Give him a doctor role—that always does an actor good, somehow—and then cast him as father. (They seem to be popular on the screen, lately.) After that watch somebody "discover" him!—Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.

More Tracy, Please

Matinee idols are all right once in a while, as long as we have a generous slice of Tracy for every dash of Greene and Taylor. Who said Spencer Tracy wouldn't make a good lover? Have you seen "I Take This Woman?" That certainly ought to change your mind, for who could have played that role with more ardor or enthusiasm than "our" Tracy? Who, in fact, could have made anything out of that picture but Spence? He can breathe life into any role he's given.

And while you're about it, Hollywood, when do we get a sequel to "Northwest Passage?" Just as I was getting set for more adventures—bingo! "The End." That's the red-blooded, no-punches-pulled sort of adventure story that gives movie-goers an exhilarating lift!

Spencer Tracy may not be handsome but he's certainly got something—call it sincerity, kindliness or a real gift for acting. Please hurry to our theatre with more of his pictures!—Merelyn Hughes, Greensburg, Penn.

Memory Chest

Once in a great while, we see a scene that will live forever in our memories. I have stored these away in my "memory chest."

The scene in "Rose Marie" where Nelson Eddy faced Jeanette MacDonald, and their melodious voices blended into the "Indian Love Call."

The poignant scene where Rhett bade Scarlett farewell on the road to Tara in "Gone With The Wind."

In "Boys' Town," when Father Flanagan returned to his small group of boys at Christmas, with merely a handful of broken toys.

The soul-stirring scene in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" where the small boy reads the last few lines of the Gettysburg address at the Lincoln Memorial.

The Technicolor beauty of "The Adventures of Robin Hood" when Robin Hood and his Merry Men swung through the trees of Sherwood Forest to stop Prince John's party of friends.

The end of "San Francisco," when the group of people on the hill sang "San Francisco," and we saw the great city of today rise from the ruins of the city of yesterday.

The side-splitting scene in "The Awful Truth," where Cary Grant tried on the derby, assisted by the only too-willing Irene Dunne.

Yes, Hollywood, like all of us, makes blunders, but as long as she gives us scenes like these to remember, movies *are* our best entertainment.—Bette Harner, Columbus, Ohio.

Encouragement for Youth

In this chaotic age of youth movements and youth training in foreign countries, let us give thought to the youth of our own land. Let us give them encouragement, instead of criticism and fault-finding.

In every boy's life, there comes a time when he feels discouraged and unwanted and pictures like "Young Tom Edison," are just the tonic and inspiration he needs. He feels less alone in his misery when he sees that even as great a person as Thomas Edison was at one time misunderstood.

My heart was very full when young Tom was laughed at by his townsfolk and when he was stumbling through the rain looking for a job. How often I have seen boys lost in the fog of a world they cannot yet understand! Let us let them know that we can forgive them their mistakes as long as their attitude is right.

If the civic organizations of every community would give free tickets to its boys to see "Young Tom Edison," they would be doing both the town and the boys a truly great service. Think it over, won't you, city Dads—Mrs. Lewis Allen, Gainesville, Tex.

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WHAT LOVE HAS DONE TO BARRYMORE

(*Continued from page 27*)

wondered how he'd behave. He began by filling the show with the most bawdy of references, mostly ad lib, and designed to embarrass the customers who, curiously, loved it. When a lady in full evening regalia swept in importantly and late one night he turned and asked: "Where the hell have you been?" When a stage door Jenny sneered and cried: "So you're the Great Lover, are you! You're not so hot!" he replied with a lot of eyebrow work, "Just when did I spend the night with you?"

He also led his cast a terrible life. One night when his butler in the play appeared in a green doublet and jerkin (as per script) he said: "You know, you look like a slightly pregnant string bean!" One night, when kissing Doris Dudley who took Elaine's place in the cast, he suddenly looked down her back and cried: "You know, you have a nice fanny!"

His drinking gags became the talk of the nation. When his stage butler brought him a glass of water, he'd grimace and yell: "Not enough gin in this water." When served a stage highball made of weak tea, he'd say: "God, I wish this were real!"

Then he'd put on a drunk act that would shame a souse walking a penthouse roof edge. He'd stagger about hitting the scenery, upset tables, lurch, grab himself, have the words freeze on his lips while his eyes rolled horribly—all the time emitting belches that sounded like distant bombing. Whether he was stinking or not was, of course, problematical—many doubted the sincerity of these gestures, but it was true that offstage he was not putting on an act when he hit the bottle.

After the show he'd disappear. Nobody knew where he went, but he'd usually manage to appear by performance time. Sometimes he was so weary and ill he could hardly stand. One night he ad libbed: "Get me a wheelchair and I'll do a Lionel!" Nobody obliged, thinking it a gag, and gallantly he stood up throughout the show, collapsing just as the final curtain fell. They started to rush him to a hospital, but he came to and said: "The hell you will! That's where Elaine hooked me!"

LIVING thusly between the bottle and the grave, John deteriorated steadily. His appearance, tending always to extremely unstudied sloppiness, became even more careless. In time he had only one suit and had even lost his overcoat! He lived in a cheap rented house and was always broke. They gave him a male nurse to take Elaine's place, a likable young Oklahoman named Carl Stiever who had wanted to be a doctor. Stiever had his hands full trying to keep Barrymore from toppling off the wagon. The Barrymore personality in time conquered him—for who can resist it? Together the pair would disappear till four in the morning, and neither could ever explain their itinerary. Carl did manage to wean Barrymore from the bottle by getting him to agree to two weak highballs a night. But John couldn't even take these without getting somewhat spiffy-eyed.

His finances at this time were at their lowest ebb, though he was earning wads of money. Out of his 10%, which fluctuated between $1,000 a week and $2,200, John had a steady retinue outgo. Take a typical $1,000 week. He would have to shell out as follows:

Elaine's salary	$250 a week
Doctor	100 a week
Chicago lawyers	125 a week
Dolores Costello, for two kids	200 a week
Michael Strange's child.	125 a week
Rent	25 a week
Nurse	56 a week
Entertaining his daughter Diana who turned up to guard him	25 a week

This left about $100 a week out of which to buy food and cigarettes, and keep off the Hollywood creditors who had shifted their scene of operations. These unhappy bill-hawks snatched off the surpluses of better weeks at the box office—if they were lucky. For the Barrymore habit has always been to spend it as it rolls in—be it five bucks or five million.

Meanwhile women kept storming his citadel, climbing fire escapes to peek in on him in hotel and hospital. One even sent him a box inclosing rag and a bone and a hank o'hair. But one night, when Elaine called up as he lay under an oxygen tent, he miraculously came to and cried violently: "Bring that phone here. I want to rip it out!" He was back at the old stand next night, thoroughly recovered.

This state of extremely doubtful para-



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dise wasn't doomed to last. After a triumphal season in Chicago, playing right through the hottest months, "My Dear Children" moved into New York with more horns blowing than in Sunday traffic. New York gave it a front page reception—thanks to Elaine.

You may remember the occasion. After the opening night performance, John was sitting around at Fefe's Monte Carlo, a swank New York nightspot, with his daughter, Diana Barrymore Blythe. Suddenly, Elaine, flanked by mama in the background, and terribly fetching in a slinky, gold lamé low-cut evening gown (the gal can dress), marched up to John and in pear-shaped tones that sounded like a muffled but passionate firebell (she has a nice low voice) cried: "All I want is twenty-four hours with you. I cannot go on without you. I do not want you for keeps. Please let me have this night, this day, these twenty-four hours. Oh, I know I have done a lot of things that I shouldn't have, but I entreat you to relent!"

TO her credit, even though it sounded like a well-rehearsed part of a radio soap program, Elaine gave a wonderful performance. But as John wilted, young Diana drew herself up and said: "This is my father. We are Barrymores, and you have nothing in common with us. Please go."

"I'm staying," Elaine shot back as John murmured something to Diana about "Don't be a Barrymore." Elaine added: "I'm his wife."

"Then I'm going," cried Diana and swept off. Immediately John and Elaine were in each other's arms, weeping and kissing and uttering strange noises like "Sweetsie! You are like a breath of Spring!"

The story raged around the newspapers for some days, one paper finally printing: "This edition positively guaranteed to contain no news about John Barrymore!"

Immediately Elaine started to pull what remained of John together, and in turn John dropped an impending $300,000 suit against her for alleged moneys she had extracted from him. Elaine's divorce suit went into the legal ash-cans (to the chagrin of the lawyers and the reporters), and Elaine went back into the cast of "My Dear Children" on which her eyes, though blinded by passion, still were focused.

This, alas, did no good to anybody except Barrymore. The instant Elaine entered the cast the show began to fall off at the box office. Women, having enjoyed the front page reunion, grew war-like again. When Elaine appeared on the stage, she was hissed. When John spanked her she was hissed some more. Her panties, however, remained in one piece. The greater the hiss, the lighter his hand fell.

Stubbornly he took Elaine's part, defended her, refusing to remove her from the cast. Weaned almost completely from the bottle, and living a normal, routine, married man's life (a good married man, that is) his ad libbing became almost non-existent. His occasional references to the human posterior were uttered without conviction. As far as he was concerned, it no longer existed. He caught himself saying, "I beg your pardon" when he belched by accident; never once did he pull his usual "spontaneous" ad lib about celebrities out front: "That stinker so-and-so is out there, the louse!" One night the play's authors stood in the back of the theatre and actually squirmed. "My God," they moaned, "he's playing the part straight!"

The cast itself became estranged from Barrymore. Despite their suffering at his expense, they had stuck by him. Barrymore is a hard man to dislike till you know him well. Now, with his listless performances and almost deliberate sabotage of the lines of the play, eleven hard-tried friends became eleven enemies.

Despite the raspberrying, Elaine stuck it out. When David Selznick tried to buy "My Dear Children," she insisted upon equal billing with Barrymore. "It was to be a package deal or no deal at all," she contended. Selznick didn't exactly see her in the picture and, in time, thumbs-downed the deal. Barrymore again stood by her.

In time the Bronx cheers began to get under Elaine's skin and several times during the spring run of the show, Barrymore announced to his producers on Wednesday he was leaving the cast Saturday night. Conferences like the ensuing one were typical.

The producers, flanked by their lawyers, met Elaine, flanked by no lawyer and fought it out, reminding Barrymore through Elaine that he had signed a run-of-the-play contract and that there was such a thing as Equity. In the end Elaine had to capitulate.



A good reason why the film version of Thorne Smith's "Turnabout" is worth anybody's money! She's Elinor Riley, who takes the part of one of the models.

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TRIMAL

Last May Elaine and John finally had their way. Business had fallen off somewhat at the box office and John had a contract, reputedly engineered by Elaine and a theatrical agent, to go to Hollywood and make "The Great Profile," a story written by Darryl Zanuck himself (under the assumed name of Monte Crosman) and ingredients for which had been furnished by the shenanigans surrounding "My Dear Children!" John signed for $37,500—a terrific comedown from the $9,000 a week he received in his heyday, and considerably less than the $250,000 the performance is actually worth. It is said that Elaine, so anxious was she to get out of the play with dignity, engineered the whole poorish deal. . On the understanding that John would open the show again around August 15th and go on tour, the producers finally consented to the vacation.

And the paradox goes on. Barrymore's health improves, but his attitude toward the world grows less picturesque. Who knows, he may yet wind up a domesticated duck—quietly married, devoted to his pipe and dogs and yachts (his favorite madness) and the payment of his debts.

The latter, of course, seems most unlikely. Though he has made millions, nobody, including himself, knows how much he is in debt. "If I only had a West Indies island," he mourns, "I could throw it to those (slightly unprintable) so and sos (very unprintable)!" Nor does he know whom he owes. "I can't think of anybody," he sighs. It is true that anybody with a pen can make Barrymore sign anything.

ELAINE is trying to straighten out these complicated finances, but even she finds herself stumped. She is reputedly saving her money, has it somewhere in a hole in the ground. If John suspects this, it is doubtful that he cares, for he has no regard for money whatever. He is aware, however, that Elaine is spending a lot of his earnings—what's left after the alimony and the process servers are paid—on clothes, fur coats especially. "Everytime she passes Jaeckels (one of New York's most expensive furriers) her nostrils quiver," John snorts. "No mink in New York is safe from her clutches!"

But he really doesn't care. Possibly it's because John Barrymore's getting old. He's a definite fifty-nine. Elaine's young and dynamic and full of a sirenish allure. Possibly the thought occurs that someday women will no longer crowd the stage door exits as they still do. So he doesn't mind when Elaine rudely elbows a path for him through the mobs of excited, gaping gals.

Furthermore, he realizes he needs money to batter down those heavy debts. He knows his appearance and health must be maintained to earn it. He knows one of those attacks might dent his enormous vitality and powers of recuperation if he isn't prepared to meet them. He realizes all this—and that Elaine with all her shrewdness, her attractiveness, her fierce proprietorship and her motherliness—is a buffer between him and a rapidly closing-in world. He has begun to feel he needs someone badly. His life, a constant mad merry-go-round from his very teens, has never provided a moment of relaxation. It has been a hell of a life, filled with terrific adventures—mostly escaping from women and creditors in order to fall into their clutches again. He is beginning to realize he can't take it much longer. That he is aware of this, I understood all too well when he looked at me suddenly and said during a moment in our interview: "You know, I'm nothing but an old man who wants to go fishing!"

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BEAUTY UNDER THE SUN

(*Continued from page 45*)

Freckles, of course, are tiny patches of tan which appear on skin which has little or uneven pigmentation. They frequently disappear or at least fade at the end of the summer, but the permanent kind are quite difficult to remove safely. The best way to cure freckles is prevention, so protect yourself with brimmed hats, visors, parasols, creams and lotions and spend most of your time in the shade. If freckles don't worry you, forget them.

Immediately after sunning, creams will be your safest cleansers. Go a little light on water and friction for a day or two, until your skin has lost its first burning sensation. Talcum powder is fine to relieve a very mild burn. And there are any number of good ointments and lotions to take the sting out of the hide of overzealous sun worshipers.

NOW, how shall we make up our summer faces—whether or not we tan? Summer make-up should be much softer, more glowing and also more casual than that worn in winter weather.

Your skin should be kept petal smooth with plenty of light creams, both cleansing and foundation. Not only will these protect it against sun, wind and water, but a satin-textured skin will hold make-up ever so much longer and better than one roughened by the elements. Never try to apply make-up over a soiled, sticky complexion. If you can't wash with soap and water, you can always use cream and a facial tissue, cotton wrung out in a refreshing skin lotion or some of those handy little specially prepared pads all ready packed in moisture-proof containers. If you are home, keep a bottle of skin freshener on ice for special make-up occasions. It will be as stimulating as a quick facial.

If you are young and unlined, you may want to try a "shining countenance" make-up. Apply a skin-matching foundation in either cream, stick or liquid form, then "set" it by patting lightly with a cube of ice wrapped in a layer of waxed paper. Powder may be added and also patted down with the wrapped ice. That dewy look can be further enhanced by a patting of cotton wrung out nearly dry in icy skin freshener.

The new tendency in Hollywood—and therefore everywhere else—is toward that natural, freshly-scrubbed look that Vivien Leigh so charmingly typifies, as does Brenda Joyce, the lovely Twentieth Century-Fox starlet whose figure strides so jauntily across page 45. Helen Parrish, Judy Garland, Paulette Goddard, Jean Arthur, Priscilla Lane, Maureen O'Hara and Judith Barrett are just a few of the other cinema charmers who are shining examples of this refreshing trend that is sweeping the country. Make-up is an artifice, a means to an end—the achievement of a lovely, natural appearance. Any kind which detracts from that end defeats its only purpose. Never forget that.

In general, the creams and powders you use in summer should be of a light, fluffy texture if your skin is normal or oily. In case it's dry, as it may be if you do much sun bathing, the heavier, richer creams will do more for you. Your powders should be fine and fluffy.

Summer powder should always match the lightest, brightest tone of your freshly scrubbed facial skin. You tanned or naturally dark-complexioned damsels should choose powder rich in golden, bronze or faintly orange shades. You blondes and red-heads will look luscious in creamy petal pinks and soft, blushing, faintly rosy powders.

Lip and cheek rouge should be bright and gay looking. Leave the dark, rich, more brilliantly vivid shades for cooler days and nights. The smartest girls this year match their nail polish, rouge and lipstick, and the effect is perfectly stunning. No more clashing, vari-colored reds to mar an otherwise beautiful make-up ensemble. Why didn't we think of that simple improvement ages ago! Summer eye make-up should, by all means, be simple, clean and fresh looking.

Rouge for you who tan should contain warm orange or coppery red undertones. Your lipstick should match or harmonize, as we mentioned before. You unsullied fair ones can go in for the lighter orange-reds which are always fresh looking.

Brownettes who may be in a quandary can usually determine their best rouge colors by taking a good long, searching look at their mirrors with an explorer's weather eye out for hitherto undiscovered highlights in hair and eyes. You in-betweens may need to do a little experimenting, for you are a mixed type and what suits one of you may not suit another. However, if you'll pinch your cheeks until some color rises, then match or accent that very shade, you'll find a rouge and lipstick color that will really give you a big lift.

DID you ever have to turn yourself from Cinderella into a glamour girl in half an hour flat, when an unexpected phone call changed the schedule of what had started out to be a well-ordered evening at home? It's bad enough to meet up with such emergencies in the cool, clear atmosphere of winter but, when the heat of summer complicates things, disaster may be the result if you're not foresighted enough to plan some sort of a cool-headed working plan. Here is our suggestion:

Get into your negligee and for the first five minutes, roll up any straggling locks on quick curlers. Get out a set of fresh, clean lingerie, remove old nail polish and cold cream your face, neck, hands and arms.

Now, turn on the water for your bath. (Whatever else you miss, don't skip that.) Whether it's tub, shower or sponge, give yourself a thorough scrubbing. Out of the tub, with a quick, brisk rub-down with a clean towel, topped off with a dash of cologne and your favorite dusting powder. Ten minutes are up!

Whisk on some facial cream and sit down to apply your fresh nail polish. That job can't be hurried. Now sit or lie down and relax completely for two minutes while the polish dries. (You can't do anything else anyway.) Fifteen minutes are up.

All right, now to a well-lighted mirror and the old faithful make-up box. Over a film of foundation cream, apply rouge, powder, lipstick and eye make-up. Twenty minutes!

Take down the curlers, comb out your hair and aim the atomizer where it will do the most good. Twenty-five minutes! Step into your clothes, not forgetting to transfer comb, compact, clean hankie, key and lipstick to the right pocketbook, and out you go!

Half an hour with not a second to spare. But, if you plan it right, you'll

be able to step out as sweet and crisp and fresh as apple blossoms after rain. The man in your life will be so impressed he wouldn't trade you in for Ann Sheridan, Hedy Lamarr and Betty Grable all rolled into one!

So go now, step out into the sunshine, have yourself a prodigious summer and always keep your make-up looking crisp, cool, clean and caressable.

* * *

What kind of soap do you use? There are so many excellent ones nowadays that we think it's fun to change about frequently. One fine, white soap we like has recently been improved three ways: first, it has been made milder; second, it has been given a delightful new fragrance, and third, its lathering qualities have been greatly improved so that it gives a quick creamy lather even in water that's as hard as nails! Cleansing with soap and water is so important to beauty that you can't be too careful in your own choice. Send us your name on a post card, and we'll be glad to tell you the name of this aid to loveliness.

* * *

Your face should always be protected against summer sun, wind and water by a light film of foundation cream. One such excellent cream is being made by a famous cosmetic house whose products are widely used by the movie stars. We particularly like it because it is available in four luscious, flattering skin shades that really do something for your beauty while protecting your skin. This foundation cream stays on remarkably well, too. It will look nice for hours under trying summer conditions and will even last through a vigorous swim or strenuous game of tennis. This grand adherent quality helps a lot to preserve your skin's natural moisture and to prevent drying. Shall we send you the name of this popular foundation cream?

* * *

Many girls—and women, too—have such fine, sensitive skins that they can't use even the average powders without a sensation of prickly dryness. If you happen to be one of these people, let us recommend a soft, fine powder we know about, made of extremely high quality talc with the daintiest scent you ever came across. It was made for the fine, delicate skin of babies—but some of the most fastidious women we know wouldn't think of using anything else. So, if you've ever had any difficulty in this respect, by all means write us for the name of this pure, silken smooth talcum.

* * *

Have you ever compared the beauty of a girl whose eyes were properly made-up with the unattractiveness of another whose eyes were unaided by the glamorizing magic of mascara, shadow and brow pencil? Then you know that there just is no comparison. It is the difference between blankness and beauty, dullness and sparkle, hidden loveliness and instant attraction, for these three simple little aids to eye beauty make a girl's eyes appear not only larger but deeper in both color and brilliance. One prominent maker of just such aids to eye loveliness is now featuring perfectly stunning gold colored vanity cases containing solid mascara. They also make a cunning little zipper case containing a smooth cream form mascara that you can apply without water. Their brow pencils in various colors and their eye shadow in any one of six flattering shades are all priced within the reach of the most thrifty budgeteers. If their name interests you just drop us a card. We'll be delighted to share the good news with you.

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SIMPLIFIED STEPS TO BEAUTY AND STYLE

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  How to appear your best on those vacation snapshots.
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THE STRANGE CASE OF JEAN ARTHUR

(*Continued from page 41*)

name in the papers, and the way she refused to be photographed except during working hours.

The Jean Arthur-is-difficult legend grows and grows. It was helped along the other day when a writer heard that Jean had given a helping hand to a studio worker who had had a terrific run of bad luck. He tried to ferret out the details. He couldn't get to Jean, so he went to the worker. The worker wouldn't talk. "I'd like to teli you what she did," he said, "but if I told, she'd cross me right off her list of friends. She's like that. She doesn't trust anybody who talks about her."

That writer had figured that Jean was finally doing things to counteract her reputation for being cold and unapproachable, but he came away convinced that she didn't care about that reputation.

He didn't know that periodically Jean makes up her mind to simplify her life and give interviews and then, just as periodically, she weakens at the last moment, gets chills and jitters and can't carry through.

IN the past five years of her stardom, she has given perhaps ten interviews. Each of them has been an unmitigated ordeal for her. Honest writers who have actually interviewed her will admit that and testify that they didn't have much fun, themselves.

Consider the experience of one writer, assigned to do a "personality portrait" of Jean Arthur, whom he had never met. He asked for an interview. He was promised one "within the next few days." Six weeks later he was still waiting for an appointment. When he showed no signs of giving up his vigil, he was asked to write out his questions in advance. She was wary of a writer she didn't know—that was understandable. He wrote out his questions. This evidence of his good faith went unacknowledged. Still undeterred, he persisted in trying to get to her. Finally, after two more weeks, he was told that she would talk to him during her lunch hour—on location, forty miles away.

So he drove the forty miles, on a sweltering day, only to learn on his arrival at the location site that Miss Arthur "couldn't see him." She had had a sleepless night and a hard morning, and she was literally in tears at the thought of an interview. She didn't send her regrets for wasting his time with a wild-goose chase. She only sent word that she "had to rest" during her lunch hour.

Curious to gaze upon this star who was so unapproachable, he stayed around to watch her at work. He saw her, bareheaded under a broiling sun and wearing a heavy costume, do a scene over and over, for an hour. Not once did she show signs of regal temperament, of resenting the director's demands, of insisting on a rest. She was the spirit of co-operation.

Without knowing it, she persuaded the writer that people who knew her might have reason to like her. He renewed his efforts to meet her, talk with her. And, when the picture was finished, he finally managed it.

He saw her in her own home where, if anywhere, she should have been comfortable. She wasn't. She appeared, when he was announced, with tear-reddened eyes. She said she had been crying about her kitten, which (she said) had been hit by a car. Throughout the interview, she sat nervously fingering a handkerchief. When she smiled, it was a nervous smile. Frank was present, apparently for protection. Frank left no doubt that the interview was to be confined to the questions written out in advance. The writer began at the beginning and went down the list. Sometimes Jean answered, hesitantly. Sometimes Frank did the answering, especially when a question called for a little personal revelation by Jean about herself. Several times Frank interposed, "Jean doesn't want to answer that."

The writer came away with the baffling impression that he had just met a movie star's husband who wasn't painfully self-conscious, and a movie star who was.

It seems incredible that anyone could become a movie star, have years of acting experience and still be painfully self-conscious as a person. Yet that is the answer to the enigma of Jean Arthur, the girl who seems so warm on the screen and so cold off it.

It's a strange case—the reverse of the story of every other star in Hollywood. Here is a girl who has become more self-conscious as a person, the more successful she has become as an actress.

Scoff and say: "How could anyone be self-conscious and act?" Psychologists say it is possible. One psychologist cites the case of a girl who, attractive and intelligent, had no reason for an inferiority complex, but she had one. She was probably the most sensitive girl in her town. Most people misunderstood her, they mistook her natural shyness for unnatural aloofness. At any party, she always stayed in the background, helplessly watching the other girls getting all the attention, simply because she could never get up the courage to express herself and show off as they did. Yet every year, when the local drama club put on a play, there she was, acting the feminine lead—and very well, too, without a hint of self-consciousness. She wasn't herself in the play, she was somebody else. And, as somebody else, she wasn't embarrassed, having people watch her. When the play was over, she was herself again and more self-conscious than ever until the next play came along.

JEAN ARTHUR is like that. As a young girl in high school in New York, she was shy and sensitive. She dreaded getting out into the world, where a girl had to be aggressive to amount to anything. She didn't stop to analyze it then, but that was why her only ambition was to be a teacher of foreign languages. People didn't expect a teacher to be aggressive. They expected a teacher to be a quiet, serious person like Jean.

She discovered acting by accident. One afternoon she went to a photographer's studio with a girl friend who was looking for work as a model. The photographer was overloaded with assignments. He said, "I could use your friend, too." So Jean, who had never fancied herself as a photographic subject, was drafted as a model. She was scared stiff that he would discover, in the first sitting, that she was too self-conscious to look natural in front of a camera.

The photographer said, "Relax. Forget you're Gladys Greene." (That was her name then.) "Pretend you're a college girl about to have a date with the football hero. Look as she would look." She tried that and succeeded and made the

amazing discovery that she lost her self-consciousness, when she pretended she was someone else.

She didn't have to model many times before she gave up the teaching idea completely. Modeling was more fun than teaching could ever be. She could look forward to doing different things, in different settings, every day. More important, she could look forward to being different people every day and escaping from her self-conscious self.

Movie scouts became model-minded. She received a movie offer. She grabbed at the chance to go to Hollywood. She had hardly arrived, a starry-eyed Cinderella, when she was given the feminine lead in a picture called "The Temple of Venus." A few days later, it was taken away from her. Acting for a movie camera was more complicated than acting for a still camera, and she didn't have the experience necessary. To give her some experience, the studio made her an ingénue in two-reel comedies. Then, after a year, they let her go.

When that happened, she seriously considered finishing school and carrying out her original idea of becoming a teacher. She shuddered at the thought of being just Gladys Greene or Jean Arthur, as she was now known, for the rest of her life. She had had a taste of playing at make-believe and the unself-consciousness that it brought. Desperately, she wanted to keep on acting.

SHE was desperate enough to work for nothing in the Encino Country Club movie. She was desperate enough to play silly ingénues and vapid Western heroines for years, on the gamble that some day someone would see her as a possibility for an important role. Finally, she was desperate enough to go to New York and get on the stage to prove to Hollywood that the girl it-had-known-when could act.

She has suppressed most of the details of her struggle. She doesn't like to recall the humiliations she had to suffer during the years she was slighted, ignored and pushed aside while she watched other girls get the big roles and the publicity build-ups.

Instead of looking on her long fight as a saga of determination, Jean is self-consciously afraid that people will think it took so long for recognition because she lacked something.

She has let people think that she and Frank met where they married—in the East. (The wedding date was June 11, 1932.) Actually, they met on the Paramount lot. Both of them were under contract, and neither of them seemed to be getting anywhere. Their mutual discouragement drew them together. Frank was dropped by the studio and went east to go into the real estate business. When Jean, too, departed from Hollywood and went back to New York, they simply took up where they had left off.

Jean's return to Hollywood was triumphal. Every studio in town clamored for her. One big role followed another. She did "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and became the most-talked-about girl on the screen. Every magazine wanted a Jean Arthur interview. It was sweet, getting all this attention, even belatedly, but it was also frightening. She didn't know what people expected her to be like in person. She was afraid they might be disillusioned. She wasn't changed from what she had been before. She lived just as simply, dressed just as simply, was just as unsensational a person. In self-defense, she sought seclusion.

She didn't dodge interviewers because she wanted to get even with them for ignoring her so long. She didn't suddenly take to avoiding places where she would run into candid-cameramen because she wanted to get even with them for not having taken her picture years before. She climbed into a large clamshell and pulled down the lid because public curiosity made her self-conscious.

She is still that way. She is still dodging interviewers and public places. Recently, for the first time, she posed for pictures "at home"—but only after months of persuasion. She still objects when press agents want to print anything about her as a person, not an actress. If people like her as an actress, she wants to leave well enough alone.

There is no reason why people wouldn't like her equally well as a person, if she would let them know her. She is refreshing because she is not a dazzling Glamour Girl, but a simple, everyday person—on the quiet side. She has money, but she doesn't show it off. She and Frank live in a rented house of nine rooms—small for Hollywood—tucked away in the hills. She has a mongrel dog without a sniff of a pedigree. She spends most of her spare time in slacks, which are notoriously unglamorous on the female form but comfortable. She putters in the garden. She reads a great deal. She talks well among friends—but is a better listener. She isn't a good mixer.

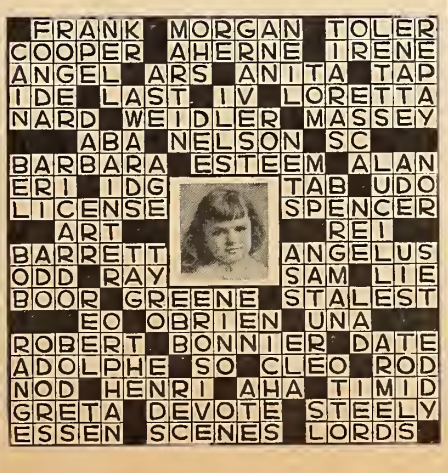
She can't be too difficult to live with. Frank has been getting along all right with her for eight years. They recently went on a long holiday together. Now there is talk of their having formed an independent movie company together—Frank to be the producer, Jean the star.

A friend recently asked her if she had ever thought of adopting a child. "No," said Jean, "I want to have my own." That sounds as if, before too long, she intends to take time off for a Blessed Event.

When she will stop acting permanently, she doesn't know. Before she stops, she would like to play "one role in which people will remember me." For a while, she thought that Scarlett O'Hara might be it, but that deal fell through at the eleventh hour. For a while, too, she thought that she and Frank might some day produce "Joan of Arc." But David Selznick has announced plans to produce "Joan of Arc," starring Ingrid Bergman. So she's still looking for "the one role."

Meanwhile, she and Frank are talking of buying or building in the Valley. Wonder if she has considered Encino as a home site? There couldn't be a more fitting climax to her strange story than to settle down, famous and financially independent, in the spot where she once worked for nothing, in the hope of landing a job as an actress.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14



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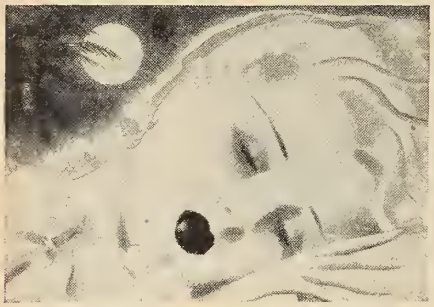
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SINCE 1889

The Stillman Co., Aurora, Illinois

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

DON'T GET HIM WRONG!

(Continued from page 35)

sense his good health from his tan, his vitality and his ability to concentrate forcefully. He is far more colorful than you anticipate. The records show that he is an exceptionally successful man from all angles, but Joel definitely is no stuffed-shirt. All his reactions are normal, yet he is the first to say that he is crazy about Hollywood, and he relies on his impulses.

"I have never lived on a budget," he said, referring to his reputation as a shrewd business man. "I couldn't be bothered with figuring closely. I don't have any sort of a desk at home; I don't suppose we even have a pen in the place! But I have Scotch blood in me, and I believe it's every man's primary duty to support himself and save for the future. I think you should seriously consider the cash possibilities of whatever line of work you take up; if you maneuver towards what's profitable, you aren't so liable to pick a dead-end career. The reason I got into pictures was that I wanted adventure on an exciting scale. That's exactly what Hollywood has given me. But," he grinned, "I also foresaw that there was good money to be made here.

"I just hired my first business manager a month ago and he attends to all my bills, bookkeeping and mail. I persuaded Paramount to give me one of the rooms in the men's dressing-room building for his office, and I go in there about once a week to see him. Frankly, though, it is my opinion that you can get rich quicker in other businesses. An actor may hit big money, but it is for a comparatively brief spell and the income tax gets most of it. A man who is concentrating on wealth would aim at an income spread over a long period of years; it would not be so highly taxed and he'd probably have investments which would bring him in considerable dividends.

I HAVE one financial secret, and it's the trick that has helped me. I don't budget; I simply take half of what I earn, before anything happens, and invest it. I started this system when I was a kid delivering newspapers on Hollywood Boulevard. When I got my first movie contract with Metro, I made myself get by on half salary, and I've stuck to the policy ever since.

"The present little theory that I have walked a blueprint is absurd. I can understand how you have to fight through discouraging periods, because I have had my own share of struggles. I have made plenty of mistakes. I made one very embarrassing one shortly after I got my first chance to be an actor. I'd gone to school with Cecil B. DeMille's daughter, and he ordered Mitchel Leisen, then his assistant and art director, to test me for the lead in 'Dynamite.' You can imagine how thrilled I was! I didn't get it, but I was happy enough to play a bit and to be under long-term contract to M-G-M. It looked as though I was going to be a star in double time, so when the studio sent out some interviewers I didn't hesitate to describe my limited past dramatically. I was elated with the publicity, especially when it was tied up with 'A Woman Of Affairs,' in which I was to be Garbo's dashing lover. Miss Garbo was quite polite to me the first day. There never was a second. Clarence Brown didn't fire me, himself; he sent his assistant to tell me to report to the casting office. The casting director was out and his assistant —life in Hollywood is full of assistants —told me to take off their palm beach suit, because I was too tall for the part.

"While I was sitting feeling sorry for myself in my dressing-room, I saw John Mack Brown going by in the same suit. I lost that opportunity because it was too important a part for me in too big a picture. My second break was a bad one, too. Eventually, I was assigned to another role and we rehearsed the whole day before we were to start shooting. That night my telephone rang. I wasn't experienced enough; the director had no confidence in me, and I was being replaced by Conrad Nagel. I know what it is like to be out on your ear when all you need is someone's faith and training. Metro didn't take up my option, and for the next six months I couldn't get a job at any studio. The publicity I had leaped at was a boomerang. 'What's the matter?' I was asked everywhere. 'Why wouldn't Metro keep you?"

JOEL was smart enough to remain his own clean-cut self. He doesn't smoke; he doesn't drink. He was such a handsome exception to the rule that the most glamorous reigning stars began inviting him to be their escort to the most exclusive social events. Joel is not given to reminiscing about any notable social splash he made as the colony's most-rushed bachelor. He said, "I don't want to discuss those dates. Frances might go, 'Hmm!'" Joel can hardly forget, however, the night he was supposed to go to Pickfair to meet the present King of England. The Fairbankses and Charlie Chaplin were entertaining for the illustrious guests, and Gloria Swanson had invited Joel to take her to the formal dinner. Came the great day, and Joel was thunderstruck. Miss Swanson's secretary phoned that the gentlemen were wearing white ties. Joel didn't know what on earth that meant, and after he found out she meant tails he was still in a pickle, because he had only a poorly-fitted tuxedo. Characteristically, he was not awed into doing anything rash. He obviously didn't have time to have a full-dress suit tailor-made, so he 'phoned Gloria that he was ill. Incidentally, he never owned tails until a role required them, and a studio got them for him.

After his semi-romance with Swanson, he dated Constance Bennett quite a bit. She didn't humble his hunches, either. He didn't buy a snappy convertible; he couldn't out of his half salary. He purchased a second-hand Dodge roadster and arrived at all Beverly Hills mansions in it. The ladies invariably had their own limousine for further transportation. "I was the backward type," smiled Joel. "I didn't force myself on them."

The McCrea marriage is now in its seventh year, and Joel and Frances have two husky young sons. But it is foolish to be saccharine about this pair. It wasn't a cut-and-dried set-up. Neither of them fell in love at first sight. They were introduced on the beach at Santa Monica when Joel was being candid-camera'd in the surf, and Frances, who was going through the sophisticated stage, dismissed him as probably one more of those overgrown boy athletes. When they were cast together in "The Silver Chord," she gave him her best aloof treatment. He drove past her on the street a few days after the film had begun and shouted hello at her. She didn't answer, where-

upon he automatically took a violent dislike to her. He went through the who-does-she-think-she-is phase; after all, he was bigger in pictures than she was. For three weeks they didn't get along. It was the only time he has ever encountered such an impasse. Frances, off-guard, found that he was no boor. He thereupon realized that her ingénue looks were deceiving, that there was a fire and a sweeping punch to her that made her fascinating.

Joel is a combination of contradictions. He is sure to do the common-sense thing, but prepare for him to behave in his individual way. He plays safe and will be apt to confound you if you blandly assume you have him catalogued. He utilizes ultra-modern advantages ordinarily, for instance, but he won't fly. He just doesn't like airplanes. But when Frances was in the East on location he missed her so much that he flew back to marry her. He'd never flown before and hasn't since.

"Before I married I was certain I never would. I thought men could live alone. I invested my money in a ranch, one that is now self-supporting." This is phrasing it mildly. Joel's one thousand acres, forty-five minutes north of Hollywood, have made him the third largest corn grower in California, and he raises Hereford cattle. "I built a ranch house which I thought could always be headquarters. Frances preferred to live in town, but we have never bought a town house, because we didn't want to be tied down to it. Anyway, those tremendous places are only for millionaires. At first we rented a big house and laughed because we got it at a bargain. Before the year was out, the joke was on us; we hadn't counted on the upkeep."

Nearly once a year the McCreas move. They never seem to know where they'll be residing next, and fortunately both of them enjoy this uncertainty. There's always the ranch to fall back upon. And just because they're no longer 'patsies' about home up-keep, don't conclude that their domesticity is dull. "We rented our present home last winter, and I didn't try out the swimming pool then. It was full. But in two weeks it was empty. 'Why did you do that?' I asked Frances. 'I didn't do anything!' she retorted. We discovered it leaks. There are no cracks; it just takes two weeks for a good drain job!"

There is very little routine in Joel's days, considering the efficiency with which he functions. He wakes up early every morning from habit, but from then on, if he isn't working, he's never positive what will happen. If he has enough time, he'll go out to the ranch. While it is no plaything, it didn't become profitable right away. "Yes," exclaimed Joel, "I pulled quite a boner out there! I decided that it would be more economical to pay a foreman a small salary and give him an interest in the crop. That was psychologically bad, and I ruined a good farmer. It made him my partner, and there was too much controversy. I'm all for harmony. I'll argue my head off to gain a point, but I steer clear of wrangling. It was my fault for I made the deal. I had to call it off. Now I pay a good salary and if I say 'Do it wrong!' at least there is no long-winded debate.

THE McCrea social activities are not planned ahead. When Joel's working, he proceeds on the principle that he won't go out at all evenings. Should he feel like dinner with the director or with someone in the cast, he will telephone Frances, and she will join them for an early supper. Getting Frances places on time is currently one of Joel's little problems. She has honorable intentions, but ignores clocks with a fine flare. "I shouldn't brag myself, because until a year or so ago I was always late for appointments. Frank Lloyd cured me. He was never once a minute late, and when I saw that a director and producer with his tremendous interests could be that considerate, I swore to get over that bad habit."

Joel has served his apprenticeship under confining long-term contracts. For years he never knew what he would appear in, until he read the title in the papers. A year ago, Joel had nerve enough to request a release from his Samuel Goldwyn deal. In his contract he'd had a clause stating that he was to be in two of Goldwyn's important productions each season. He discovered he was getting the lesser films and was being loaned out for what he pithily termed "tomatoes." The legendary Sam didn't want Joel to leave him, even though Mr. McCrea had upset



Bill Lundigan pins one of the orchids Warners gave away to publicize "Brother Orchid" on his lovely light o' life, Margaret Lindsay.

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WEE WALKERS for the *wee* walker

him a number of times by trying to sell him various other actors. Barbara Stanwyck secured the lead in "Stella Dallas," only because Joel kept insisting she was the one for it. Like all of Joel's casting efforts, this was a purely philanthropic deed. Goldwyn invariably spluttered "No!" to each of Joel's discriminating suggestions; he roused Joel in the middle of the night to come up and tell him again why Barbara was right for that break. Jon Hall owes his stardom to Joel's intercession.

As a free-lance, Joel, in his early thirties, is varying his roles admiringly. "This one has taught me I'd better stop wearing cheap clothes. I hate fittings, but now I am going to a top tailor on the Strip, because when I took a look at the first rushes and saw how I looked in comparison with Herbert Marshall, I knew that my wardrobe would have to be vastly improved." He is not fond of New York City, other than for its stage plays. His idea of a vacation is to train East with Frances, pick up a car and then drive around the country. They don't travel as movie stars, and so they get in a lot of spontaneous fun. He is anxious for her to continue her career, believing that any woman who has a talent should have the privilege of exercising it. Emphatically head of his own household, Joel is smart enough not to be selfish.

If you are curious about some of Hollywood's muchly touted players, you bump into a strange barrier when you try to know them as they honestly are, but you don't need to get Joel McCrea wrong. He's perfectly willing to set you right!

LADIES' MAN

(*Continued from page 31*)

romantic. Grant you, it's flattering, though."

Sitting, listening to Charles Boyer, we tried to analyze his charm. Wearing soft brown moccasins, he seemed shorter than we'd imagined. His clothes were rumpled; his movements, slow; his face, tired. But listening to him, we became aware of his manner—of his slow glance and quick smile, of his continental *savoir faire*, of his disarming accent. But we realized that these physical items weren't his secret. We could go home and practice making our eyes look dreamy, acquire an accent and learn to be nonchalant, but we still wouldn't be Boyer, and girls would still avoid us like a plague.

NO, Charles Boyer's secret wasn't tied up with appearance and manner. It was something else, certainly, that made him a Ladies' Man. It was, perhaps, that he understood ladies. It was, maybe, that he recognized in women intangible qualities, good and bad, that the average man couldn't see.

We wondered if Monsieur Boyer would be prone to discuss such matters. We had heard he was as gabby as a clam on the subject of women in general. But no harm trying—

"You want to know what criticism I have to make of women?" echoed Boyer.

He rose from his chair, paced nervously across the room, debating whether or not to involve himself in the question. Finally, as he walked, he talked:

"I am much too fond of women and respect their underlying charm too much to criticize them. For example, reporters always want me to compare French girls with American girls. But such generalities are difficult. Oh, I could say French girls have more warmth than American girls, that they wear inexpensive clothes better and that they are not quite as good looking. I could say, also, that American girls are much more attractive and vital. But both statements would be only half true—because French and American ladies both have good points and bad points. It is possible to criticize individuals, but not nationalities."

Boyer paused, came to roost on the arm of the low-slung sofa, then began speaking again in his throaty accent.

"But this I think I can tell you—the thing I personally do not like in ladies. I do not like a woman to keep reminding me that she is a woman. Do you understand? I will illustrate. I am on a date. My lady drops her handkerchief. I like to rush and pick it up for her. I want to be gentlemanly and do her that favor. But I do not like her to tell me to pick it up or to expect me to. That is to say, I do not care for the attitude of women who expect things done for them because they are feminine. You see, there is just no kick in being gallant if it's in the contract that you have to be so."

Charles Boyer's wisdom concerning the feminine sex has stood him in good stead with Pat Paterson, his blonde English wife. Boyer went with Actress Pat only twelve weeks. Then suddenly, one night at a preview, he broke an early resolution to remain a bachelor, proposed to her—and five minutes later they were on their way to a spectacular and successful elopement.

Boyer's matrimonial wisdom extends to the knowledge that only one word is necessary to wedded bliss—"compromise." He and Pat have both compromised: She, in giving up her acting career because he thinks careers and matrimony a poor mixture; and he, in confining his bass warbling to the bathroom because she doesn't think him a Caruso.

We wondered if his love scenes had ever been a matrimonial issue. We wondered what Pat Paterson thought of her handsome housband holding Glamour Girls in his arms.

BOYER shrugged. "Pat has never watched me make love in the studio. Though, if she were ever on hand, she wouldn't object, because she knows it is all nonsense and silly. In fact, the only time she comes to the studio is to have lunch with me. She prefers not to watch my pictures in production, so that when she sees them on the screen, they will be fresh to her, and she will be better able to judge them. Pat is very critical of my work and, in her opinions, is always very sincere, very frank, and very right!"

We asked Monsieur Boyer, since it was a point under discussion, whether he himself was extremely critical of his own work on the screen. Indeed he was!

"My work is always a great disappointment to me. What I see is so far from what I hoped for. Naturally, it's difficult to perfect a movie scene. Every shot is a first night. There's never time to sleep on it or permit it to grow in your mind. The work is usually hasty and superficial.

"When I observe myself, I see error after error, and I say to myself, ah!—that scene—it should have been done this way or that way. I immediately

spend an hour thinking of ten ways in which I could have improved the scene. That's my biggest fault. I can't forget my mistakes and persist in enacting them over and over again in my mind. Very futile and a bad habit, because it keeps me in the past, instead of looking ahead.

"However, of late, I have stopped viewing rushes of myself on the screen. I fall prey to the habit of discovering an effective smile of mine, or a gesture or posture or glance which appeals, and unconsciously, adopting the mannerism as a trick, and repeating it until it becomes a cliché. Today, I know it is bad to look at oneself too long."

DURING the course of the conversation, as Charles Boyer unburdened himself and informed us of his tastes and habits, we became aware that he was an intellectual and an introvert. His word picture of his personal preferences did not add up to the usual idea of a Ladies' Man, and as such, his personal preferences were news.

"My idea of an excellent evening," he admitted, "is a nice little gathering at home or at a friend's home. Not that I am a recluse or that I try to avoid people, because I don't. And sometimes I do enjoy going out in public and mixing. But my peace exists with a small friendly group, indulging in sensible talk for a quiet evening.

"In my group, my best friend is Ronald Colman. We see each other three times a week. His wife, Benita Hume, is an old friend of mine, too. Ronald is the best company possible. As an actor, he isn't a ham but an artist and, as a man, he is cultured and doesn't have to confine his conversation to films.

"Incidentally, I see in Colman much that I believe. For I believe the perfect actor should know everything. That is, he should have a super background, because a real actor is constantly called upon to play roles varying from physicians and murderers to politicians, and he must understand them all. Toward this end, I read books like mad—and I enjoy chatting about everything under the sun. However, I'm not one of those who claim they never talk shop because, since movies are my profession, I enjoy talking about them."

Speaking of drawing-room conversation, Monsieur Boyer stated that along with Ronald Colman, he appreciated the company of his friends Maurice Chevalier, Philip Heriat, the French novelist, and Anatole Litvak, who was directing him at Warner Brothers.

Intellectually, there were four women, besides his wife, he looked forward to spending an evening with. These four women, their collective brain adding up to some synonym for genius, were: Eve Curie, lecturer, writer and daughter of the discoverer of radium; Natalie Paley, part-time actress; Mrs. Rubenstein, wife of the concert pianist; and Colette, the French novelist, about whom Boyer remarked, "I have known her over twenty years, and she's always been exciting and intelligent."

Up on his feet again, striding back and forth within the confines of the small room, smoking incessantly, Charles Boyer expounded on one of his pet topics —Hollywood.

"Whenever I am in Paris, I frankly raise hell with the French press for picturing Hollywood as a home of unspeakable orgies, wild parties, irresponsible inhabitants and marble palaces. Hollywood, I inform them, is badly misjudged. The people I know in the film colony work hard, are up at six in the morning and not through with work until ten at night. And, unless they wish to die early, they prefer sleep to excessive play.

"Off and on, I have been in Hollywood for ten years. I have seen the intellectual level rise and the town's standards grow. Eventually, every great talent comes to Hollywood. It's a fine place."

From Hollywood itself, Boyer launched into a discussion of the movies and his own movie ambitions. He spoke of his anxiety for good scripts and his desire to portray important personalities such as Molière. He spoke further of the kind of movies he wanted to participate in during his tomorrows.

"The more I observe of war, of labor troubles, of suffering and intolerance, the more I want to do motion pictures with a message. Of course, I still believe entertainment is the most important factor, and I believe light comedies are essential and necessary, though I'm not the type to play them."

Disclosing the hidden workings of his system, Boyer revealed he had learned most of his histrionic technique from Lucien Guitry. "Lucien, the father of Sacha Guitry, was my favorite actor. He was a genius. There aren't sufficient adjectives to describe his genius. Once, when he opened in a new play, I saw him in that play for thirty nights in succession! And I learned more from watching him perform than from all my fifteen years' experience on the legitimate stage!"

A NATIVE of Figeac, France, Charles made love to his school teacher when he was twelve. Told by her to save his talents for the stage, he took the teacher's advice and went on the boards at the age of nineteen.

"Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six most humans are molded and greatly influenced," said Boyer, "and it was during that period that I read the stirring novels, philosophy in fiction, of François Mauriac. His works did the most toward influencing my future."

From his initial footlight success in Bernstein's "Melo" to his first great Hollywood film, "Private Worlds," Boyer retained one bit of advice his mother had given him. "The advice? Very simple. That I should never get a swelled head, that I should keep my sense of proportion—especially in the business of acting, where there is so much fan mail praising one for appearance and talent."

Unbuttoning his costume, to change into the plain gray type of suit he likes to wear, Charles Boyer admitted that his recent service with the army in France had affected his sensitive nature. "The war made me more serious," he said.

He talked of music. His favorite song is "Lover" by Cole Porter. His favorite popular composer is Irving Berlin. He enjoys watching and hearing Toscanini conduct. He thinks Chaliapin the best singer he has ever heard.

He mentioned, also, enjoying Del Monte, California as a vacation spot, preferring the tango as a dance, abhorring tails and top hat, desiring to one day become a producer, liking to stay up late nights and loving a good game of poker.

Before we left, Charles Boyer rose to his full five feet nine and stood opposite us. He explained that he wanted one thing, above all others, made clear. His brown eyes were sincere and his manner convincing. He emphasized one thing:

"Remember, that whatever I am, well, I am certainly not a Ladies' Man!"

We weren't sure. Maybe he was right about himself. Maybe, after all, he was just quiet, serious, very married and domestic—but, say! listen! We still wouldn't trust our girl friend to get within ten feet of him! No sirree!



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STRICTLY PERSONAL

(*Continued from page 37*)

Deanna Durbin's face is a headache to the make-up man. It's too healthy—her complexion is too smooth, her pores too fine and her skin too taut—which causes grease-paint to slide off her forehead and cheeks.

Her severest critic is her brother-in-law. But her favorite critic is sister, Edith—"though she's a trifle tender with me." Recently, Deanna sang a song at a house-party, and a week later sang it twice as well on the radio. Her brother-in-law bawled her out for that. He insisted she should have been as good at the party as on the air.

She doesn't see Vaughn Paul at the studio. Before they were in love, he worked on her first five pictures as second assistant director. After they fell in love, he was promoted to first assistant—and out of her pictures!

Her cameraman claims she photographs 75% better than the average star. One of the main reasons is because she has good ears! Honestly! Her ears lay back, small, flat and perfectly shaped—enabling her to be shot sideways and from over the shoulders without her ears looking like the arms of a loving cup.

The only make-up corrections necessary to her countenance are shadows to make her round face appear thinner, and more shadows to make her chin sharper. Also, her lips are cut down by paint, because they are too full and sensuous for the youthful roles she plays.

She sighs when watching Spencer Tracy on the screen. And she is at the opening of all Margaret Sullavan pictures. Her stage preferences go to Helen Hayes and Gertrude Lawrence, though she wishes she had seen Katharine Cornell.

Deanna doesn't take a weekly allowance. "I'm not methodical enough," she says. She goes around without a penny in her purse and puts all meals and purchases on credit. "But someday, on the way to the studio, I'll run out of gas, and then I'll be sorry."

Blue is her pet clothes color, because her eyes are blue. Six different shades of blue will change the color of her eyes six times.

Singing does to Deanna what physical exercise does to the layman. It makes her hungry. She developed an enormous appetite while recording three numbers for her next picture, the nineteenth century costume piece, "Spring Parade."

Deanna still takes three-hour singing lessons from her first teacher, André de Segurola. She goes to his home every day for the lessons.

The two men in the world she would like most to meet are Toscanini, the great Italian conductor who can study a score once and know every note from memory, and Franklin D. Roosevelt of Washington, D. C.

She claims she has never met a boy she couldn't get along with. There are no male traits that annoy her, and she never fights with fellows.

She doesn't care for an early breakfast. If she could, she would like to skip it altogether and get up in time for a big lunch—and she does, during vacations.

If she weren't a singer, Deanna might be a music teacher. And if she couldn't be that, "Why, I'd be nothing. I'd just be flopping around."

She owns miniature prints of her last eight movies. She also owns a small 8 mm. camera, and takes amateur motion pictures of other players at work on the lot.

When a picture is in shooting, she expects Joe Valentine, her cameraman, to bring her a package of gum after every lunch hour. If he doesn't, she's unhappy. And whenever she's unhappy, Joe Valentine will shout, "Give us the big eyes! The Durbin smile!" Then she will grin.

At home, she sings all day long, and anything that comes to her mind, even swing numbers. She never sings anything too high when fooling around.

On a date, Deanna Durbin likes to do something different. She likes the boy friend to take her to the movies!

She has her screen and private clothes made at the studio. She favors plain tailored suits and sports dresses. The average dress she wears before the camera costs $25, and after the picture is over, Deanna buys it from the studio for $12.50.

The biggest crisis in Deanna's career was keeping her young for the public, even though she was maturing. Vera West, Universal's expert clothes designer, managed this illusion by giving her high-waisted dresses, full sexless skirts—and by using bolero jackets to cover her bust.

She still remembers the best piece of advice ever given her. It was at the beginning of her second picture, when Adolphe Menjou remarked, "Deanna, always remember, it takes as much effort to make a bad picture as it does to make a good one, so why not always make good ones!"

Upon losing her temper, she never swears. She merely exclaims, "Aw, bugs!" Or, when she really gets sore, she shouts, "Phooey!"

Her church is Baptist. She can do the Lambeth Walk. She laughs constantly, but never giggles. She hasn't ever been late for a dress fitting. Her favorite author is W. Somerset Maugham.

Over a hundred pedigreed dogs have been offered her. She has refused them all, remaining loyal to her black-haired mongrel, Tippy. She purchased Tippy some years ago in a pet shop for $2, choosing him because he liked the salted peanuts she was eating.

No rituals have attached themselves to Deanna's singing. Where the average opera star avoids starches and gulps hot wine before tackling the high notes, Deanna will calmly consume a five course lunch and then toss off her favorite operatic selection, "One Fine Day," from "Madame Butterfly."



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ARDY TAR

The Pirates' Den" is the most popular spot
1 town these summer nights. Its array of
wners—among them Bing Crosby, Rudy
allee, Fred MacMurray, Johnny Weissmuller
nd Ken Murray—was bound to attract the
ublic. But once there, it's the fun that holds
m. Chief attraction—with all due credit to
ıe aforementioned lads—is the iron sailor,
t which customers can throw all the bottles
ey want at a mere nickel apiece.

OOD THINGS IN SMALL ACKAGES!

et those who will scoff at the Howard
ughes-Ginger Rogers intentions. But we pre-
ct it's wedding bells for sure—particularly
ter seeing Howard's fifty-two birthday pres-
ts delivered to Ginger on the set the other
y. They were small boxes of various
ıpes, and each one was done up in a
ferent color scheme. Ginger was trembling
h excitement from the moment she opened
first box and found a beautiful pearl,
il she opened the last little box and
nd a fifty-second beautiful pearl. Seems
t Ginger's mother had told Howard just
v her daughter feels about presents—
's mad about opening packages, and it
lly doesn't matter to her what's inside.
e her quantity to quality every time.
vever, she's not objecting a bit to How-
's ingenious way of combining both ele-
ıts, and don't think she's not proud of
elegant pearl necklace she's had made!

ENSIVE HOBBY

nia Bruce is turning into one of Holly-
's most avid art collectors. No less an
rity than Edward G. Robinson says
ıe beauteous blonde has an apprecia-
r fine paintings that should mean an
le collection in the future. And J.
Ruben has faithfully promised not to
much as one star sapphire for Vir-
but to put those extra pennies toward
ause."

SE AQUATIC MacMURRAYS

ay wander into a theatre one of these
and be surprised to see Fred Mac-
y grinning at you from a sports short.
taken on extra-curricular activity late-
l has made several short features for
al release. It all came about because
ıs so good at water polo that various
nies begged him to show on the screen
t really should be done. What they
know is that lovely Mrs. MacMurray
e of a champ at the sport than her
nd!

SO FASTIDIOUS AFTER ALL

Benny makes a point of boasting about
ıstidious tastes in cigars, whenever an
ion arises. But his secretary at the
knows the boss pretty well and, in
er to a query about what kind of smoke
really prefers, she said airily, "Oh, El
o, Sub Rosa, or any other kind that
es as a gift." So he's choosey, eh?

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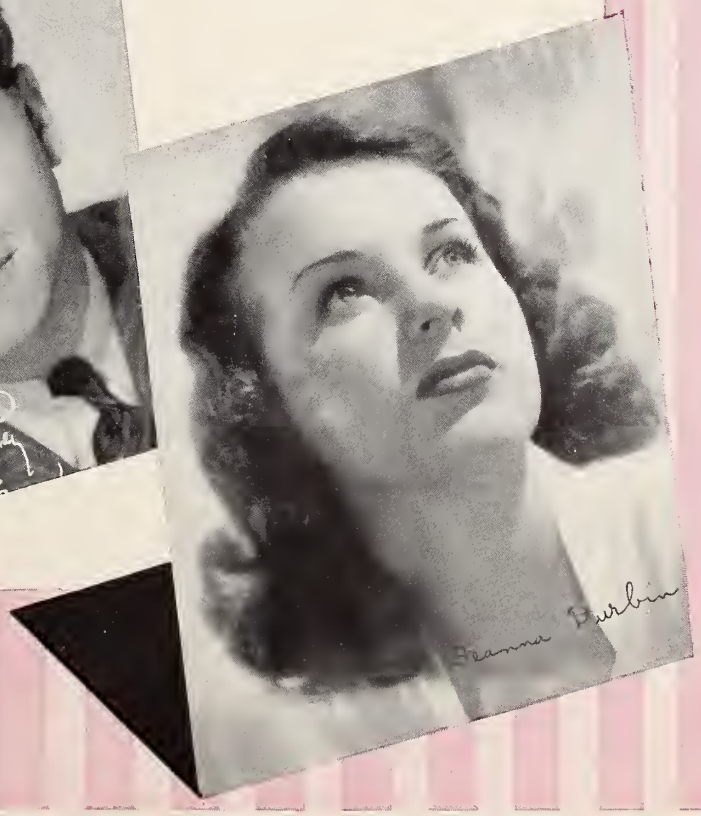
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MODERN SCREEN

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HIS HEART SANG:

"You Were Meant for Me!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—help protect your own bright smile with Ipana and Massage!

HER HEART TOLD HER the moment had come... the magic moment when she would hear from his lips what she had read in his glance: "You're beautiful—beautiful."

But then, alas, her lips parted in a smile! And with that smile—so dull, so dingy, so lifeless—the spell of her beauty was broken.

HOW TRAGIC A DULL AND DINGY SMILE!



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GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Let the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier, more sparkling smile!



And while you're at your druggist's get the new D.D. Tooth Brush, too! It's specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleaning and more effective gum massage.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

AUG 15 1940

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COVER GIRL: Cloudette Colbert, now working in Paramount's "Arise My Love;" photograph by Eugene Richee, clothes by I. Mognin, Hollywood, Calif.

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SPENCER TRACY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
HEDY LAMARR

in

BOOM TOWN

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin • Based on a Story by James Edward Grant • Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by Sam Zimbalist • *A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE*



INFORMATION DESK

YOUR PET STAR'S LIFE'S AN OPEN BOOK TO US! WRITE FOR DETAILS

NOTE: *If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

Patty Todd, York, Nebraska. Reed Hadley, that rough and ready hero of the Zorro serials, was born in Petrolia, Texas, on June 25, 1912, and his real name is Reed Herring. He's six feet two and one-half inches tall, weighs 187 pounds and has brown eyes and hair. There isn't a Mrs. Hadley yet, but Reed admits he's in the marriage market. Here's what he's looking for—a good sport who's outdoorsy without being an Amazon, attractive but not necessarily beautiful, who's crazy about animals and who has an extra-special sense of humor. Reed, who used to be a radio announcer before he was "discovered," is easy-going most of the time, but he gets positively violent on the subject of red finger nails, Hawaiian music and light novels. Things he says he couldn't do without are good biographies, Debussy's music, rare steaks and deep sea fishing.

"Sorority Girl," Kansas City, Missouri Yes, you're right. That was a sorority pin you spied on Brenda Joyce. She's a Delta Gamma from U. C. L. A.

Jeanette Frenn, Okmulgee, Oklahoma. You and your skyscraper cronies should take heart, for there are loads and loads of tall actresses. Hedy Lamarr, Lucille Ball and Gail Patrick are all over five feet seven. Myrna Loy, Binnie Barnes, Rita Hayworth, Ellen Drew and dozens of others are five feet six. Miliza Korjus, Cora Witherspoon and Fanny Brice are nearly five feet eight. As long as a girl is a good actress, her height won't hinder her, unless, of course, she's so tall she'd dwarf her leading men. We've never heard that large feet were undesirable in an actress. Hedy Lamarr and Anita Louise are among the lassies whose feet are on the large side. You ask what a girl should have in order to get into the movies. Well, by far the most important thing is talent. Looks and personality are secondary. Yes, it's a help to be able to sing and dance, but not by any means essential.

Dorothy M., Chicago, Illinois. Yes, Miliza Korjus is being dropped by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She certainly has had a run of hard luck, between that terrific automobile accident and a long siege of illness. She's only made one picture, "The Great Waltz." Keep on writing her at M-G-M with a notation on the envelope to "Please forward."

Jim Shank, East St. Louis, Ill. Helen Parrish was just three years old when she was first recognized as star material. A casting director saw her puttering around his office one day and took an immediate fancy to her. It seems Mrs. Parrish was trying to get Helen's older sister into the movies, and Helen had just come along for the ride, so to speak. Sister never got to first base, but Helen, fourteen years later, is still going strong. An easy-going and fun-loving person, Helen nevertheless has very definite likes and dislikes; the former including roller skating, Frosty—her white Eskimo dog—New York City, fried chicken and roller coasters; and the latter—spinach in any disguise whatsoever and people who leer at her. She is seventeen years old, of Irish-English descent, and her one pride and joy is her long, brown hair, which she refuses to cut.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It's an event when a movie star can get by with his or her own name. If it's not too stagey—like Joan Crawford's and Anne Shirley's (they were Lucille Le Sueur and Dawn Paris, respectively), it's too stodgy; like Cary Grant's (Archibald Leach). Even our four-footed friends have their troubles. Rin-Tin-Tin's name was too lowbrow (he was Fido), and Mickey Mouse's was too high brow (Michael Mouseltoff). In Hollywood there's lots in a name!

Charles Edward Pratt is a name worthy of Britain's most solid citizen—and the studios wanted to ballyhoo him as the screen's No. 1 bogey man! Something drastic would have to be done about that confidence-inspiring monicker. Imagine cringing at a monster called Charlie! The studio dreamed up Boris Karloff, and our blood pressure's never been quite the same.

When Frederic Bickel went on the stage, his dad's side of the family was scandalized. A change of name was in order, and Fred decided to take his mother's maiden name. No, he thought, looking into a marquée-lighted future, Frederic Marcher's too long. He shortened the last name to March and discovered to his horror that his nom de stage had thirteen letters. He dropped an "e" and emerged Fredric March.

In 1923, a slick-haired, smouldering-eyed chap was signed by Paramount. A hot-blooded Latin if there ever was one, and his name—incredibly—was Jack Krantz! "That won't look so hot on a marquée," said one director. He pondered a minute, then announced—"He's got a new name! The only Spanish I know is what I read on my cigar bands, but how's this—Ricardo Cortez!" He'd combined the names of his two favorite smokes!

We'll print more stories next month. If *you'd* like one about your favorite, just let us know.

Peg Graham, Worcester, Mass. George Ernest is the Roger you fell in love with in the Jones Family pictures. You'll be disappointed to hear that Twentieth Century-Fox has decided to discontinue that series, but don't be too sad, for you'll be seeing George in "Four Sons" and other pictures. He's eighteen years old, and his birthday is November 20. His real name is George Ruud Hjorth, he's from Pittsfield, Mass., and his hobbies are collecting baseball stars' pictures and making model airplanes. You have a little competition, we are sorry to report, in the person of Jane Withers. Write to George at Twentieth Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Beverly Parker, Brookings, S. Dakota. The 1927-28 Academy Awards (the first presented by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences) went to Janet Gaynor and Emil Jannings. The 1928-29 awards were presented to Mary Pickford and Warner Baxter. Norma Shearer and George Arliss walked off with the 1929-30 trophies, and in 1930-31 Marie Dressler shared honors with Lionel Barrymore. Singled out for 1931-32 awards were Helen Hayes, Fredric March and Wallace Beery. Katharine Hepburn and Charles Laughton won them in 1932-33. 1933-34 winners were Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable—will you ever forget them in "It Happened One Night"? Bette Davis won an Oscar in 1934-35, as did Victor McLaglen. 1935-36's committee named Luise Rainer and Paul Muni as the year's finest, and Luise won another award in 1936-37, the year in which Spencer Tracy won his first. Bette Davis and Spencer carried them off in 1937-38, and, of course, you'll remember that Vivien Leigh and Robert Donat were this year's citations.

Rebecca Biggerstoff, Fallston, N. C. You can get autographed pictures of the stars

Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!



Mrs. J. H. Richardson, Alameda, Cal. "New Camay is so amazingly mild!" says Mrs. Richardson. "My skin is rather delicate—but new Camay is so gentle that it actually seems to soothe as it cleanses!"

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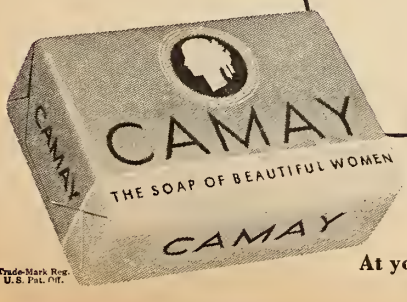


Mrs. G. Anderton Burke, Alexandria, Va. "To women who take extra care with their skin as I do its amazing mildness is a tremendous help," writes Mrs. Burke. "And that enchanting new fragrance is so wonderful, too."

"I don't know what delighted me most about new Camay—that lovely new fragrance or its wonderful mildness. Every woman who has sensitive skin ought to try Camay!"

Mrs. A. H. Sherin, Jr., Schenectady, N. Y.





Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

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Summer Charm
starts with your
HAIR

If there is one thing that attracts a man it is hair that sparkles with life. Be the center of attraction on the beach this summer. Glorify your hair with Nestle Colorinse. This magic-like rinse, created by Nestle . . originators of Permanent Waving . . gives your hair a beautiful, lustrous sheen, substitutes gleaming highlights for dull drabness. And if you want to see what a difference SHEEN makes in the appearance of hair look at the hair of women in any gathering. The Nestle color Chart . . at Beauty counters . . shows the 12 flattering Colorinse shades. Choose the one that matches the color of your hair. Wake up your hair with Nestle Colorinse.

10¢ for package of 2 rinses at 5 and 10¢ stores.



25¢ for 5 rinses at drug and department stores.

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 6)

by requesting them from the various studios. When you write, enclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of mailing and handling. If you need any star's address, why not drop us a line, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. We'll be glad to send you our free address list.

I. M. Wadding, New York, N. Y. Rita Johnson uses her own name. She is twenty-five years old and was born in Worcester, Mass., on August 13. Rita has blue eyes and hair that has been described as "burnished gold." She's five feet four, weighs 110 pounds and isn't married. She's been personal-appearing in the East, but is now hard at work on "Golden Fleecing." A producer has nothing to do with financing a picture—unless, as in the case of Charlie Chaplin—he is an independent one. The usual producer is employed by a studio to supervise the entire making of a picture. He passes on the casting choice, the costumes, the budget—everything. No, his duties aren't the same as a director's. The latter instructs the cast; tells them how to play each scene—frequently having been previously instructed himself by the producer. In a word, the producer is the power behind every movie you see.

Dottie Mitchell, Live Oak, Florida. Just as you thought, Bob Livingston and Jack Randall are brothers. Bob's real name is Bob Randall. Jack's real one is Addison Randall. Duncan Renaldo is American-born (he's from Camden, N. J.), was educated in France and is of Spanish descent. Bob, who collaborated on movie scripts and wrote songs before going into pictures, has appeared in the following films: "West Point of the Air," "Public Enemy Number 2," "The Band Plays On," "The Winning Ticket," "Baby Face Harrington," "Murder in the Fleet," "Three Godfathers," "Absolute Quiet," "The Three Mesquiteers," "The Bold Caballero," "Larceny on the Air," "Come on Cowboys," "Range Defenders," "Wild Horse Rodeo," "The Purple Vigilantes," "Call the Mesquiteers," "Arson Gang Busters," "Outlaws of Sonora," "Ladies in Distress," "Riders of the Black Hills," "Heroes of the Hills," "The Night Hawk," "Orphans of the Street," "Federal Manhunt," "The Kansas Terrors" and "Cowboys from Texas."

Mary Powendki, Lackawanna, N. Y. We're afraid we have a bit of a blow for you and other Roy Rogers fans. It's been kept secret for some time by the studio, but at last word has leaked out. Yes, Roy is very happily married! Elsie Lutz informs us that she's started a Roy Rogers fan club. Write her at 114 Stephens Street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada. Roy's address is Republic Studios, 2024 Radford Avenue, N. Hollywood, California. He prefers not to receive fan mail at home.

Claire F. Wishbow, Jersey City, N. J. Lew Ayres was born on December 28, 1908. At thirty-one, he has two unsuccessful marriages behind him—one to Lola Lane and one to Ginger Rogers. Though he looks tall and slim on the screen, he's really rather short and stocky, being five feet nine in height and weighing 155 pounds. His latest pictures are "These Glamour Girls" and "Dr. Kildare's Strange Case." You'll next be seeing him in M-G-M's "Golden Fleecing" with Rita Johnson and Virginia Grey.

Vicente Aguero, Cotulla, Texas. Judy Garland's next picture will be "Strike Up The Band." Here are the ten best pictures of 1939, listed in order of their selection by the 542 representative American critics and reviewers from 448 eligible pictures. "Goodbye Mr. Chips," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Pygmalion," "Wuthering Heights," "Dark Victory," "The Women," "The Wizard of Oz," "Juarez," "Stanley and Livingstone" and "The Old Maid."

Olga Sabat, Perth Amboy, N. J. There's a lot of talk that Freddie Bartholomew may renounce the screen for a legal career, but his plans are still indefinite. In any case, he'll be in the movies for several years to come, for he's only sixteen.

Anna Mae Gilligan, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dennis Morgan, who's popularity has grown to colossal proportions ever since he changed his name and his studio, was born in Prentice, Wisconsin, on December 20, 1910. When he was under contract to M-G-M, he used his real name of Stanley Morner, and the movie-going public barely knew he existed. They know now, though, and his fan mail is enormous. No, that athletic physique is not a result of padded suits and tricky camera shots. It's a bi-product of four college years of star baseball, football and basketball. Now Dennis, who's six feet two and weighs 195 pounds, keeps fit with strenuous tennis. He married at twenty-two, when but a struggling radio crooner, and Lillian Vedder is the lucky girl. As his hobbies Dennis lists his small son, Stanley, and playing the saxophone. You can write him at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California. All studios permit their stars to have fan clubs, but it just happens that Dennis has not yet been so honored. At any rate, no Dennis Morgan fan club is registered with us. If you feel brave enough to launch one, drop us a line and we'll tell you how to go about it.

Priscilla Morrison, Lincoln, Nebr. John Payne was born in Roanoke, Va., on May 28, 1912. He's six feet two—more than a foot taller than his tiny wife, Anne Shirley—weight 175 pounds and has green eyes and brown hair. Yes, he really sang in "Kid Nightingale." You see, John started out to be a singer and got sidetracked into the movies. His mother was an opera singer whose dream was that her son sing in the Metropolitan. John studied hard and won a scholarship to the Juilliard School of Music in New York. He left before his two years were up, though, and succumbed to the lure of radio. Featured singing spots brought him to Hollywood's attention and in 1936 he landed in Hollywood for a role in "Dodsworth." Not for two years did he get a chance to use his rich baritone, though. The chance came in "The Garden of the Moon." His most recent picture is "Tom Brown's School Days." No star's birthday coincides exactly with yours, but Victor Moore was born just one day earlier—on February 24, and Madeleine Carroll one day later—on the 26th.

THIS IS THE MATCHLESS ADVENTURE THAT SETS A NEW EXCITEMENT-PEAK FOR THE SCREEN!



ERROL FLYNN

in the thrill-swept story of 'The Robin Hood of the Seas'

The Sea Hawk

A New WARNER BROS. *Success*
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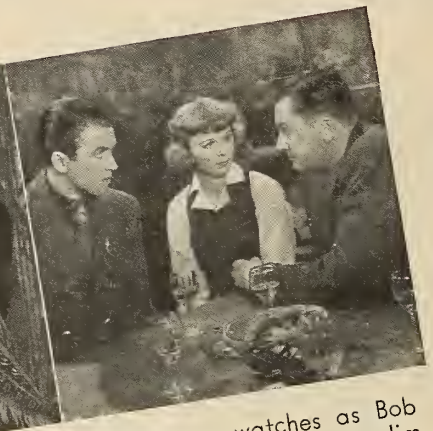
Screen Play by Howard Koch and Seton I. Miller
Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Your theatre manager will tell you gladly the date of this engagement

MOVIE REVIEWS



O'Neil, Davis, Boyer and Richard Nichols in "All This, and Heaven, Too."



La Sullavan watches as Bob Young talks persuasively to Jim Stewart in "The Mortal Storm."

★★★★ THE MORTAL STORM

REVIEW—Hollywood has declared war on Germany. Aimed like a Stukas dive-bomber at the Brutalitarian State, this beautiful anti-Nazi tragedy is one of the most powerful indictments I have ever seen. It minces no words, pulls no punches, names names in its one purpose—to show up Naziism as the great enemy of civilization.

As in Phyllis Bottome's fine novel, the Bavarian home of Professor Roth in 1933 is loving, peaceful, filled with old-fashioned German *gemütlichkeit*. But it is non-Aryan. Into its charming domesticity stalks the Nazi Movement, and step by step we see how the hobnailed, murderous boots of the Storm Troopers crush down all vestiges of human tolerance and love. "In the service of your country," a Nazi officer barks at Robert Young at one point, "there are no human relationships!" And one's heart aches as one watches the ruthless building of the great mechanized war spirit at the expense of everything normal beings hold precious. In the end the Professor and his family lie wrecked and dead—the victims of cold, hysteric inhumanity.

No one can accuse the film's makers of war hysteria, such as went into the making of such biliously war-mongering screen atrocities as "The Kaiser" and the "Beast of Berlin" back in 1916 or so. Hitler is an off-scene menace in this, and Director Borzage and his fine cast worked hard to keep the indictment calm, authentic and restrained. Fights, in which a dozen Storm Troopers beat up an old Professor, are all off-stage, and not once do actors beat their breasts and emote heavily against Hitler. Even James Stewart, when he struggles across the Austrian border, carrying the dead body of his sweetheart, Margaret Sullavan, takes it with the dumb anguish of a dog who has been beaten for no reason he understands. Made against the beautiful background of Alpine snow, this "escape" into Austria is a tremendously moving climax, one that should bring tears of hot rage to the adult audience. Hollywood, I feel, has won its first encounter with Germany. Directed by Frank Borzage.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: *Nazi 5th Columnists and Consuls will try to hinder showing of this in South and Central America. . . . Margaret (Hollywood's Littlest Rebel) Sullavan knitted for the Allied soldiers throughout this and read about a dozen serious political books when not knitting. She works very hard at not being a "movie star," really hates glamour roles and genuinely enjoys sitting at home listening to her thousands of classical records or talking to serious-minded friends. . . . Frank Morgan was born a Wupperman in New York. . . . James Stewart is teaching Margaret Sullavan how to fly; he's Hollywood's best movie flier and has just invented a new airplane wing and motor de-icer. . . . Robert Young is very happily married, has two daughters, saves his money and has moved up from $40 a week to about $2500. . . . Skiing scenes were made in the "Alps" of Washington mountains; one camera toppled over a 2000-foot precipice, was recovered still grinding, holding excellent shots. . . .*

★★★★ ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO

REVIEW—"All This, and Heaven Too" is a marvelously made and directed film. There is Mr. Boyer, surely Hollywood's tenderest lover, giving his saddest, expert all; and Miss Davis, the little governess who is wrongly understood, but keeps her love for Boyer pure, has never been better—her diction and every gesture crisp and flawless. Barbara O'Neil, the voluptuous, jealous wife of Boyer, does a magnificent job, too, and the Praslin's four children, who dominate most of the action, are natural and charming, especially five-year-old Richard Nichols.

For the benefit of those who haven't read the book, the story revolves around Bette Davis, who becomes a governess in the unhappy, sumptuous household of the Praslins, the cream of Parisian society of the 1840's. The handsome Duchess, neurotically and insanely jealous of the Duc from 'way back, seizes on Miss Davis' innocent presence to become even more emotionally disturbed. And to further complicate matters, the Duc falls platonically in love with the governess, murders his wife and then takes poison.

Though this should make for nice, clean fun of a tragic sort, it only occasionally provides a heavy tug at the heartstrings. Maybe it's because never once do Boyer and Davis indulge in some real love-making; the story is kept so pure that Boyer confines all of his necking to Miss Davis' hands. But, despite this, you'll find "All This, and Heaven Too" a two-hour-and-twenty-minute-long cinema treat. Directed by Anatole Litvak.—*Warner Bros.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: *Authoress Rachel Field sold Warners her hit novel in galley proofs for around $20,000. . . . Only half of the novel, the exciting half, is used in the picture. So impressed was she by the sumptuous plush background of picture, Barbara O'Neil moved to a big penthouse. She's married to Stage Director Josh Logan, has been for all of two months, now. . . . Bette Davis defied the "No Visitors on Set" rule (which actually barred the widespaced, gamey Elsa Maxwell) by greeting set crashers effusively. She ribbed continuously to get solemnity of the story off everyone's mind and nicknamed the solemn Boyer "Ducky." . . . Boyer's 41, still terribly happy with Mrs. Pat Paterson Boyer. He remained the isolationist throughout the picture, going off by himself to brood over the war. . . . Jeff Lynn, scared to death at the prospect of playing near Bette Davis, had to have his hand held by her to put him at ease. Once he got to like the idea, he grew very natural. . . . Five-year-old Richard Nichols, playing Boyer's youngest son, grew so interested in his death scene rites in film's most moving moment, he could only sit up and watch it—not act. . . . Expensive cast, glittering background and endless takes combined to put a $2,000,000 strain on Warner Brothers' exchequer.*

(*Continued on page 12*)


SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO...
Where People are Ruled by LOVE!
Jon ("Hurricane") Hall making love to Shanghai Ruby (Frances Farmer) beneath those South Seas stars...Lovely Malia (Olympe Bradna), fighting for her man . . . Bucko Larson (Victor McLaglen), vicious captain of a pearl-greedy crew . . . Island girls dancing to the pulsing throb of native drums. It's primitive! It's exciting! It's "South of Pago-Pago"!
Edward Small presents
"SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO"
starring
VICTOR McLAGLEN • JON HALL • FRANCES FARMER
star of "The Hurricane"
with Olympe Bradna • Gene Lockhart • Douglas Dumbrille
Screenplay by George Bruce • Directed by Alfred E. Green
Released Thru United Artists

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Stop at your five-and-ten for one of these exciting *new* shades. Your choice, only 10¢.

Chiffon Red, Raspberry, Medium, True Red

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢



A new, entirely different cream, the only cream you need apply for cleansing, to help clarify and soften the skin. A fine foundation. You'll be thrilled with the silken dewy texture it lends to your face.

Chiffon Powder 10¢



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Brunette Natural Dark Tan Rose Petal Rose Beige Beige Rachel

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 10*)

★★★½ Susan and God

Having struggled for years to get herself loved for her acting ability as well as her good-looking legs, Joan Crawford has at last come through with a perfect performance as Susan, the rattle-brained, rattle-tongued, religion-struck wife who dominates this richly-mounted, high society comedy. Though heavily influenced by Gertrude Lawrence's stage version of Susan, Joan has never been better.

Silly Susan, you may remember, returns from abroad, laden with religious tracts and a desire to straighten out everyone's life—all in the name of God. That is, everyone's except her husband's and gangling daughter's. Utterly selfish, she has driven her husband to drink, and her daughter has grown to weeds with neglect. The story tells how she finally reforms herself.

Fredric March, back from the Broadway wars, again plays the drunk part he did so well in "A Star Is Born"; you can practically smell the brandy on his breath —and it's good to see him glower romantically on the screen again. The remainder of the cast is a jewel: Ruth Hussey, Bruce Cabot, Nigel Bruce, Ruth Hobart, Rita Hayworth and that sub-Gable, John Carroll, act exactly as the rich would like to act, if they had the money again. And if I were single again, I'd look up Ruth Hussey. She's left dangling at flicker's end, having given a wonderful performance—a tragic, lonely and pretty desirable gal. Directed by George Cukor.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Susan ran on Broadway, with God and Gertrude Lawrence's help, for almost a year and was bought by M-G-M for Miss Crawford for around $125,000. . . . Joanie was determined to eschew Glamour in this, yet she wears ten different hair-dos, about $100,000 of her personal jewelry and more new clothes than a department store model. Püpchen and Stinky, those dachshunds she drags around in the film, are her own. They were hired by contract and their salary donated to the Actors' Relief. Joan directed them herself. . . . This is Fredric March Bickel's first return to the screen since "The American Way" played around the stages of the country. His salary, formerly $125,000 per picture, shrank about $25,000. He has refused a contract, wants to remain a free lance and may co-star with the ambitious Miss Crawford on Broadway this fall. . . . Plumpish, eye-glassed George Cukor's unmarried, gets $375,000 per three pictures; last made "The Women" with Miss Crawford and agonizes throughout every production. Unbeknownst to him, Joan Crawford took hundreds of candid shots showing him waving his arms, lying down screaming, clutching hair, registering grief, agony, despair, remorse, wild delight, renunciation and coyness. The album would bring a fortune in a pic mag, but isn't for sale. . . . John Carroll, who is really Julian Lafaye of New Orleans, has led an Errol Flynnish life. Has been steel millhand, newspaper seller, unwitting Mexican border gunrunner, wiper on a freighter, dirt track driver, floorwalker, steeplejack, etc., and is officially married to Steffi Duna. . . . Rita Quigley's 16, debuts in this, and is the sister of baby starlet Juanita Quigley. . . . Ruth Hussey's from Providence, R. I., a Bachelor of Philosophy from Pembroke College, was talent-scouted for movies from road company of "Dead End" and used to be a radio fashion commentator. She hates early rising, lives simply in a Hollywood hotel, is pretty highbrow and artistic, too. . . . Rita Hayworth used to dance professionally as Rita Cansino.



In "Susan and God," Joan Crawford, as Susan, tries to throw Rita Hayworth and John Carroll together, while Rita's screen hubby, Nigel Bruce, boils!

★★★ The Ghost Breakers

If you want to get away from the headlines and have your pants (or panties) scared off you in a nice way, by all means look in on this Zombie Special. A rib-tickling, spine-tingling spook-comedy, it's a worthy follow-up to "The Cat and the Canary," and is done in the same madcap way—a chill and a laugh, a laugh and a chill, and where the chills interfere—laughs.

As in "The Cat and the Canary," the snub-snouted Mr. Bob Hope, he of the smooth face and smoother gag, ambles through the synthetic spookiness with a bright quip on his tongue, a fine disregard for danger and an eye for Miss Goddard's loveliness, generously on display at all times, in and out of drapes. Bob plays the part of a fast-talking radio Winchell, who gets himself tangled up in Miss Goddard's life when she inherits a castle off the coast of Cuba. Handily, the castle is filled with witches, sliding doors, a monster, a lot of mystery story gadgets and some plain, every day, unionized spooks. When Mr. Hope and his dangling-lipped, coal-black, jittery valet (Willie Best) come in contact with this creaky, blood-curdling collection of Bad Dreams, the picture grows very hilarious indeed, if not terribly jitter-making.

But it's the laughs that count in the end. For who wants to be scared these days? Mr. Hope's jokes have the freshness of youth in place of the whiskers of age, and Willie Best, a scared version of Stepin Fetchit, makes a wonderful chocolate stooge. In the scene where Mr. Best gets locked in with the Zombie, he almost swipes the picture from Mr. Hope's wit and Miss Goddard's beautiful legs. And the line which Willie cries as he knocks on a door: "Is you dare, Zombie?" will probably become a national password. Directed by George Marshall—*Paramount.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Be it known that Paulette Goddard, born Paulette Levy at Whitestone Landing, N. Y., hates being dubbed "glamorous." She wants to be known for her acting, not for the figure she displays so generously in this. She has size 3½C feet, which, a psychologist says, are signs of a large brain. . . . Bob Hope ad-libbed his entire part, flanked by two writers and two secretaries to take it all down, so that no cracks would get lost. Hope says he dreams jokes—in double feature dreams; B jokes coming in B dreams. . . . Paul Lukas resents being congratulated on his "comeback." Says he's been busy around London since 1936; made "The Lady Vanishes" there among 14 others. Yet, he adds, he grew that beard to change his luck. Calls it a Fu Manchuer. . . . Richard Carlson got his first movie job because of his beautiful legs and knees. Selznick fell in love with them and cast Dick for the Scotsman's part in "The Young in Heart!" Willie Best rested four months prior to this, then slept continuously behind sets throughout it.

★★★ Brother Orchid

Edward G. Robinson, the Eminent Public Enemy, keeps threatening to reform and park his sub-machine gun forever and play only high-minded parts. After looking him over in this very funny gangster farce, a law should be passed immediately, restraining him.

Once again, Eddie is a rasp-voiced, I-loving, command-barking Mob Bigshot. This time he takes a trip to Europe to get himself a load of culture, finds him-

(*Continued on page 15*)

More Women prefer Mum—

Saves Time . . . Clothes . . . Charm!



Mum is the first choice with nurses. Quick to use, on duty or off. Safe, sure, dependable!



Leading favorite with business girls, gentle Mum won't harm fabrics or irritate skin.



Wives, girls in love, make Mum a *daily* habit. Mum guards charm—*popularity!*



Mum Every Day Guards Against Underarm Odor!

TODAY, when there are so many deodorants—how significant to every girl that *more women choose Mum!* In homes, in offices, in hospitals, in schools . . . Mum is used by millions of women. For nowadays, it isn't enough to be pretty and smart. A girl must be *dainty,* too . . . nice to be around at *any minute of the day or evening!*

Don't expect your bath alone to give you that *lasting* charm! A bath may remove *past* perspiration, but *Mum* after your bath prevents risk of *future* odor.



Thousands of men, too, are using Mum . . . it's speedy, safe, *dependable!*

QUICK! Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used before or *after* you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. *So safe* that it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—make a *daily* habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

* * *

MUM FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe, gentle . . . guards against unpleasantness.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MODERN HOME COLUMN

Cooling Beverages

EXCITING SUMMER SUGGESTIONS by MARJORIE DEEN



WHAT TO SERVE



PEPSI COOLERS: Serve Pepsi-Cola —that marvelous and economical thirst quencher—plain, in tall glasses with plenty of cracked ice or ice cubes. Vary the flavor, occasionally, by placing one or two tablespoons of fruit juice (either lime, orange or pineapple) in each glass before adding Pepsi-Cola; or add two tablespoons of some fruit syrup if you enjoy a sweeter drink.

COLA QUENCHER—Combine 2 cups canned pineapple juice, 1 cup orange juice, ¼ cup lemon juice, ⅓ cup powdered sugar. Chill in refrigerator. Just before serving place mixture in pitcher with plenty of ice. Add 4 bottles ice cold Pepsi-Cola and stir well. Serves ten.

FROSTED COLA—For each person to be served, add ¼ pint vanilla ice cream to ⅓ cup rich milk. Beat until creamy with egg beater or in beverage mixer. Pour into tall glass, add ice cold Pepsi-Cola to fill glass, stir with long-handled spoon and serve immediately. Can be prepared at home or made at soda fountains.



BEER: Among the most popular of hot weather thirst quenchers, and just about tops with the men, is a foam-topped glass of good, cold beer. Rules for chilling and serving are few, but important. Remember, first, not to over chill. This means, primarily, that beer should never be placed directly on ice, nor in the coldest parts of an automatic refrigerator. The regular storage section of the average modern refrigerator produces the desired temperature.

(*Continued on page 76*)



HOW TO SERVE

The degree of welcome accorded these cooling beverages depends upon these three factors: fine flavor, pleasing appearance and plenty of ice! The first of these is taken up in the adjoining column. Let's see, then, what can be done about the other two!

Appearance, for instance, doesn't mean that your cold beverage service need be expensive; but in order to have real eye-appeal it should be appropriate and, in most instances, colorful. So start out armed with a little imagination and with a determination to give real thought to your purchases. And you'll find you can now have a complete and gay appearing beverage service in perfect taste and at surprisingly small cost—thanks to the well-stocked counters of your local variety chain stores, from which source all the following suggestions were collected.

Start off by deciding which color scheme will go best with the place where your summer beverages are generally served. If it is in the dining-room, then the beverage set should harmonize with your table decorations and china. But if you frequently serve in living-room, on porch, in patio or garden, how much nicer it would be to match your beverage set to those surroundings! What if they won't go well with your dinner table appointments! Have other glassware at meals, since at nickel and dime prices you can "match 'em up" for both purposes without feeling that you are unduly extravagant!

With color scheme in mind, match or contrast your beverage set, but never allow it to clash. Why not be original and artistic as well when it costs so little? Here are some suggestions for choosing the things you really should have

GLASSES: For most summer iced drinks they should be both long and large. Straight sided glasses decorated with fish, balloons, flowers, scotties and the like are gay and can be used

(*Continued on page 76*)

(*Continued from page 13*)

self neatly "con-manned" by some slick foreigners and returns to America to find his position as the Mob's Capone usurped by Humph Bogart, the "Opposition." Wounded in a gang fight, Eddie takes refuge in a monastery, where hide-out facilities are so perfect he decides to stay—in monk's clothing.

The self-denying lives of the monks puzzle him at first, and he cannot understand what their racket is. Then he, himself, begins to perform miracles. By inserting a hose in the milk cans, he makes more milk appear—much to the monks' amazement. Placed in charge of the monastery zinnia beds, and named "Brother Orchid," he snoozes while he pays a garden expert to grow miraculously large zinnias.

It all sounds pretty irreverent and might be, except it's all so anti-gang, good-natured and funny no possible offense could be taken.

Since Mr. Robinson can teach gangsters how to act like gangsters, his performance as the culture-struck killer is beyond criticism and very laugh-provoking at all times. Ralph Bellamy, as the rich, dumb cowman is Ralph Bellamy all over; Bogart is as hateful as only Bogart can be; Ann Sothern, a bright gal off-screen, has never been more blonde-minded; while Allen Jenkins, as the mobster who hides out in an insane asylum, is his well-known sour self. And what more can you want? Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—*Warner Brothers.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Despite his screen Capone-ism, Robinson is Hollywood's biggest highbrow. . . . His cigar consumption is about 4 an hour; he's been a chain cigar smoker for 20 years, yet his nerves and digestion are still intact. He makes around $75,000 per picture, but he's no spendthrift. . . . Badman Humph Bogart says he's happily married to Mayo Methot because his screen roles take most of the meanness out of him. Earned $200 a week first movie year, now earns near $2000. He's nuts about golf, shoots in the low 80s, likes music and political talk, lives modestly, sleeps in the raw, doesn't want to own yachts, polo ponies or miles of orange groves—just act well. . . . Ann (Veddy Blonde) Sothern's really Harriet Lake of Valley City, N. D., and is happily married to Roger Pryor, maestro son of the maestro bandleader. She loves dogs, light comedy, goat's milk for dieting, music, tennis, backgammon and telling a long, good, life-of-the-party anecdote. . . . Scarface Allen Jenkins, born Allen McGonigal in New York's hard guy belt, changed it to Jenkins because he couldn't learn to spell McGonigal in New York's excellent schools. He hopes to be a Glamour Boy, he says, "even if he gets tryped!"

★★★ Four Sons

"Four Sons" is a picture that is at once tenderly poignant and brutally frank. Laid against the sombre background of Czechoslovakia in 1936, it minces no words in its portrayal of war. There are no gory battle scenes to turn your stomach, no mass murders of the young to shock you. There is only the deeply moving story of a mother and her four sons, caught in a war-torn, crazy world ruled by storm troopers and ruthless dictators.

The story takes you into the simple household of Frau Bernle near the border of Germany. Her husband is dead, killed in

(*Continued on page 17*)

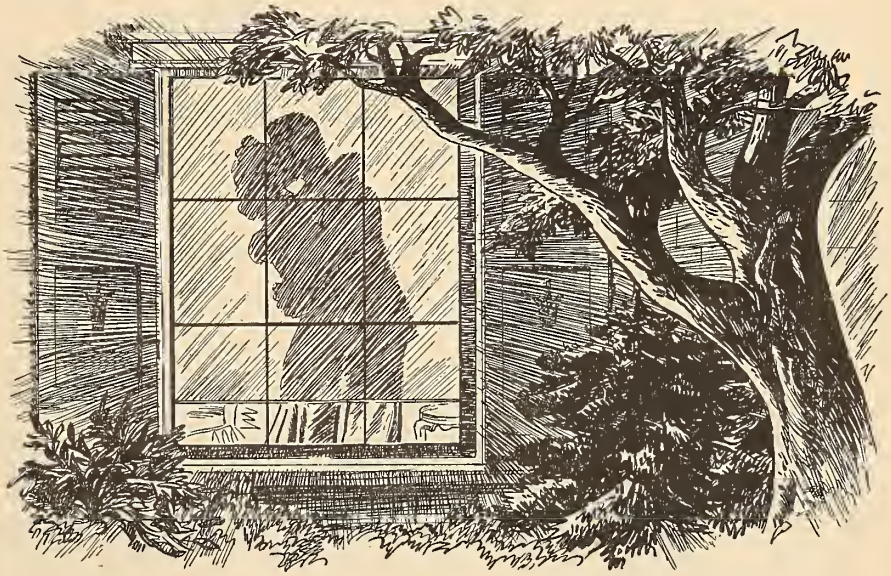
"I lived in a haunted house..."



It was just like seeing a horrible ghost—everytime I opened that linen closet. There were my clothes all washed and ironed—and there was that dingy shadow of tattle-tale gray. It simply haunted me. I never dreamed my weak-kneed soap was to blame until...



The lady next door asked me to wash the Fels-Naptha way. "Try the *golden* bar or the *golden* chips," she told me. "Either way, Fels-Naptha Soap brings you richer, *golden* soap teamed with gentle dirt-loosening *naptha*. And those two busy cleaners get the grimiest, tattle-tale gray dirt."



Well, I was so frantic I rushed to the grocer's for that big, *golden* bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. And do I thank my lucky stars! My washes now look like a million—so sunny-white and sweet-smelling! I'm so proud of my curtains and clothes and linens, I just love to have folks come into the house. And, Jim...well...if you could see how he hugged me last night, you'd know *he's* proud of *me!*

Golden bar or golden chips

FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



P. S. Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs. Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for box-soap jobs. The crinkly flakes made of richer, *golden* soap and naptha. They're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, *sneezy* powders. Wonderfully sudsy, too—thanks to a new added suds-builder!

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Wonderful things can happen to you!

New popularity, new gaieties, a new YOU . . . all brought about by doing the things the girls you've read about do . . . the girls you've seen on the screen . . . do. That poise, that casual, regal manner that is the very backbone of social sophistication. It begins with attention to little personal niceties . . . the assurance that you are lovely to behold, with body smooth as satin to the touch; exquisitely feminine with an aura of fragrance. Now, here's an inexpensive way to keep that morn'til dawn daintiness. Clothe your lovely body in Djer-Kiss Talcum. It's as soft as down and clings to your body like a caress. Djer-Kiss is a compelling fragrance . . . and glorifies You, Youthfully.

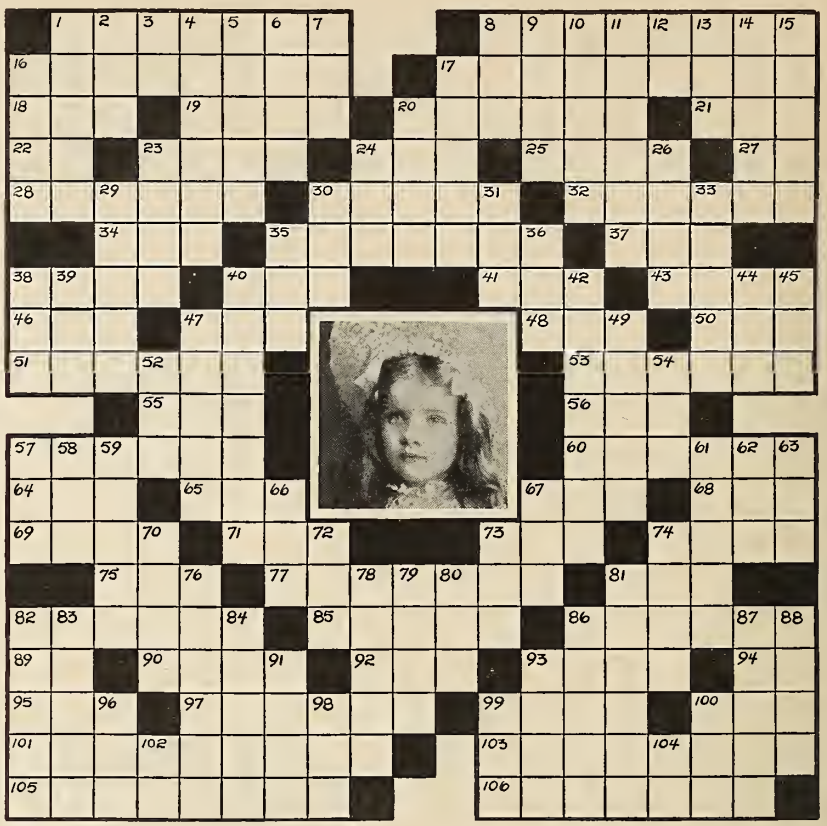
At all Cosmetic Counters 75¢; 33¢; 25¢; 10¢.

DJER-KISS
(PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS")
TALCUM



by KERKOFF PERFUMER

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 89

ACROSS

1 & 8. Glamorous actress
16. Heroine of "The Mortal Storm"
17. One of "Too Many Husbands"
18. Epoch
19. South sea canoe
20. "- - - - - - Woman"
21. "Dr. Cycl - - -"
22. Lady of "Rio": init.
23. Lupe Velez' comedy co-star
24. Janet Gay - - -
25. "A Call on tbe Presi - - - -"
27. "Mo - - cco"
28. Eldest boy in The Jones Family series
30. Russian actress in "Waterloo Bridge"
32. Actor in "Life of Knute Rockne"
34. Rita Hayworth's former name: C - - - ino
35. Star of "House Across the Bay"
37. Studio that gives March of Time
38. "The - - - - from Syracuse"
40. Mrs. Rex Bell
41. Male lead of "Sandy Is a Lady"
43. - - - - Rhodes
46. Mystery man in "Strange Cargo"
47. Eye
48. Mr. La Rocque
50. Wife of Louis Hayward
51. Hero of "I Was an Adventuress"
53. Star of "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"
55. Comedian Blue's first name
56. Stage and screen beauty
57. Girl with seven film successes
60. A Fairbanks-Carroll film
64. Miss Munson
65. Boy
67. A studio's territory
68. Actor in "One Million B. C."
69. Rival of 83 down
71. National Education Association: abbr.
73. Write
74. Old time comic: Hank - - - -
75. Soak
77. With 1 across in "Garden of Allah"
81. Obstruct
82. Husband of our star
85. Gibe
86. What Stewart is in "The Mortal Storm"
89. Father in "Saturday's Children": init.
90. "- - - - White and Seven Dwarfs"
92. Turn right
93. Hero in 27 across
94. "Road to Singa- - - re"
95. Above: poet.
97. Spiked down
99. "- - - - of Chicago"
100. In behalf of
101. Studio that brought back our star
103. Star of "Brother Orchid"
105. Revokes
106. Dilute solution of nitro-glycerin

DOWN

1. Femme in "Miracle on Main Street"
2. "Spring P - - - de"
3. John in "The Dr. Takes a Wife": init.
4. Folds of a coat
5. Star of "The Sea Hawk"
6. Kind of electric light
7. Greek letter
8. Linda - - - nell
9. Frosted
10. Arabian military ruler: var.
11. She's in "Two Girls on Broadway"
12. Young Buffalo Bill: init.
13. Hollywood gathering place: C - - -'s
14. Famous director
15. Variety of green tea
16. Network
17. Comedienne witb a baby stare
20. Cereal grain
23. Part of a camera
24. Girl in "House of Seven Gables"
26. Filming of a scene
29. Jane's b. f. in "Flight Angels"
30. Cat's cry
31. Elizabeth P - - - erson
33. Singer: Igor - - - - -
35. Star of "Tbe Ghost Breakers"
36. Craggy bill
38. Large
39. Scull
40. Actor in "Maryland"
42. Beauty in "Untamed"
44. "Destry R - - - s Again"
45. - - - Aldridge
47. Ducbess in "All Tbis, and Heaven Too"
49. Male lead in "Knight Witbout Armor"
52. "- - - Tide"
54. Simpleton
57. Animal in "The Biscuit Eater"
58. Fights our star in 44 down
59. Lift
61. Scare
62. - - - ald Colman
63. "Seven S - - - ers"
66. Birth month of 1 across: abbr.
67. "- - - Miserables"
70. Tennis strokes
72. Words of wonder
73. Through
74. Girl's name
76. Comedian in 38 across
78. "Blue - - - - -"
79. Martba Raye's real name
80. Boy in "The Biscuit Eater"
81. Birthplace of our star
82. Scrub
83. Star of "My Favorite Wife"
84. What Leo does for M-G-M
86. "Ninotcbka"
87. Protective garment
88. Midday
91. Clever
93. Prison
96. "P - - - ate Lives of Elizabeth and Essex"
98. "- - - t of the Mohicans"
99. Unit of work
100. Greek letter
102. - - rree Teasdale
104. Negative answer

(Continued from page 15)

the last war, and she lives peacefully and contentedly with her sons—Chris, Karl, Fritz and Joseph. Then, suddenly, there are rumblings of what is to come. Karl joins a German social club and becomes a Nazi. Hitler moves into the land of the Czechs with a lightning-like thrust in one of his first blitzkriegs. Chris goes off to defend his country, returning after a quick and humiliating defeat. Caught in a swamp by swastika-uniformed troops while warning friends of the German purge, Chris shoots his way out, unknowingly killing Karl, his own brother. But the Nazis take a life for a life, and Chris is mercilessly shot down in front of his mother's home. Then comes the Polish blitzkrieg, and Fritz Bernle, at eighteen, must go off to fight for a Germany he hates. Frau Bernle's only hope of happiness now lies in building a new life in America with her one remaining son, Joseph.

The entire cast gives superb characterizations. Eugenie Leontovich, as Frau Bernle, might well be the recipient of an Academy Award for her inspired performance. Don Ameche, Alan Curtis, George Ernest and Robert Lowery are excellent as the sons, and Mary Beth Hughes, as Karl's wife, is outstanding, too. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Six actresses were tested for the role of Frau Bernle before Eugenie Leontovich, Gregory Ratoff's wife, was signed for the part. . . . Before Czechoslovakia was blitzkrieged, studio representatives bought $50,000 worth of furniture, bric-a-brac, lamps and chandeliers typical of the country. Later, with the help of various Czech societies, Twentieth Century-Fox was also able to salvage authentic mobilization posters and other articles used in the picture. . . . The highest paid players in the film were not the stars, but the twin babies who portray little Karl Bernle. Since they are not yet six months old, they were permitted to work only twenty minutes a day and not more than twenty seconds consecutively. The infants—Carlo and Georgia Clarke—received $150 a day, for twenty minutes of work!

★★★ Tom Brown's School Days

Though it's as English as Yorkshire pudding, "Tom Brown's School Days" will bring back with a rush memories of the days when you, too, were a kid in short pants (or pigtails).

The picture is built around a schoolboy and a revolutionary educator who are both new to Rugby and hope to make good there. Though one is a student and one a professor, both must put up with dishonesty, cheating and lying. Tom, of course, gets much the worst of the deal, for he must endure beatings by the school bully without whimpering or snitching. The professor, on the other hand, must rid the school of corruption and vice and make, he hopes, "honest, God-fearing English gentlemen" out of his pupils.

You'll be more than likely to relive your own school days while Tom Brown goes about trying to be a true Rugby-ite—and therein lies the charm of the picture. Jimmy Lydon, as Tom, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as Dr. Arnold, give fine performances. Freddie Bartholomew, as Tom's snooty chum, and Billy Halop, as the bully, are very convincing. Josephine Hutchinson, Polly Moran, Hughie Green, Alec Craig, Ernest Cossart and Ian Fulton, are all good, too.—Directed by Robert Stevenson—*RKO-Radio.*

Read the complete story of "The Letter," starring BETTE DAVIS in October Modern Screen

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: To insure cooperation of the school, the producers hired two Rugby graduates as technical advisers, cast Britain's knighted Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Dr. Arnold, and handed the directorial reins to Robert Stevenson, English director. . . . Every book known to have mentioned England's famed Rugby school was used by the research department during the filming of the picture, and forty different editions of "Tom Brown" formed the basis for the sets and decorations. . . . In this production Billy Halop goes English, wearing an Eton collar, pin striped trousers and a black silk topper. The first day on the set, he received a telegram. It read, "Traitor," and was signed by the other "Dead End" toughies. . . . The fight sequence between Billy and Jimmy Lydon was Billy's 27th screen fight . . . 13-year-old Paul Matthews, who portrays one of the Rugby-ites in the picture, bore such a remarkable resemblance to Charles Laughton, that a meeting of the two was arranged. Laughton admitted the boy looked like him, and added, "Homely little blighter, isn't he?"

(Continued on page 75)

I BOUGHT HIS LOVE



"NOT for love or money!" I heard him say. No—Joe would never take a girl with dandruff to the party, and I had the worst case of dandruff in town. Yet, the very next day, he actually begged me to go with him! My white-flecked hair was transformed into a silken glory overnight. Joe saw me as a new and radiantly lovely person, all because I purchased a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at my favorite toilet goods counter.

I discovered that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff instantly, in one application. Its rich lather rinses out completely, leaving my hair shining clean. Actually, it penetrates tiny hair openings, helping to keep my scalp in normal, trouble-free condition. At the beauty shop or at home, I now insist on my weekly Fitch shampoo to keep my hair lovely and free of dandruff, the way Joe likes it. When I bought Fitch Shampoo, I bought his love!

WRITE TODAY to the F. W. Fitch Company, Dept. M55, Des Moines, Iowa for a generous FREE sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.



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Tested and Approved 4580 Good Housekeeping Bureau

Fitch's TRADE MARK

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO


$5,000.00
REWARD
Wanted by the State of Missouri
JESSE & FRANK JAMES
Robbery
"Jesse James was shot in the back! If the law won't take care of his murderers, I will—or my name's not Frank James!"
THE SPECTACULAR CLIMAX TO THE DARING EXPLOITS OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS OUTLAWS!
DANCING
HENRY FONDA
in
THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES
in TECHNICOLOR
with
GENE TIERNEY · JACKIE COOPER · HENRY HULL
John Carradine · J. Edward Bromberg
Donald Meek · Eddie Collins · George Barbier
Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Directed by Fritz Lang
Original Screen Play by Sam Hellman
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
MORE EXCITING AND COLORFUL THAN THE UNFORGETTABLE "JESSE JAMES"!

Judy Garland . . . who sparkles as never before in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's laugh-laden musical, *Strike Up the Band*



JOHN JUSTIN . . . 21-year-old Britisher who

makes his début in Korda's *The Thief of Bagdad*



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

THE SHOW IMMENSE . . .

Captain Crosby and his Colossal Crew of Comely Ladies and Comic Lads in a Streamlined Musical Entertainment featuring Seven *(count 'em, folks)* Hit Tunes to make September a Month you'll Remember!



starring

BING CROSBY · MARY MARTIN · BASIL RATHBONE

with

Oscar Levant · Lillian Cornell · Oscar Shaw · Charley Grapewin

Jean Cagney · William Frawley · John Scott Trotter

Directed by Victor Schertzinger • Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • Based on a story by Billy Wilder and Jacques Thery • A Paramount Picture



Jimmy Stewart hired a "chef" to bring a huge cake on the "No Time For Comedy" set, with instructions to trip as he neared birthday girl, Roz.

By James Carson

THE OTHER night in Hollywood Rosalind Russell had a dinner date with a visiting gentleman friend of her family's. He was an Eastern man, he was dignified and proper—and he was very late.

She awaited him with the best intentions, decorously clad in a black evening gown with the most conservative jewelry and accessories.

But as the minutes ticked off, instead of Rosalind drumming her fingernails daintily on the chair, her big, round eyes began to twinkle. She picked some glass grapes off the table and stuck them on her shoulder. She found some more artificial fruit that looked swell on her hat. She lost control. She rummaged recklessly around snatching bits of this and that from the room's *decor* and draping it in odd places over her respectably gowned figure.

When the tardy escort arrived, immaculate in white tie and tails, Rosalind looked something like a surrealist Christmas tree designed by Dali. As she jingled out the door with her ornaments, noting her escort's lifted eyebrows, Russell thought an explanation might help. "You know," she confessed, "it's dangerous to leave me with time on my hands. Heaven only knows what I'll do!"

Maybe only Heaven really knows, but by now Hollywood has a pretty good idea. After six years' exposure to Mrs. Russell's acting daughter, Rosalind, they know it'll be something funny.

No comedienne has ever had such a real laugh out of a star's daily life, public and private, as Rosalind Russell. From the start, her cinema saga has been one long run of gorgeous gags, sly slapstick and merry monkey business, and there's no letup in sight. All of which makes "No Time For Comedy," the title of the picture she has just finished at Warner Brothers, a gross bit of cinema libel. Time for comedy, I maintain, is what Rosalind has nothing



Miss R., touched by Jimmy's thoughtfulness, ran to help the chef; whereupon she discovered that the cake and its bearer were just a couple of phonies!



Roz, who eventually did get a real cake, reacted in true Russell style—hooting with laughter—though, for a change, the joke was definitely on her.



Just-turned-28 Roz and the be-creamed one parted friends, and everyone concerned agreed that she should have a birthday much more often.

Time out for Comedy

SHE'S A SCREWBALL TO END ALL SCREWBALLS, BUT OH HOW WE LOVE OUR ROZ!

else but. Sometimes she sobers down when she's on the job—not often, of course, just sometimes. But when she's on the loose—well, the Russell record of comedy, from Mexico to Manhattan and across the seas, is not likely to be cracked in the near future. The last time Hollywood let Roz slip away from her make-up kit for any length of time, she even got tangled up between the Siegfried and Maginot lines—honest!

"I am a complete screwball," Russell herself admits, quite unashamed. But you don't have to take her word for it; it's obvious. As a guy who knows her better than I do, Reginald Gardiner, has stated shrewdly, "Rosalind Russell is really a serious girl afflicted with an uncontrollable impulse to clown."

She proved that years ago when she arrived in Hollywood. They let her sit around with time on her hands for a couple of weeks at Universal Studios and the results were pretty terrifying. There was one gag after another.

One day Rosalind got one of those command studio memos. It said the boss, then Junior Laemmle, wanted to see her. "He shall see me," declared Rosalind, "and how!"

She delved into her trunk and dragged out a fright dress she used to wear to tacky parties back home. She took a lead pencil and traced every line in her face into dark, mossy wrinkles. She smeared lipstick around until she looked like strawberry jam. She wrinkled her stockings. She saturated her naturally curly tresses with vaseline until they hung in greasy strings about her neck. She even daubed a little dirt on her face. Then, rolling a wad of gum around her tongue, she ambled in to see Junior.

The resulting apparition, itself, was enough to make a strong man quail. But when Rosalind drooped in the chair, stared moronically at the floor and, talking through her nose, repeated, "I am very unhappy," (*Cont'd on page* 77)



When Voss was an extra in "The Big Parade," he never dreamed he'd someday be heading the strangest army in the world!

UNDER ALL Flags

MEET CARL VOSS, EX-ARMY MAN—AND HIS AMAZING BAND OF PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS

By Reginald Taviner

IT WAS a motley army indeed. The troopers wore French pants, Russian tunics, German helmets; they marched with an exaggerated goose step and hauled a very, very big gun. A little guy with a padded chest covered with decorations stood reviewing the parade and inadvertently pulled the lanyard of the cannon. There was a deafening boom and the soldiers fell dead in all directions.

You may never see that scene upon the screen because, currently, Charlie Chaplin is a bit up in the air about his "The Dictator." Late events in Europe have made him feel that his facetious slant may not be quite the thing just now. In that case he will shelve a cool million dollars and probably the funniest picture he has ever made.

But it wasn't all fun for Carl Voss . . .

Carl Voss is the man who staged the battle stuff in the Chaplin film just as he has staged most of the battles in most of the films made since "The Big Parade." Voss is Hollywood's military generalissimo, and he has fought upwards of two hundred wars without losing a man. He has fought them in every known uniform and under all flags, and he has many times performed the inconceivable feat of fighting on both sides at once, thus being both victor and vanquished.

His "army" holds the record of having fought as many as five major engagements in one day, changing uniforms for each encounter and running the gamut of shot and shell from Bull Run to Belleau Wood between sunrise and sunset. The men were equally at home as backwoods frontiersmen in "Northwest Passage," as Foreign Legionnaires in "Beau Geste" or as British guardsmen in "Gunga Din." They were Russians in "The Cossacks," Italians in "White Sister," Swedes in "Queen Christiana," Turks in "Stamboul Quest" and so on; they know the correct manuals of arms for every period of every country in the world. They will fight any producer's battles for $8.25 a day, and they are the only enlisted men on earth who get steaks and chicken for lunch. They march through Hollywood, not Georgia, and to them war is swell, not hell.

They have just finished being Nazi troopers in "Four Sons" and "The Man I Married," and they know exactly how a real invader feels from the way the rest of the studio population looked at their uniforms when they stormed the commissary at noon each day. Some of the more imaginative stenographers actually thought it was a real Hollywood blitzkrieg and that the tablecloths were parachutes! But even Hitler's mechanized columns are slow compared with the speed Carl Voss sometimes has to show.

"Battle scenes cost the studios at least $1000 an hour," he explained, "so naturally they're in a hurry. Many a time I've had to get an army all equipped and in the field in fifteen minutes."

It was during "The Man I Married," incidentally, that Voss had to train his only feminine army. They were little girls, from six to ten years old, who impersonated a platoon of Hitler Youth. There was a platoon of little boys, too, of the same ages, and now nobody can tell Voss that girls don't make far better soldiers than boys.

"Those little girls got the steps and the gestures right off," he said. "They had everything down pat in ten minutes, but the boys took two hours before they were good enough for the cameras. Even then, they weren't half as snappy as the girls."

Like so many things that happen in Hollywood, Voss' becoming a movie general was the result of a trifling incident. He is a regular American Army man who served in the 14th Infantry and, upon his discharge as sergeant, drifted into extra work. One day he got a call to shoulder a gun in "The Big Parade" and when he arrived on the set he found 800 other veterans milling around with nobody to tell them what to do.

All of Voss' instincts as a drill sergeant immediately rebelled at that. He went to the assistant director.

"Can I help?" he asked.

"If you know how to get these men lined up, you certainly can," he was told.

Voss stepped out in front of the men and clicked his heels.

"'Shun!" he yelled.

The men fell in automatically. They heard a drill sergeant's voice and became soldiers again on the spot. For the duration of the picture, Voss remained in charge of military operations, and during the film he organized the nucleus of the movie army which has appeared as a unit in practically all war pictures since. Voss has kept the unit intact, found work and made (*Continued on page* 85)



BEAU GESTE

15 years ago, Voss' army went legionnaire for "Beau Geste," and many of them saw action in the remake.



NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Voss' veterans are better-disciplined than his youthful unit, and he uses them in films like "Northwest Passage."



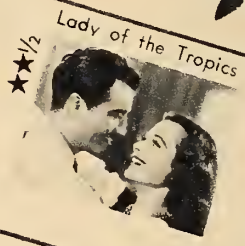
FOUR SONS

The army wasn't keen on being Nazi-fied for "Four Sons," but a salary af $8.25 a day isn't to be sneezed at.

Was it bad acting, bad stories or that "pretty boy" publicity that put Bob on the toboggan?











BY ROBERT TAYLOR

AS TOLD TO GLADYS HALL

ACTING is the most unstable of the professions. It and politics are the only two pursuits of man which depend solely upon public favor. In other lines of work, you fail or are fired because you are not efficient at your job. An actor may be completely efficient at his job but, if public favor veers away from him, that efficiency counts for nothing.

The question I want to ask my fans is this: What makes a star slip? What are the contributing factors that cause a star to fall? Do you get tired of his face? Is it a question of bad stories? How much does adverse publicity have to do with it? How great an influence is the star's private life? In other words, just what is it that *makes* a star and just what is it that *breaks* him?

Because I know my own case history best, I feel that if I can get the clue to my own toboggan, I can get the answer to the whole question. I don't know why I slipped. I know there are a dozen routine answers, but I'm not satisfied that they are the real ones.

I do know just when it all began. "They" said I was slipping before I went to England to make "A Yank at Oxford." The bad publicity I got in New York before I sailed, the "pretty boy" shrapnel they let me have was, "they" said, my death-knell. But curfew did not ring that night. Because, if I'd started to slip then as disastrously as was predicted, "A Yank at Oxford" wouldn't have done the business it did.

No, I skidded when I made "Stand Up and Fight," and well I knew it. Don't think we stars don't realize when we begin to wobble. We don't soar around with our heads blandly in the blue while our feet are walking the plank. Why I slipped with this picture is one of the things that confuses me. It was a good picture and brought in the shekels, yet it was not good for me. Which seems to indicate that, for the individual actor, the play's not always "the thing." You can slip even when you have a good picture.

Now it may be argued that the picture was no good for me because I played a tough guy in it—fighting with Beery, biting the dust and all that. I bet some of you said, "It's



Why did I slip?

too obvious that the studio is trying to disprove the 'pretty boy' publicity by giving Taylor a part where he can exhibit some beef and brawn." I thought of that, too, but it isn't a good enough reason, because "The Crowd Roars" was made before "Stand Up and Fight" and in that, if anyone remembers, I was a pugilist who was no palooka in the ring. If any of you had wanted to give it the "Hee-haw-they're-trying-to-prove-that-Taylor-can-take-it," that was your chance. You didn't take it. That picture was both good Box Office and good for me.

So, to a certain extent, my pictures have kept me on a see-saw, now up, now down. "Three Comrades" was a good picture for me. "Stand Up and Fight," "Lucky Night," "Lady of the Tropics" and "Remember" were bad for me. "Waterloo Bridge" gave me a swing up again and now I have hopes that "Escape" will put me on the up-end of the teeter-totter once again. But it's the *why* of the ups and downs that I'm trying to get at.

In my case it may well be said that I skidded because I'm not a fine actor. I know I'm not. I had no experience behind me when I came to Hollywood. I still haven't had enough training—it takes study and time to perfect any art or craft. I have a whale of a lot to learn.

Yet, you can't say an actor loses public favor just because he's not a fine actor. Naming no names, for courtesy's sake, we all know actors who make no (*Continued on page* 68)

Temperament at Two



THAT DUSE IN DIDIES, SANDY HENVILLE, IS NO ANGEL!

By Kirtley Baskette

THE BIG baby hunt at Universal studios had simmered down from three hundred hopeful infants to one, when Sandra Lee Henville was introduced to the harried group of men in the studio testing room.

The lucky survivor was an angel-faced cherub with golden ringlets—too beautiful for words. Sandra Lee was puny, straight-haired and plain.

The beautiful baby sat before the camera and bawled. When anyone came near her she bawled louder. Bing Crosby and Director Dave Butler shook their heads sadly and sighed. "Let's have the other one," said Butler.

They put Sandra Lee on the chair and handed her a rattle. The camera rolled. So did Sandra's eyes. Her mouth opened, and her voice gurgled. She grabbed the rattle and cracked Dave Butler between the eyes. That's all there was to it.

"That kid," said Bing Crosby, "is dynamite in didies. She'll take the picture like Grant took Richmond!"

He wasn't kidding. Because all this happened over a year ago, when Bing was hunting for the cutest kid in Hollywood for his picture, "East Side of Heaven." There used to be an old movie-making maxim kicking around Hollywood that went like this: "When the picture drags, cut to a cat or a baby." That's what Bing Crosby had in mind originally. He didn't know he would discover a new star. But he certainly did.

Sandra Lee Henville—now Baby Sandy to an adoring world—was only eleven months old when fate lifted her out of her crib and made her a Hollywood star. Today, she's only a little over two years old. But already Baby Sandy has starred in three of her own pictures, besides the one she swiped from Bing. Yes, Sandy is Santa Claus to theatre owners all over the land and the pet of the nation. In fact, she stacks up as the greatest baby star Hollywood has ever had.

According to her studio, Universal, all of that is only the beginning. Sandy, at two, instead of being washed up as her burp-and-gurgle days pass, is just getting set to toddle to bigger and better things in expensive A pictures. She's going to be Hollywood's next Shirley Temple, the big shots say, or else.

The success story of Baby Sandra Henville is one of those incredible tales that happen only in Hollywood. Where else, for instance, would a multi-million-dollar company spend weeks hunting a boy baby and end up picking a girl to play a boy? Where else would a milkman's baby daughter leave her trundle bed and end up making $1,000 a week?

Roy Henville and his pretty young wife, Eleanor, had a baby, like millions of other American couples. Their baby wasn't particularly beautiful or different from any other baby, except that she arrived in seven months and weighed only four pounds and twelve ounces when the stork brought her. Of course, they thought she was the most wonderful baby ever born, but they were modest enough about it not to bore their friends and neighbors.

They lived quietly, too, in a tiny bungalow in the low rent district between Glendale and Hollywood. They had to, because Roy was a milkman—and still is—and that's no quick road to riches, as everyone knows. Neither of them had ever been inside a movie studio or thought much about it. Roy was too busy getting up at the crack of dawn to peddle his milk. Eleanor was too busy around the house.

Then, one day, the Los Angeles papers printed a story like this: "Universal is looking for a blonde baby to play in Bing Crosby's picture, 'East Side of Heaven.' They want a six-month-old boy with curly hair who likes music. He has to listen to Bing sing and look happy about it."

Eleanor read it to Roy and laughed. "They certainly don't want Sandra," she chuckled. "The only thing that fits her is the blonde hair."

"Well, she likes to listen to the radio," said Roy. "Say, I've got a customer who works at Universal. He's a musical director or something. Where are those snapshots we took last Sunday? I think I'll show him what a cute baby really looks like—just for fun!"

The story has already been told. When he left the two quarts of certified and the coffee cream next morning, Roy pulled out the tiny 2 x 3 inch snapshots of Sandra. When the musical director took them to Butler and Bing, already cross-eyed from looking at cute kids, they said they'd look at just one more.

One more was enough. Sandy got the job. But why? What does Baby Sandy have that thousands of other babies scattered through Hollywood pictures for the past thirty years don't have?

Sandy has temperament. "She," as Gil Vallee, her favorite assistant director, puts it, "reacts!" And how! It's bad enough, the Lord knows, if a grown-up star doesn't sparkle naturally. But for a baby to be relaxed is pure poison. Sandy isn't troubled that way. Instead, the trouble is often the other way round. She reacts too much.

Mischa Auer has played in every Baby Sandy picture except one. You'd think by now Sandy would be as familiar with Mischa's lugubrious personality as she is with her dollie stand-in.

Nothing of the sort. To this day (*Continued on page* 82)



SLAP THE geeters on Hysterical in the fourth to show" isn't exactly poetic. Escaping the soft lips of Virginia Bruce, it's enough to make a man bury his eyebrows in his hair. But to J. Walter Ruben those words are music. They mean that the bars are down again at Hollywood Park, that his wife's right in there "picking 'em" and that the day's going to be a great one!

Currently, Hollywood Park is Movietown's pet betting ground. A sleek, streamlined race track, located at Inglewood, ten miles outside of Hollywood proper, it is the $3,000,000 magnet that acts as an almost daily lure to the Rubens, Claudette Colbert, Sonja Henie, Irene Dunne and 50,000 others in whom the sporting blood flows free. It is the place where Don Ameche and Mickey Rooney race their own horses, where Marlene Dietrich and Constance Bennett come to lead the fashion parade, and where Bing Crosby and George Raft may bet between $2,000 and $3,000 in a single afternoon!

Like Santa Anita, whose season precedes it, and Del Mar, whose season will follow, Hollywood Park is divided into three sections: the grandstand, the regular club house and the exclusive hangout for people with money. In Inglewood, this "hangout" is known as the Turf Club—and the Turf Club, you guessed it, is where the movie stars gather. Here they sit in $220 boxes, which they may purchase only after paying a $220 membership fee. They are always dressed to the hilt and on their best behavior, for the club's standards, like its rates, are high. Slacks are taboo, and men in polo shirts or without ties are given an immediate heave-ho.

However, neither the stars that appear nor the horses that run are as colorful as the famous Goose Girl in the center of the track. Two years ago, when Hollywood Park was built, an imaginative landscape artist plunked a goose pond right in the middle of the oval, without realizing that the uninhibited birds might fly into the teeth of the horses and menace the jockeys. Hence the Goose Girl. Dressed in a costume furnished by the Warner Bros. Wardrobe Department, she is a perfectly incongruous figure, spending her afternoons keeping her silly charges in line. But you can save your pity for Mr. Crosby, whose horse is still running, and not worry about the Goose Girl. Her predecessor wound up in Earl Carroll's chorus!



Mike Frankovitch escorts Binnie Barnes, who allows herself only $25 a day for betting.



When George Raft, a plunger, wins—he hands over that loot to Bodyguard Killer Grey.



MARLENE DIETRICH ● CONSTANCE BENNETT



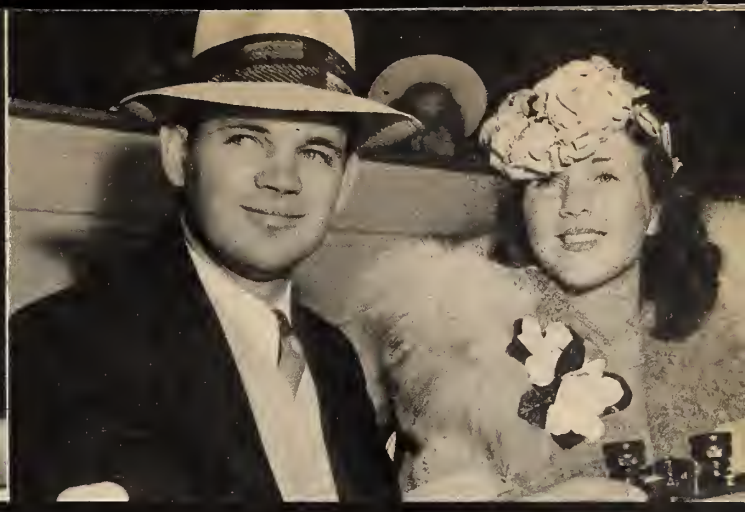
BING CROSBY



DAN TOPPING ● SONJA HENIE



Jimmie Cagney and Ralph Bellamy are great cronies, and they co-own a box at the Park.



Vaughn Paul and Deanna Durbin are very small betters and rarely stand up and yell.



The quaintly costumed Goose Girl is a picturesque and essential feature of the track.



Here's the World's Fair-ish entrance to star-studded, $3,000,000 Hollywood Park.

Photos by Jules Buck



J. W. RUBEN ● VIRGINIA BRUCE

OFF TO THE RACES

They yell themselves hoarse, lose fat bank rolls, get terrific sunburns — and call it fun!



From cokes at "The Greasy Spoon" to champagne at Ciro's is a man-sized jump, but Brenda's arrived with her sense of values intact.

Joyce: 1940 MODEL

By Herb Stein

THEY TELL the story in Hollywood of the girl trying to crack pictures who was offered a scotch and sofa by a producer and reclined with thanks. But they don't tell that story about Brenda Joyce.

They don't tell it about Brenda because she represents something new in Hollywood. She represents the change from rootin', tootin', slightly-scarlet leading ladies, to youthful performers who are fresh, wholesome and clean as the wind



"Yes, Owen thinks I've changed, but he doesn't think it's enough to hurt yet. The minute I change that much, I'll quit pictures."

INTRODUCING THE CO-ED WHO PROVED THAT GOOD GIRLS ALSO GO TO HOLLYWOOD, AND NOT JUST FOR THE RIDE!

Somewhere, recently, the movie-going public undraped members of the old order and found them a pretty sickly lot. They decided they wanted their 1940 sex appeal in the form of attractive little packages of the modern-American-girl variety. They wanted the kind of miss who could swim and ride, ski and play tennis. And they found her in Brenda Joyce. Brenda even has the kind of romance they hoped she'd have. He's Owen Ward, the twenty-one-year-old boy she met at college—the boy she'll one day marry. And young though he is, he's the Gibraltar and encouragement behind her different-from-what-you-used-to-read-about-Hollywood characteristics.

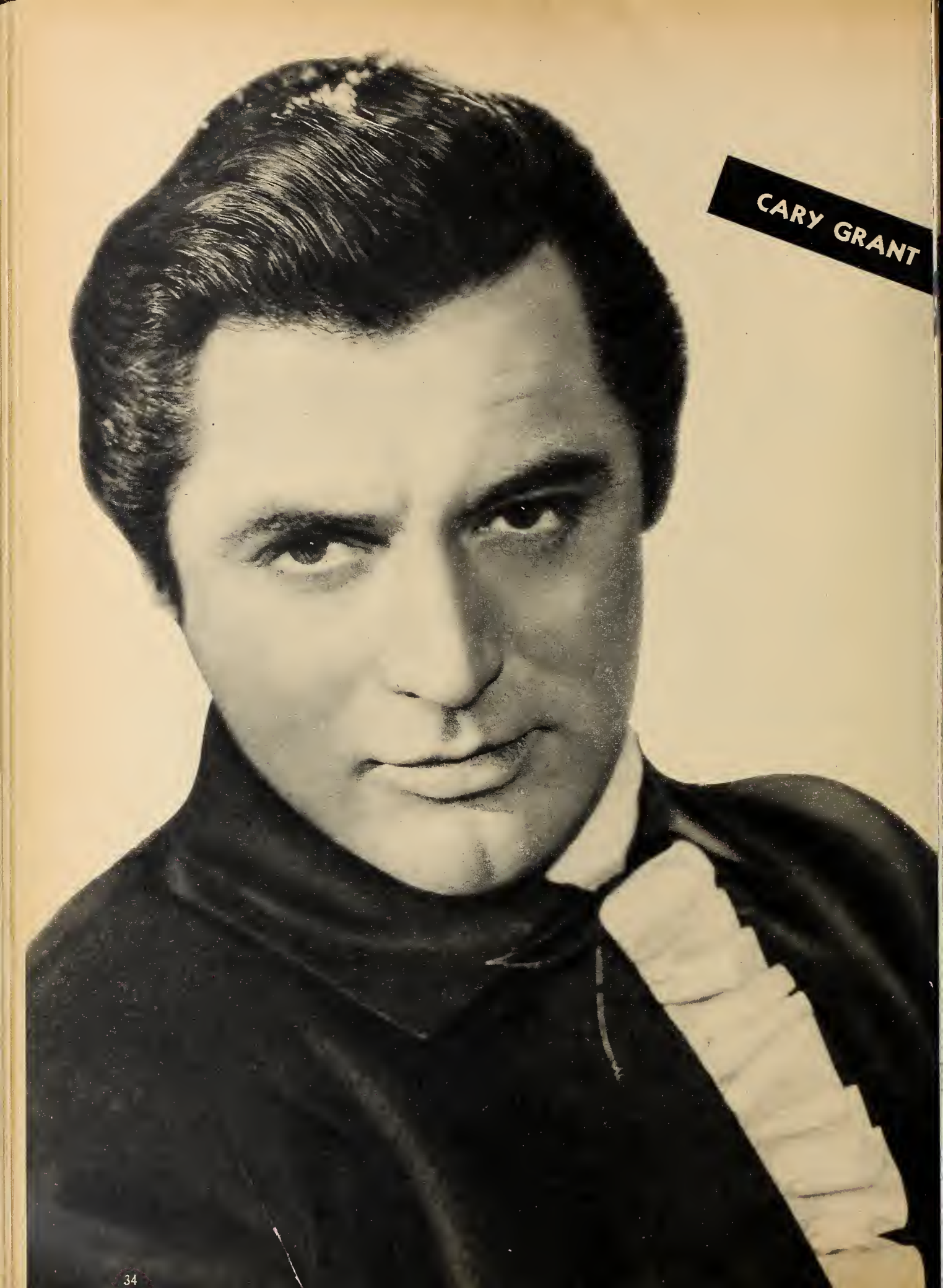
"Owen hates Hollywood," Brenda told us during lunch at the Trocadarryl (her name for Twentieth Century-Zanuck's commissary), "but only because of its off-the-lot activities. He happens to be one of those people who can't stand a smoke-filled nitery any more than he can see the value of dropping a girl into a bathtub of sparkling Burgundy. He'd rather hike over a mountain than do a rhumba to Emil Coleman. He prefers a mug of beer in a garden to a bucket of champagne at the Grove, and he'd sooner go through seven sets of tennis with the temperature above 100 than attend any one of the social functions 'necessarily' part of the Hollywood routine, and—" with her eyes twinkling, "them's my sentiments exactly!"

But while the public's taste has changed, publicity methods remain pretty much the same. Studio heads, ever eager to gain news space with the trumped-up romantic activities of their stars, still require them to be seen around. This is especially true of starlets whose names can best gain entrée to the columns through the simple ruse of being linked with an already established personality.

And so Brenda, who inwardly shuns night clubs and parties, occasionally turns up at them with other men. And it's largely as a result of these pre-arranged adventures into the colony's limelight that her pictures and name appear in the rotogravure sections and syndicated columns.

Typical example of what happens occurred the night of "The Grapes of Wrath" premiere. There wasn't a columnist there who didn't know that Brenda was madly in love with Owen, but when she walked into the theatre with George Montgomery, Twentieth Century-Fox player, gossipers and photographers made merry. Subsequent reporting carried all sorts of conjectures as to a new romance, but none of it was true. Brenda was there with Montgomery only because she had to attend her own studio's preview of an important picture, and Owen had refused to go because he hates the publicity connected with it.

There are (*Continued on page 70*)


CARY GRANT

IDA LUPINO



Cary will soon be seen in Columbia's "The Howards of Virginia." Ida's currently appearing in Warners' "They Drive by Night."

IS HOLLYWOOD



The Eddie Robinsons' buffet suppers and informal art exhibitions typify the new entertainment trend.

IT SEEMS like ages since the flamboyant days when such social pace-setters as Mabel Normand, Mary Pickford and Marion Davies queened it with regal extravagance on the Coast. The riotous good humor of Mabel established Hollywood's reputation as a madly irresponsible place. Remember when she spent five months and $250,000 leading her pals a merry chase through Europe?

Then Hollywood grew terribly formal and dignified when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks turned Pickfair into a fascinating spot for titled visitors and a select group of stars who were correct enough to associate with them. And the lavish, huge balls given by Marion Davies wrote another spectacular chapter into Hollywood's personal history. But now, those days are over.

Even last year's most noted party-thrower, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, is no longer giving her famous elaborate affairs. She is devoting all of her energies to war relief. Now, Kay Francis wouldn't dream of renting a cafe for a big party as she has done in the past. The other night at Ciro's she went from table to table, collecting $10 apiece for a war charity. At Lamaze's they are having a series of benefit nights for the Red Cross and Allied war relief. Stars like Marlene Dietrich, Dorothy Lamour, Edgar Bergen, Alice Faye and Richard Greene donate their services as entertainers.

"Yes, Hollywood society isn't what it used to be. You would be more than surprised if you tried to crash the movie élite these days," says Elsa Maxwell.

Because Elsa Maxwell has created an international name for herself as the foremost authority on parties, her opinions on the manner in which Hollywood's social scene has altered are invaluable. It was she who made Monte Carlo, Cannes and Biarritz so popular with the gay, continental set of a decade ago. Assorted celebrities, ranging from the Duke of Windsor, Queen Marie of Roumania, the former king of Spain, to all sorts of fun-loving folk with cash, eagerly attended the parties Elsa maneuvered. The scavenger and treasure hunts were her bright ideas, to say nothing of her come-as-someone-you-admire-or-hate invention. Returning to her native land, she pepped up New York's languishing society. No one has ever shown a better flair for amusing people than this short, fat dynamo of a woman who has never hesitated to say what she thinks.

"People who are not in Hollywood society are apt to have a false notion of what it takes to be among those present," she says. "First of all, you don't need a number of the things you might suppose are elementary. To be a social success in Hollywood you don't have to be beautiful or handsome. Most of the stars are distinguished in appearance, and they are not overwhelmed with what nature or a kind camera can do for a person. You don't have to be young and alluring. Look at me! I've always had a distressingly plain face. I tip the scales at two hundred pounds, so the less mention made of my figure the better. I began my own picture career a year ago, and I was beyond the finishing-school phase—I'm even seven years beyond fifty!

"You don't have to possess a wonderful wardrobe. They've never described me as one of the best dressed women, but I have managed to get around just the same. You don't have to have money. Not very much, anyway. The social leaders here are so well fixed themselves that they don't have to worry about how much others have in the way of material wealth."

She isn't given to stalling on any point. "You don't need any background to click, either. Background is an impediment in Hollywood, thank God! Everyone is on his own here. Family names don't impress. There is no such thing as inherited position. Only what you are and do makes you shine in this set-up. But there are no longer "magic" names anywhere, socially speaking. In New York the Vanderbilts and the Astors are still important because the present generation amounts to something. A lot of their ancestral rivals are extinct because the members of the families no longer stand for anything significant.

"You don't have to be a splendid dancer to be popular in Hollywood. Dancing is rather silly when you can share an evening of vivid mental contact. If you were to join us, you would discover that you couldn't just sit and wait to be entertained. You'd find that we are sensitive people, and that we all talk our heads off. We do not try for effects, no matter what the Hollywood of yesterday may have been. We're much too busy. We have jobs which we must do well to hold on to, and we cannot sit by and just watch the suffering of those in Europe. Nine out of ten of us have survived bad times ourselves; we know what they mean.

"The first social commandment now is: Be amusing. The fundamental object of entertainment is a good time. Fascinate with your conversation and your adaptability, and you are very likely to be sought after here.

"The second social commandment is: Serve superb food. Hollywood women pay a great deal of attention to food. Hostesses here know more about food than all the current New York hostesses put together. And believe it or not, most of the top-notch hostesses can cook marvelously themselves!

"Most dining here is buffet (*Continued on page 73*)

GETTING SENSIBLE ?



Rog Pryor and Norm Foster dig deep for a worthy cause, while Sally Blane and Ann Sothern beam. At right, Elsa Maxwell with Mrs. Jack Warner and Norma Shearer.

BY BEN MADDOX

The original party girl, Elsa Maxwell, heralds a new social era



Bing Crosby passed his inter-scene moments putting a dog through its paces, riding his bike (marked "verboten" to scare off hitch-hikers) and studying all the racing forms.



Oscar Levant, Basil Rathbone and Bing Crosby josh between "takes." Levant, who makes $250 a week on "Information, Please" went to Hollywood because he was "broke!"





One-armed Wingy Mannone, whose trumpet must be asbestos, hired a coach to help him with his ten lines!



Bing surveys some of the 10,000 objects provided by Ellis Mercantile Co. for the pawnshop scene.

ON THE SET WITH "RHYTHM ON THE RIVER"

A FEW weeks ago, Bing Crosby put aside his golf game and his daily trips to the race track and made a picture. It won't further the progress of the American cinema and it won't be sealed in a time capsule to represent the genius of our generation. Nonetheless, it's slated to be one of the smash hits of the year. The reason? It's a daffy-dilly tale, acted out on cheerful stages by a gang of players who don't mind working for a living.

The story, called vaguely, "Rhythm on the River," busies itself chiefly with a bright-looking pair of lovers (Bing and Mary Martin) who, unbeknown to each other, are ghost-writing songs for the same creatively-exhausted composer (Basil Rathbone). Opening in a whirling New York City snowstorm (flaked ice blown about the set by huge electric fans), the action hops like a jack rabbit from one lively background to the next, pausing briefly at a snow-blanketed (bleached cornflakes) farmhouse known as "Nobody's Inn," and skipping on to a pawnshop, a $200,000 night club set, and a dilapidated ferry boat which has bogged down on the ice-choked Hudson River (painted canvas, ridged and furrowed by the prop department).

But, however interesting they are, the sets and the story are not the biggest news of the picture. Neither is the fact that for the first time a sizzling "jam" session will be brought to the screen. Nor the fact that Ouida Rathbone was hired as technical adviser for party sequences, nor that Oscar, the Paramount bootblack, makes his début in a Grand Central Station scene. The *real* sensation of "Rhythm on the River" is the most amazing assortment of human curios ever collected by a studio.

The first human curio is the pugnacious, precocious star of radio's "Information, Please," Oscar Levant, the man who spent three and one-half weeks in Hollywood and left a memory the town will never forget. Pouting, churlish and rude to anyone who crosses his path, Levant plays his unusual self and, incidentally, turns in the best performance in the picture! Curio No. 2 is Wingy Mannone, the one-armed sultan of swing who blows a hot trumpet, chews gum endlessly and can't even spell his own name. And completing this oddity aggregation is 200 lb. John Scott Trotter, the band leader recruited from Bing's air show to supply the background for the Crosby-Martin warblings.

Left, Allan Jones, who played with Mary in her first picture, "The Great Victor Herbert," skipped off "The Boys from Syracuse" set to wish her marital happiness—with gestures!

Below, Mary, ensconced in Marlene Dietrich's elegant dressing-room, made a great hit with this cameraman because she'll beam for hours without one protest.



YOU'LL GET A MILLION LAUGHS FROM PARA-

MOUNT'S NEW MUSICAL, BUT THE MERRY CREW

THAT MADE IT WILL BE A COUPLE UP ON YOU

Mary kept missing cues till she discovered that Bing throws his script away and ad-libs his way through an entire picture. Here they are before the cornflake "snowstorm."

BY JAMES REID

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S FORGOTTEN

They drew raves in the Broadway columns—still Hollywood apparently ignores them. Why?

SOONER or later—usually sooner—every Hollywood party gets around to the subject of sex. This one had arrived at the topic of legs. There was a lively debate about who owned the prettiest pair in Filmdom. Marlene Dietrich had her defenders. Ann Sheridan had hers. Lana Turner had hers. Betty Grable, someone insisted, deserved the honor.

Up spoke a visitor from New York, "I remember a girl who came out here with the reputation of having the prettiest legs on Broadway. But no one out here seems a bit conscious of her very shapely pins."

"What's her name?" asked a chorus of disbelievers.

"Claudette Colbert," said the visitor from New York.

For a moment there was silence.

"I remember when Claudette arrived in Hollywood," conceded a director. "There *was* a bit of hullabaloo about her legs."

"What made it die down?" asked a newly-arrived blonde. "I didn't know press agents ever let anybody forget that a girl had legs." She crossed her own self-consciously.

"You certainly never see any Colbert bathing-suit art," commented a drama-page editor.

"Maybe she doesn't swim," someone cracked.

"Say," said the blonde, indignantly, "*I* don't swim, but I spend my life posing for bathing-suit art."

From a discussion of Hollywood legs in general, the conversation turned into a discussion of the Colbert legs in particular. Why had they been forgotten?

Here was a titillating mystery. This sort of thing just didn't happen in Hollywood. Either a girl showed her legs and people said she had sex appeal, or she didn't show her legs and people said she didn't have sex appeal. Claudette didn't go in for self-exposure, yet nobody said *she* lacked sex appeal.

The party didn't solve the mystery. Apparently only Claudette could explain it. So we went to Claudette.

We found her in the Guest Star dressing-room at M-G-M, where at the moment she was co-starring with Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr in a super-special entitled "Boom Town." One entire corner of the room was window-glass, with a right-angle divan built into the corner. Sitting diagonally across from us on the divan, she looked trim and pert in a blue skirt, white blouse and checkered sports jacket.

Claudette laughed when told of the mystery we were there to solve.

"Come, come!" she said chidingly. "Don't make me out an oddity. Don't tell me I'm the only actress in Hollywood who has refrained from leg art."

We challenged her to name any other actress who had refrained as she had.

"Well, there's Greta Garbo, for one," said Claudette, tentatively.

But Garbo, when she first came to Hollywood, posed smilingly in bathing suits and, believe it or not, in running trunks.

"There's Norma Shearer," said Claudette, hopefully.

But M-G-M has a whole file of early photos of Norma in a bathing suit—some of them even showing her poised on a diving tower.

She named several other actresses who, she thought, had avoided art beside a swimming pool. Every case she cited could be refuted, with the single exception of Luise Rainer. And Luise didn't come to Hollywood with the reputation of having "the most beautiful legs on Broadway."

"No," said Claudette, with mock ruefulness, "she was spared that embarrassment. And don't think I wasn't embarrassed about it."

Why?

Claudette temporarily dodged the question. She said, "You know how it all started, don't you? Walter Winchell started it. I opened in the play called 'The Barker.' It was the first big thing I had done, and Winchell was there, opening night, reviewing it. After the second act, my brother went to the men's lounge and bumped into Winchell, who didn't know that he was my brother.

"Charles said to Winchell, 'What do you think of the play?'

"Winchell said, 'I can't keep my mind on the play. I can't take my eyes off that doll's legs.'

"Charles waxed a bit huffy and said, 'That doll, as you call her, happens to be my sister!'

"Winchell harrumphed and said, 'Now don't take it that way, Charlie. I meant it as a compliment,' and so forth, and eased out.

"If it hadn't been for that incident, probably he would never have printed anything about my legs. It amused him that he had almost stepped into something, wise-cracking about them. So he printed in his column that I had 'the prettiest legs on Broadway,' or some such thing. Whatever made him notice them in the first place has always been a puzzle to me."

(That's easily explained. At the time that Claudette made her hit in "The Barker," (*Continued on page 64*)



"Heaven knows I'm no prude!" says rabidly anti-"leg art" Claudette—who'll next appear in Paramount's "Arise My Love." "But," she explains a bit enigmatically, "I *am* French."

LEGS



IT MAY INVOLVE A NEW WIFE; IT MAY NOT. BUT ONE

IC'S CERTAIN, IT'LL BRING ESCAPE FROM HOLLYWOOD



NEW DESIGN FOR LIVING

By Irving Wallace

THE FIRST impression you get of George Brent is that he's awfully tired. And we don't mean anything as prosaic as suffering from lack of sleep.

We mean the tiredness that comes upon a person who has, for twenty solid years, made moon faces at an emotionless camera, who for two decades has blinked and grimaced at bright-white klieg lights, had the lipstick of various leading ladies smeared on his kisser and heard the garlic-seasoned wail of three dozen different directors.

Frankly, in confronting him, we expected a different Brent and a different story. Realizing that he has been living in a monotone of work, we expected him to be, well, a trifle dull and ordinary—and we decided in advance to write the usual run-of-the-mill story about Brent the Lone Wolf, Brent the Escapist, Brent the Recluse.

But instead, we got a pleasant surprise, for George Brent is not dull copy at all. Properly prompted, he will indulge in the best poolroom tirades on what he thinks is wrong with Hollywood, what's wrong with the state of the nation, and what's wrong with himself.

He will say, candidly, as he said to us, "Here's what's wrong with the stuff printed about me. Too much of that hermit nonsense."

As a result, there will be no hermit nonsense in this opus. There will be only the truth and the news about George Brent.

Next March, Mr. Brent, of the famed Dublin and County Galway Brents, will celebrate his thirty-seventh birthday. And shortly thereafter, he will forsake the dubious honor he holds of possessing the Burbank non-stop record for acting in the greatest quantity of unimportant pictures made on "A" budgets. His contract with Warners will be up. And on that morning, when his contract expires, Brent expects, walking under his own power, to remove his person—and his soul—from the Warner lot, from Hollywood and from California, for a much-needed vacation.

In brief, George Brent will transplant his person to Hawaii.

He will purchase acres and a house—and do the things that twenty years before the camera have kept him from doing. Nothing dramatic. He'll lie in the sun. Just relax in the sun. A poor man's pleasure, but he will enjoy it as much as a miner who has been two decades under the black earth. George Brent will read books. No comic sections. No zippy stories. No quick glances at headlines on the way to the studio. He'll read good honest fiction.

And no hermit stuff, either, mind you. He'll meet people, all colors, all kinds. And without autograph signing. He'll be with women and won't have a fear of gossip columnists. He'll talk and argue and debate on the subjects closest to his heart—the kind of talk that's more interesting to him than the usual movieland chatter about who's going out with whose wife.

"I want to buy a home in Hawaii," Brent explained. "And I want to stay there six months out of the year. The other six months I hope to go back to Hollywood to do two pictures. It'll be a relief making only two pictures a year after all these seasons of rushing from one camera to another, with no time to dress, study, relax, think. And as a result, in the future I think I'll do better work. I'll have the time to select important, well-constructed stories. No more fantasies hacked out in limited time!"

Then, Brent, with that travel pamphlet look gleaming from his big hazel-colored eyes, elaborated on his Pacific and tropical Shangri-La.

"Hawaii is really a convenient paradise—only an overnight airplane trip from Hollywood. Many of our folks are now buying homes there. John Halliday, for one. And Janet Gaynor and Jimmie Fidler. Of course, except for a green shack on the beach, it's expensive. The islands are small, and land is at a premium. But I have my eye on one large property, twenty-six (*Continued on page 66*)

HEADLINES FROM HOLLYWOOD

YOU CAN HAVE COIFFURES AS SMART AND GLAMOROUS AS THE STARS' — IF YOU'LL GIVE YOUR HAIR THE SAME CARE AND GROOMING. HERE'S THE WAY THEY DO IT

By Carol Carter

OUT HOLLYWOOD way, pompadours—"broken," "split," halo, sculptured, à la Lillian Russell or just plain Gibson Girl—are sweeping the waves right up under those pert, new off-the-forehead hats that make girls look so wide-eyed one minute and so sophisticated the next.

But the 1940 versions aren't the round, bulging rolls that grandma used to wear. Oh no, the new pompadours are full in effect, but infinitely smarter and more becoming. Some have upswept, sculptured lines. In others one side boasts a full puffed contour while the other side is done in flat curls or smooth outline waves. They are really not a bit stiff, as were their predecessors, but soft and quite simple to manage. Remember Alice Faye as Lillian Russell? She did a great deal to launch this interesting hair fashion.

Another hair-do originated in the movies and apparently destined for popularity has a word for the Greek influence. Shaped waves flow backward from the face, round ringlets soften the temples over the ears and long curls hang from a back knot which balances the nose in profile. Irené Hervey wears such a coiffure in Universal's picture, "The Boys from Syracuse."

One famous hair stylist has created



Florence Rice, whose fame and popularity are increasing with every new role, arranges her lustrous locks in soft simplicity with upswept sides and broken forehead lines.

many light, feathery, rounded and artistic looking coiffures with not a vestige of that long sleek look. His hair-dos all look as if they had been shaken rather than combed out. Another creator of hair fashions insists on height over the brow, emphasized by clusters of tiny curls surrounding a crown left as sleek and smooth as possible. Still another stylist sings the praises of a front and side pompadour balanced by a medium low back arrangement. And so it goes.

There are as many "correct" and charming hair-dos as there are types of girls to wear them. The secret is to find a style becoming to your face and suitable to your way of living. For example, if your forehead is overhigh or bulgy, don't take your hair straight back off your face. Wear it flat on top with an "up" treatment beneath a low side part. A high part or one just off-center makes a high forehead look positively endless. A low part shortens the entire facial contour. Hair clustered low emphasizes the lower half of the face. If that half is best in your case—with a flawless chin and throat line—all well and good, but if it's not, beware. An "up" hair line at both sides emphasizes and dramatizes fine eyes, brows and forehead and puts emphasis on the most important half of your face.

We could talk on and on about coiffures, but don't forget that the condition of your hair is even more important than the style in which you wear it. Neglected, unhealthy hair can not be arranged attractively no matter how long you fuss over it or how deft you may be with hair pins, bob pins, combs or any other similar gadgets. A beautiful, smart and becoming hair-do depends upon the quality and health of your hair and there is no substitute for these.

Even if you now have stringy, lifeless hair, with a little patient, regular care you can do wonders to strengthen and revive its body and lustre and improve its "arrangeability." Your hair is very sensitive to your general physical and nervous health and will show ill effects from upsets so slight as to have gone otherwise unnoticed. "Complexes" involving nervous or mental strain, fear, worry, jealousy, frustration or shock will actually play havoc with your hair. So if you would have really beautiful tresses, guard your health from undermining disturbances. Sufficient sleep, a well balanced diet and fresh air are also important.

But, supposing that all these are as they should be, you must still treat your hair to the local care it deserves. Stimulation, cleanliness and grooming are your first watchwords. Stimulation in the form of massage, combing and brushing are continuous "musts." How can a tight, thin, rigid scalp be expected to produce lustrous, luxurious locks? It can't—and it won't. Massage it regularly with a deep firm rotary motion of the balls of your fingers. Five minutes a day for this is ideal. Let go of that tense, nervous attitude of yours. That alone will keep your scalp as tight as a drum.

Brush and comb your hair regularly, too. One hundred strokes a day take two or three minutes—but what a difference they make in its sheen and vitality! Brushing and combing not only polishes and cleans but also exercises every hair shaft, strengthening and beautifying as it goes. Brushing has a mysterious way of normalizing the flow of natural hair oils, too. Oil glands that have either dried up or become over active are helped back to normal functioning under the invigorating influence of a good, firm, long bristled brush.

Shampoo your hair as often as it gets dirty—whether that's every three days or every three weeks. Much depends upon the locality in which you live—whether it is a clean or sooty community—also upon the kind of work you do, etc. Oily hair needs more frequent (*Continued on page 81*)



Lucile Fairbanks, Warner's promising young starlet, combines back curls with charmingly youthful front ringlets and "up" side lines for this fetching formal coiffure.



Mary Beth Hughes, whose blonde beauty would shine in any picture, wears just the suggestion of a front pompadour with flat curls on top and a modified page-boy roll.

Some new shots in the Hollywood dark — by that quick-clicking stay-out, Jules Buck



Seems as if the curfew never rings for Bill Powell and his child bride, Diana Lewis, who's each night a-glitter with a new trinket from Hubby.



Perc Westmore helps Priscilla Lane celebrate her divorce from the husband nobody even knew she had—Assistant-director, Oren Haglund.



Alan Curtis, who looks every inch a collar ad and once was just that, wants to make lovely Ilona Massey Mrs. C. as soon as his divorce is final.



Lee Bowman—he of the Eddie Cantor-Mischa Auer expression—is peeved 'cause Maggie Lindsay and Bill Lundigan are cutting his coffee rations.



No one gets around like Kay Francis, who has a new dress and beau every night. This time it's a small print and a top designer, Bernard Newman.



Home from Hawaii but still in the torrid zone are Bette Davis and Bob Taplinger. Both whipped off their specs when they saw the cameraman!



Newlyweds Mary Martin and Dick Halliday have a terrific case of stars-in-the-eyes. Here, they're discussing plans for their brand new home.



Bob Wilcox and Florence Rice couldn't have looked more happily married the other night. However, since he's gone East, 'tis said it's all off.



It's work all day for crack producer, Garson Kanin, then party-party till the wee hours. It's Betty Field who's keeping him up late this time.



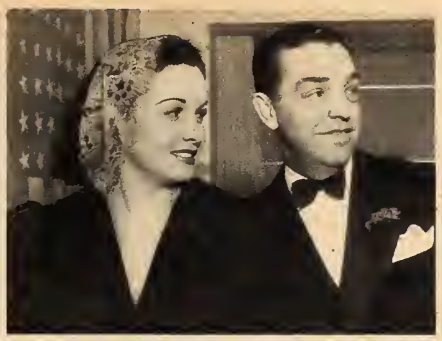
Simone Simon, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Loder make merry at Ciro's. S. S., escorted by Multimillionaire Bob Oliver, wants a new contract.



Bubbles Schinasi's recent return to home, fireside and Wayne Morris after some N. Y. gadding amazed but didn't quiet those divorce mongers.



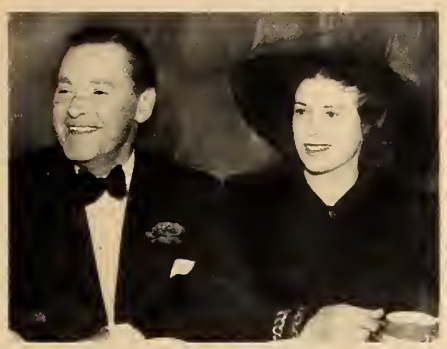
Betty Furness is visiting Hollywood, but not unchaperoned! Her baby girl okayed this date, for Cesar Romero's a pal of Daddy, Johnny Green.



Oh for a meal ticket like Gail Patrick's husband, Bob Cobb, who's manager of the Brown Derby! Steak seven nights a week, and nary a dish to wash!



Rog Pryor takes Wife Ann Sothern to see herself in the movies. Ann, who's now making 20 times her original salary, adores her husky screen voice.



If appearances mean a thing, the honeymoon's far from over for this pair. Bart Marshall's his gay self again since he married Lee Russell.



Ann Rutherford does he-loves-me-he-loves-me-not at a party at the Roach mansion, while the John Hubbards and Rand Brooks look on, agog.



Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall, who have one foot at the altar, arrive at a preview early to get the choicest seats—two in the very last row!



Recently-divorced Liz Wi
rumored-divorced Randy S.
been doing the town. Liz wa
part in "When the Daltons R



th
y



This is really a scoop picture, so seldom do Rita Hayworth and Ed Judson sit one out. Daughter of a famous dancer, Rita's a wicked Conga-er!



Dottie Lamour and Greg Bautzer, both of whom were done wrong by Cupid, forget it all with steak and onions at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby.



They're not in love, they insist, but Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville have more fun than anybody on their weekly movies-and-snack dates.



Gay divorcée, Carole Landis, who made "Turnabout" more than a fair (photo)play, shows her playboy husband, Bill Hunt, a trick or two.

PHOTO PHOBIAS

We'd have no illusio

stars weren't fast thinkers!

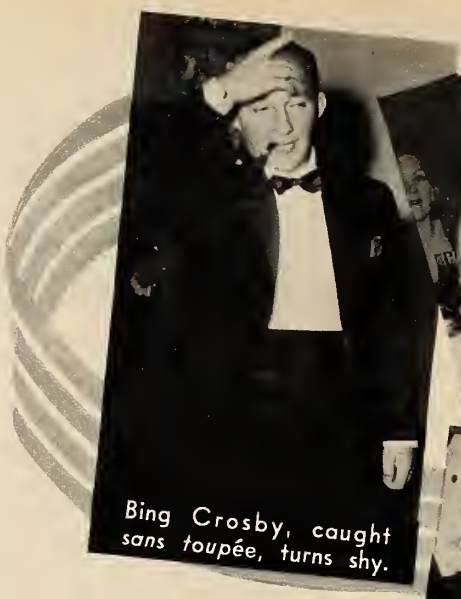
IN THE old days of grim daguerreotypes, self-conscious actors stood slightly petrified with a limp hand on a prop vase and a vacuous Oh-I-see-the-birdie stare. Today, your favorite stars, veterans of countless clicking shutters, don't get a chance to pose. The candid camera is too fast. But never so fast that the stars don't find time, that split second before becoming shadows on negatives, to indulge in a pet photo phobia, a protective gesture or a physical doodle.

To give you an idea . . . when they get the flash bulbs in their eyes . . . Alice Faye remembers that mole on the right side of her face and turns the other cheek . . . Loretta Young ducks her cigarette (it's a scoop to catch her with one in hand). And, if she has time, she yanks off her teeth braces or closes her mouth . . . Errol Flynn attempts an ingratiating smile, but always winds up smirking . . . Marlene Dietrich, who never dates one man at a time, tries to get all her escorts into her pictures, afraid one will be slighted . . . Barbara Stanwyck and Gracie Allen will casually lift their jewel-bedecked arms and get them directly in line of the lens . . . Bing Crosby, caught without his toupée, hastily covers his receding forehead with his hand.

Ray Milland, who wears horn-rimmed glasses almost constantly, quickly removes them before the cameramen have a chance to say, "Look this way, please" . . . When the bulbs start popping near Olivia de Havilland, she makes a hurried move to get her cocktail glass out of focus . . . The same goes for Laurence Olivier, Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr, but W. C. Fields wants to be shot surrounded by bottles . . . Since Bob Taylor's grown his lip adornment, he pats it self-consciously whenever a camera is in sight . . . Ann Sothern, who prefers revealing formals, clutches the front of her dress every time a photographer looks her way . . . Mischa Auer likes to clown in his stocking feet but doesn't like to face the birdie without his shoes . . . Mrs. George Murphy sees to it that George's tie is properly arranged before she'll let him pose . . . Joan Fontaine does her best to make Brian Aherne smile and look his prettiest before being snapped.

James Cagney is a habitual thumb-sucker and Henry Fonda and Gary Cooper are notorious teeth-pickers, but they all become dignified at the drop of a shutter. It's often their better halves who give them the warning . . . Norma Shearer nervously pats a powder puff on her nose when she sees the little black box start her wa . . . Margaret Sullavan, who likes to punish a wad gum and then bubble and snap it, always tries swallow same . . . And the reason Deanna Durbin dom smiles out of her photos is not because of chr indigestion, but because smiling makes her small appear even smaller.

But the oldest and perhaps the most interesting phobia was that of the late Douglas Fairbank in a group picture, always stood at the right s newspaper captions his name would be firs familiar, "Reading from left to right. . . ."



Bing Crosby, caught sans toupée, turns shy.



Scoop! Loretta Young holding a cigarette.



Norma Shearer spies our "photog."



Mrs. Cagney warns Jimmie of "the birdie's" sudden presence.



George Murphy begs for a moment's grace



Ray Milland believes that glamour and glasses don't mix!

ERROL FLYNN

PAULETTE GODDARD

GEORGE RAFT

GOODGE NEWS



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

BILL BOYD

joan crawford





What's better than a party-line in Hollywood? Why, listening in on our new reporter, Sylvia Kahn!

THE CRADLE WILL ROCK

Joan Crawford's adoption of an infant daughter was a powerful blow to the stagline. While the boys have no violent objections to Baby Christina, they do feel they'd rather join Joan in a rhumba than a lullaby. The idea of increasing her family was suggested to Joan several years ago by Miriam Hopkins' adoption of her son, Michael, and since motherhood never scared men away from Miriam, we're sure that Joan isn't headed down the lane of forgotten faces, either. Of course, it's no cinch visualizing Cesar Romero rocking a cradle and Reggie Gardiner pinning a tricorn, but perhaps, when the first shock has worn off, both may be willing to desert the supper clubs and theatres for the talcum-scented nursery—and Joan.

THE BEAUTY CORNER

A visit to one of the plushier beauty salons on the Sunset Strip left us a bit flabbergasted and disillusioned, but it did prove that even a mere man can be a thing of beauty. What we saw there was certainly Hollywood Phenomenon No. 1, for what else would you call the vision of Bill Boyd (Hopalong Cassidy to his fans) seated in a gadget-lined booth, all wound up in a permanent wave machine! We blushed for him, but learned that we did so unnecessarily. Seems that Bill's thinning hair can be made to look twice as luxurious if it's done up à la Shirley Temple, and though he used to have the decency to sneak in a rear door, crawl into a secluded booth and barricade the door, that shyness has long departed. He now marches boldly through the front entrance, plunks down in an exposed cubbyhole, and like the rest of the girls, chats over the partition top with John Barrymore, another cutie who submits to the lotions, curlers and dryers once every three months.

HOW TO HOLD A MAN

Even if Jimmy Stewart and Olivia de Havilland have risked the Great Plunge by the time you read this, it is certain that at the present writing the Stewart heartbeats are not all for lovely Livvie. Since "No Time For Comedy" started rolling, Jimmy's been whispering off-screen pleasantries into Roz Russell's ears, and on Sundays has left both girls flat in favor of his greatest love—his canary-yellow Stinson plane. That Jimmy is head man in Olivia's world, there isn't a bit of doubt. She's proved it time and again, and most recently when she visited the set of Brian Aherne's "It Happened In Paris." In that opus Brian wears John L. Lewis eyebrows, a walrus mustache and a business man's paunch. At the sight of them, Olivia howled and then asked if she couldn't have the get-up when the picture was completed. "For Jimmy," she said. "I think they'd do something for him." We know what that "something" is, Miss Livvie. They'd make Mr. Stewart less attractive to other women!

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

From the inside we learn that George Raft and Norma Shearer are at the hair-pulling stage. Sweet romance has apparently flown through the window, and they now date on Saturday nights only, figuring there's no point in having seven small fights a week when one big one can be just as awful.

GOOD NEWS



On-the-lot teacher, Gladys Hoene, shows Gloria Jean, her sister Lois and their small classmate how to make scale models of the California missions and pueblos they've been visiting during the past few weeks.

That pocket-edition Galli-Curci, little

CONSIDERATE MR. FLYNN

Though Errol Flynn and wife, Lili, are always off in opposite directions, Errol never travels alone. On his boating trips, especially, he has two constant companions, one, his best friend, Johnny Meyer, the other, his Schnauzer dog, Arno. Being both kind-hearted and thoughtful, Mr. Flynn has devised the following methods for keeping the pair happy. For 31-year-old Johnny, there's an introduction as his wealthy father so that girls won't give him the go-by in favor of the handsome Errol, and for Arno there are three imitation trees on the deck of the beautiful yacht, Sirocco!

FUGITIVE FROM INJUSTICE

Paulette Goddard's father had no difficulty slapping a suit for non-support on his attractive daughter, but getting her into court is another matter. For two months a process server has been pursuing her, but Paulette, fleet as Garbo, has successfully eluded him and his unwelcome summons. He thought he had her one night when a friend tipped him off that she was going to attend a local preview and a supper party at Ciro's. Choking in his full dress clothes, he planted himself in the theatre lobby—but no Paulette. Deciding he'd missed her, he moved on to the night spot and sat there long enough to be stuck with the cover charge—but still no Paulette. Finally, sleepy and mad, he dragged himself home only to discover the next morning that his beautiful quarry had pulled out of town two days earlier for an extended Mexican vacation!

SEQUEL

When Paulette returned from Mexico, the law was still at her heels. This time the process server was a man new to his job—so new in fact that he didn't even recognize Paulette. Spotting Dolores Del Rio entering the Chaplin house one day, he handed her the summons. Dolores didn't want the hateful thing so she graciously invited the man in and went to call her hostess. After five minutes of lonesome waiting, the servant of the law heard footsteps approaching. Expecting to see Paulette, he wheeled eagerly toward the door—but shriveled almost to nothing when he faced the irate Mr. Chaplin, flanked by a pair of fire-breathing, strong-arm men! Three seconds later he was seen picking himself out of a flower bed, dusting off the seat of his blue serge and stumbling through the front gate, vows of revenge spilling from his lips—and the yet-unserved summons still locked in his hand.

ATTENTION: ROBERT TAYLOR

Oscar Levant's recent trip to Hollywood reminds us that he was once expected to marry Barbara Stanwyck! The rumor started away back when, prior to her marriage to Frank Fay, Barbara began to be seen everywhere with the funny-faced pianist. Columnists linked their names and "know-it-alls" forecast their wedding. But the story behind the news was this: Barbara loved Fay but couldn't keep track of him. Oscar was Frank's closest friend and always knew where to find him. So Barbara tagged Oscar, Oscar tagged Fay, and everyone was happy.

PUBLICITY IN REVERSE

This corner was set aside for news about Ronald Colman. We have this to report: Mr. Colman pays a press agent a handsome piece of change to see to it that corners like this one contain no news about Ronald Colman.

INTERNAL TRIANGLE

Priscilla Lane's divorce from Oren Haglund was a surprise to a town which didn't even know she was married. Oren and Priscilla eloped to Las Vegas a year ago and, being fast-moving folk, decided after a single day of wedded life that it was wonderful—for other people. The topper to the story is that Oren is rejoicing in his freedom by going in hot pursuit of Pat's older sister, Lola!

GLORIA JEAN-IUS

Having buttoned an acting career securely under her belt, Gloria Jean is now cutting in on the realm of Frank Lloyd Wright, Michelangelo and Pablo Picasso. Under the supervision of Gladys Hoene, her on-the-lot teacher, Gloria, her sister Lois, and two of her classmates, Butch and Buddy, are touring ancient California missions, and out of wood and cardboard are creating scale models of each after their visits. Another of their projects is the building of miniature pueblos, the clay forerunners of modern apartment houses which were once the homes of the Indians who now live in Hollywood and supply the background for DeMille epics. Los Angeles school officials saw Gloria's work not long ago and invited her to exhibit it in the local Chamber of Commerce building. She's hopping with excitement over this for, once her models are set up for all the world to see, she can be classed with the most arty artists of our day —and with that great surrealist painter, Miss Gracie Allen.

OLD MAID DURBIN

All chatter about Deanna Durbin's plans for her romantic future must lead off with a giant question mark. The young lady appears ripe and ready for marriage and has a willing and able fiancé, but whisperers about the studio say that connubial bliss for Deanna is still a thing of the distant future. In fact, only the other day one of her bosom buddies was caught flashing a $10 check which he had collected on a year-old bet that Deanna would be unwed come this summertime. He says he'll wager one hundred times that amount that next year will still find her single—but he won't see a cent of our dough!

EPISODE

Because of the nature of the story, we can't divulge the hero's name. We can say only that he is one of the biggest stars in Holly-



twelve-year-old Gloria Jean, is now developing artistic tendencies, too!

wood, that he is young, dark-eyed, attractive—and married. The other day his wife came down to the set to visit him. Since their wedded life has long been a turbulent one, it was just a matter of minutes before they were engaged in a noisy row. She stood at one end of the set, he stood at the other and between them flew angry accusations and retorts. Finally, goaded beyond endurance, the handsome star gave out with a wild shriek. Then he committed the amazing deed he has rued ever since. Blinded by fury and unmindful of the thunderstruck cast and crew, he plunged his fingers into his open mouth, ripped out his false teeth and sent them skimming across the room where they landed at the feet of his loudly-laughing spouse!

WE, TOO, HAVE OUR TROUBLES DEPT.

Cary Grant is a nice fellow. He seldom gripes and always laughs off inconveniences. But one thing makes him sore. That's having strangers stare at him when he eats in a public place. Fumes he, "What goes on between a man and his knife and fork should be his own business. I get so mad I could roar when people fix their eyes on me and watch my Adam's apple bounce with every gulp." . . . And from Ray Milland: "I love my home but sightseers have nearly frightened me off the place! I've had to build a 14-foot barbed wire fence around all sixty of my acres in order to keep my privacy in and my picture fans out!"

DOTTY SHAKES 'EM OFF

This has been a veritable moulting season for Dorothy Lamour. First she gave Bob Preston the brush-off, and now her forty-inch raven tresses have gone under the knife. Battling Lamour had a year-long tussle with her studio bosses before they'd let her climb into the barber's chair. They felt that her hair, together with that certain garment, was what made customers shell out. But according to Connoisseur Greg Bautzer, Dotty's shearing has stripped her of none of her allure. Greg has recently taken her to Ciro's, the Brown Derby and Lamaze's—and boasts that the boys at the next table still whistle and wink when she slithers by.

JUDY AND THE GENTS

Judy Garland has her boy friends sorted out like Grade A and Grade B eggs. In the week-day basket sits Mr. Mick Rooney who, from Monday to Friday, may beau her to the corner drugstore, a neighborhood movie or a local bowling alley, provided he quits her doorstep by ten. On Saturdays, though, Mickey's expected to bow out. That's Judy's night for her "special" date—and he just ain't it. Satisfied that even as great a lover as he must sometimes make way for a better man, Mickey gallantly yields his lady to Robert Stack—and bounces up smiling the following Monday, ready to continue his washday-to-fishday romance.

LANA OVERWORKED? P-SHAW!

News reports claim that Lana Turner's recent session with a hospital bed was caused by overwork. But the news behind the news has it that Artie Shaw was the man who wrote the ticket. Biggest Question of the Month: Was Lana's "overwork" just a synonym for tongue-lashings administered by Husband Shaw because she wandered in with the dawn one time too many?

SOLDIER BOB

Bob Montgomery's entrance into the war as an ambulance driver drew forth varied and interesting reactions about town. His studio naturally felt he was too valuable a piece of property to be shot at. His wife, back on these shores, was worried and unhappy, and his friends, quipsters to the last, were overheard dropping the following jewels of wit. Said one: "Bob's going to get an awful shock when 5 o'clock rolls around and he yells 'Cut!' and the war goes right on!" Volunteered another: "Someone ought to warn the British and French about his driving. He hasn't a single friend who'll get into a car when he's at the wheel!" And from a third came the question: "Why doesn't Montgomery return to Hollywood, earn his $4,000 a week and send $3,000 to the Allies for medical aid if he really wants to be helpful?" Came the answer: "Bob would rather die than give up a week's salary!"

CLOSED SHOP FOR '40

Take it from us—for the next six months you can pish-tush all items linking Martha Scott with any "Mr.-So-and-Sos." Martha admits she believes in one engagement a year, but says she had hers for 1940 when Perc Westmore was the lucky—or unlucky—man. Line forms on the right for '41!

CHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Constance Bennett is the best poker player in Hollywood and even tobacco-chewing, card-wise strong men tremble when she cuts the deck. Her talent is the result of countless years of indulgence, and Connie isn't wasting it. We just learned that the other evening she invited Darryl Zanuck, Elsa Maxwell and a few other cronies to her home for a quick game, and the party didn't break up for 32 hours! From Friday evening to Sunday morning the group played on, stopping only for a snack—and Connie took them over the hurdles all the way!

WRONG NUMBER

It happened at Ciro's. A semi-soused movie favorite, noted for his caper-cutting while in "a state," called for a phone and dialed B-R-O-T-H-E-L. It was only a gag, but he rolled off his seat when a man's voice answered with "Earl Carroll's residence. Who's calling, please?"

HOLLYWOOD BOOKWORMS

Do they actually *read* books? Listen: Barbara Stanwyck buys a fabulous amount

GOOD NEWS



To Hubby Leland Hayward's disgust, Peg Sullavan shooed off none of the cameramen.



No longer a one-man woman, Lucille Ball steps out with a handsome Cuban, Desi Arnaz.



Takes Joan Valerie to lure Ed Bergen away from his motorcycle. Must be love!

of books when she isn't working at the studio. She is frequently seen emerging from her favorite Beverly Hills library staggering under the weight of thirty volumes, the number she'll gather at a single clip and will stay up half the night reading. We wonder what Mr. Taylor does while his wife's buried in the printed page . . . Connie Bennett's been known to lay cash on the line for as many as fifty books at a time . . . Hollywood's business glamour girl, Marlene Dietrich, does an amazing amount of reading for one who dates so constantly. She prefers delving into translations of foreign books but is also a great admirer of down-to-earth American novels . . . Herbert Marshall and Nigel Bruce are two of this country's most ardent admirers and heartily dislike anyone who uses the written word to take a crack at the U.S.A. However, there's still some tea and crumpets left in their blood, because there's nothing they like better than a rousing book about the British Empire . . . Now we know what Greta Garbo does when she isn't dodging magazine and news photographers or drinking spinach under the watchful eye of Dr. Hauser. She keeps in touch with her former homeland by reading every book that deals with Sweden . . . Gracie Allen, who won't be our next president, buys countless juvenile books. No one has yet determined whether she buys them for herself, her children or George . . . Gary Cooper devours the bloodiness and realism of Ernest Hemingway and arm-chair travels with the latest in adventure books, too. But if you ever want to send him a book we advise that you select only the best, because Gary reads all reviews of the newest literature with an eagle eye . . . Should you ever see Ronald Colman's enormous library of sports stories, you may be certain that he didn't stock it himself. Ronnie acquired his collection by subtly hinting his reading preferences to friends and now has the finest aggregation of he-man tomes in all Hollywood . . . Cary Grant, on the other hand, sees to it that his pals receive all the best-sellers as gifts . . . Errol Flynn equips himself with piles of political books when he sets out on a Sirocco cruise. When his own novel, "Beam's End," was published, he sent autographed copies to his friends in England, almost buying out the edition to do so. On the flyleaf he wrote, "Of course, it's all boloney, but it was fun writing anyway!"

ON THE POLITICAL FRONT

Word has come to us from Gracie Allen, the Surprise Party's Presidential candidate, that she has completed reading the proof on her literary masterpiece, "How to Become President," which is to be published shortly. Says Candidate Gracie: "Those proofs proved something to me. They proved I can really write. Why, all by myself I removed two semicolons, nine commas and an exclamation point—and requested another advance from my publisher!"

MUSIC HATH (NO) CHARMS

Greta Garbo's neighbors refer to her as the "Scandinavian Bullfrog." The appellation was pinned on Greta when she began to take singing lessons. The miserable folks next door claim that, while trying to become another Swedish nightingale, she's beginning to sound more and more like a basso profundo and now it's they who want to be alone!

SHORT SHOTS

Gene Raymond's hair was darkened daily for his role in "Cross Country Romance" by having it rubbed for two complete hours with a brown eyebrow pencil . . . Rita Hayworth has the air-conditioning system in her car filled with perfume . . . The off-screen scrapping of Ann Sheridan and Ida Lupino who both appear in "They Drive By Night" had the studio plenty upset . . . Claudette Colbert has shelled nuts in every room of her home . . . A fuzz will adorn the fizz of Gary Cooper in "The Life of John Doe" or, in plainer language, Gary will wear a mustache in the new Frank Capra production . . . Dolores Del Rio has no electric lights in her living or dining rooms. The two rooms are illuminated by forty-four candles . . . J. Carrol Naish and William Holden used to sing in a choir . . . Stand-ins have adopted a new resolution declaring that they are henceforth to be known as "assistant stars" . . . Jeanette MacDonald has taken ninety-six allergy tests to date to discover why she has a perpetual case of "sniffles" . . . And, lending a whimsical note to these trying times, is the news that Orson Welles has engaged a secretary in New York to clip comic strips out of the local papers and mail them to him every day.

NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING GAINED

Whenever a Hollywood cameraman gets an order for candid shots of Garbo, he groans and wonders just how he is going to accomplish the impossible. For every last man of them knows that it's about as easy as finding a needle in a haystack and requires more strategy than lies within the ken of a dozen military leaders. Fact of the matter is, cameramen in Movietown have gotten together and decided to try entirely different tactics from now on. Instead of frantically trying to get pictures of the elusive star, the next time she makes one of her infrequent public appearances, they plan to line up, lay down their cameras, fold their arms and say in unison: "Hello, Miss Garbo." They figure the surprise "attack" may turn the trick!

DIDJA KNOW

That Arthur "Dagwood" Lake's sailing boat is the largest in the movie colony, with the exception of Errol Flynn's much-publicized "Sirocco" . . . That Bing Crosby can't reach the high notes in the middle of the "Star Spangled Banner" . . . That Jackie Cooper may soon ask his fans to help him choose a new name better suited to character parts . . . That Charlie Ruggles now furnishes his guests with his latest invention, a doughnut dunking clamp . . . That Guy Kibbee's foot is so small he buys his shoes in boys' departments . . . That in Hollywood it's illegal to bathe two children in the same bathtub at the same time, and to shoot rabbits from a street car platform . . . That not very long ago every other picture had the word "love" in its title and now the word is taboo at all studios? (*Cont'd on page* 89)


Fashions for Young Budgeteers
. . . WHO ARE GOING PLACES



Fabric SETS THE STAGE . . .

That's almost the biggest news in the whole fashion picture. The only thing that is bigger is the announcement of the New Fashion Section which starts with this issue of MODERN SCREEN. This New Section belongs to YOU, and every effort will always be made to make it really valuable to you. In this issue and in every one to follow, the pages will be filled to the brim with last-minute news and latest fashion scoops.

We want to keep it young. We want everything we choose to be practical and penny-wise as well as pretty. We want you to know when you look through these pages that Your Fashion Editor was thinking of you every minute she was combing the market. Her okay will go only on those clothes, accessories and fabrics that she knows are topnotch, hard-to-find values worthy of your approval. Now, back to the very beginning!

Fabric sets the stage with real Curtain-Call Clothes!

Style Scene...

LET'S TALK ABOUT COLOR—First there is black, that go-anywhere-at-any-time choice which is right but not rampant for fall. Keep it forward in your mind, however, as a smart fashion slant on how to make one dress do the job of many by the quick change of accessories. For colors that are young and glamorous and, by the way, will continue to be so way past turkey-time, MODERN SCREEN forecasts: Greens . . . blue-green for blondes, gray-green for titians, yellow-green for brunettes. There is truly a new-looking 1940 green for every age, every type! Browns . . . from heart-warming beaver brown to rich-as-gravy rust. Blues, gone military . . . grayish cadet blue, medium soldier blue, navy and union blue. For sophistication choose gray . . . for gaiety and accent choose red.

ABOUT SILHOUETTE—The slim silhouette is the smart surprise on the fall fashion horizon. Our sport clothes may still have width, but the flares should be less flarey, the pleats more pressed and the fullness more concentrated. Where fullness appears, it is drawn to the front or draped at the side. As for daytime and evening, in dresses and coats you will want to have that "straight-up-and-down look." Necklines are high with more attention to collars; shoulders are less padded, appearing narrower. Yokes are prominent . . . the bloused back important. The waistline is defined, slightly lower; hips are smooth and skirts, remaining short, are moving toward slimness. The fall shirtwaist dress and the casual two-piece are going to be fashion pets.

CURTAIN-CALL CORDUROY (far left) a gem of a four-pocket dress that ideally adapts itself to any and every occasion and for any and every hour. Its flat back, full front and trick self belt have all the earmarks of a dress that's bound for compliments and applause, for sizes 9-17. $14.95. B. Altman and Co., New York.

CURTAIN-CALL FLANNEL (right) a Pacific weave that bears a tag that bares the facts on wear and care and facts that help you spend wisely. For all the sauciness of its soft kid belt, it has the asset of looking competent. $10.95. Sizes 10-20. Russeks, New York.

GOING-PLACES SUIT (Page 53) and perfectly suited for the task! A regiment of buttons and a quartet of pockets smartly accent fine tailoring. The suit comes in a monotone herringbone and in a black, dressy fabric. $17.75. Sizes 10-20. Oppenheim Collins, New York. For other stores carrying these fashions see page 62.



ABOUT FABRICS—Since the slick and slim silhouette needs smooth and plain weaves . . . presto . . . smooth and plain weaves become news. New fabrics are simple, casual and classic but, more important, they create a lot of flattery for the figure. Being simple, they show up our fine yarns and fine weaving. They seem luxurious and very American. Remember smooth, napped and soft types. There are examples to fit every pocketbook, in silk, rayon, cotton and wool. For instance, there is wool flannel, cotton flannel, spun rayon flannel . . . silk jersey, wool jersey, rayon jersey. All yarns adapt themselves to our new fabrics and all yarns are employed. Other fashion favorites for the first slim clothes are velveteens and corduroys, serges and gabardines, mossy and soft-ribbed crêpes.

ABOUT ACCESSORIES— Smart-up your new clothes . . . pep-up your old clothes . . . fool everyone into believing you have twice as many and paid twice as much. You can have fun with this year's gay accessories. Hats are younger, because they cover the back of the head. Cute extra collars on dresses make you look like ingénue stars. Belts, smartest narrow, help you look slim. Bags are getting longer and narrower. Jewelry is either metal in two or three tones or grand stylized floral designs that are sweet and feminine, in enamel and stones. Shoes, thank fortune, are saner and not tricky . . . many are of elasticized leathers and are cut higher. Wedges continue. New gloves come in felt hat colors . . . Match them. Hankies are gay and bordered.

AUTUMN STARS...

COMBINE TO CREATE A COMPLETE WARDROBE

1. Actually a fall, winter, spring coat! Harris type tweed with quilted taffeta interlining that zips out. Sizes 10-20. $22.50. Oppenheim Collins, New York.

2. Gold kid baby shoe buttons decorate a tucked baby bib bosom on this Celanese rayon mossy crêpe dress. Sizes 10-20. $10.95. Saks at 34th St., New York.

3. Collegienne slip-on $1.95, matching shetland cardigan $2.95. Sizes 11-17 and 32-40. Match or contrast the wool skirt, $2.95. John Wanamaker, New York.

4. Velveteen skirt, checked wool top jacket dress (that can do double duty as a suit by adding an extra blouse). Sizes 10-20. $10.95. Franklin Simon, New York.





2



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For other stores carrying merchandise shown on these two pages, see Shopping List on page 62.

CLOSE-UP

UNMENTIONABLES? ANYTHING BUT! YOU'LL *SHOUT* THEIR PRAISE

1. Polka dots, blue ones on pink in a raschel weave two-way stretch girdle with curved seams. $1. Sizes 11-15. James McCreery, New York. **2.** Daintiest of dainties, an adorable nightie in printed rayon crêpe plus matching full-length negligee. $3.95. Sizes 32-40. Oppenheim Collins, New York. **3.** "Straighter" slip with bias bodice and straight skirt that will not ride up; rip-resisting side seams sewed with the new resilient nylon thread. $2. Sizes 32-40. Oppenheim Collins, New York. **4.** As a dress-up slip choose this youth-mode cut in Corticelli rayon Crêpe Seance; lace bottom with ribbon beading. $2. Sizes 32-44. Gimbel Brothers, New York. **5.** Snuggle pup bedjacket, in brushed rayon, the kind that seems woolly and feminine and cosy. $2. Small, medium, large. Lord & Taylor, New York. **6.** To lounge, to primp, to sleep! A many-duty pajama with butcher boy jacket trimmed with multicolored Swiss embroidery. $2.98. Gimbel Brothers, New York. **7.** A quilted robe by Kamore. Printed rayon satin to make you feel very grand. Lined throughout. $6.95. Sizes 14-42. Arnold Constable, New York.



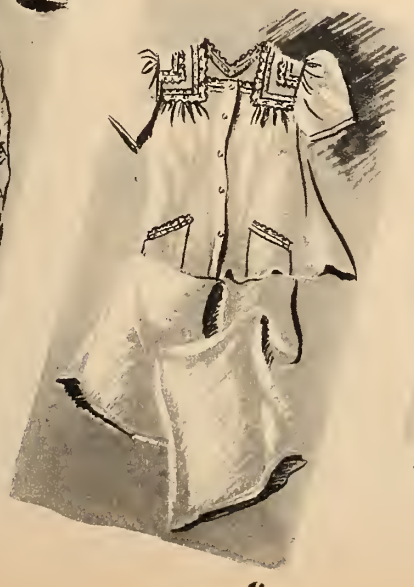
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3

PROP SHOP

Your Extra Extra Corner!
Extra Accent . . . Extra Lifts
Extra Values . . . Extra Gifts



■ You loved the Bulky Fur Coats, you'll love the new Bulky Sweaters. Longer, broader, squarer, warmer, with a cable stitch that absolutely looks handmade. About $3. Sizes 32-40. B. Altman, New York.

■ Just a blouse? Nay, nay, Pauline! It's a Joan Kenley, full of wit and sparkle. It buttons up the back and can be worn backwards under sweaters. $2. Sizes 32-38. James McCreery & Co., New York.





■ Here's a flight of fancy for a down-to-earth budget. Accessory ensemble in bright matched kid and capeskin. Hat, Bag, Mittens $1.95 each. Belt $1. James McCreery and Franklin Simon, New York.

■ Frosting for the cake! Flower-strewn initial Bloch Freres Hankie. 25c. at B. Altman. Lisanda Topaz-center posy 'n' pearl necklace $3 . . . bracelet $2. Bloomingdale's. Nosegay $1. 57th Street Florist.





■ Deanna Durbin's sports shawl may recall the days of Grandma, but it's mighty modern. Crown Tested Spun Rayon makes it woolly looking. 25c. At all McLellan, McCrory and G. C. Murphy Stores.

■ Handing you two final finds. Beautifully made Wilder bag of golden cord $2.95. Best & Co. Kayser's Milosuede glove designed by Natascha and dubbed "Domino." $1. Sold at Stern Bros., New York.



For other stores carrying these items, see Shopping List on page 62.

I NEVER NEGLECT MY
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL
WITH LUX SOAP!

Alice Faye



Try ALICE FAYE'S Beauty Care for 30 days!

FOR 30 DAYS give your skin this gentle ACTIVE-lather care. If you've seen little blemishes—enlarged pores, now is the time to begin. Use cosmetics all you like, but remove stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap. You'll find this care helps you keep skin *smooth*—lovely to look at, soft to touch.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX STAR

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



This is Jane's Contemporary Regency living-room, done in blue, rose and white. It's a bit too formal for her, though, and she uses it only for piano practising.



900 yards of chiffon went into the ivory and pink bedroom! The bed is seven feet square; the rug, two inches thick; and a perfume vault is hidden in the wall.

The beauty parlor, done in cheery yellow and red, is completely equipped. To date, Jane's gone through 19 bottles of nail polish giving her friends manicures!

The soda bar is stocked with all flavors of ice cream, and behind the counter—upon which guests inscribe their names with a special stylus—is a kitchenette.





WON'T YOU STEP INTO MY PARLOR?

That's an invitation every kid is clamoring for! Jane Withers' $30,000 apartment is *the* place this season

Jane Withers' apartment designed by Duncan Crame



Paneled in pine, the playroom couldn't be gayer—with its red, white and blue color scheme. Within its insulated walls, Jane and her cronies can raise an unholy racket—jitterbugging to the radio or phonograph, banging the piano and making records of their voices for immediate playbacks.

Riot Red and Rumpus
Take the Town!

NEWEST SHADES BY CUTEX





The liveliest, most flattering nail polish pair in many a moon! RIOT RED, so clear and bright itself, is right in the spirit of the clear, vivid trend in fashion colors—greens, gold, reds, royal blue and turquoise . . . A bright accent with brown, black and coverts. RUMPUS—the gayest, loveliest blue-red to date—marvelous with the new amethysts, wines, evergreen greens, blue of every hue—with conga brown and somber neutrals. Get Riot Red or Rumpus today and take the town! Other popular Cutex shades: Old Rose, Cedarwood, Laurel, Clover, Cameo and Tulip. *Guaranteed to wear longer . . . or your money back! Simply return the bottle to us (with at least three-fourths of its contents) during 1940.*

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, MONTREAL, PARIS, LONDON

MODERN SCREEN SHOPPING LIST

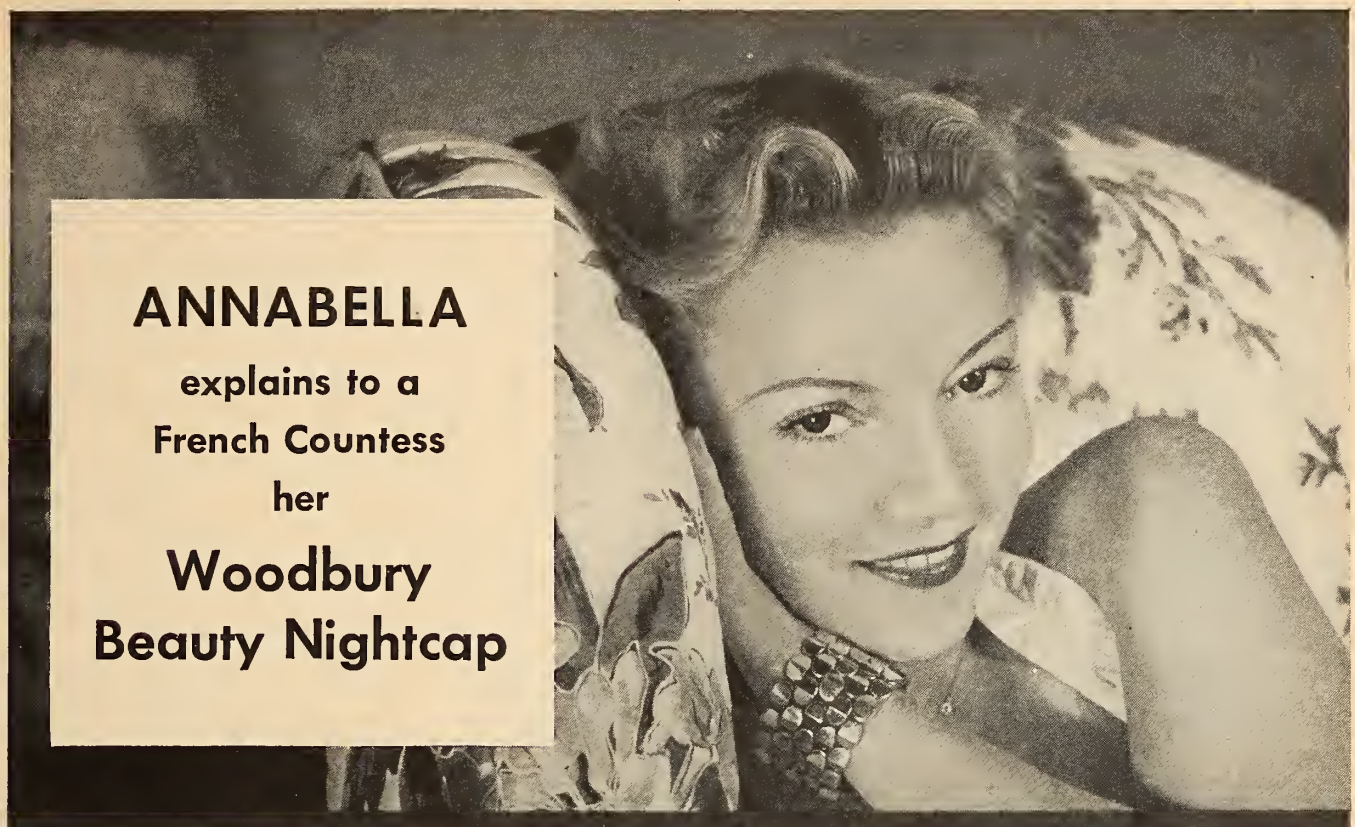
The Budgeteer Fashions shown on pages 53-58 are sold in the following stores. Space prevents our giving a complete list. For the store nearest you carrying your favorites, drop a card to Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

Page 53 Colors: Indian Earth, Rocky Blue, Rancho Red, Vernon Green.

Aberdeen, Miss., James Pryor
Aberdeen, Wash., Brower's
Abilene, Tex., Ernest Grissom
Albany, N. Y., Ulian's
Albemarle, N. C., Riffs Dept. Store
Alton, Ill., A. J. Plessner
Altoona, Pa., Simmond's
Alexandria, La., Weiss & Goldring
Amarillo, Tex., White & Kirk
Arkansas City, Kan., Bess Keiser
Asbury Park, N. J., Abrams Apparel
Atlanta, Ga., J. P. Allen
Augusta, Ga., Frank Goldberg
Augusta, Me., Chernowsky's
Austin, Minn., Peggy Ann Shop
Austin, Tex., Marie Antoinette
Baltimore, Md., Hutzler Bros. Co.
Bangor, Me., Burdell's
Baton Rouge, La., Rosenfield
Beaver Falls, Pa., William H. Benson
Bellinghom, Wosh., Mollahan's
Beloit, Wis., E. L. Chester Co.
Berkeley, Colif., Berliner's
Binghamton, N. Y., Hills, McLeon & Haskins
Birminghom, Alo., Kessler's
Bismarck, N. D., Sarah Gold Shop
Bluefield, W. Va., The Vogue
Boise, Idoho, Brookover's
Boston, Moss., Chandler & Co.
Broddock, Po., The White Store
Brainard, Minn., O'Brien Merc. Co.
Bridgeport, Conn., The Bon Ton
Brockton, Moss., Storey & Co.
Brownwood, Tex., Knobler's
Buffolo, N. Y., Oppenheim Collins
Burlington, Vt., W. G. Reynolds Co.
Butler, Po., Rosenblum's
Butte, Mont., Joe Rose
Camden, Ark., Lide's
Canton, Ohio, Bon Morche
Cedar Rapids, Iowo, Craemer's
Champoign, Ill., W. D. Kennedy Co.
Charlotte, N. C., J. B. Ivey & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn., The Vogue
Chester, Po., Speare Bros.
Chicogo, Ill., Mondel Bros.
Chillicothe, Mo., Lewis Anderson
Cincinnati, Ohio, Mabley & Carew
Clarksburg, W.Va., Wotts-Sortor-Lear
Clarksdole, Miss., Powers & Co.
Clevelond, Ohio, The Higbee Co.
Clinton, Mo., Nagel's
Clovis, N. M., Mandell's
Columbia, Mo., Suzonne's Inc.
Columbia, Po., Heineman's
Columbus, Go., J. A. Kirvin
Columbus, Miss., James Pryor Co.
Columbus, Ohio, The Foshion
Cordele, Go., Roobin's
Corning, N. Y., Coin's
Dollos, Tex., Dreyfuss & Son
Dallas, Tex., Titche-Goettinger Co.
Danville, Vo., L. Hermon
Dayton, Ohio, Thal's
Decatur, Ill., Field's
Denton, Tex., H. M. Russell & Sons
Denver, Colo., Denver D. G. Co.
Des Moines, Iowo, Wolf's
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Co.
Dover, Del., Emanuel's
Durham, N. C., Ellis Stone & Co.
Dyersburg, Tenn., The Style Shop
Eau Claire, Wis., The Band Box
East Orange, N. J., Franklin Simon
Elgin, Ill., Joseph Spiess Co.
Elkhart, Ind., Ziesel Bros.
Elkins, W. Va., Watts-Sartor-Lear Co.
Ellwood City, Pa., Wilkoff's
Erie, Pa., Trask, Prescott & Richardson Co.
Evansville, Ind., Kaiser's
Everett, Wash., Chaffee's
Fairmont, W. Va., J. M. Hartley
Fall River, Mass., Cherry & Webb
Fayetteville, N. C., The Capitol
Findlay, Ohio, Kessel's
Flint, Mich., Ferris Bros.
Ft. Smith, Ark., Tilles, Inc.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Wolf & Dessauer
Fort Worth, Tex., The Fair
Fostoria, Ohio, The Preis Store
Franklin, N. H., Holmes & Nelson
Franklin, Pa., J. T. Campbell Co.
Frederick, Okla., The Julia Shop
Gary, Ind., Hudson's
Gary, W. Vo., United Supply Co.
Goldsboro, N C., Neil Joseph
Grond Forks, N. D., Bray's
Grond Rapids, Mich., Bon Morche
Greensboro, N. C., Ellis Stone & Co.
Greenville, Miss., The Nelms & Blum
Greenville, S. C., Meyers Arnold Co.
Greenwich, Conn., Fronklin Simon
Greenwood, Miss., DeLoach's
Guthrie, Oklo., Lorson's
Hogerstown, Md., Fleishers, Inc.
Hammond, Ind., Dovid's
Hannibal, Mo., Suzanne's Inc.
Horrisburg, Po., Feller's
Hortford, Conn., Soge Allen Co., Inc.
Hozleton, Pa., The Leader Store
Henryetta, Oklo., Herrin D. G.
Hibbing, Minn., Sapero Bros.
Hollywood, Colif., Noncy's
Hot Springs, Ark., Eleonor Harris
Huntington, W. Vo., Anderson, Newcomb Co.
Huron, S. D., The Foshion Shop
Hyonnis, Moss., Buttner's
Indionapolis, Ind., H. P. Wasson
Jacksonville, Flo., Levy's
Jackson, Mich., The Style Shop
Jockson, Miss., The Vogue
Jacksonville, Tex., Rix Shoppe
Jomestown, N. D., Dee Jay's
Jefferson City, Mo., The Purple Shop
Joplin, Mo., The Oriental Shop
Kolamazoo, Mich., The Style Shop
Konsas City, Mo., John Toylor's
Kenosha, Wis., Lepp & Co.
Keyser, W. Va., Shapiro's Store
Knoxville, Tenn., Miller's, Inc.
Loncaster, Pa., Watt & Shand
Lansing, Mich., The Vogue
Lowrence, Moss., Cherry & Webb
Lebanon, Po., Rose Singer
Lewiston, Me., Ward's
Lewistown, Pa., Donks & Co.
Lexington, Ky., John Perkins
Lexington, Mo., Connor-Wagoner Inc.
Little Rock, Ark., Pfeifer Bros.
Lockport, N. Y., Holl's
Long Beoch, Calif., Dinel's
Longview, Tex., Palais Royal
Louisville, Ky., H. P. Selmon & Co.
Lowell, Mass., Cherry & Webb Co.
Los Angeles, Colif., Moy Co.
Lynchburg, Va., C. M. Gugenheimer
Lynch, Ky., United Supply Co.
Lynn, Mass., A. Spiller Co.
Madison, Wis., Cinderella Frocks
Memphis, Tenn., Levy's
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
Macon, Ga., Union D. G. Co.
Magnolia, Ark., May's
Manchester, N. H., Pariseau's, Inc.
Marion, Ohio, Sutton & Lightner
Marshall, Minn., Ekberg's
Marshalltown, Iowa, Brintnall's
McKeesport, Pa., Cox's
McKinney, Tex., Carr's
Meadville, Pa., The Crawford Store
Median, N. Y., Curry's
Meridian, Miss., The Liberty Shops
Mexico, Mo., Connor-Wagoner Inc.
Middletown, Conn., Wrubel's, Inc.
Middletown, Ohio, The John Ross Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., Fritzel's
Minneapolis, Minn., Harold's, Inc.
Minot, N. D., Ellison's
Mobile, Alo., C. J. Gayfer & Co.
Monessen, Po., Friedland's
Monett, Mo., Milsop Bros.
Montgomery, Alo., A. Nochmon
Monroe, La., Bello Scherck Dovidson
Monticello, Ark., McDaniel Shop
Mount Vernon, N. Y., Schiller United
Muncie, Ind., Boll Stores
Muskegon, Mich., Grossmon's
Muskogee, Oklo., Susman's
Noshuo, N. H., The Smort Shop
Nework, N. J., L. Bamberger & Co.
Nework, Ohio, The J. J. Carroll Co.
New Bedford, Moss., Cherry & Co.
New Britoin, Conn., Morris Birnboum
Newburyport, Moss., Kray's Boston Store
New Castle, Po., The Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
New Hoven, Conn., Edword Malley
New Kensington, Pa., Silverman's
New Ulm, Minn., Pink's Store
Niogara Falls, N. Y., Beir Bros.
Norfolk, Vo., Alexonder's
Norristown, Pa., B. E. Block & Bros.
Norwalk, Ohio, L. M. Preis
Norwich, Conn., Simon Mondell
Oakland, Colif., Kohn's
Ogden, Utoh, Wolfer's, Inc.
Oklohomo City, Okla., Rothschild's
Olympio, Wash., M. M. Morris Co.
Omaha, Neb., Herzberg's
Oneonto, N. Y., B. F. Sisson Co.
Orlando, Fla., Zimmermon
Oswego, N. Y., M. J. McDonold
Owensboro, Ky., S. W. Anderson
Paducoh, Ky., Watkins
Parsons, Kans., The Jarboe Shop
Posodena, Colif., Droper Studio
Pensacola, Flo., Bon Morche
Peoria, Ill., Block & Kuhl Co.
Pine Bluff, Ark., The Froug Stores
Pittsburg, Kons., Ramsoy D. G. Co.
Pittsburgh, Po., Frank & Seder
Plymouth, Mass., Buttner's
Pontioc, Mich., Arthur's
Port Huron, Mich., Winkelmon's
Portland, Me., Smiley's
Portland, Ore., Charles F. Berg
Portsmouth, N. H., The Foshion Shop
Portsmouth, Ohio, Atlas' Fashion
Pottsdam, N. Y., J. M. McCarthy
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Up-To-Date
Providence, R. I., Cherry & Webb
Provo, Utah, Lewis Ladies' Store
Raleigh, N. C., Ellisberg's
Rapid City, S. D., Baron Bros. Co.
Reading, Pa., Parisian
Red Wing, Minn., Grondahl Bros.
Ridgeway, Pa., Kay Fashion
Roanoke, Va., S. H. Heironimus Co.
Rochester, N. Y., B. Forman Co.
Rockford, Ill., D. J. Stewart & Co.
Rome, N. Y., Mark's
Rutland, Vt., The Fashion Shop
Richmond, Va., Thalhimer Bros.
Saginaw, Mich., Winkelman's
Saint Louis, Mo., Famous-Barr Co.
San Francisco, Calif., O'Connor-Moffatt Co.
Syracuse, N. Y., Addis Co.
Saint Cloud, Minn., Herberger's
Saint Joseph, Mo., Hirsch Bros.
Saint Paul, Minn., Husch Bros., Inc.
Salem, Mass., Royal Skirt Co.
Salem, Ohio, G. K. Schwartz
Salisbury, Md., Benjamin's
Salisbury, N. C., Purcell's
Solt Loke City, Utoh, Z. C. M. I.
San Antonio, Tex., Joske Bros.
Sapulpa, Oklo., Katz Dept. Store
Schenectody, N. Y., Lady Lee-Evelyn
Scronton, Po., Morris Israel
Seottle, Wash., Best's Apporel
Seminole, Okla., Herrin's
Shreveport, Lo., The Hearne D. G.
Sioux Folls, S. D., H. A. Aaronson
Southbridge, Moss., Edwards Corp.
Spartonburg, S. C., August W. Smith
Spencer, Iowa, Poole's Foshion Shop
Springfield, Ill., Myers Bros.
Springfield, Moss., Steiger's
Springfield, Mo., Sovage-Juliette
Stamford, Conn., Mantell & Martin
Stamford, Tex., L. Schwarz & Co.
Storkville, Miss., Jomes Pryor Co.
Stephenville, Tex., The Ladies' Store
Steubenville, Ohio, Reiner's
Stillwoter, Minn., Louis Jonda Co.
Stillwater, Okla., O. V. Mullendore
Stockton, Colif., Kotten and Morengo
Stormloke, Iowa, Dumbaugh's
Stroudsburg, Po., Seguine's
Tacomo, Wash., Rhodes Bros.
Tallahassee, Flo., Mae's Shop
Tompa, Flo., Moos Bros.
Terre Houte, Ind., Silver's
Texarkana, Ark., The Criterion
Topeko, Kans., Nightingale's
Trenton, N. J., S. P. Dunham & Co.
Troy, N. Y., W. P. Herbert
Tulso, Oklo., Vandever D. G. Co.
Tyler, Tex., Mayer & Schmidt's
Utico, N. Y., Doyle-Knower Co.
Vincennes, Ind., Joseph's
Virginia, Minn., Ketola & Co.
Wollo Walla, Wash., Val Jensen's
Worrensburg, Mo., Connor-Wagoner
Warren, Ohio, Howard Shield's, Inc.
Washington, D. C., Lonsburgh's
Woterloo, Iowa, Ward S. Willioms
Watertown, N. Y., Fronk A. Empsall
Waukegan, Ill., Hein's
Wenotchee, Wash., The Fashion Shop
West Point, Miss., James Pryor Co.
Wichita, Kon., Lewin's Fashion Shop
Wichito Falls, Tex., W. B. McClurkan
Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Isaoc Long

(Continued on poge 88)

SEE ANNABELLA, FAMOUS SCREEN STAR, IN HER COMING PICTURE. NOTE HOW PETAL-SMOOTH HER SKIN IS



ANNABELLA

explains to a French Countess her

Woodbury Beauty Nightcap

How Annabella's beauty care with Woodbury Cold Cream made a hit with a titled lady, as told to **LOUELLA PARSONS,** Famous Movie Columnist



1. We were lolling on my terrace when Annabella related this incident. On her last trip to Paris, Annabella took tea with a lady of fashion who has begun to show her years. "Tell me," said the Countess, "the secret of American women's beauty."



2. Annabella graciously outlined the Woodbury Beauty Nightcap, so popular in Hollywood. She advised: "Cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream at bedtime. Then leave on a thin film of cream overnight to soften dry skin."



3. Later, Annabella received a gorgeous French hand-made negligee. With the gift came a lovely photograph of her titled friend. The inscription read, "To a beautiful actress who gave me the inspiration for a lovelier complexion."

Let Your Skin Store Up Glamour While You Sleep

By providing three important beauty services at bedtime, Woodbury Cold Cream works to make your skin freshly alluring while you sleep. It *cleanses* safely . . . has germ-free purity. Woodbury *lubricates* amply, smoothing dry skin. Woodbury *invigorates* with its cooling texture. Try this luscious cream of 3-way beauty benefits tonight! Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ and $1.00. Get a jar today!

WOODBURY COLD CREAM THE 3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM



CLEANSES safely
Smooths as it LUBRICATES
INVIGORATES

MAIL NOW FOR GENEROUS TUBE . . . FREE!
(Paste on Penny Postcard)

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Please send me, free and postpaid, a generous-size tube of 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream, enough for several "Beauty Nightcap" treatments. Also 8 fashion-approved shades of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S FORGOTTEN LEGS

(*Continued from page 41*)

the leading feminine lights of the dramatic stage were Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Alice Brady and Jane Cowl, none of whom had educated critics to expect shapely legs on dramatic actresses. When a dramatic actress who had them came along, it was an event. And Winchell couldn't help seeing Claudette's. (As a critic, he sat close to the stage, and dresses were short that year.)

"Every few weeks, he would mention them again," Claudette continued, "and my embarrassment kept mounting. I never knew I had legs till Winchell called attention to them. Really, I'm serious. When I was little, my brother Charles was always saying, 'Gosh, you're a skinny kid!' When I started growing up, he kept saying, 'When are you going to stop looking like a boy?' Like all younger sisters, I was conscious of my brother's male friends. But they never looked at me. I grew up with the definite conviction that I had a punk figure. I wasn't prepared to have anybody say I had pretty legs and was very embarrassed about the whole thing.

I COULDN'T see how it was going to help me as an actress, to have attention called to my legs. I was doing drama, not musical comedy.

"When I came to Hollywood, where beautiful girls with beautiful figures were a dime a dozen, still less could I see how it would help me to have attention attracted to my legs, even if I could get up the nerve to pose in a bathing suit. Which I couldn't."

But didn't she have a battle on her hands, keeping away from leg art, with press agents insisting on it?

Claudette clearly heard the hopefulness in our voice. "It would make a more dramatic story if I had had a battle preserving my modesty," she admitted. "But let's stick to the cold, hard facts. The press agents didn't insist—that is, not immediately.

"You see, my Winchell publicity didn't precede me to Hollywood; it sort of tagged along after me. When I arrived, I was 'another dramatic actress from Broadway.' As such, I wasn't expected to have legs. I went immediately into some awfully heavy roles. When the press agents heard what Winchell had said about me and came around to suggest bathing-suit art, I suggested that it might be more appropriate some other time. I was only kidding; I never intended to make any."

How had she escaped without the reputation of being "difficult?"

Claudette's eloquent brown eyes danced. She gestured airily. "I just kidded them out of the idea," she said. "You'd be surprised how often you can say 'No,' if you're good-natured about it.

"There was a time," Claudette smiled, "when I wondered if maybe I had made a tactical error. That was when Dietrich came along and created such a sensation, first by revealing her legs, then by concealing them. 'Maybe I should have thought of that,' I said to myself. I had kept mine undercover from the beginning. But if I *had* thought of doing anything else, I couldn't have gone through with it. Embarrassment would have thrown me."

This embarrassment she spoke of didn't seem natural in a French girl.

"Heaven knows I'm not a prude," said Claudette. "But I *am* French. And that helps to explain a lot. The average American doesn't know anything about the average French girl. When he thinks of 'a typical French girl,' he thinks of a girlie-girlie show in Paris and those racy drawings in *La Vie Parisienne*. He gets the vague impression that all French girls are uninhibited. Little does he know!

"No girl on earth has less chance to be worldly than the average middle-class French girl. If her family can afford it, she is brought up in the seclusion of a convent. If her family can't afford a convent, she is brought up at home in as much seclusion as possible. She is completely surrounded by chaperons, who supervise everything she does, everything she wears. Anything sensual is taboo. If her upbringing is really thorough, she grows up with a horror of letting anyone know what her boudoir mirror knows.

"I may have grown up in the heart of New York City, but my upbringing was



M-G-M's "Boom Town" co-stars Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable for the first time since "It Happened One Night," for which both won Oscars.

in the best French bourgeoisie tradition. My feminine modesty was carefully preserved. When I first started going out with boys, the whole family went along to chaperon us. When I went on the stage, my mother was always backstage. And I do mean always. I didn't resent that. I expected it and accepted it. And it did discourage unwelcome advances, if you know what I mean.

"I couldn't pose in a one-piece bathing suit without having the uncomfortable feeling that my grandmother was turning over in her grave!"

But how did she reconcile that with her appearances in "Sign of the Cross" and "Cleopatra," both of which called for large amounts of epidermal exposure, not to mention sensuality?

"Ah," said Claudette, smiling and raising one eyebrow, "there's a subtle difference between being undraped in a still picture and being undraped in a motion picture. On the screen, I'm not myself; I'm a character. On the screen, the undrapery is 'costume'—which fact takes the curse off it. And any sensuality is mere acting. I'll do anything on the screen that's in character—except be seen in lingerie. I draw the line there. If a character has to be seen in a state of undress, I'll get around that with a slip or a robe.

"The first time I was supposed to show my legs on the screen was really funny. That was in 'The Smiling Lieutenant.' Ernst Lubitsch, who was directing, said he wanted a close-up of them—but way up. I refused; whereupon Lubitsch went hysterical. Still I refused. So he double-crossed me. He photographed another girl's legs, which the audiences would assume were mine. When I saw the preview, on came this shot of legs, and I practically catapulted out of my seat in my consternation, jabbering, 'But when? How did he photograph me like that without my knowing it?' Then I realized he had dubbed in some other girl's legs. I must admit they were very nice legs. Lubitsch has very good taste.

"A few years later, he came on the set of 'Sign of the Cross,' on one of the days when my costume was approximately three beads. He said, 'So!!!' That was all he said—'So!!!'

"He was the one who was responsible for my finally being seen in a bathing suit. I arrived in Hollywood in 1930, and I was here eight years before I was photographed in a bathing suit for the first—and only—time. It happened then because I made 'Bluebeard's Eighth Wife' for Lubitsch. There was a scene that called for me to go swimming. The day I was to do that scene, the publicity department descended on me en masse. Wouldn't I please pose for a few off-stage shots? I was going to be seen on the screen in a bathing suit, so why couldn't they photograph me in it? I was cornered. So I posed. I felt so ridiculous, I vowed, 'Never again.'"

If her off-screen clothes are any index, Claudette doesn't have the well-known Hollywood urge to attract figure-appraising glances. She is addicted to skirts and jackets, which aren't the most figure-revealing attire. She owns almost nothing except evening dresses, and evening dresses haven't been figure-revealing from the waist down for the past ten years. For this afternoon's scene, they had asked her to put on something that looked well-worn from her own wardrobe. Hence the skirt, blouse and jacket.

THE last time Claudette co-starred with Clark Gable was in "It Happened One Night." It gave both of them Academy Awards, made both of them famous. The most memorable scene was the one in which, after Clark unsuccessfully tried to thumb a ride from passing motorists, Claudette stepped to the side of the road and stopped the first motorist who came along by showing a super-generous expanse of leg. We asked Claudette how she felt about that being her best-remembered scene.

She laughed. "It was a nice little joke on me that the thing I had fought against all my life—showing my legs—was the thing that got me an Academy Award.

"That was a very funny scene. I particularly liked the tag to it—which might well be the tag for this story. Remember when the motorist stopped, how furious Clark was? He said to me, 'Why didn't you take off all your clothes?'

"And I answered, 'It wasn't necessary.'"

Lady in waiting

(FOR A HUSBAND WHO SELDOM COMES HOME)



She doesn't know that her *"One Neglect"* is ruining her marriage . . .

"LYSOL" could have prevented this

FRIENDS call her husband "the luckiest man in the world". But despite all her charm—and all her talents as home-maker, helpmate and mother—love, somehow, flew out the window. "Lysol" might have saved her happiness.

When a husband grows indifferent and neglectful, the cause is often the woman's neglect of feminine hygiene. Do *you* use "Lysol" regularly in your routine of personal cleanliness? "Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal.

Thousands of women have solved the problem of intimate feminine hygiene with the help of "Lysol" disinfectant. Probably no other disinfectant is so widely used for this purpose.

"Lysol" enjoys world-wide acceptance among hospitals, doctors, nurses, and *wives*—because . . .

6 Speciol Feotures of "LYSOL"

1. Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness . . .** "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). **3. Spreading . . .** "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy . . .** Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor . . .** The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability . . .** "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

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What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. M.S. 409, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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BRENT'S NEW DESIGN FOR LIVING

(*Continued from page 43*)

acres, on Oahu, in the hills outside Honolulu.

"I really like Hawaii. I've been there several times, and each time I find it more difficult to leave the place. As recently as two months ago I visited the islands. Had a helluva time. Plenty of swimming, fishing, tennis, hiking, reading, bull sessions. It's the only life worth living.

"Another thing, I love the Hawaiian people, their attitude toward life, their charm. For example, I've always hated being stared at. And the Hawaiians aren't curious. They don't bother or pester you just because you're an actor who's gotten a lot of publicity. They're romantic-minded, too, and have an immense capacity for amusements."

Only one item clouded Brent's tropical dream. He spoke of it grimly.

"The war," he said. "Hawaii is in a bad geographical position in the event of extended warfare. Lately, many of the isles have become ammunition dumps and, under the worst circumstances, this base could become another Belgium. Let's pray that doesn't ever happen."

Of course, George Brent's whole history, every single word in his biography, tells the same tale—that of a man who wanted success and security only as a stepping stone to peace and relaxation.

Brent won his security, but never realized peace. His work became a sort of celluloid Frankenstein. It turned on him and, to put it dramatically, partially enslaved him.

To understand the pattern of his life, his so-called monastic existence, his publicized role of super-hermit, his three fantastic marriages, his airplane and his boat, his curious habits, you need only realize that these have been his weapons in a combat against frustration.

The lone wolf nonsense, for example. Well, while Brent's close friends wouldn't exactly fill the Union Depot, there are still more than you'd expect of a hermit.

But, after all, why did he buy that retreat in the desert? Why did he hide himself in that hill-top home? Why has he avoided Hollywood parties and movie night clubs as one avoids a leper colony?

Well, the real answer isn't as antisocial as the hermit idea, and not half as interesting. But it's twice as true.

WHEN Brent is through with the day's work, he wants to relax. And usually, by himself. He's too tired to think, let alone be with others.

He avoids cocktail bars because he doesn't like to become involved in anything physical; night clubs, because they are boring; parties, because the conversation has as much variety as a victrola record played ten times over, and public gatherings, because he hates being gaped at.

Here's the way he puts it:

"The important actors are usually too busy to go out. Extras are perhaps too poor. It's only the in-betweens who have the time, the funds and the energy to be everywhere all the time.

"You have to be an animated guinea pig to live the right life in Hollywood. The only way a hard-working actor can have peace and a private life is by remaining home. And the only way he can have wholesome fun is by having it in private, without publicity.

"It's a tough set-up. For instance, assume I want to go out and have a cocktail. I go to a public bar, and you can be sure there'll always be some wise guy, half drunk, who wants to take a poke at me. He gets smart-alecky, insulting. If I dust him off, hit him on the snoot, the studio won't like the scandal. And if I don't punch him, he'll punch me. Of course, all he wants is the pleasure of telling his lady friends that he socked George Brent on the kisser, or Gable or anyone in the business.

"Why, you heard about the incident in Newark a short time ago, didn't you? A few tough guys found a little fellow they thought was Jim Cagney. They beat him to a pulp, just so they could brag to their friends Cagney wasn't great shakes.

"Public drinking for me? No, thanks!"

However, for the record we must add that lack of pugilistic ability has never kept Brent from public spots. The man can handle his dukes. For years he has traded left jabs with Mushy Callahan, former welter champ, in the Warner gym.

As for night clubs and parties, here's the way Brent polishes them off:

"Parties? It's the regular routine. Smoke. Stale drinks. Stale jokes. Same faces. Same chatter. Movie talk and more movie talk. Once a year is enough for me. It's always the same. Outsiders would be amazed at how dull Hollywood parties actually are. They only hear of the tricky ones. Most are sedate. I've never seen a wild party in Hollywood. But I've seen plenty in small towns elsewhere.

"Of course, I realize all of this is good grounds for calling me a hermit. Maybe much of the fault is within me. You see, I have a terrible capacity for meeting people and mixing freely. Perhaps I have some strange crowd-phobia. But it knots me up inside, and it becomes labor to meet strangers. . . . And yet, I want to know interesting people."

George Brent's best and most trusted friend in the film colony is Ralph Forbes. Their friendship is really a curious thing—because they have one item in common—they're both ex-husbands of Ruth Chatterton. Three-act plays have been written about such a friendship, so in this case life imitates art.



In her third picture, "Strike Up The Band," June Preisser again tries her wiles on that guy Rooney to no avail. What's the matter with him, anyway?

We might say, in passing, that Ruth Chatterton was Brent's second wife. He married her when she was a big star and he was just getting a foothold. His first marriage was in 1922. He was nineteen. She was a kid actress. It lasted a month. And his third trip to the altar, of more recent date, was with Constance Worth, the Australian girl—a mistake which, after she tore up his pilot's license, wound up in a settlement.

THESE matrimonial adventures—all impulsive efforts in search of peace—become added proof that the Brent mentality does not run along lone wolf lines.

For a long spell he had things in common with Bette Davis. He used to have Greta Garbo over to his ranch in the Valley. They would pull on gloves and box for the exercise. And now he dates Ann Sheridan.

About the Brent-Sheridan deal, it's an interesting set-up. When we were lunching with George, Ann Sheridan breezed in, came over to the table and put on the feed bag with us. Brent and Sheridan were nice to each other. No goo, though. He was the more reserved, as usual, and slow to see the joke. She was her regular bright-cracking, laughing, exciting self. She called him "Georgie" and "Mr. B." and ribbed him when he ate two pieces of wholewheat bread out of reverence to his waistline.

They may be married by the time you read this. They probably won't. But it's a flip-up.

"Sure I might marry again," Brent admitted. "There's a good chance. But it certainly will not happen soon."

He thought he would like a girl who was intelligent, reasonably ethical and—in his words—"all human being." He thought he would not like a girl who talked too much about nothing, had untidy habits and wore too much lipstick.

But marriage or no marriage, Sheridan or no Sheridan, the Hawaiian deal for 1941 was still the big issue in his mind. Alone, or with a bride, he was going.

Now, look, we've come almost to the end of our story. And we haven't told you anything about George Brent's life. We haven't told you how he played soccer in a Dublin college, or how he carried secret dispatches for Michael Collins in the Irish Rebellion—or that his first big role on Broadway was playing Abie in "Abie's Irish Rose!" We haven't told you that he takes four showers a day, plays polo and chess, sleeps on two pillows with his pet dog beside him, saves his money, owns a grocery market on Pico Boulevard and thinks planes will win the new war by terrifying civilian populations.

We haven't gone into detail about such things, because today we know of only one interesting story about George Brent.

It's the story of a man who just bought a boat called the "South Wind," a canvas bagful of first editions, a few novels by George Moore, some new razors, a pair of swimming trunks—and a colored map of the Hawaiian Islands.

And just in case you want to find George Brent, he'll be the fellow under that big palm tree. You know, the big, green one just outside Honolulu. He'll be sitting in the sun, drowsy-like, getting a tan and reading a book. That's all. Except this—he won't appear very tired.

Test your Hollywood Knowledge...



She can't sit down! Movie stars rest by reclining against padded leaning-boards . . . to avoid wrinkled skirts. And to avoid "tell-tale" bulges, glamorous women of Hollywood do just what *most* American women do . . . choose Kotex sanitary napkins! For Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show . . . the way stubby-end napkins do.



Save your sympathy! That skyline is a painted backdrop . . . that parapet only thirty inches off the studio floor! For safety of the stars is of major importance to movie makers. And *your* safety is of major importance to the makers of Kotex! That's why a moisture-resistant *"protection-panel"* is placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad.



It's nip and tuck to make the stars look slim . . . for the camera adds pounds to their appearance! So costume designers use folds instead of bunchy gathers. To avoid bunchiness—Kotex also is made in soft *folds,* (with more absorbent material where needed . . . less where it isn't). This explains why Kotex *is less bulky* than pads having loose, wadded fillers!



In Hollywood—as elsewhere—stockings come in 3 different lengths . . . And Kotex in 3 different sizes: *Junior—Regular—Super!* So you can get a size that's exactly right for *you!* (Or you can vary the pad to suit different days!) Get Kotex in all 3 sizes this month . . . and treat yourself to honest-to-goodness comfort! Why not? *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

"You scarcely know you're wearing Kotex"

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

● FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS . . . PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY . . . COMPARE ITS NEW FLATTER ENDS

The Sun now demands that you change your POWDER!

Yes, you need a new shade to match your Summer Complexion!

says Lady Esther



ARE YOU MAKING the most of the lovely new complexion that Nature and the Sun have given you? Or are you using your old *winter shade of powder* and risking the chance of looking *older than you are?*

For today, you have a new summer complexion that demands a *new shade of powder*—one that will bring out all the richer, younger-looking tones of your skin!

Yes, right now the SHADE of your powder can be of tremendous importance. But . . . the QUALITY of your powder can count even MORE!

For in summer, you need a *grit-free* powder that helps hide tiny wrinkles—a powder that will cling to your skin for *4 long hours!* Why, you can put my powder on say after dinner at 8...and at midnight it will still be bringing you compliments!

Lady Esther asks—Won't you please try my powder? I offer you 10 glorious new summer shades. Mail the coupon—find the *one and only shade* for *your* summer skin!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream. (59)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

WHY DID I SLIP?

(Continued from page 27)

pretensions at being Booths or Barrymores and yet are very popular. On the other hand, I know one of the finest actors of the stage and screen who can't get a job in pictures today. He has everything in his favor, seemingly, and yet you fans won't go to see him.

Take someone like one of our outstanding feminine stars of the theatre who can act but isn't pretty. She can't get a job in pictures. Take someone who is pretty but can't act. She can't get a job in the movies. But it's a combination of the two, you say—acting *and* looks. But that doesn't answer the question either, because the Hollywood "graveyard" is studded with the headstones of men who were handsome and talented, and girls who were pretty and gifted. Somehow, they didn't have that "thing."

Maybe sex appeal is the common denominator? Well, maybe, but one of the most consistently popular men on the screen is Wally Beery, and Wally would be the last to stake his claim to box office favor on his sex appeal! On the other hand, there are the Lamarrs, Gables, Boyers and Crawfords who have sex appeal plus, and they're doing right smart for themselves, too.

It's all very confusing, you see. You may slip if you aren't a fine actor, but you may also slip if you are. You may slip if you have sex appeal; you may be signally successful if you haven't.

WAY back when I made "Broadway Melody of 1937" Barbara said to me, "It's coming, young man, and you won't like it. It's coming, but it will pass." What she meant was that it comes to all of us, in some measure, sooner or later. Public favor, asking your pardons, is fickle.

Often, the reasons for our slipping are none of our doing. Some crack-pot will sue a star on some false charge. Or some critic will lampoon us with a poisoned barb directed at our appearance for which, after all, we are not responsible. We can't help our looks. I certainly never thought my looks would be any problem to me. I worried about my stories, my parts and my acting. If I thought about my looks at all, it was that maybe I'd better have my nose straightened or my ears pinned back. It simply didn't occur to me that something for which I was not responsible could be used as a weapon against me.

Now, how much, I'd like to know, does publicity like that affect a player in the estimation of you, his fans? When he gets blasts like that, do you think he should ignore them or do you think he should do something about them? For myself, I did nothing. It seems to me that the actor who is the target for personal criticism can do nothing. A man can't very well stand up and protest "I'm *not* a Pretty Boy!" without making a pretty fool of himself. So, I skipped it. I never went out of my way to muss myself up, break my nose, make myself look worse than necessary. Was that a mistake or wasn't it?

I don't know what your answer will be but, personally, I really don't think looks have anything to do with it, one way or the other. Rudolph Valentino was certainly an extraordinarily handsome man, but it didn't seem to hurt him any. Wallace Reid was a handsome chap and was tops till the day he died. Ty Power has all the looks he can do with, and he's a regular Fourth of July conflagration at the box office; he's that "hot." On the other hand, a very good-looking boy went down to defeat a few years ago just because he was branded as "too good-looking." Wally Beery, again, is no Greek god, and yet he's as big box office as he ever was. So, for my money, appearance one way or the other, is not the answer I'm seeking.

Perhaps it's that bad publicity can only do you harm in proportion to how much people are ready to believe. Maybe it's not so much what you have that's good as how little you have that's wrong. Take Tracy and Gable, for instance. I don't believe anything could be said about them that would affect their popularity. People believe what they want to believe, and they want to believe only the best of Tracy and Gable. I like to think that maybe people were inclined to believe all that twaddle handed out about me before I went to England, because they didn't know me very well then. They were on the fence as far as I was concerned and so were ready to believe anything. I like to hope that, with the passing of time, they've come to know me better and to accept me as a friend.

But even the premise that, when you slip as a human being, you slip as a star is open to question. Because, regular fellows though Gable and Tracy are, there are other regular fellows in this business of whom people are ready to believe the worst at the drop of a poisonous paragraph. And, too, there are some men and women in this business, as in any other, who are not regular at all and yet occupy choice sites on the Movie Milky Way. Why? *You* tell me.

YES, my personal guess is that a player's private life has little or nothing to do with his popularity. Not anymore. It used to be said that marriage hurt young players of both sexes. Well, most of the ranking stars of today are married and it hasn't affected their box office. When Barbara and I married, we didn't get any unfavorable reaction. Or if we did, we didn't know about it. Clark and Carole married and are bigger than ever. Ty Power married, and it certainly hasn't hurt him. Boyer's marriage hasn't destroyed his attraction in any way.

Some of the actors have scandals break over their heads. But their heads and their box office value remain intact. In fact, I rather believe that the public likes a dash of scandal with its stars now and then. Though it may be a sad commentary on us humans, it's true that most of us get more of a kick out of hearing that Mr. X eloped with his stenographer or that Mrs. X murdered her paramour than that Mr. and Mrs. X sit quietly at home playing pinochle.

Then I ask myself how much temperament has to do with it? Maybe temperament is the trick that captures the public imagination. Should an actor be erratic and difficult, or should he be business-like, stable and quiet? That's a tangled question, too. Because it seems if you're too "colorful," people resent you; if you're too tame, they're bored.

Me, I haven't much of the stuff. I've been criticized at times for being "too dignified, too reserved." It's been said that I never let myself go, never seem to show any emotion over things. Maybe I should put on an act. Yet I can't quite believe that. Gable and Tracy are not

temperamental, and they do all right. Ronald Colman is a monument of reserve, and the same goes for Bill Powell.

Some say it's a matter of how hard you work, how seriously you take your work. Muni would seem to prove that this is so. Yet one of the biggest, longest established stars in this business says, openly, that he considers his work a "racket," that he never even reads his script until ten minutes before he steps on a set. And I must say that in spite of the nice things said about me in "Waterloo Bridge," I didn't work any harder, didn't take the part any more seriously than I did in, say, "Lucky Night" which was, for me, a flop-pola.

Some people say that when you're "tops" too long, you wear out your welcome. That when your name is on everybody's tongue, you're like a book fans hear too much about and so don't bother to read. But that doesn't satisfy me, either, because men like Gable, Boyer, Tracy and girls like Bette Davis and Vivien Leigh confound that argument.

It's been said that it's a matter of "cycles." That when comedy pictures are having a run, you're out of the race, at least temporarily, unless you're doing crazy comedies. But, during a comedy cycle, I've seen a tasty tragedy come along and be a big hit!

SPENCER TRACY, more than anyone or anything else, confuses me when I try to answer the question I'm passing on to you. There's nothing about Tracy that anyone can pick on. He's not too good-looking, he isn't "difficult," he never gives a bad performance. Yet, before he came to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, *he* was skidding! And not because he hadn't had good pictures.

Don't think that an actor doesn't worry about this matter of slipping. He worries just as much as the little grocery clerk who fears for his job. And for much the same reasons. Money, for instance. If I get fired, I can't maintain my present standard of living. "So what!" do I hear? "You'd still be living cushy on the street called Easy, wouldn't you?" The answer is "Yes." But everything is comparative. Every man gets geared to a certain way of life, and it hurts when that way of life is no more.

But it's not so much the money angle that makes a star dread a skid; it's pride. It's the fear of having so big an audience witness his debacle. When the little grocery clerk loses his job, his fellow-workers know about it, his family, his personal friends—that's all. But when a star gets fired, the whole world knows it.

There is another thing the grocery clerk has over the picture star. If he loses his job, he can, reasonably enough, hope for a better job. If a star slips, he may get another job, but you can bet it won't be a better one. A "dead" star is the deadest thing on this earth—and least liable to resurrection.

What brings some stars to this tragedy of early entombment? What gives other stars comparative immortality? What makes them slip? What made *me* slip? That's what I want you fans to tell me.

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Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

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The spanking I never forgot



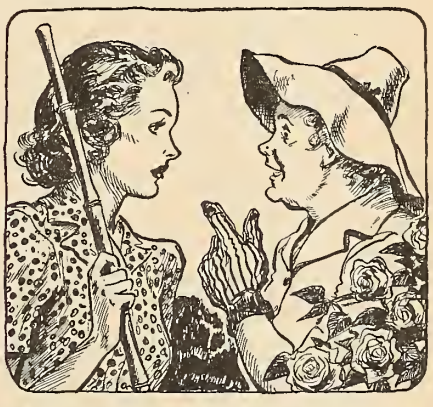
1. I don't believe in spanking children. But darn it all, sometimes a youngster can sure drive a grownup wild. Like mine did me—yesterday.



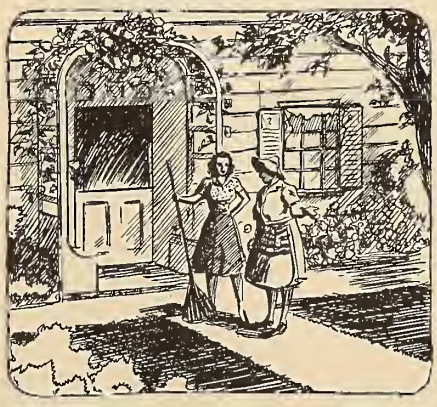
2. It all started innocently when Billy wouldn't take his laxative. At first I tried coaxing. But that didn't work. Then when I started to force it on him, he sent the spoon flying out of my hand. So I lost my temper and gave him an unmerciful spanking.



3. I felt awful all day. Mrs. Saunders, our new next-door neighbor, saw me moping in the back yard, and asked what was wrong. I told her the whole story. When I got through, she shook her head and said I had made a terrible mistake.



4. She said it was old-fashioned to force a child to take a nasty-tasting medicine. And worse still, it could shock his delicate nervous system. She said that when a child needed a laxative he should get a nice-tasting one—made *especially* for children—like Fletcher's Castoria.



5. Mrs. Saunders said she had given Fletcher's Castoria to her two children. And that I could take her word it's always mild and *thorough*. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to bring on cramping pains. She said she'd never given her youngsters a safer, better-working laxative.



6. Well, you can be sure I bought a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria right away. And I found it as effective as Mrs. Saunders said. But what tickled me was the neat way it solved my laxative problem. Honestly, I never saw a child go for a medicine like mine goes for Fletcher's Castoria.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

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Wrap cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply it to cuticle. *Watch dead cuticle soften.* Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed with the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores.

TRIMAL

JOYCE: 1940 MODEL

(*Continued from page 33*)

other times when Brenda attends parties under like circumstances, "But," she'll tell you, "although all the fellows are swell to me, I just can't help feeling closer and closer to Owen after each date with a chap who's "stuck" with me for the evening, just so we'll both make good copy."

As far as possible, Brenda's private activities are much the same as those she enjoyed during her pre-picture days. And she has not forgotten them or how to enjoy them. She'll talk of that period in her life at the slightest provocation. And why wouldn't anyone who'd been lifted from a university campus and smacked right into pictures?

THAT day at lunch—it was while they were shooting "Public Deb No. 1"—Brenda enthusiastically recounted the blow-by-blow story of her début in pictures. "Slightly more than a year ago," she told us between jabs at a slab of roast beef, "I had about as much idea I'd be facing an audience rather than sitting with one, as Lana Turner had that she'd marry Artie Shaw, or Diana Lewis that she'd wed William Powell. I was having one whale of a time at school with my studies, Owen and my sorority sisters. I'd been in a number of school plays both at high school and at college, but never thought of myself as an actress. I wanted awfully hard to be on the stage and felt that with long enough training I'd perhaps one day make the grade. I knew, at least, that the years of training could be put to no better advantage even though it'd be ages before I'd get results."

Brenda had won a scholarship for speech to the University of California, but because her mother was employed as a house-mother at U.C.L.A., she switched to the latter campus after a semester at U. of C. "And I'm darned glad I did," she sparkled, "for it was there that I met Owen's sister, Janet. We were both Delta Gammas and roomed together, you know. It was there, too, that I met Owen at a party." She put down her fork to really get her next point over. "Now please don't you believe those stories about my meeting Owen on a date his sister fixed. It didn't happen that way at all. It wasn't until I'd returned to the sorority house after that particular party and told Janet whom I'd met that she told me he was her brother."

Constant campus companionship made Brenda and Owen deeply interested in each other. Long walks, talks, exchange of opinions on varied subjects and the subsequent cementing of mutual thoughts decided them for each other. They set no date for their marriage, just left it with "as soon after school as it would be practical." "You understand," Brenda went on, "I needed money then, too, probably more than Owen did, and I tried my hand at commercial modeling."

It was while Brenda was seeking modeling assignments that she ran into her great break in the person of an agent named Frances Bailie. "Miss Bailie," according to Brenda, "for some crazy reason, thought I'd make good screen material. When she asked whether she might represent me, it was with a tongue-in-the-cheek 'yes' that I consented. The whole idea sounded so remote that I dismissed it without further thought, figuring that Miss Bailie was just enjoying her own peculiar idea of a joke."

But Miss Bailie wasn't joking. She nabbed Ivan Kahn, Twentieth Century-Fox talent scout and had him interview Brenda. Kahn was immediately enthusiastic about Brenda's beauty and apparent ability and lost no time getting Tom Moore, the studio's dramatic coach, to go to work on the girl and whip her into shape for a screen test.

Brenda tells of that period with reminiscent trepidation. "Boy, it was hectic! I went from talent scout to dramatic coach to casting director to Darryl Zanuck in more plays than the U.C.L.A. varsity eleven uses in four years of inter-collegiate scrimmage. Weeks whizzed by without my hearing a word. While I was doing everything Tom Moore suggested in the line of study and practise, I felt all along that even the lowliest stock contract was beyond my reach. And I was that convinced of it, I simply hated to take time to rehearse with Tom because it meant losing assured income from modeling assignments—and I needed money so-o-o badly!

"Then Tom had me practically glued to the studio for four days while he coached me for one particular screen test." Brenda didn't know then that Tom had gone to bat for her with Darryl Zanuck, that Zanuck, impressed with her portraits, had ordered her tested for the role of Fern Simon in "The Rains Came." And when the thrilling results of the test were told her, she phoned Owen and in her disbelief, said, "Someone has gone to a helluva lot of trouble to plant such a pointless college rib!"

SO it was into a strange, vast, new setting that Brenda was tossed. It was like stepping from land into water, and it was sink or swim. The publicity barrage got going: Here was the new Hollywood find, a fresh-from-the-campus beauty who enjoyed only the simple things in life. Here was the girl not made for Hollywood wolves in wolves' clothing. Yet, the one girl who was sure to take Hollywood and not be taken by it. And by heck, the most surprised people in the world were the Twentieth Century-Fox press agents who later learned that all the stuff they'd been spending days dreaming up, was true!

"Do you know," Brenda proffered, downing more beef, "my one great concern about reporting to the studio that first day for "The Rains Came" was a fear that the people in it wouldn't be real. But once George Brent and Myrna Loy took me in hand, it was wonderful. I knew, too, that Owen was outside somewhere, backing me all the way down the line. I could never feel lost in a studio now. Owen's a great balance, and I always think that I have one foot in the studio, the other outside. It's a great help to feel that, because you never lose your balance or sense of proportion."

At this writing, Owen has a new job somewhere in the Imperial Valley where he's just beginning his business career as an accountant. The two speak with each other, via long distance, almost nightly with Brenda invariably putting the calls through. Owen isn't yet in a position where his pocket can stand the strain of nightly toll calls.

Since Brenda's mother is out of town, she and Owen's sister are living together again in an apartment near the U.C.L.A. campus where Janet is still at school. While Brenda spends her days at the studio, she keeps in close touch evenings and week-ends with her college chums

who are still studious undergraduates.

In Hollywood, everyone in one salary bracket tries to know folks in the next higher bracket, up to the top producer who seeks to be friendly only with God. But Brenda doesn't follow that formula. She has very few friends in the industry itself, again because she and Owen shun night life. On the lot, her best friends are the hairdressers and make-up girls, and save for an occasional evening at Nancy Kelly's or Arleen Whelan's home, Brenda sees less of stars than tourists do.

When Ouida Rathbone, Elsa Maxwell, Joan Crawford or any other celebrity has a Sunday cocktail party and you're in your car en route to it, you can be pretty sure those two people you see hiking over the hill in the opposite direction are Brenda and Owen.

The future Mrs. Owen Ward is careful to save money for the day the rains may come again. When she went to Washington for the President's Ball, she was frantic for want of a fur coat. Until that time, she had had none of her own, and whenever she had had to "dress" for premieres or swank parties, the studio always had arranged to have one lent her by the wardrobe department. Something went haywire on the Washington junket, and Brenda wound up at a furrier's, buying a new coat. (You understand that although Brenda is in pictures, she *is* a newcomer, and her salary is not proportionate with her fame.) At the furrier's she nearly went mad trying to make a practical choice. She ended up with kolinsky!

BRENDA'S thrift is not confined to clothes. She wanted a new automobile this year, "but Owen wouldn't let me trade in my old one. He's superstitious about it for one thing, since that's the car I had when I started." And that's true. Looking at the jalopy she drives around in, you'd think she were a $20-a-week errand girl. "But I don't care," she says, "I'll drive that thing until it falls apart!"

We asked her if Owen didn't think she'd changed since she started to work at the studio. "Yes, Owen thinks I have, but he doesn't think it's enough to hurt yet. The minute I change *that* much, I'll quit pictures. Nothing is as important to me as Owen. I'm going to marry him the moment he starts making real money, and we can afford marriage."

Darryl Zanuck has frequently asked Brenda to bring Owen down for a screen test. "He looks like Lew Ayres and is really handsome," she boasts. But Owen won't have any part of it. And Brenda's not keen on the idea, either. She feels a man can change much more easily in Hollywood than a woman.

Hollywood thinks Brenda's a beautiful girl. Owen doesn't. He says she's not any more beautiful than the rest of them, but "she's certainly attractive and intelligent."

Local playboys persist in their attempts to date her. Most stars keep their phone numbers private, but since Brenda lives with Janet, and the boys know it, they can easily get her number from the University. And in the last two months Brenda's changed her number six times! She doesn't mean to be snobbish, but feels she'd hurt her Hollywood friends if she persistently refused them appointments. And except for those necessary, studio-arranged dates, the only boys she'll go out with while Owen's away are those of his fraternity brothers of whom he approves.

Because she lives sanely, because she's intelligent and not moved by the glitter and glamour of Hollywood, Brenda will go places. There's no question about it, Brenda Joyce is Zanuck's choice—for going to the top!

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TWO—Taper your brows with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Use Black or Brown to suit your type and note the soft, natural effect.



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BETTY GRABLE
Appearing in B.G. Sylva's production *"Du Barry Was a Lady."*

PHOTOS BY HURRELL

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO)	C 4★
Adventure in Diamonds (Paramount)	2★
Alios the Deacon (Universol)	2½★
All This, and Heaven Too (Worners)	4★
And One Was Beautiful (M-G-M)	2½★
Angel From Texas, An (Warners)	2★
Babies For Sale (Columbia)	2½★
Bad Men of Carson City (Universal)	2★
Balolaika (M-G-M)	3★
*Bill of Divorcement, A (RKO)	3★
Biscuit Eater, The (Paramount)	3★
Black Friday (Universal)	2½★
Blondie on o Budget (Columbia)	2★
Blue Bird, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Broadwoy Melody of 1940 (M-G-M)	3★
Brother Orchid (Worners)	3★
Brother Rat and a Baby (Warners)	2★
Buck Benny Rides Again (Paramount)	3½★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners)	2½★
Castle on the Hudson (Warners)	2½★
Charlie Chan in Ponama (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Child Is Born, A (Warners)	3★
Chump at Oxford, A (United Artists)	2½★
Congo Maisie (M-G-M)	3★
Courageous Dr. Christian, The (RKO)	2★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic)	2★
*Cross Country Romonce (RKO)	2½★
Curtain Call (RKO)	2½★
Dark Command (Republic)	3★
Destry Rides Again (Universal)	3★
Double Alibi (Universal)	2½★
Dr. Cyclops (Poramount)	C 3★
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners)	3½★
Dr. Kildare's Stronge Case (M-G-M)	2½★
Doctor Takes A Wife, The (Columbia)	3★
Earl of Chicago, The (M-G-M)	4★
Earthbound (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Edison, the Man (M-G-M)	3½★
Emergency Squad (Poramount)	2½★
Farmer's Daughter, The (Paramount)	2½★
Fighting 69th, The (Warners)	3★
Five Little Peppers ot Home (Columbia)	C 2½★
Flight Angels (Warners)	2½★
Florian (M-G-M)	2½★
Forty Little Mothers (M-G-M)	2½★
Four Sons (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Four Wives (Warners)	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
French Without Tears (Paramount)	2½★
*Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount)	3★
Girl in 313 (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
*Great Mc Ginty, The (Paramount)	3★
Green Hell (Universal)	2★
Half A Sinner (Universal)	2★
He Married His Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hidden Gold (Poromount)	2½★
High School (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
His Girl Friday (Columbio)	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
House Across the Bay, The (United Artists)	2★
House of Seven Gables (Universol)	2½★
If I Had My Woy (Universol)	C 3★
Invisible Mon Returns, The (Universol)	2★
Invisible Stripes (Warners)	2★
Irene (RKO)	3★
Island of Doomed Men (Columbio)	2★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Womon (M-G-M)	2★
It All Come True (Warners)	2½★
It's a Date (Universal)	3½★
I Was an Adventuress (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Johnny Apollo (20th Century-Fox)	3★
La Conga Nights (Universol)	2★
Lillian Russell (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Llano Kid, The (Poromount)	2½★
Lone Wolf Meets A Lady, The (Columbia)	2★
Lone Wolf Strikes, The (Columbio)	2★
Lucky Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Mo! He's Making Eyes At Me (Universol)	2½★
Man From Dakota, The (M-G-M)	2★
Man From Montreol (Universal)	2½★
Mon Who Talked Too Much, The (Worners)	2½★
Mon Who Wouldn't Talk, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Man With Nine Lives, The (Columbio)	2★
Morines Fly High, The (RKO)	2★
Men Without Souls (Columbia)	2★
Midnight (Poramount)	3★

Picture	General Rating
Millionoire Playboy (RKO)	2★
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia)	4★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M)	4★
Music in My Heart (Columbia)	2★
My Favorite Wife (RKO)	3★
My Little Chickadee (Universal)	2½★
My Son, My Son (United Artists)	3½★
*New Moon (M-G-M)	3★
Nick Conter, Master Detective (M-G-M)	3★
Night of Nights, The (Paramount)	2½★
Ninotchka (M-G-M)	4★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M)	4★
Of Mice and Men (United Artists)	4★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
On Dress Parade (Warners)	C 2★
One Hour to Live (Universal)	2★
One Million B. C. (United Artists)	C 3★
$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount)	2★
On Your Toes (Worners)	2½★
Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount)	2½★
Our Town (United Artists)	4★
Outside 3-Mile Limit (Columbia)	2½★
Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Parole Fixer (Paramount)	2½★
Passport to Alcatraz (Columbia)	2★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M)	2★
Pinocchio (RKO)	C 4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)	2★
Primrose Path, The (RKO)	3½★
*Private Affairs (Universal)	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Raffles (United Artists)	2★
Rebecca (United Artists)	4★
Remember? (M-G-M)	2½★
Remember the Night (Paramount)	3★
Rio (Universal)	2½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)	2½★
Rooring Twenties, The (Warners)	3★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Sandy Is a Lady (Universal)	C 2½★
Saturday's Children (Worners)	2½★
Secret of Dr. Kildare, The (M-G-M)	3★
Seventeen (Paramount)	C 3★
Shooting High (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M)	3★
Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release)	3★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists)	3★
Smashing the Money Ring (Warners)	2½★
Son of the Navy (Monogram)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Dust (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Star Maker, The (Paramount)	C 2½★
Strange Cargo (M-G-M)	3★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
*Susan and God (M-G-M)	3½★
Swanee River (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO)	C 3★
Tear Gos Squad (Warners)	2★
That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO)	C 3★
Three Cheers for the Irish (Warners)	3★
Three Smort Girls Grow Up (Universal)	C 3★
Three Sons (RKO)	3★
'Til We Meet Agoin (Warners)	3★
Tom Brown's School Doys (RKO)	3★
Too Busy to Work (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Too Mony Husbands (Columbio)	3★
Torchy Plays With Dynomite (Worners)	2½★
Torrid Zone (Worners)	3★
Tower of London (Universal)	2★
*Turnobout (United Artists)	3★
Twenty-Mule Teom (M-G-M)	3★
Twenty-One Days Together (Columbio)	3★
Two Girls on Broodwoy (M-G-M)	2½★
Typhoon (Poromount)	3★
Underpup, The (Universal)	C 3★
Untamed (Paromount)	2★
Vigil in the Night (RKO)	3★
Virginio City (Worners)	3★
Viva Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M)	3½★
Woy of All Flesh, The (Poromount)	3★
We Are Not Alone (Worners)	3½★
Women in Wor (Republic)	2½★
Women Without Nomes (Poromount)	2½★
You Can't Fool Your Wife (RKO)	2★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Young Tom Edison (M-G-M)	C 4★

IS HOLLYWOOD GETTING SENSIBLE?

(Continued from page 36)

style, but the food isn't cold because a clever hostess anticipates the delays that often occur. Mrs. Darryl Zanuck cares so much about Darryl's food that she frequently sends her chef to the lot. She admitted to me this week, 'I wish I could invite you to dinner tonight, but the chef has been away for nine days.' Nowhere is food served more attractively than in Hollywood.

"Mrs. Jack Warner, our leading hostess, with the most beautiful house in the film colony, indicates calories in each dish on menus at her dinner. That is very considerate in these dietary days. George Cukor, another of our epicures, lost sixty-seven pounds on his own special diet and took his own food with him whenever he arrived as a guest. That's another little insight into Hollywood behavior. Yes, food is really important to people here.

THE third rule Hollywood hosts and hostesses follow is: Serve good drinks. Of course, you don't have to drink to be asked back here. How can I speak so authoritatively? Experience! I've never taken a drink myself. What's more, I hardly ever see anyone drunk in Hollywood. Cocktails are acquiring a different flavor lately, incidentally. The South Sea Island drinks are coming in. Old Fashioneds have gone out. The new rum drinks, including a Shark's Tooth, a Tahitian, a Dr. Fung, are in vogue. They're not dry; they're more acid.

"You won't have many cocktail parties inflicted upon you. We're too busy working to take half the afternoon off. I've never given a cocktail party myself, except in my first film. I won't have anything to do with them. To me they are sad substitutes. If you want to entertain someone, why not do it well? I don't think anyone actually can get much fun out of standing around with a diluted drink and hors d'oeuvres in a crowded room. If you insist upon serving cocktails, shake each one separately immediately before it is to be drunk. You'll note special bartenders here. Most big homes have bars in their playrooms.

"The fourth precept is: Be an individual. Hollywood has been so surfeited with yes-men that you stand out when it is established that you say what you honestly think. You never hear pictures discussed at our best parties. One star does not greet another with, 'I'll tell you about the woe on my new picture and then you tell me your story!' If you are an amusing, original, sincere man or woman you are qualified to crash out here. Clinging vines are out. I've lived a long time, and I've been very independent, and I get along because I talk so amusingly and sympathetically with the celebrities I like. I argue whenever I feel like it. Nor do they limit themselves to the stock exchange or the latest polo match. All the outstanding books are bought by the studios for films, so they're discussed.

"The host or hostess in Hollywood is extremely thoughtful of the guests. Jack Warner is an example of what I mean. You couldn't have more than he has in his home, yet he makes you feel perfectly at ease. Many an eastern millionaire is a stuffy, impossible person because he makes no effort to please. Jack came from a small town, started from



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scratch in vaudeville. Darryl Zanuck, who's equally thoughtful, once sold books at $16 a week. It's a fact that only wage-earners who've been through struggle and precarious conditions are liberal spenders.

"All big parties in Hollywood are now given for fun plus a cause. Emphasize the plus! Today, Hollywood's social leaders give parties primarily for a purpose—to preserve civilization. If I were to toss a party simply for fun alone, I would feel like a criminal. A party must be useful. If you can amuse your guests and make them pay for it, you devote the returns to one of the war charities. Partying, with such dreadful times abroad, would be too terrible otherwise.

BUT because all Hollywood entertainment has become constructive, is no reason to put on a tragic, sombre face. I asked an audience at a Y. W. C. A. lecture the other day, 'Why be gloomy?' You can be gay under any circumstances, securing a release from your worries or grief by searching for something at which to laugh. I'm interested in human psychology and I know that adopting a funereal air won't help the unfortunate. We must boost their courage by doing what we can to uphold their morale.

"I don't see why so much nonsense has been printed about Hollywood idiosyncrasies. What eastern host with background would offer his guests such an array of fine painters and leading art critics as Walter Wanger gathered for us not long ago? In how many homes—outside of home museums—can you see the Renoirs, Gauguins, Van Goghs and the great paintings that Eddie Robinson has in his?

"When they discuss Constance Bennett, why don't they do her justice? She is astounding. The best-dressed woman in Hollywood, she's had fantastic success with her cosmetics. Besides her rare acumen in business, her *savoir faire* marks her as a woman of the world. But she rarely uses her drawing-room. She has an informal, wood-panelled room with deep couches, a bar with an adjoining kitchenette and that's where we gather to have fun at her house. She also has a six-pack bezique card room with special noise-proof walls.

"Why don't reporters tell you that what you need is vitality rather than front? If they don't like you here for what you basically are, you might as well give up. It is absurd to imagine that you can adopt any superficial line. Perhaps that was possible years ago, but it isn't in the Hollywood society I know. There's no bunko, because there's nothing synthetic about these people.

"Hollywood society isn't as selfish as New York society because here everyone is a worker. It has nothing in common with cafe society. I loathe cafe society, by the way. It is made up of people with no place to go, with no homes, who don't need anything so they infest night clubs.

"Society is your immediate circle of friends. It is entirely relative, and your own is every bit as important as mine. You shouldn't attempt to make yourself over to suit a circle you would not enjoy. Why should Hollywood want to know bluebloods? It doesn't, and Miss Susan Snooks realizes she has little in common with Mrs. Vanderbilt!

"I am very honored to be a member of the Hollywood community. I'm starting my next picture, 'Legacy' at Columbia with Warner Baxter, and a twenty-nine-year-old makes his production bow at the helm. Isn't that stimulating? But I'm not going to stay in Hollywood all the time. I like to change my residence."

So speaks this unusual personality who by her own efforts alone has made herself an indispensable part of the social world.



Appropriate that gorgeous Aloine Brondes should play the role of a photographer's model in her first film, "Turnabout." She's just been voted "Glamour Girl of 1940" by the Motion Picture Still Cameramen.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 17*)

★★½ Private Affairs

The story of "Private Affairs" concerns the Boston Bullertons, as straitlaced a family as ever graced the annals of "Who's Who." That is, with the exception of Amos Bullerton (Roland Young) who had been turned out of the house twenty years earlier for disagreeing with the principles of his father. Amos had been forced to leave his daughter in Boston with his short-tempered parent, Noble Bullerton, who is determined that she never see Amos again. But the daughter (Nancy Kelly) has ideas of her own, and when her grandfather disapproves of her romance with a poverty-stricken young attorney (Robert Cummings), she leaves for New York to secure her father's consent.

The ensuing complications and their attempts to win old Noble Bullerton—and Boston—over to their side of the fence provoke most of the laughs. Not much can be said for Nancy Kelly's portrayal of a débutante glamour girl, but the remainder of the cast is excellent. Roland Young and Hugh Herbert make an especially funny team. Directed by Albert S. Rogell.—*Universal.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Albert Rogell is one of Hollywood's youngest veterans in the business. He's been handling a megaphone for the past twenty years, and recently celebrated his 38th birthday. . . . Roland Young, who plays a true Bostonian, set foot on Universal's "New England Street" for the first time in ten years. The last time was when he worked with Pola Negri in "The Woman Commands.". . . Bob Cummings is one of California's crack fliers, having piloted his own plane for thirteen years. He celebrated the finish of "Private Affairs" by purchasing a new airplane the very same day.

★★½ Cross Country Romance

Wendy Barrie and Gene Raymond are the gay, young couple who dash about with the pep of presidential candidates just to give you a lot of laughs in "Cross Country Romance." The fun begins when, on the day of her wedding to a society playboy, Wendy, a millionaire's daughter, pulls the disappearance gag. She manages to hide in a parked trailer which is about to be driven off by Gene Raymond, a young doctor on his way to San Francisco. Once she's in his trailer, Wendy decides to make herself at home. She slips into a suit of Raymond's and boils herself some coffee, but is discovered a few minutes later when she sets the auto on fire with her cooking. The young medico, who is anxious to get to the West Coast to catch a boat for China, tries to dump her, insisting she'll only be a nuisance to him. However, just how much trouble she's going to be not even Gene realizes. There are arrests by the Oklahoma City police for petty theft and kidnapping, and there's even a marriage ceremony by a sleepy justice of the peace!

Gene Raymond and Wendy Barrie are a likable, laughable couple and, though there have been funnier and screwier comedies, this one definitely has its moments. Billy Gilbert has a short, but uproarious scene—the kind he thrives upon, and Hedda Hopper and George P. Huntley are excellent in small parts. Director: Frank Woodruff.—*RKO-Radio.*



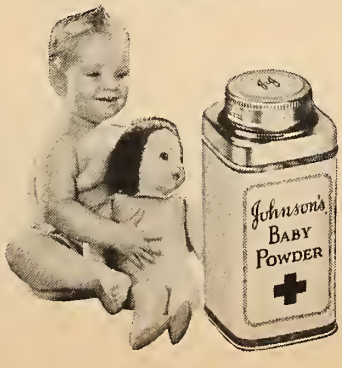
"Looka here, young lady—stop kicking and let me get this shoe off! You're going to have a perfectly lovely bath and nobody's going to tickle you . . . What's that? You don't want a lovely bath? Well, that's silly—"



"See? Now isn't this nice?. . . Oh, dolly, you're impossible! I am *not* smothering you—I'm washing your face. Come on, pretend you like it even if you don't and maybe Mother will give us some Johnson's Baby Powder!"



"Hello, Mother—guess what? Dolly says the water's fine and she can hardly wait for a Johnson's rubdown. I've been telling her what lovely soft powder it is and, come to think of it—better make that *two* rubdowns!"



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MODERN HOME COLUMN COOLING BEVERAGES

(Continued from page 14)

WHAT TO SERVE

Glasses for serving beer should not be washed with soap, but instead rinsed in hot water, then in cold—and dried on the outside only. Any excess moisture should be shaken out, leaving the inside of the glass moist. When pouring in the beer, hold the bottle or can in one hand and the glass at an angle in the other, so that the stream of liquid hits against the side of the glass. These few rules, plus a good quality brew, assure the "sparkle" and the "collar" which both add so much to the full enjoyment of this fine beverage.



ICED COFFEE, ICED TEA: The same general rules apply to both. Pour a freshly made brew, while still hot, directly onto the ice. Since allowance must be made for ice dilution, make both coffee and tea double strength. However when ice cubes are made of the beverage itself. This produces a drink of the right strength without any increase in the regular proportions. By providing a *sugar syrup* any wasteful residue of unmelted sugar, in the bottom of the glass, is avoided.

For a fine COFFEE COOLER place a scoop of ice cream in each glass of iced coffee and top with whipped cream . . . vanilla ice cream as a usual thing, coffee ice cream for the more pronounced coffee enthusiasts, chocolate ice cream for a pleasing mocha flavor. Remember, TEA is a fine base for fruit drinks and serves to "extend" them economically.



SYRUPS: It is a great convenience having jars of plain syrup and chocolate syrup in the refrigerator, the former to sweeten all drinks quickly and economically, the latter to add to home made sodas, floats and milk shakes. Fruit syrups are also a fine sweetening to have on hand.

PLAIN SUGAR SYRUP—Combine 1 cup sugar with ½ cup water. Stir until sugar has dissolved. Bring to a boil, cover and continue boiling 5 minutes. Cool and store.

FANCY ICE CUBES—Fill trays of automatic refrigerator with COFFEE or TEA after it has cooled but while it is still fresh. You can also make colored cubes by adding pure food coloring.

FRUIT BEVERAGES: Citrus fruits are real body coolers because their high Vitamin C content serves to dispel "that tired feeling" and to mitigate the effects of the heat on our systems. In making lemonade, be generous with lemons for a sourer drink is a better thirst quencher.

HOW TO SERVE

to tie in with surroundings or to proclaim your hobbies.

But beer should be served in colorless glasses. Light beer in a long and tapering glass, with a short stem and a round base; dark beer, in a rounder glass with somewhat more stem; and the heavier brews, such as stout, ale and porter, in a straight glass.

COASTERS: The choice is tremendous and their use as well as the general color scheme should guide your selection.

TRAYS: Here, too, there is a wide choice, in color, type and shape. They should be washable, impervious to fruit and liquor stains.

PAPER DOILIES: Can be used on trays, under glasses and pitchers, to absorb moisture. Who wants to wash table linen in summer!

PAPER NAPKINS: Cocktail size, and should match glassware in color and design wherever possible.

LONG HANDLED SPOONS: An absolute necessity. Nice to be able to have plenty of them at dime store prices.

SIPPERS: Gaily colored cellophane, to match or to contrast. However, when sippers are to be used to stir the beverage, the glass kind should be used. Use the glass ones, also, for gay "Fruit Sticks" made by spearing two pineapple gems, with a maraschino cherry between them for a fine garnish.

ICE AIDS: You'll want ice—plenty of it—right where you can get at it without constantly jumping up and rushing out to the refrigerator. Now, little ice buckets—formerly a *de luxe* item—are available in variety stores. With them you get little ice tongs.

IDEAS ON ICE: Keeping up with the ice demands on warm days requires some thought and action. If you have an automatic refrigerator, store an extra supply of cubes in the tray under the freezing unit. And if your trays have rubber molds, freeze a set of cubes, remove them right in the rubber, and refill the metal part. Keep a refrigerator bottle of water on a shelf in the refrigerator and use this chilled water to replenish trays—which assures quicker freezing than when tap water is used.

Remember, too, your local ice company will always deliver an extra supply of ice cubes in water proof containers or in a tub. You can get as little as 24 cubes—and of course as many as you want. They will also deliver "sized" ice for various special purposes—shaved, chopped, or in a big chunk for a punch bowl.

TIME OUT FOR COMEDY

(*Continued from page 23*)

young Laemmle wondered if his talent scouts had lost their grip or just stumbled onto this crow somewhere in a cornfield. "I am ve-ry unhappy," chanted Russell dolefully, popping her gum at the same time, "I want to go."

"Certainly!" cried Laemmle. "Maybe you had better hurry!" He scribbled her contract release with a palsied hand.

"Thanks," said Rosalind. A few hours later—minus the scarecrow get-up—she was signing a contract with M-G-M.

The point is, to be nuts is natural with Russell, but to be nuts with a motive can be arranged, too. For instance, consider the education of her family. For a long time after Rosalind had cracked the movies, her folks back East regarded her excursion into Horrible Hollywood as some sort of a mental aberration which had seized a member of their tribe. They pictured Roz as a lost sheep who had strayed into a den of wolves. They know better now, of course. But Roz herself had to break it up—and, as usual, she resorted to laughs.

I might interpose here that Miss Russell stems from a very nice New England family, whose tree, so far as she knows, has never before been nicked by an actress. The Russell males are all lawyers, doctors, business men and respectable people. The girls settle down and get married or pursue lady-like careers. Rosalind's mamma always pictured actresses vaguely as people who lolled in dressing-rooms, surrounded by cigarette butts and half empty gin bottles. But the Russell family was also a big one, and *père* Russell believed in his children being individualistic. In their big house at Waterbury, Connecticut, they could do anything they wanted—play poker, dance or whoop it up in general—so long as they did it at home.

Still, sister Rosalind's jump from a finishing school to Broadway, though individualistic, was a bit startling! And her later decision to invade that incredible Hollywood place was something the family had never considered in their wildest dreams. They worried.

ROSALIND wickedly fed their fears for months by subtly hinting she was secretly married to this and that notorious person. When she was cast in a picture with a gangster star, early in her career, the family wrote shocked letters, firmly believing the man was a killer, as they'd read in the papers. Rosalind, I am ashamed to say, replied he was indeed a ruthless mob torpedo, and that furthermore she was considering being his moll!

It wasn't long, therefore, until an emissary of the Russell clan came scurrying out to Hollywood to see what was really what. It was her older sister, the one Rosalind calls "The Duchess." Rosalind adores the Duchess, but she couldn't help sensing that big sister was snooping around a little and needed a good lesson.

She took the matter up with some of her fun-loving boy friends. To the Duchess she announced that some guests might drop around for dinner. Expecting dinner jackets at least, her sister slipped into a formal dress. Then the mob arrived.

They came in sports coats looking like horse-blankets, with gaucho shirts and silk bandannas. They wore berets, violent colored slacks, suede shoes. They were more Hollywood than Vine Street. Not one knocked. To the Duchess' horror, all the men let themselves in with private keys. They yelled, "Hello, Roz darling," patted her knee and cried, "Where's the gin?" They stretched out on the divan, sprawled on the floor. One merely said "Hi" and walked upstairs.

At dinner the guests wolfed their food noisily, spilled drinks, put their feet on the table and tipped big cigar ashes on the rug. They spouted exaggerated Hollywood chatter, told lurid studio tales, got in fights and, all in all, gave the Duchess probably the most terrifying dinner ordeal of her life. When Rosalind thought big sister had had enough, she called off the act. From then on, the Russell family hasn't worried about Rosalind. They have been too busy laughing.

There was a time, though, when the family might have had some ground for their fears. For instance, at the beginning of her career when assignments were slack, Rosalind's idea of a swell lark was to hop into a rattle-trap automobile she had and set out on the highways. The idea was to pick some interesting looking car and follow it. Wherever the chosen automobile and passenger went, Rosalind chugged along behind. Wherever they stopped, she stopped. To her peculiar sense of humor, this loomed



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Here's the way PEPSI-COLA came to town

many long years ago

And today, after more than 35 years, Pepsi-Cola is still "goin' to town". A flavor favorite with millions—and growing all the time—Pepsi-Cola is sweeping the country! Join the swing to Pepsi-Cola today. Enjoy its fresh taste and fine flavor. 12 full ounces of this *sure* thirst quencher for one nickel. Lots—for little.

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New Shampoo Method—Specially Made for Blondes—Washes Hair Shades Lighter—Safely!

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BLONDEX SHAMPOO *For Blonde Hair*

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Then Food CAN'T Digest Right, Your Strength Goes—Start Digestive Juices Flowing Normally Again

If there is nothing organically wrong with you, a common cause of poor digestion is a WEAK flow of DIGESTIVE JUICES. Then food can't digest right. You feel SOUR, often have HEARTBURN, gas, a DIZZY head.

Start digestive juices flowing NORMALLY again. Set the millions of cells in Fleischmann's Yeast to work on those digestive glands. It's a STIMULATOR. It starts the juices forming faster. Then digestion should pick up. When digestion improves, strength should begin to come back. Eat one cake first thing in the morning, another ½ hour before supper.



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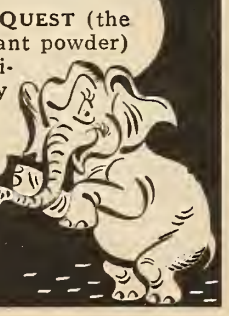


Remove superfluous hair privately at home following directions with ordinary care and skill. The Mahler method positively prevents the hair from growing again by killing the hair root. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Send **6c** in stamps **TODAY** for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."

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as high adventure. Why, I couldn't say. Of course, she met a lot of nice people that way. However, that merry pastime came to an abrupt end one day when a car reversed the process on roamin' Rosalind. She had wandered south of the border, down Mexico way, and a car full of fierce moustached caballeros started chasing Roz for a change. She got back over the border just in the nick of time!

Another favorite early Russell escapade was putting on old clothes and invading the cow towns on the desert near Hollywood, riding range with the cowboys and being the belle of their rootin' tootin' dances on Saturday nights. All strictly incognito, of course. To the cowpokes, Rosalind posed as "Ruth, the prune picker," a sort of a migrant feminine Okie. She can't get away with that any more, of course, since she's so well-known. It burns her up, too.

BUT today, even with her dignity as a screen star, Russell still manages to get in some sort of comical jam the minute she checks out of Hollywood on her own. She's the kind of person things happen to. If they don't, she happens to them. And even if events start out to be serious, something funny is bound to happen.

A while back she was visiting her sister in Palm Beach, Florida, on her way to New York. A tropical second-story man, visioning a Hollywood star dripping with jewels, burglarized the house one night. He didn't get any jewels but managed to lift Rosalind's brand new set of expensive Viton luggage. Undaunted, Roz wrapped up her things in old newspapers, suit boxes and brown paper sacks and arrived in the Pennsylvania Station looking as though she had just been to market. "Is this the way you usually travel, Miss Russell?" inquired a smart-aleck reporter. "No," said Rosalind, "I usually carry a birdcage, too!"

In Manhattan, someone she didn't know very well gave a party for her one afternoon, announcing on the invitations, that "Miss Rosalind Russell of Hollywood" would be present. The headliner billing irked Roz a little, but she went. In spite of the advertising, she found half the guests didn't know who she was. "I work in the bargain basement of the Broadway Hollywood department store," explained Roz. She's not sure her hostess quite approved.

But the maddest mix-up Rosalind has managed to encounter occurred a year or so ago in Europe. After making "The Citadel" in England, she and her younger sister, Mary Jane, set out for a Continental binge. They did Switzerland and the ski resorts, then ended up in Czechoslovakia, about when Hitler was putting on the pressure for the Sudetenland squeeze.

Well, Rosalind or Mary Jane or someone talked out of turn about political matters, and the local *gestapo* called. It cost five hundred good U. S. dollars to bribe their way on a train to clear out of there. In Germany, the train turned out to be a troop train. They were the only girls on a string of cars which immediately swarmed with thousands of soldiers on the way to the front. Everyone, including Rosalind and Mary Jane, was dumped out on the Siegfried Line. The soldiers stayed. But the two Russells had other ideas. They dodged around pillboxes and tank traps through the Maginot Line to France. Looking back, Rosalind is pretty proud of that. There aren't many Hollywood stars, she maintains, who have blitzkrieged both Hitler's West Wall and the Maginot Line in one afternoon—or, for that matter, had a personal escort of ten thousand men to keep them amused on a train.

Men, by the way, figure prominently in all Rosalind's fun, although people are always hanging the tag "bachelor girl" on her and inferring that she has little time for the dominant sex. On the contrary, the maid Russell is very popular and has a courtly crew hanging around her at odd hours of the day and night. The main qualifications for a Russell suitor are wit and an indestructible sense of humor. "I'm always surrounding myself with clowns," sighs Rosalind when pressed on the subject.

Absurdly enough, Roz never met the first man in her Hollywood life. He used to call her up every dawn around 4:30 and make thick-tongued love to her over the phone. He always called from some beer parlor or other and, in his confused state, thought he was talking to his sweetheart. It was strictly a wrong number romance. Rosalind was living alone in a hill-top house then, and she got a little tired of being rousted out of her bed nightly at the wee hour. She decided the only way to stop the annoyance was to reform the guy. So one night when he called, she launched into a sentimental temperance talk and ended up with her unknown pal sobbing a pledge never to touch the stuff again. As far as she knows, he never has. At least, after that he stopped calling.

Roz's more tangible masculine admirers never wane, however, for Roz's sense of humor appeals to the male mind. She's a good sport. She'll do anything within reason without a complaint. They're always trying to dare her down—without much success. What's more, she can give most of them as much as she can take.

For quite a time she had an outlandish reputation for sporting extremely bizarre clothes in public. Most outsiders still think that Rosalind's taste is simply a little on the screwy side. The truth is—most of her absurd hats and harnesses have been daring deliveries on some bet or other with a challenging male. She would wear a dishpan, setting hen or coffee pot headgear to any swell event, if some teasing Tom dared her to—and put a little money on the line.

ONCE, she showed up at the smart Los Angeles Tennis Club matches, where the stadium is small and everyone can easily ogle everybody else, wearing a tall, silk coachman's hat! Furthermore, she never batted an eyelash as the gallery stared. Why should she? She had a bet up with a pal of hers. Fifty dollars, wagered the rash young man, Roz would not wear the stove-pipe to the tennis matches. He didn't know Russell very well. It cost him the fifty bucks to get better acquainted!

The other night Rosalind and Cary Grant stepped out to the Beverly-Wilshire to dance. Cary can be quite as crazy as Rosalind when he's in the mood. They took a cab, and he dared her to sit up in the front with the driver. Rosalind not only hopped up in front, but drove the cab up to the startled hotel doorman, jumped out and helped the blushing Cary alight—then demanded a tip. She got it, too.

Sometimes, though, her boy friends gang up on her, tap a known weak spot and get her goat. A few weeks ago, Rosalind planned one of her hurry-up trips East, and as she didn't have much time, decided to fly. She's terrified of planes anyway, and the particular night she was scheduled to take off across the mountains, a pouring rain and a high wind set in. As she packed with a sinking stomach, a bevy of her boy friends

arrived to tell her good-bye. Sitting like buzzards around the room, they mournfully recalled all the horrible air accidents of history and with long faces speculated on whether or not Roz had a chance to get through alive. "All the good pilots have gone to war," croaked one. "The transcontinental planes now are all second rate and ready to fall apart," sighed another. "This is Friday, the thirteenth," observed a third.

Before long Rosalind was in such a state of nerves that she called up the airport and cancelled the reservation!

However, such dark moments of defeat are few and far between in the life of Roz. Even workaday moments, considered tedious, boring and bothersome by a lot of our movie queens, amuse her. For instance, while letters from a public anxious to sell something or put over deals are a continual annoyance to most stars, to Russell they're a never-ending source of fun. She reads them all, and there's nothing she would rather do than get together with her secretary and shoot out rollicking replies.

The other day she got a letter from a firm which insisted on loaning her money. "You *need* money!" shouted the letter. "You *must* have it!" Rosalind wrote right back. "All right, if I must, I suppose I must. Please send me $4,000,000 at once. There's just one thing. You pay *me* the interest!" She hasn't had a reply to that one yet.

Ely Culbertson, the bridge expert, penned Rosalind a persuasive note not long ago, too, and with it sent a copy of his newly published autobiography. The letter asked Miss Russell to read the book carefully, because he was convinced she was the one actress to play the leading feminine role on the screen. Rosalind took it seriously, for a change, and was into the third chapter when she found out that ten other actresses in Hollywood had received the same book and essentially the same letter. Promptly she wrote Culbertson. She suggested that since so many actresses were the only one for the part, the Music Hall Rockette chorus would be much better!

On the set, just where work begins



You'll next be roaring over Roz Russell in Universal's "Hired Wife." That hat looks very much like one of her "dare" numbers, but one can't be positive!

"There's Charm in Soft HANDS," says Martha Scott*

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EXPOSURE TO WEATHER and use of water tend to dry nature's softening moisture out of your hand skin. But apply Jergens Lotion. It furnishes new refreshing moisture for your skin. And—remember—in Jergens you apply 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften and smooth harsh skin. No stickiness! Quick and easy! Thousands of women keep the allure of soft, smooth hands by regular use of this famous Jergens Lotion. Get it today.

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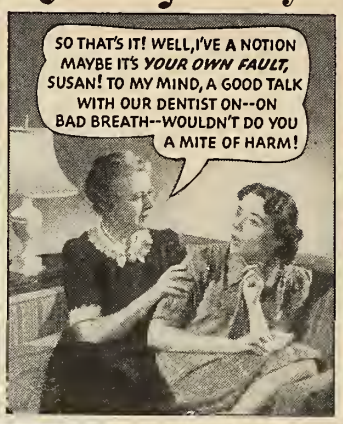
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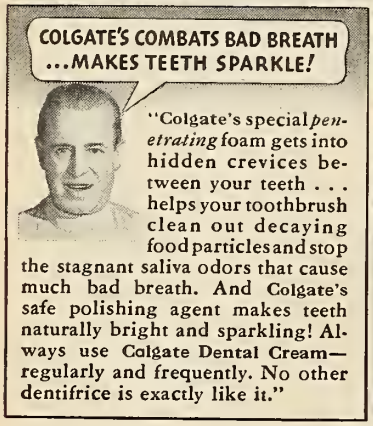
SUE SANG BEFORE SEVEN BUT CRIED BEFORE ELEVEN!















and fun lets up is never quite clear when Roz is making a picture. All picture jobs are fun to her; some are just more fun than others. She carries her good humor and gaiety into her scenes, too, which fact may account substantially for the fun it is to watch her on the screen. Her first hit role in "Rendezvous" was written straight, but Roz had seen so many New York débutantes and thought them so silly that she merrily "loused up the part," as she says—and that made her a star.

A while ago, work on "No Time for Comedy" was suspended when a twenty-five piece band broke past the sound stage doors and paraded through the set, blaring "It's Somebody's Birthday." It was followed by a French chef wheeling in an enormous, phony birthday cake, and a stunt man dressed like a baby sucking a milk bottle and bawling. This was to celebrate Rosalind Russell's birthday (she's just on the sunny side of thirty), and it was in retaliation for a gag she had pulled on Jimmy Stewart's natal day a week before.

The first day Bette Davis worked on "All This, and Heaven Too," she found a black funeral wreath in her dressing-room, with a note saying, "Condolences, Dear Bette. They really bought the book for me, you know. But I turned it down." Bette replied with a dead bouquet of onions, garlic and other smelly vegetables when she learned Rosalind was about to have a birthday.

The nice part about Rosalind Russell's funnybone is that she's always much happier laughing at herself than at anyone else. The funniest thing that ever happened to her, she thinks, was during her terrific free-for-all fight with Paulette Goddard in "The Women." She told Paulette to go ahead and swing hard—and Roz got knocked out on her feet! In "His Girl Friday," Cary Grant and Ralph Bellamy nailed down a prop telephone she was supposed to jerk out of a desk. When the desk came tumbling over on her, Rosalind arose bruised but shrieking with laughter.

Right now she's writing a play poking fun at herself. It's called "Here We Are." Two good friends of hers, Nedda Harrigan and Charlotte Winters, are collaborating, and Rosalind insists it won't be any fun at all unless they all play themselves and get thoroughly laughed at in public.

Charlotte Winters is a red-headed beauty who for years has been about Rosalind's best friend in Hollywood. Both were "bachelor girls" (the term Russell hates with such a passion) until last fall. Then, the day before last Thanksgiving, Charlotte called up Rosalind on the set of "His Girl Friday" and announced she was getting married the next day.

I HAVE three invitations to turkey dinners tomorrow, and I can't possibly make it!" declared Rosalind.

"But," protested Miss Winters, "*I'm* getting married—not *you!*"

"That's right," agreed Rosalind. "But you're not getting married tomorrow; you're getting married tonight at my house. I'm not missing the wedding."

It was seven-thirty then—and Rosalind Russell was still working. The wedding was at ten, complete with flowers, one hundred and fifty guests, rice, champagne and everything. Roz did it all over the phone in a couple of hours.

When she thinks of that wedding she sighs a little wistfully. Charlotte made such a pretty bride. Sometimes, Rosalind Russell even pictures herself tripping down the middle aisle with a bridal bouquet. But usually she ends up chuckling at the thought.

When Roz isn't busy with acting, one of those hectic trips, a party or some benefit, she starts ripping up and frantically redecorating her Beverly Hills house, where she lives in more or less splendid isolation with her colored maid, Hazel Washington (whom she stole originally from Garbo) and a very spoiled poodle named "Cracker" who, occasionally, as Roz admits, "has crumbs."

Rosalind is firmly convinced she leads the only life worth while—a merry one. "I haven't a complaint. I'm having a wonderful time. Life doesn't owe me a thing, but I owe it plenty."

Lately the dark clouds over the world have dampened her spirit a little. But she's thinking of organizing a funnybone club to stop all the gloom and fear talk. Anyone who can't crack a grin, says Roz, will get fined plenty—and the money will help out some war charity.

She figures the best way she can settle her particular bill with life is to pay off in laughs. That's why she's still planning on plenty of time out for comedy.

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send todoy for the new, up-to-date list of Hollywaod stors with their correct studio addresses. It is o canvenient size to hondle ar keep in o scrap-baak. To receive o list, oll you have to do is write to us ond ask for it, enclasing o large, self-addressed and stomped envelope. Don't forget that last item, os no request con be complied with otherwise. Pleose send request to Informotian Desk, Madern Screen, 149 Modison Ave., New York, N Y.

(*Continued from page 45*)

shampooing than dry because oil and perspiration cling to it more readily.

If your hair is dry or brittle, it should have frequent oil shampoos. Heat a bottle of oil, saturate a small ball of cotton with it, then divide your hair into inch square patches by parting it in both directions and rub the oil well into your scalp. Let it stay there as long as possible. Half an hour is good—all night is excellent. Just before your soap shampoo, wring out a clean towel in hot water, wrap it around your head and let it steam for five or ten minutes.

Soft water and a mild liquid shampoo are most effective. Wet the hair thoroughly with plenty of warm water and apply plenty of shampoo. Use the cushions of all ten fingers to loosen the dirt thoroughly. Rinse that off; then apply more shampoo. The second time be sure to rub the hair ends well between your fingers. Oily hair may need three soapings. Two are usually enough for dry or normal tresses. The last rinse is most important, though. Lift your hair, spray the water through it in every direction until it's clean enough to "whistle" between your fingers.

A good vegetable rinse at this point will give sheen, highlights and a delightful softness to tired or lifeless hair. There are any number of splendid, harmless rinses available everywhere and, though they last only from one shampoo to the next, they are well worth using.

If, for any reason, you feel you want to dye or bleach your hair, you need have little or no worry about results. Thousands of girls and women have become quite expert at doing their own hair regularly.

When you start, it will be best to let a skillful salon operator do the job, if for no other reason than to help you choose the correct color and to see that it is applied evenly. After the first or second treatment, though, there is no reason why you can't learn to do the work at home. Of course, you know that once you begin, you have to keep it up indefinitely, for new growths of hair must be constantly retouched. Follow-up jobs will be the real test of your skill. Retouch only the new hair, not the full length of the strands.

REMEMBER that the glamour girls in Hollywood, whose shining manes are the joy of every one who sees them, have achieved their lustrous locks by simple, continuous, every day care. No miracles brought them about, even in that mecca of magic. Florence Rice, Lucile Fairbanks, Mary Beth Hughes, Ann Rutherford, Rita Hayworth and Vivien Leigh take better care of their locks than many a girl who was born with far more beautiful tresses. That's why theirs are lovely when yours are sometimes drab and dejected looking. Give your hair the same break that Hollywood girls give theirs, and yours will be every bit as lovely.

Here's a little check-up chart. Ask yourself these questions: 1. Does my hair look soft and bright and "living?" 2. Does it frame my face charmingly, or does it leave my features harsh and bare? 3. Is my coiffure suitable for my age, my physical proportions and my occupation? 4. Is it appropriate for the clothes I wear? 5. Does it "do something for me" either with or without a hat? 6. Is my hair gleaming, smart and manageable between hairdresser visits?

We needn't tell you the answers to these questions—you know them all too well yourself! The important thing is: What are you doing about them?

* * *

We are that excited about a brand new kind of hair curler which practically revolutionizes the great home hair waving industry! It's the tiniest, simplest looking little gadget you ever saw—fact is, it's invisible, in the same way that some hair pins are invisible. It even looks something like two fine wire hair pins ingeniously slide-locked together. But the best thing about these new curling devices is that you can play, work, sleep, swim or even dance in ten, twenty or thirty of them and still not feel them! And no one else need ever see them. You can even wear a bathing cap over them without any bulges or ridges, and of course, there are no sharp ends or edges to pierce the rubber. No more sleepless nights tossing over stiff, uncomfortable curlers and no more big, bulky exposed curlers to embarrass you by day either. These light, comfortable invisible curlers will eliminate all of that. Do you wonder we're enthusiastic! Send us your name on a penny post card and we'll let you in on the big news.

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that modern natural look!

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



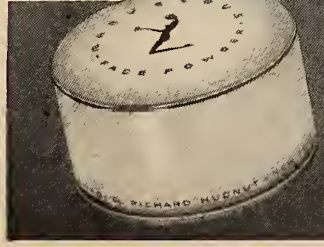
Women today are learning a secret from gay, young "collegiennes." They're discarding obvious makeups—and following the *modern* trend to natural beauty with Richard Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder . . . the flattering new powder you choose by *the color of your eyes.*

They're learning that *eye* color is closely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches your own coloring . . . gives you that *natural* look men admire.

So, whether your eyes are blue, gray, brown or hazel, you'll find the shade that is exactly *right* for you . . . the shade that is most *natural* to you . . . in Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder, the pure, fine-textured powder you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

Marvelous Face Powder goes on so *smoothly* . . . clings for *hours* . . . agrees with even the most sensitive skin. Try it today! And for *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

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I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Check the color of your eyes! Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐

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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly — must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in a few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

TO LIGHTEN YOUR SKIN AND FOR Freckles USE



OVER 30 MILLION JARS SOLD 50¢

TEMPERAMENT AT TWO

(*Continued from page 28*)

Mischa brings howls of despair from the Babe, often so long and violent that the company has to let up shooting and soothe Sandy with something important, like a cookie, before there's a chance to get a scene. Then Mischa stands helplessly, but ruefully, beside his private wailing wall and shakes his head. "She's just allergic to me," he confesses. But it isn't that at all.

The truth is that the very first scene Baby Sandy ever had in a movie was with Mischa. It happened to be a pretty terrifying scene, too, for an eleven-month-old, sensitive *artiste*. They sat on a bed in the middle of a set blazing with giant lights. All sorts of strange, rough men were staring at her and grinning. Mommy was far, far away, across the room, and all in all Baby Sandy must have felt like she'd lost her last friend. Then this tall, strange man with the great, dark eyes beside her began going noisily insane, or so it must have seemed to Sandy. He hopped around like a monkey, barked like a dog, wiggled his hands by his ears and made a pretty terrifying ass of himself. And all this for ten long takes.

SANDY bawled. Who wouldn't? It was a very funny scene on the screen. But it certainly didn't have Sandra Lee in stitches. In fact, she's never forgotten it. In her young life, Mischa Auer is still Bogie Man Number One, although she has run up against him, as I said, in practically every picture since. But she still bawls and tries to scram every time she sees the dour Auer.

That, of course, is a form of temperament. But if Sandy didn't have it, she would never be piling up her trust fund today.

Nobody knew how best to handle Baby Sandy when she crashed the movies overnight. Consequently, all the old movie directing tricks had to be tried on her before they figured out how to get results a little more painlessly.

As a matter of fact, the action in Sandy's early pictures was rough and tumble enough to load any year-old lady with a mess of fright complexes. She was always being alley-ooped from one actor to another, ridden piggy back, raced here and there and jammed into dark corners. Because, as you can easily gather from the titles, each plot had embarrassments about just whom the baby belonged to. In both "Unexpected Father" and "Little Accident" somebody was always trying to whoosh Sandy somewhere out of sight.

Dennis O'Keefe looms large still in Sandy's book of villains because of just such a plot caper. In "Unexpected Father," Dennis, having Sandy on his hands and hearing someone coming, grabbed the startled kid by the seat of the pants, tossed her into a barrel as black inside as Mammoth Cave, jammed the top down and sat on it!

Well, when they took that scene, you could hear Sandy's wails halfway over to Warner Brothers. In fact, she was so upset by the experience that the first time they rehearsed it Sandy was no good for the rest of the day. When they tossed her through the air in "Little Accident," Sandy also registered a major howl and got so upset she had to go home.

Bing Crosby, on the other hand, is a favorite of Sandy's to this day. Everyone who sings over the radio is still "Bing" to Sandy, and when she sees someone she particularly likes she points, smiles and chirps "Bing." Of late, too, she's developed a crush on Bob Hope by remote control, which baffles her parents, seeing as how Sandy has never even seen Bob or worked in a picture with him. As for Bing, though, there's a solid reason. Sandy met Bing the right way.

The first scene Bing had with Sandy was on the gentle side. Bing is tender with kids anyway, by nature and by experience, having had enough of his own to know a thing or two. But in "East Side of Heaven" it fell to Bing to put Sandy to sleep. Well, as any mother knows, anyone who can put a baby to sleep has the magic touch with kids. Just imagine the power of a sandman, too, who has to do his stuff under burning arc lights in the middle of the day amid the hectic bustle of a Hollywood movie set.

No one, not even Sandy's mother, could turn the trick. "Here, let me try," said Bing. So, sitting in a rocker and crooning soft and low, the Old Groaner took Sandy in his arms and turned on his charm. Soon Sandy was wheezing away with a contented thumb in her mouth. And Bing has been aces with her ever since. You can ask Sandy today what Bing does and she'll rip out "Boo-boo-boo."

Of course, to make an eleven-month-old baby change expression, crawl here and there and do what the action of a movie script demands, you must resort to tricks. All the tried and true ruses were used on Sandy in "East Side of Heaven." They lit sparklers when they wanted her eyes to pop. They blew up balloons just outside camera range and popped them when they needed a startled "take-em." A rattle brought a smile for a while, just as taking it away brought a lusty yell. Toys, teddy bears, stuffed bunnies, mirrors and all sorts of things tricked Sandy into registering emotions, because her priceless temperament makes her sensitive to everything and everybody.

BUT even sensitivity slows down when the dose is repeated time and again. As Sandy has grown up, she has become not only immune to the old set dodges but leery of new ones. And to match this change of temperament is a problem continually handing her directors substantial headaches.

For instance, the word "cookie" used to make Sandy's eyes light up like a Christmas tree. She doesn't like cookies any more. They used to get her to eat spinach for the camera by sprinkling graham crackers, which she adored, over the grassy mess. But Sandy is sick and tired of graham crackers now. And she's wise to a lot of things.

The most successful trick Charlie Lamont, another director, discovered was ingenious and served him well in a couple of Sandy pictures. He found out the word "Cut!" which ends every Hollywood picture take, sent Sandy into a delirium of delight. It signaled only the end of the scene for everybody else—but for Sandy it meant the return to her toys, or a cookie reward or something equally prized. The coos, claps, gurgles and spontaneous slappy-happy manifestations of babyhood were exactly what Lamont wanted his camera to catch. But each

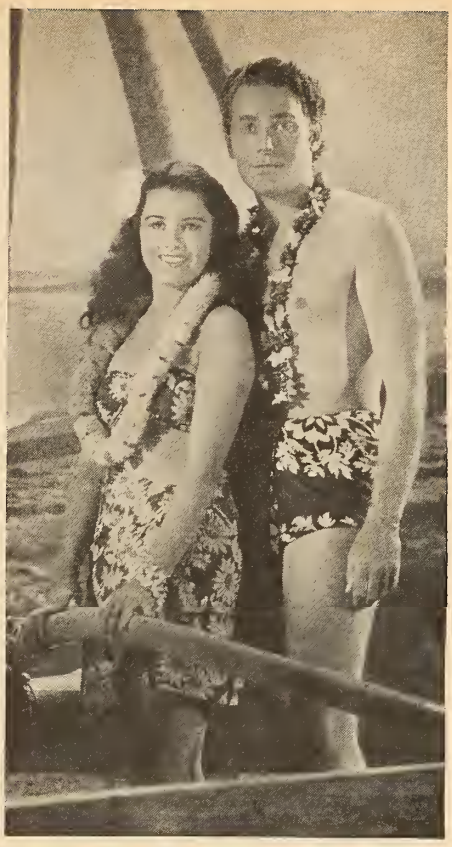
time, of course, they occurred after the film had been cut.

Lamont began to yell "Cut—I *don't* mean it" and "Cut—I *do* mean it," so the camera would sometimes roll on when Baby Sandy thought it was all over. Or he signalled to the camera crew and sound man to pay no attention to his vocal stop orders. It worked for a while, but not any more. Sandy is wise—just as she's wise to the fact that it doesn't take "Quiet—Roll 'em—Action!" to start a scene. These fatal words used to depress temperamental Sandra so badly that the ensuing take had only a squeaky chance of being worth a print. The order went out for silent signals and they thought they had Sandy licked at last. Not so. They forgot a very essential little buzz which the camera makes before each scene showing that the film is running fast enough for action. Now Sandy listens for the buzz—and tricks are useless.

Since she has become an official lady, Baby Sandy goes in for the more advanced pleasures of life, peculiarly feminine in taste. The only lures that get results now are such distaff joys as telephonitis, powder and perfume, Hollywood gown creations, young men and—it wouldn't be complete without this—money.

Sandy has always been a dainty, feminine little package despite the fact that she made her début with slicked hair and followed through with overalls in a screen sex impersonation. In "Little Accident" they let her wear girls' clothes for the first time, and from then on things have never been the same.

Having a slight strip-tease complex, Sandy would much rather work without any clothes, if possible. But if she has to cover up, it's a cinch she's not going to wear overalls any more. She had five changes in her last picture, all frilly little frocks; then they tried to get her in rompers for a scene. There just wasn't anything doing.



Olympe Bradna and Jon Hall go native for the colorful and exciting "South of Pago Pago." The attire's old stuff for Jon who grew up in Tahiti.

Catching on fast, Sandy's Universal mentors bought her a huge feathery powder puff, nail buffer and perfume spray. They can get Sandy to do practically anything now if they just hold up the puff or the atomizer. "Want to telephone?" also soothes Sandy's temperamental outbursts effectively. The procedure is to boost her up to the set phone and let her dial away. Since practically any three numbers you can dial will get someone on the Universal lot, everyone has had a chance to chat with Sandy. The conversation is always the same: "'Ello. Fine t'ank you. 'Bye."

Sandy got the gold-digging habit a little early in life, but apparently it's here to stay. It wasn't her fault that she caught on so young to what makes the world spin. The education traces right to Eugene Pallette's voice.

Sandy's temperamental make-up, as I said, notices everyone near her and reacts to every part of their personality. That's why her cast members have to be chosen carefully. For instance, the fluttery facial nip-ups, flighty fingers and "Woo-Woos" of Hugh Herbert enchanted her into such delighted response that Hugh threw up his hands and swore never again. "One picture with that kid is enough for me," declared Hugh. "One 'goo' and I'm not even in the scene."

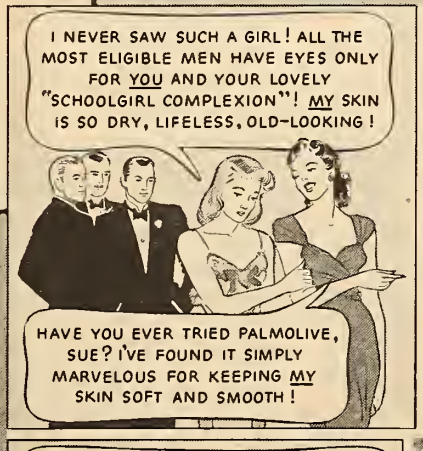
In "Sandy Is a Lady," however, Sandy ran up against Gene Pallette, as nice a fellow as you'd want to know, but possessor of a voice like a bull-bear with a chest cold. It simply scared Sandy into speechless awe every time Gene opened

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his mouth and rumbled out his lines. There wasn't much anybody could do about it, either. But in Hollywood the idea is pretty general that money fixes everything.

So Gene got a pile of shiny new copper pennies and tried the age-old lure of lucre. When Sandy had a few coins in her pocket to jingle together, she wanted more. The bank was "Uncle Gene" (all her gentlemen friends are "Uncle" at this point) and Sandy toddled over to the bank. Soon Gene could roar like a lion and Sandy didn't give a whoop. He was sugar daddy!

As for the boys and pure romance, Sandy's currently having a little love trouble. At home, next door, there's Jimmy, aged three. Sandy and Jimmy toddle together up and down the block, and he calls her "Honey Baby." That's about as far as the infatuation goes. But Sandy's crush on Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart is quite another thing. And useful, too.

KENNETH and Billy are the Katzenjammer twins Universal found to liven up "Sandy Is a Lady." The first day of any picture is always a bad one for Sandy. She gets an overdose of nerves. Luckily, Billy and Kenneth happened to be around to start "Sandy Is a Lady." They played the concertina. Sandy fell hard. From that time on, whenever Baby Sandy felt bad about things, she'd yell, "Boys! Boys!" And whether Billy and Kenneth were scheduled to work or not, the studio summoned them post-haste as pacifiers, with the concertina. Which prompted Edgar (Slow Burn) Kennedy, that choleric veteran of Hollywood, to stroke his whiskers disgustedly and mutter, "Music on the set for a kid—can you beat it? Temperament at two!"

However, just that temperamental touchiness is what makes Sandy the gold mine she is today, and Universal knows it. They aren't going to run any risk of spoiling her spirit. Sandy at two has two real life stand-ins. She has her own portable dressing-room, and if she's at all ailing, a nurse. She has her own private school teacher, chauffeur and dietitian—all at the studio's expense.

At home, however, Baby Sandy is still just another neighborhood baby, and the neighborhood is the same as it was before Sandy went Hollywood.

The Henvilles don't believe in living beyond their income and they don't consider their income the same thing as Sandra Lee's income, which has ballooned with salary raises and commercial tie-ups (like Baby Sandy dresses, bonnets, milk cups and pull toys) to the three figure bracket.

So far, every cent she has made has been put away in the bank for Sandy. And that, says Eleanor Henville, is the way it's going to be. If so, it will set some kind of a Hollywood record.

Sandy, away from the set, is a completely different baby, unspoiled, unpampered, even unnoticed. She has her own little room, bed, toys and dollies, a swing in the back yard and a high chair, a play piano to bang—but everything, including her clothes, is paid for by Roy Henville's salary as a milkman. Her mama does all the caretaking that's necessary. She figures she knows as much about feeding her baby as the next one. And no pediatrician or baby specialist supervises Baby Sandy's physical progress. Only when she gets sick does she get a medical coddling.

The idea of all this fits into Eleanor Henville's viewpoint on Sandy's success and future. "I don't care if she makes her last picture tomorrow," Mrs. Henville told me with level good sense. "In fact, I'd personally prefer to have Sandy grow up normally without a picture career. It's too dangerous. I wouldn't have a spoiled child on my hands for all the money they could pay me."

She's afraid all this "reacting" might seep into Sandra Lee's character and make her grow into some sort of a holy terror instead of the sweet, friendly, young lady she wants her to be.

"Temperament at two," said Baby Sandy's mama, "is all right, if your baby must be a movie star. Later on, it's something else again."



These two young coppers are Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart, for both of whom Baby Sandy fell hard, while they were all working on "Sandy Is a Lady."

(Continued from page 25)

contracts for it, drilled the men in all the various foreign drill manuals which he himself learned from books, and the result was that, whenever any studio wanted any soldiers of any period or of any nationality, Voss' army was ready to march. It was an idea precisely suited to the producers and the extras alike.

Recently, Guild restrictions and other considerations have made it impossible to continue making contracts for his men, so that they now have to be called individually by Central Casting. Nevertheless, they remain an organization just as formerly, with Voss still in command. They have a clubhouse and drill ground, where they spend most of their time between calls, and many of them work, not only as soldiers, but as anything which requires men trained to discipline. They were, for instance, the convicts in "The Big House," and the discipline was necessary because of the prison lockstep they had to do.

"It would take a studio days to train an army even of convicts," Voss explained, "and my men are already trained to every sort of march. So the studio saves money, and the boys make their living."

Voss' biggest command was the army used in "Abraham Lincoln"—2200 men. However, for the smaller studios, the army sometimes dwindles to as low as fifty men. Tricks, such as mirrors and treadmills with which some production managers reduce their budgets, make even this handful appear as a mighty host. Occasionally, they try to economize in other ways too, one of which almost resulted in a serious and irreparable disaster.

Movie armies, of course, invariably use blank cartridges, and once a studio purchasing agent, wanting to save on the powder bill, bought up a lot of old Spanish-American War blanks. But the cases were so corroded that they burst when fired, and this was so dangerous that Voss refused to allow his men to go on with the battle until other cartridges were obtained. So instead of saving a few dollars on the shells, the studio actually lost thousands in time wasted.

UNTIL a few years ago, all men in Voss' organization were veterans, most of whom belonged, as does Voss himself, to the Hollywood Post of the American Legion. Now many of these men are getting pretty gray and, since wars are fought by young men, the studios insist upon youth, at least for the foreground. So Voss has added a "shock" unit of R.O.T.C. boys known as the "Hollywood Guard." He says that they do not compare with the older men, who take their work seriously, because they have passed the skylarking stage.

"Every one of those kids thinks he knows more about war than Pershing ever did," Voss complained, "and between shots they take off their packs and shirts to get a sun bath. That means half an hour getting them into line again."

While these youngsters were being trained, an amusing incident occurred.

It was Voss' practice to hold his maneuvers in a vacant lot, the boys carrying wooden guns and wearing white sweatshirts. Neighbors, not knowing what was going on, became more and more perturbed and finally, when Voss began teaching his recruits the goose step, the frightened neighbors called the cops. Voss' drill ground was raided by a squadron of shrieking police cars, because the neighbors thought the marchers were Nazis preparing to overthrow everything in sight.

"Despite what the studios say," declared Voss, "I maintain that once you put a helmet on a man he can be of any age. Except for close-ups, in which the leads usually appear anyway, veterans are just as believable as kids. And they save the producers plenty of money."

There was, he illustrated, the time when, under the new regulations, a studio put in a requisition for 200 soldiers "between 18 and 23." The studio got them all right, but inasmuch as the requisition had omitted to specify height, the army Voss was told to command made him throw up his hands.

"They were a Mickey Mouse army," he said, "many of them so small that when they got their equipment on, their packs almost touched the ground. I had to send them home—after the studio had paid them, of course—and bring on my own men."

Some of Voss' own men in the past, he admits, have not been beyond criticism, either. As in every real army, he has had to deal with the sick, the lame, the lazy and other assorted gold bricks, most of whom he has since managed to weed out. In "What Price Glory," however,



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six of this ilk almost weeded themselves out without any help from him.

One scene in that film showed a shack, presumably in No Man's Land, and all the extras had been expressly cautioned not to go near it. The six "leadswingers" had ideas of their own, though, and picked upon that shack as a swell place to sleep instead of marching in the hot sun. Nobody missed them until, at the height of the battle, the shack was blown up; fortunately it was only a movie explosion, and nobody was hurt. But the six, thus rudely awakened, all thought they were back on the Western Front.

No serious casualty has ever been suffered by any member of Voss' army because of the extreme care taken by the "powder man." These men, Voss explains, are the technicians on the studio staffs who, even more than the directors themselves, are responsible for the reality of battle scenes. Their job is to "plant" battlefields with explosives, carefully scooping out holes, removing all rocks and gravel which might inflict injury, and then tamping the powder with fine sand. Markers of various colors indicate to the attacking troops how to "take" such positions with a minimum of danger.

FOR "The Fighting 69th," for example, the explosions were "set" with black powder and dynamite. Before shooting began, Voss led his men over every inch of the ground.

"This," he said, indicating a tiny white marker, "means black powder, and you can approach within six inches of it. But that one," indicating a red marker, "is dynamite, so don't get closer than ten feet."

As the cameras turned and the men charged, the powder man, sitting aloft on a parallel at his "piano" (the explosion keyboard) touched off detonation after detonation and the men "hit the dirt" most realistically. It looked as though nothing could emerge alive from that inferno, but when the shot was in the can the only treatment required was baths all around.

Among Voss' personnel there are many heroes of the last war, and to a man they decline to be quoted or tell how they won the rows of decorations upon their breasts. However, the official archives talk for all who care to read, and at any public library there is the story of Fred Coppins, for example, who wears among other medals the Victoria Cross. Coppins is a quiet little chap, about five-feet-five, and all he did to get that coveted cross was to capture, single-handed, 49 Germans and two machine-guns. Incidentally he, as well as the Congressional Medal of Honor men, get $25 a day for their decorations when photographed.

In many respects Voss' army is very strange. There are former army colonels who play privates in the same scenes where former privates play colonels. Officers in the movie army receive more pay than privates, which Voss considers unfair since the rank and file have to carry rifles and heavy packs while the officers, to use his phrasing, "just walk alongside and look pretty." Machine-gunners, motorcyclists and other specialists get $16.50 a day, and if anybody, regardless of rank, speaks even a word of dialogue the pay is of course $25.

Parachutists come under the category of stunt men who may receive as much as $500 a day.

Firing squads are more highly paid than ordinary troopers because they are usually in semi-close-ups and have to work with the utmost precision. Thus, the men who executed Anna Neagle in "Nurse Edith Cavell" got $11 each for shooting her. To do this they had to familiarize themselves with the German firing squad manual and obey commands in that language.

Although Voss' men are trained to a machine-like precision, thus saving the studios many thousands of dollars daily each time they are used, Voss explains



Elwood Bailey, director of special activities of the New York World's Fair, swears in a couple of new "mayors" of the Town of Tomorrow, Fay Bainter and Beulah Bondi.

that from a strictly pecuniary point of view he would profit more if his men were bad instead of good soldiers. This, naturally, is because undisciplined troops take more time to train and therefore collect more checks. And there are times when the studios themselves arrange matters just that way.

In "Alexander's Ragtime Band" the studio insisted upon having young men in the war sequences, all of whom had to be drilled for days before their scenes could be shot. In a picture at another studio an executive rang in about a score of his relatives and friends, thinking that anybody could be a soldier.

"It was all right with me," said Voss. "After all, the studio was paying the bills. But what that executive didn't know was that one bad soldier ruins the morale of a good army, and consequently my men sat around and were paid while I drilled the relatives and friends to the point where they could at least *look* like soldiers."

But Voss' battle hasn't always been too easy. Until the Guild took over, his army frequently came face to face with the National Guard—not with fixed bayonets, to be sure, but in a fight just the same. For the producers could hire the National Guard at much lower rates than those prevailing for regular extras, in addition to which the Guard used State equipment which the studio would otherwise have had to rent. Now, no guardsman can work in a picture unless he has a Guild card, and then he must be paid the prevailing wage.

To bring this about Voss, himself, had to do a bit of detective work. Since the studios denied that State equipment was being used, Voss took the unit numbers of the trucks in which the guardsmen came to work and turned them in. There was no argument after that.

Then there are ways in which Voss' boys used to put things over, too. "In the old days," he said, "some of the lads would report at Paramount, say, for a six o'clock call. They'd leave their checks with a buddy to be okayed and go over the back fence to M-G-M for a seven o'clock call. If things were really breaking, they might go over the fence at M-G-M, too, and show up at Fox, say, for an eight o'clock call—which meant three checks for eight hours' work. But those days are gone forever. The studios are wise to all such tricks and have built bigger and better fences."

THE most exacting director for military scenes, says Voss, is Ernest Lubitsch, who insists upon such perfect precision that every private must be as perfect as a West Pointer. Richard Talmadge, a director who is entrusted with "second units" (mob scenes without principals) is, in Voss' opinion, the best military tactician in Hollywood. The spectacular Erich von Stroheim, actor as well as director, would leave his high-priced principals standing around for hours while he drilled the soldiers himself.

"Von loved to play with soldiers," sighed Voss, "and we loved to let him. But the studios found it too expensive, so Von doesn't make many pictures any more."

Of all pictures using battle scenes, Voss believes that the American Civil War has been photographed the most. And in this connection he relates the screen psychology of D. W. Griffith, who made "Birth of a Nation," the first battle picture and, in Voss' opinion, the greatest of them all.

"As far as Mr. Griffith is concerned," he says, "no Southern Army ever lost a battle or ever wore rags. For him a Northern Army can be as sloppy as a bunch of rookies—he likes them that way—but Confederate troops must be perfectly trained. And that enabled a bright young man in my outfit to put a very fast one over on Mr. Griffith one day during the production of a Civil War movie."

The man in question, it seemed, knew Griffith's partiality to the South and so, when uniforms were being issued and Griffith was standing by, the soldier drew himself up haughtily when offered a Northern uniform.

"Suh," he admonished the assistant director, spurning the proffered uniform with a foot, "Ah'd nevah dare put them rags on mah back. If Ah did, suh, mah folks would disown me. They think that mah being an actor is low enough, but mah being on actor in the Northen Ahmy would finish me with them once and fo' all, suh."

Griffith, impressed by such loyalty to a lost cause, doubled the man's check on the spot.

"The payoff," grinned Voss, "was that actually he was born in Boston, and all his forebears fought with the Union colors."

Whether it is the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, the Spanish American War, the Egyptian War, the Indian Wars, the Boer War, the World War, the Chinese War or the Spanish Revolution, it's all the same to Voss and his men—with one exception.

"Why is it," they ask, "that we always have to fight carrying heavy packs across the Sahara sands in summer, and wear kilts in the mountain snows in winter? We do wish that the studios would do something about those topsy-turvy schedules."



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SHOPPING LIST

(Continued from page 62)

Page 54 Colors: Slate Blue, Hunter's Green, Scarlet.

Atlantic City, N. J., Gramercy Dress Shop
Allentown, Pa., H. Leh & Co.
Atlanta, Ga., J. P. Allen
Austin, Tex., Goodfriend
Altoona, Pa., Meyer Jonasson
Appleton, Wis., Geenen D. G. Co.
Akron, Ohio, A. Polsky
Albuquerque, N. M., Maxine's
Albany, N. Y., The Fashion Shop
Baltimore, Md., Schleisner Co.
Birmingham, Ala., Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Buffalo, N. Y., Buffalo Jenny
Binghomton, N. Y., Sisson Bros. & Weldon
Bridgeport, Conn., Outlet Millinery Co.
Bluefield, W. Va., Vogue
Boston, Mass., R. H. Stearns
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Bros.
Champaign, Ill., Robeson's
Charleston, W. Va., Telford's
Charlotte, N. C., J. B. Ivey Co.
Cedar Rapids, Ia., Wolf's
Columbus, Ohio, Kins Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, Wm. Taylor Co.
Dayton, Ohio, Joseph Thal
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Co.
Decatur, Ill., Carol's
Dallas, Tex., Sanger Bros.
Duluth, Minn., Duluth Glass Block Store
Denver, Colo., Gano Downs
El Paso, Tex., Popular Dry Goods
Erie, Pa., Trask, Prescott & Richardson
Great Falls, Mont., The Paris Fligman Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Houseman's
Greenville, N. C., Lowe's
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox
Houston, Tex., Foley Bros.
Helena, Mont., Fligelmann's
Harrisburg, Pa., Bowman & Co.
Jacksonville, Fla., Akra Bros.
Kalamazoo, Mich., Mezzanine Shop
Kansas City, Mo., Cricket West
Knoxville, Tenn., Mayme McCampbell
Lancaster, Pa., Hager Bros.
Louisville, Ky., Mr. H. P. Selman
Lewistown, Pa., Krentzman's Ladies Shop
Lincoln, Neb., Magee's
Minneapolis, Minn., Bjorkman's
Milwaukee, Wis., The Unity
Memphis, Tenn., B. Lowenstein
Montgomery, Ala., Nachman & Meertief
Muskegon, Mich., W. P. Lahey's
Miami, Fla., Richard's
Manchester, N. H., Pariseau's
Missoula, Mont., Missoula Merc.
Norristown, Pa., Feder's
New Brunswick, N. J., Brook's
Norfolk, Va., House of Arthur Morris
Newark, Ohio, Wm. M. Sergeant
New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche
Nashville, Tenn., Joseph Frank & Son
Omaha, Neb., Olive Tate, Inc.
Oklahoma City, Okla., John A. Brown
Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Meyer Jonassen
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Goodman
Reading, Pa., Emily Hopkins
Richmond, Va., Miller-Rhoads
Roanoke, Va., Irving Saks Sportswear
Rochester, N. Y., Kroll's
Schenectady, N. Y., Musler's
St. Louis, Mo., Kline's
San Francisco, Calif., H. Liebes Co.
Seattle, Wash., Frederick Nelson
South Bend, Ind., Worth's
Springfield, Mass., Forbes & Wallace
Stamford, Conn., Mantell & Martin
Tulsa, Okla., Brown-Dunkin Co.
Trenton, N. J., Swagger Shop
Troy, N. Y., Wm. H. Frear & Co.
Tucson, Ariz., Gus Taylor
Utica, N. Y., Picker's
Wilmington, Del., Braunstein's
Wichita, Kans., Lewin's
Washington, D. C., Hecht Co.
Worcester, Mass., Denholm & McKay

Page 55 Colors: Rose, Aqua Blue, Natural. All with contrasting belt.

Baltimore, Md., Hutzler Bros.
Boston, Mass., E. T. Slattery
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill., Chas. Stevens
Cincinnati, Ohio, Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Columbus, Ohio, Montaldo
Dallas, Tex., Titche Goettinger
Dayton, Ohio, Elder Johnson
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson
East Orange, N. J., Doops
Greensboro, N. C., Montaldo
Independence, Kansas, Montaldo
Indianapolis, Ind., L. S. Ayres
Los Angeles, Calif., J. J. Haggerty
Minneapolis, Minn., Rockstad & Harold's
Newark, N. J., L. Bamberger & Co.
Norfolk, Va., Smith Welton
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa., Joseph Horne
Providence, R. I., Gladdings
Richmond, Va., Thalheimers
Roanoke, Va., Irving Saks (Smartwear)
Rochester, N. Y., McCurdy
San Antonio, Tex., Joske Bros.
San Francisco, Calif., The White House
Seattle, Wash., Frederick & Nelson
St. Louis, Mo., Famous Barr
Toledo, Ohio, Lamson Bros.
Washington, D. C., Landsburgh
Winston, N. C., Montaldo

Page 56 (1.) Colors: Heather and Delta Browns; Heather, Wing and Teal Blues.

Same stores as Page 53.

(2.) Colors: Brown, Green, Terra Cotta, Blue, Black.

Same stores as Page 55.

(3.) Colors: Range of 10 leading fall shades.

Boston, Mass., Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y., Frederick Loeser
Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie Scott
Cleveland, Ohio, Higbee
Dallas, Tex., Neiman-Marcus
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson
Detroit, Mich., D. T. Healey Shops
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox
Los Angeles, Calif., J. W. Robinson
Los Angeles, Calif., Bullock's
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wis., Gimbel Bros.
Minneapolis, Minn., John W. Thomas Co.
Newark, N. J., L. Bamberger & Co.
New York, N. Y., Macy's
New York, N. Y., Franklin Simon
New York, N. Y., Plymouth Shops
New York, N. Y., Saks at 34th St.
Philadelphia, Pa., John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa., Joseph Horne
San Francisco, Calif., City of Paris
Washington, D. C., Palais Royal
Washington, D. C., Jelleff's

(4.) Colors: Brown, Green, Black Combination Top.

Atlanta, Ga., J. P. Allen
Birmingham, Ala., Burger Phillips
Bridgeport, Conn., Meigs & Co.
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill., Chas. Stevens
Dallas, Tex., Volk's
Detroit, Mich., Himelhoch Bros.
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox & Co.
Houston, Tex., Sackowitz
Los Angeles, Cal., J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky., H. P. Selman
Memphis, Tenn., John Gerber
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wis., Emma Lange
Newark, N. J., L. Bamberger & Co.
New York, N. Y., Franklin Simon
New Orleans, La., D. H. Holmes & Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla., Halliburton's
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa., Joseph Horne
San Francisco, Calif., Livingston Bros.
Shreveport, La., Rubenstein's
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop

Page 57 Leading stores in leading cities carry "Close-Ups" and

Page 58 "Prop Shop" Specials. Write us for the store nearest you.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 52)

CHRISTMAS IN JUNE

In these troubled times it's news in Hollywood, and mighty good news, when a player gets a five-year-contract for two pictures a year at a decidedly sizable salary. And when the contract is signed on his first wedding anniversary, why it adds to the zest of the occasion. That's what happened to Richard Carlson when he signed an RKO contract just recently. Dick will be seen next as Young Tom Jefferson in "The Howards of Virginia" starring Cary Grant.

HE LIKES COOKIES

Don Ameche, genial star of screen and radio, doesn't eat any dessert at luncheon the days he reports for rehearsals of his "Old Gold" broadcast at Columbia Square studio. Why? Because Pat Friday, songstress on the show, who's a Home Economics student at U.C.L.A., always brings a basket of delicious nut and date cookies to rehearsal. When Don isn't at the mike, he's quick-tripping it to the cookie basket at one side of the stage.

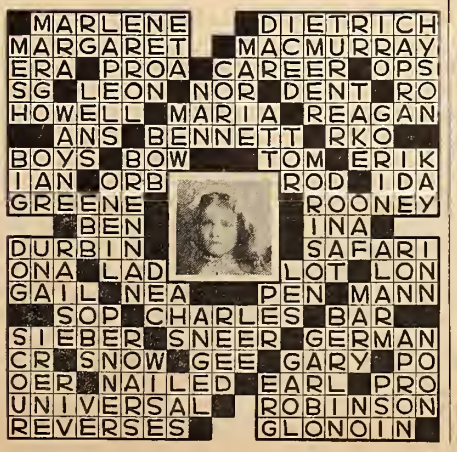
FULL STEAM AHEAD

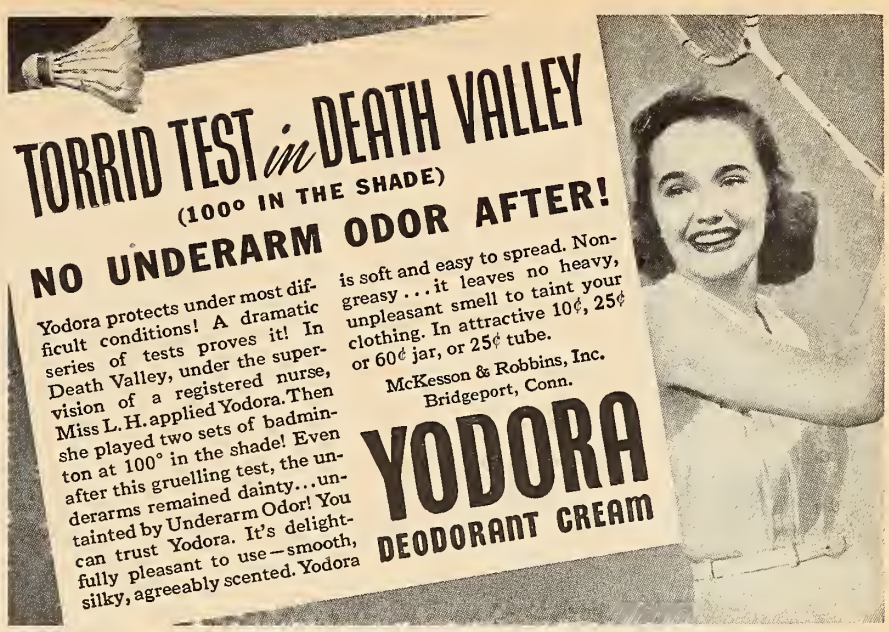
When Benito Mussolini threw his hat into Europe's bloody war ring, it was a signal for Charlie Chaplin to go ahead on the finishing touches of his latest picture, known as "Production Number Six." Film will probably be released under the title, "The Dictators," and will lampoon both Hitler and Il Duce. Chaplin had hesitated before, fearing that he might put America in a bad light with the Italian leader.

PATRIOTIC STYLE NOTE

Yesterday the latest fashions could always be seen at Longchamps, internationally famous race-track near Paris. Today they are seen at the Turf Club during the racing season at Hollywood Park, a few miles from the Movie Capital. Irene Hervey (Mrs. Allan Jones in private life) got the best-dressed vote there recently when she appeared in a white wool jersey with draped surplice bodice, slim waist and full, short skirt. Turban of the same material, white suede accessories and a

Solution to Puzzle on Page 16





URGENT!

message to women suffering functional

FEMALE WEAKNESS



Few women today are free from some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous, depressed lately—your work too much for you—

Then why not try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help quiet weary, hysterical nerves, relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache, headache) and weak dizzy spells due to functional disorders.

For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, run-down, nervous "ailing" women and girls to go smiling thru "difficult days." WORTH TRYING!

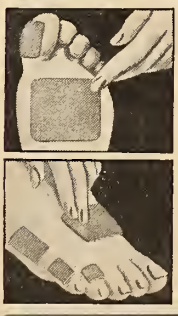


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Dr Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing – Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

three-quarter length white fox coat completed the ensemble. Only jewelry accent was a stunning clip of rubies, diamonds and sapphires, set in yellow gold in "Old Glory" design.

BENEFIT

Edward G. Robinson has one of the finest art collections in the Film Capital. When President Roosevelt made his stirring appeal for funds to help the Allies, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, quick to respond to that appeal, went even further. They opened their home for an exhibition of their treasures and turned all money received over to the Red Cross.

SURPRISE!

That genius-recluse of Hollywood, Paul Muni, found a surprise waiting for him when he returned to his San Fernando Valley home after his "Key Largo" tour. Mrs. Muni had had the entire house redecorated while he was away, and extra shelves built in some of the living-rooms to accommodate her husband's ever-growing library of books and recordings. And while on the subject of Mr. Muni, those who want to see him in person will never find him at any of the well-known Hollywood haunts. He's a stranger to all of them. But should they drive out along Ventura Boulevard and chance to see an unassuming figure with hat pulled well down over the eyes, tramping along the road accompanied by a pair of lively Airedales, that would be Muni!

RAISES HIS OWN

Ask any cook in a dozen movie homes in Hollywood if they make the Guava jelly they serve with toast and roasts, and they'll shake their heads. But if you should chance to put that question to the cook in the Brentwood Heights home of Joe E. Brown, there would be a quick "yes" forthcoming. Furthermore, if she were to let you taste it, you'd find the flavor just a bit finer. The reason for that is simply this: Joe E. has a Guava grove on his estate of which he's exceedingly proud, and the Brown cook is a whiz at turning the fruit into delicious jelly.

ACTOR ESCAPES

Friends of Leslie Howard were relieved when word came that he had escaped from Paris to London, just before Hitler launched his frightful attack on the French capital. Howard is now at his Stowe-Maries home, thirty miles from London. Upon his arrival, he was greeted by thirty-five English children billeted there.

VERSATILE

Ian Hunter, who always gives a swell performance though he never gets the heroine, has a decided flair for invention as well as acting. His latest is a design for a new type of mosquito speed boat. As soon as his plans are perfected, he will offer them to the government for approval.

SANCTUARY

Contrary to popular belief, the life of the movie player isn't all beer and skittles, especially when he is sent on location. Outstanding example was the experience of the cast in "Arizona," when they were sent to the desert. Location site for the scenes was infested with snakes, Gila monsters, scorpions and other reptiles, which made life pretty miserable for the whole troupe, until Warren William came to their rescue. Warren had brought his own trailer to location and proceeded to devise a way to keep the reptiles out of one area at least. He circled the spot where his trailer stood with wire, attached it to the electrical apparatus that lighted the trailer, and no crawling visitor ventured over the charged wire. During leisure hours, the whole troupe gathered inside the magic circle.

SOME RECORD!

It's quite a distance from Seattle, Washington, to Hollywood, California — roughly speaking, about thirteen hundred miles. How long do you think it would take a man who was a bicycling enthusiast to wheel it? Joel McCrea, star of Walter Wanger's "Foreign



The doctors prescribed lots of fresh air and exercise for work-worn Joan Blondell, and Dick Powell's seeing that she gets it—if it kills him!

Correspondent," has a record for others to shoot at. He once made the trip by bicycle in 15 days!

APOLOGY BRINGS COMPLIMENT

Seeing titian-haired Greer Garson, who looks as modern as tomorrow, one would hardly expect to find her deeply interested in Chinese philosophy. Too, she lives the poetry of ancient Cathay, and her favorite book is "The Importance of Living" authored by the eminent Dr. Lin Yutang. When Dr. Lin was in Hollywood not so long ago, Greer screwed up her courage and invited the great man to tea. She was delighted when he accepted the invitation. When tea was over, Greer brought out her copy of "The Importance of Living" for Dr. Lin to autograph, but not before she had apologized for the terribly worn and really dog-eared appearance of the book that goes everywhere Greer goes. But the philosopher-author only smiled as he inscribed his name and said: "My dear child, the appearance of this copy is a great compliment to me. It shows that you really read it. The leaves aren't cut on many I've been asked to autograph."

TRIPLE INSURANCE

When Mary Martin married Richard Halliday, he gave her one of those tricky come-apart wedding rings. But in the face of the evil jinx that stalks so many movie marriages, the bride was a bit fearful of its significance. So she and her husband went out and purchased a circlet heavily encrusted with gems. Mary found this one uncomfortable. Consequently, the newlyweds again hied themselves to the jewelers and bought a simple gold band sans break or gems, which seems to be entirely satisfactory. Three wedding rings to bind one marriage!

B. A. D.

Suppose a good numerologist could dig up a real connection between those three letters and the life and career of the screen's foremost villain, Brian Donlevy, now doing the role of a hero in "When the Daltons Rode." Brian's tried to keep it a secret, but it's leaked out that his initials are "B.A.D."

JOY BEHIND SOBS

Thirteen-year-old Betty Brewer who plays the lead opposite Fred MacMurray in "Rangers of Fortune," had Director Sam Wood a bit puzzled by her ability to portray tragedy effectively. Betty acted as though she had been beaten and had onions rubbed in her eyes to boot! When Wood questioned her, Betty said simply, "It's not hard. I just think how happy I am now, and how unhappy I used to be." Reason for that rather contradictory statement: Betty's family was on relief, and the child was singing on the streets for pennies when the movies discovered her.

SECOND GENERATION

Sons of well-known movie stars are following right in their parents' footsteps. Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Lon Chaney, Jr.; Noah Beery, Jr.; Broderick Crawford, son of Comedienne Helen Broderick, are all stepping right along. Latest and youngest to join the ranks is Dickie Lyon, the five-year-old son of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. Dickie's first assignment is the role of Cary Grant's son in "The Howards of Virginia." He's having the time of his life because Cary is his hero and, when a small boy's hero also takes the time to give him pointers on acting, it makes the situation just about perfect.

ACTOR-REALTOR

Dick Powell likes to dabble in real estate and snaps up a good buy when he sees one. While on location for the picture "I Want a Divorce," Dick and Joan became so attached to the ranch house near Monrovia, California, where some of the scenes were filmed, that they purchased the property for use as a country home. "But aside from that," Dick added, "it's a mighty good investment."

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Lovely, expressive, provocative—every motion of your hands, their creamy loveliness accentuated by the flame-red, exciting brilliance of Dura-Gloss, the new, the different nail polish created specially to make your fingernails the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Dura-Gloss has swept America, has risen to unbelievable heights of popularity—yes, especially among women who willingly spent a dollar for nail polish before! Yet Dura-Gloss awaits you now, in twenty fashion-approved colors at every cosmetic counter, and costs only that tiniest silver coin—a dime! For the sake of new loveliness for your fingernails—change to Dura-Gloss, before sun sets today!

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True Red *Red Wine*
Tropical *Pink Lady*



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She's a gay young cosmopolite

Young as she is, Polly Peabody has made over thirty ocean crossings. She attended school in France and Switzerland... had début parties in Boston, New York, Paris...

Leads an active life

Polly likes hunting, swimming, and aquaplaning. In Manhattan she reads plays for a famous Broadway producer, works on charity committees. Her favorite cigarette is Camel.

Likes those Camel "extras"

"Camels suit me," she says. "They have everything I look for in a cigarette. Mildness, coolness, real flavor —and more than their share of each."

Prefers clothes "on the tailored side"

She favors sports ensembles, *tailleurs*, earrings, amusing pins... and the only flower she wears is a camellia. Above, in a cabaña costume of wide-striped sharkskin, Polly looks cool, feels cool, and—as she blithely adds—"is enjoying a cool smoke."

Notes that Camels burn "cool and mild"

"I like the nice, cool way Camels smoke," she says. "They're wonderfully mild — gentle to my throat. Even though I smoke quite steadily, Camel cigarettes never tire my taste."

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Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *Philadelphia*
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Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes, *New York*
Mrs. Oliver De Gray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati*
Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

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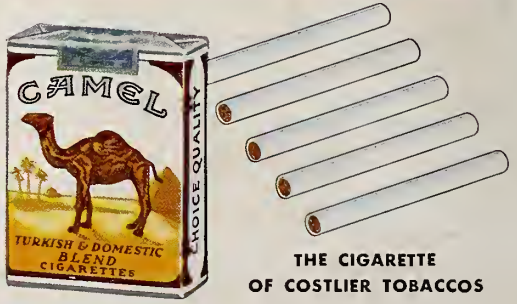
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EXTRA COOLNESS

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5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



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CTOBER
10
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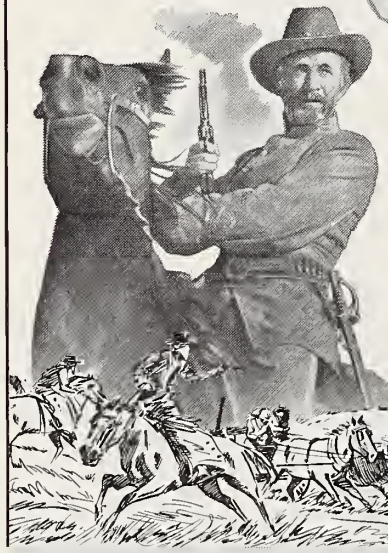




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FRED STONE · DORIS DAVENPORT

Directed by WILLIAM WYLER

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

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UNTIL. ALAS. SHE SMILED!



Protect your own bright smile. Let Ipana and Massage help guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"!

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But then—she smiled! And his eagerness gave way to indifference. For beauty is always dimmed and darkened under the cloud of a dull and dingy smile.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES with your own priceless smile . . . with your own happiness. Give your gums as well as your teeth the daily care they need. And never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"! The minute you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*make a date to see your dentist.*





And take the advice he gives you.

WHAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MEANS. "Pink" on your tooth brush may not mean serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Chances are he will say that your gums, denied hard chewing by the many soft, creamy foods we eat today, have become tender, weak from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but to help invigorate the gums. So, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums whenever you brush your teeth. The pleasant "tang" you'll notice—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Start the healthful dental habit of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage . . . and see how much it helps your gums to become stronger, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiantly lovely.



Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush, too—specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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SEP 11 1940

Modern Screen

Stories

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We've known all along she was wonderful, but now we know why! 22

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Fashion Editor

Cover Girl: Bette Davis, natural color photograph by Hurrell

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STRIKE UP THE BAND

with

PAUL WHITEMAN AND ORCHESTRA

JUNE PREISSER • WILLIAM TRACY

Screen Play by John Monks, Jr. & Fred Finklehoffe • Directed by Busby Berkeley

Produced by ARTHUR FREED • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Paul Whiteman, "King of Jazz," and a flock of peppy personalities!

MOVIE REVIEWS

A GUIDE TO FILM ENTERTAINMENT



Rains, Marshall, Hale and Flynn in "The Sea Hawk."



Garson loves Olivier in "Pride and Prejudice."

★★★½ THE SEA HAWK

REVIEW—Once again Sabatini's salty superman is roving the seas for England, sinking, pirating and capturing the enemies of Albion in the name of good Queen Bess. If you like a good, long sea yarn, filled with blood and thunder, magnificent sea battles and sword play, stately shots of those wooden tubs of yore with their cannonballs and clumsy dignity, rough, tough crews full of derring-do—and a handsome hero and heroine—here's your meat.

It all opens with an amazing sea battle in which the very spry Errol Flynn sinks a Spanish privateer. One of the best sea battles ever filmed, it would seem hard for the picture to top that scene but it manages to very nicely. There are exciting moments in the tropical jungles, in which Errol and his rough-toughs are captured by the Spanish, thanks to Fifth Column work back in England, and some pretty hectic scenes of horror in the galleys to which Errol & Co. thereafter are assigned. Their escape from the galleys and their subsequent capture of a Spanish warship is packed with much prickly suspense.

Though very athletic, Mr. Flynn is no Doug Fairbanks, for whom the part seems to exist. Miss Brenda Marshall, new to films, may not have more acting expressions than Flynn, but she is easy on the eyes. Claude Rains is in the picture but it's hard to tell him in his disguise of a dark, curly chop-beard, and it's just as well. It's his poorest job. But the motley, grimy crew around Flynn is well cast, and Flora Robson is truly slick as the ugly Queen Bess—the best part in it all. Directed by Mike Curtiz.—*Warner Brothers.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: *Warners shot the works on this—$1,750,000 . . . 3,500 extras worked eight weeks in sea scenes at a salary cost of $300,000 . . . 60 wardrobe ladies and tailors stitched two months on the many Elizabethan costumes. They cost over $100,000 . . . A vast steel and concrete marine stage was built for $90,000, measuring 160 by 270 feet, and holding up to 12 feet of water. 375 men worked 11 weeks with three shifts a day to build the British hull and the Spanish galleon that fight in this. These warships cost $150,000 . . . 60 trained gunners and 120 assistants operated those cannons during the battle scenes—and though the cannons roared, they flung no actual shot. All those hits were made by hidden charges of powder set off by electric spark . . . Tho both ships were seaworthy, all fights and sinking of the Madre de Dios were done on the new Marine Stage . . . The "dream-chasing" Errol Flynn studied Spanish during filming, preparing for his air flight around South America. He and Lili still get on by loving in opposite directions. Five years ago they were calling Errol "Hey you!" around the sets. Today he's Mister . . . Brenda Marshall is really Ardis Ankerson Gaines, was born on the Island of Negroes in the Philippines, is 25, Texas-raised and a Texas State College grad. Her first kissing scene with Errol Flynn was filmed behind locked sets. The jitters had to be dispelled . . . Original Hawk didn't come to a penny more than $500,000.*

★★★½ PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

REVIEW—Jane Austen's fine novel of Olde English manners of the 18th Century has been done over into a nice, long costume comedy which won't disappoint you whether you have or haven't read the book. Aldous Hulxey, probably the most intellectual young man in the world today, had a hand in its writing; Robert Z. Leonard directed it with a light, often farcical touch; the cast is studded with lovely, young fresh creatures, and it is as fresh and humorous a comment on social snobbery and hypocrisy as Miss Austen intended it to be.

Not an uproarious affair, the charm of the picture, as that of the book, lies in the plots, counterplots and old-fashioned social talk, larded with the epigrams that people evidently used. The cumbersome, seemingly formless story reduces to this: Mary Boland, playing her fluttery self, has five marriageable daughters, and a frank, noisy determination to see them all married—well. Among them is Greer Garson, who plays the "modern" daughter Lizzie, for whom a Mr. Darcy, played by Mr. Laurence Olivier, falls. Lizzie despises his snobbishness, but finds herself falling desperately in love with Mr. Darcy, and the best part of the picture tells how they finally get together.

Acting honors go to Greer Garson, who looks as if she'll succeed Norma Shearer as the leading comedienne of Hollywood. Miss Garson, though not the breath-taking-beauty type, has great charm and is a skillful actress. Olivier certainly provided enough heart throbs to overcome any shortcomings, but the rest of the cast seemed slightly wooden against Greer Garson's shining job.

The backgrounds are charming and pleasing on the eye; the swing of the high class speeches and oldtime wit is easy on the ear, and the picture never goes "quaint," so I am sure you'll have a good, profitable and classical time at it. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: *P & P—Jane Austen's first novel—was written around 1797, but dumb publishers held up its publication for almost twenty years! . . . Greer Garson's from County Down, North of Ireland, has Florentine red hair, green eyes, and is technically an Orcadian, her father having been born on the Orkney Islands. Greer's a London U. grad; comes from a long line of anti-theatre parsons, kirk elders, doctors; got on stage only because an M.D. said it would cure what ailed her . . . Laurence Olivier doesn't want to be tagged as a Great Lover. He wants to be a Great Actor. He and M-G-M invested about $150,000 in Romeo & Juliet, which he played with Viv Leigh on Broadway late last spring, and which failed to wow anybody . . . Edna May Oliver is Boston-born and bred, kindly, caustic and anecdotal off-screen . . . Supper served in pic contained thirty distinct items. This was considered just a light Sunday night snack in the 1790's . . . Picture provided a financial field day for the horse and buggy renters of Hollywood, recently starving to death . . . Director Rob Leonard used to be a ham himself; can remember when a colossal feature was made in a single day, when salaries ran as high as $50 a week and picture budgets as high as $700 . . . P & P budget came to about $1,500,000.* (Continued on page 11)

"A Miracle is happening to You right now

A 'NEW-BORN-SKIN'

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Is that possible? Yes it is! It is not only possible, it is certain. For right now, nature is bringing you a wonderful gift, a gift of a New-Born Skin. It can make you look younger, it can make you look lovelier and my 4-Purpose Face Cream can bring to this New-Born Skin a newer and more flattering beauty.

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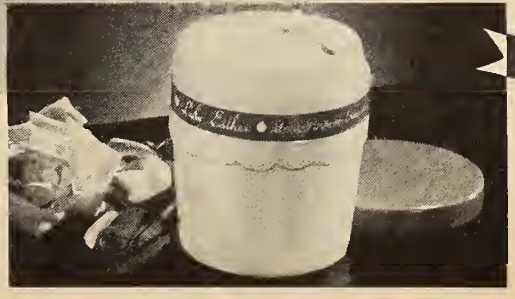
Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition,* administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't *true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about to be born!

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NOTE: *If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

Hazel Spencer, Falconbridge, Ont. Comedienne Gail Patrick, who's a fugitive from heavy drama and sophistication, was born in Birmingham, Alabama, with the Irish-as-Paddy's-pig name of Peggy Fitzpatrick. She is just twenty-seven and very happily married to Bob Cobb, manager of the Hollywood Brown Derby. Black-haired and dark-eyed, Gail is five feet seven and weighs 120 pounds. She says she's a little overweight, but absolutely refuses to diet. She graduated from Howard College, with every intention of becoming a woman lawyer. That, however, was before Paramount launched its famous Panther Woman contest. Gail sent in her picture just for fun, and was stunned to discover that she'd won a movie contract! Says her greatest vice is an incurable mania for match-making. She's always trying to marry off her friends. She loves to dance, hates smoking and is a collector of perfume. Your favorite cowboy, Gene Autry, is six feet tall and will be thirty-three on September 29. Yes, he does wear cowboy clothes off screen, and his pet rig is a blue shirt, white chaps and an enormous sombrero.

Margaret Ann Bell, Waxahachie, Texas. Small wonder you think Bob Steele is a grand actor. He's been in the profession since he was two! His dad was a vaudeville player, and he made Bob part of the act as soon as he could toddle. When he was fourteen, Bob and his twin brother were corralled by Hollywood for "The Adventures of Bob and Bill," and from then until now, he's scarcely missed a day's work before the cameras. His real name is Robert Bradbury, and he was born in Portland, Oregon, on January 23, 1906. He's five feet ten, and occasionally gets into high heeled boots to make himself look taller. He weighs 155 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. He's divorced from his first wife, Louise, and is married again. Rootin' tootin' Bob is a terrific baseball fan, is a mighty fine poker player and can swim, sail and golf with equal ease.

Virginia Monk, Trenton, N. J. Yes, Priscilla Lane was married to Assistant-Director Oren Haglund. Everyone thought they were engaged, but their marriage was kept a secret until "Pat" recently sued for divorce. She claims they lived together only one day, but Oren says they were blissfully happy for over a year. You can reach Priscilla at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California. We really can't give you the exact cost of a motor trip to Hollywood, but you can probably approximate it from these statistics. Los Angeles is about three thousand miles from New York (figure your gasoline from that), and it can be covered in six days if you're in a terrific rush. You can figure your food and lodging from that.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

We didn't forget last month's promise! Here are stories behind the names of more stars. If you don't find one on your favorite, write and ask us for it.

Her name was long and oomphless—Greta Gustafsson—and when she came to Hollywood she was told she could choose a new one. Anyone she wanted! Greta was hurt. She huffed out of the studio, head high and arrogant. "I've got it!" yelled a young Spanish director. "Call her Garbo." "Garbo!" shouted Louis Mayer. "I like it." But when Greta heard it, she thought they were saying "garbage." She was wild! She wanted to go home. It took several interpreters three weeks to explain that "garbo" was Spanish for a regal way of walking!

He has a million freckles and a jaw like Gentleman Jim Corbett. At three, Hollywood decided he was little-tough-guy movie timber, but his name conjured up governesses and satin-lined perambulators. Joseph Yule, Jr., was far too elegant. "Got a face like the map of Ireland," said one executive. "Call him Mickey McGuire." Later on, the creator of the comic strip Mickey McGuire brought suit against the studio. A change of name was in order, and quickly. A dozen Irish names were put in a hat. Mickey stood on tiptoes and pulled one out. It was Rooney!

A song and dance gal with a name like Estelle O'Brien Thompson would be poison in a London night club, so she was renamed simply Queenie. She was sensational! One day, Alex Korda and a friend saw her in a restaurant. "Gorgeous creature," said Korda, "but that's the world's most ghastly name." Two weeks later he'd hired her. On the day she signed her contract, she had her black hair parted in the center and swept back in two wing-like curls. "I feel like a blackbird," she told him when he said he liked it. Alex re-christened her on the spot. He streamlined her middle name from O'Brien to Oberon,. and called her Merle (French for blackbird) Oberon.

Richard Williams, Middlesboro, Ky. Here's how to make a Paradise cocktail such as Merle Oberon and George Brent toasted each other with in " 'Til We Meet Again." To equal parts of pernod and cointreau, add a dash of lemon juice and sufficient sugar to sweeten. Pour into a shaker, add ice and stir—don't shake. That's important. Hope you like it!

Margaret Drury, Toronto, Ont. Roz Russell will be twenty-nine on her next birthday, but that won't be till next June 4. The raven-haired, black-eyed Rosalind is five feet five and manages to keep her weight below 120 pounds, although the Lord only knows how. She loathes exercise and simply gorges all day long on one fattening morsel after the other. She's a native of Waterbury, Conn., but Hollywood is her permanent home now. She is the first actress to sprout from the illustrious Russell family tree, and the excitement of it nearly incapacitated the folks back home for a while. No, she's not an only child; she has two lawyer brothers and a couple of writer sisters. Says she has but one fault—bragging about her namesake niece, Rosalind La Roche. "No Time For Comedy" is her latest picture.

Phoebe Otterman, White River, S. Dak. The "Dead End" Kids include Billy Halop, Gabriel Dell, Huntz Hall, Bernard Punsley, Bobby Jordan and Leo Gorcey, who, by the way, is the oldest of the gang and looks the youngest. He is twenty-four and married. You can get a group picture of them by writing to Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Enclose twenty-five cents.

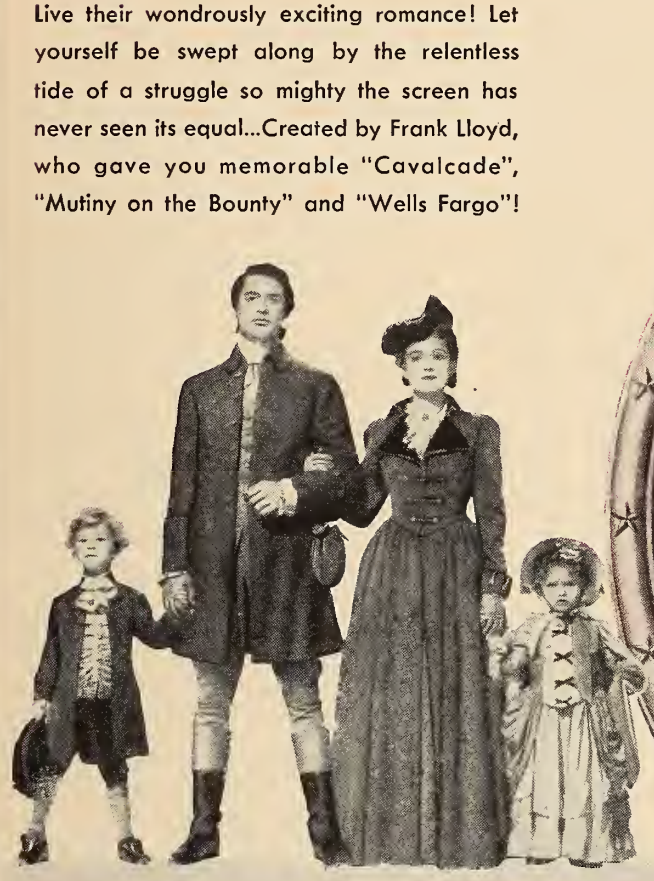
Barbara Glascook, Los Angeles, Calif. Lana Turner is well out of the newcomer class at this point. A veteran of ten movies, and a star for over a year, she's been in Hollywood since 1937. Lana's played in "They Won't Forget," "The Great Garrick," "The Adventures of Marco Polo," "Love Finds Andy Hardy," "Rich Man, Poor Girl," "Dramatic School," "Calling Dr. Kildare," "These Glamour Girls," "Dancing Co-Ed" and "Two Girls on Broadway." Her latest is "We Who Are Young," opposite John Shelton.

Winnie Burrows, San Diego, Calif. After "Lost Horizon" was re-issued recently, lots of fans began (*Continued on page 10*)

Meet THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA

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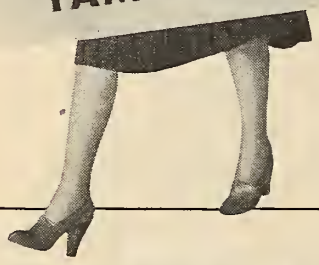


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Ann told me: "FIBS are quilted! And that's important because it keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use and prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering. Increases comfort, too, and lessens the possibility of injury to delicate tissues.

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(*Continued from page 8*)

to wonder, just as you did, what had become of its lovely star, Jane Wyatt. Well, since she made that picture in 1937, Jane's taken time out to have a son and she also returned to her first love, the stage, for a while. Now, however, she is back in Hollywood to play in a series of Republic pictures, the first of which is entitled "Girl From God's Country."

June Drake, Saskatoon, Sask. Your "dream man" Jimmy Stewart was born in Indiana, Pennsylvania, on May 20, 1908. He was christened James, but his two sisters call him Jim, his chums call him "Stew" and his fans know him simply as Jimmy. He didn't just whiz to stardom, but has years of solid stage experience behind him. After graduating from Princeton, where he was a member of the famous Triangle Club, he "prepped" for Broadway on the Cape Cod boards, then landed roles in the New York hits: "Goodbye Again," "Spring in Autumn," "Yellow Jack" and others. Yes, he does smoke and he's not averse to an occasional cocktail, but he's not a party boy at heart. He isn't married, but he is expected to trek down the aisle any minute with Olivia de Havilland. All his life he preferred blondes, till "Livvie," as he calls her, sold him on the brunette idea. He answers very little fan mail, we are sorry to report, for he despises letter-writing. Lists it as his pet hate, although he adores to receive letters and is an avid reader of every line of his fan mail. You can reach him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Helen Hayes, Flint, Mich. Errol Flynn uses his real name. He's just thirty-one and is married to Lili Damita. The first picture Errol ever made was the English version of "Mutiny on the Bounty," in which he played the part of Fletcher Christian from whom he is a direct descendant. His first American film was "The Case of the Curious Bride," and Errol was the corpse! His latest is "The Sea Hawk."

Lillian Spradley, Tifton, Ga. Alice Faye was born in the Hell's Kitchen section of New York City on May 5, 1915. Her real name is Leppert. As a little girl, she adored games of make-believe and was always pretending that she was a "big lady." When she was thirteen, she tried to bluff her way into a job in the Ziegfeld chorus, but even the lipstick and rouge didn't make her look any too grown-up, and she was soon on her way home, "a broken woman," as she says. The following year she got a job with the Chester Hale stage unit, and thenceforth life was pretty perfect. A few years later, Alice was at a party at which a voice recording machine was the main entertainment. When it came Alice's turn, she sang "Mimi," in her casual, throaty way. The play-back impressed one of the guests, Rudy Vallee by name, and before long Alice was singing with his orchestra. When Vallee went to Hollywood to make the film version of "George White's Scandals," Alice and the band went along, for his radio contract had not expired, and he was to continue broadcasting from the Coast. The studio took one good look at Alice, signed her for a "Scandals" role, and in a few short weeks she was rocking the country with her rendition of "Nasty Man," in that picture. She was made right then and there, and ever since has been one of the top box office stars.

Elizabeth Dierke, Bronx, New York. Yes, isn't it exciting to think you can buy clothes that your favorite movie star has worn—and at a fraction of their original cost! For prices and other details, just drop a line to Patsy Brogan, 407 North Camden Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Betty Jean Cox, Wichita, Kansas. That Bobby McClung, whose picture you sent us, is not a "Dead End" kid at all, and we have no idea who's responsible for billing him as one. He's quite well-known as a harmonica player and has made a few films for Republic Studios, but he's never been in a picture with the Dead Enders. Bobby Jordan is the only Bobby in that gang.

Jacqueline Arias, Palisades Park, N. J. Russell Hayden has only been a movie star since 1937, but he's been in the movie industry for years. Photography fascinated him from his childhood and, while at the University of Southern California, he made up his mind to be a movie cameraman. He heckled the technical department at Paramount for months, and finally got a job there doing sound recording and cutting. He loved his work and really didn't aspire to become a star, but Producer Sherman thought he was too good a bet to be wasted behind the scenes. He offered him in the role of "Lucky" in one of the Hopalong Cassidy films. Russ took it and has been a permanent fixture in those films ever since. He's six feet two, weighs 180 pounds and has black hair and very dark eyes. He's married to Jane Clayton, a Texas heiress and also his co-star in many films. Watch for him in "Three Men From Texas."

A. C. Carter, Sherman, Texas. Your favorite cowboy, John Wayne, seems to have broken away from Westerns at last. His latest pictures are "The Long Voyage Home" and "Seven Sinners." No, that isn't his real name. He was christened Marion Michael Morrison, and he says one of the main reasons he went into the movies was so that he could change his name. He was born in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26, 1907, but has lived in California most of his life. He attended the University of Southern California and has been in the movies since he was twenty-four. He's married to a Venezuelan, Josephine Saenz, and they have two children.

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that biographical chart of your favorite "westerns" that you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse operas!" Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your chart is as good as lassoed!

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I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

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(Continued from page 6)

★★★ They Drive by Night

This time, it's Ann Sheridan and Ida Lupino who tangle for the affections of Mr. George Raft. George, at his acting best, is a grimy-faced, grease-spotted truck driver. Somewhere along his long weary hauls, he picks up the lush Miss Sheridan, a hash-slinging hussy, who soon succumbs to George's desirability. She wants him legitimately, and I'm glad to say he does her, too. Meanwhile Ida Lupino, unhappily married to a laughing boor of a capitalist who owns a freight truck line, falls in love with George, who, being a movie hero with a nice regard for the censors' wishes, repulses her. This so frustrates Miss Lupino, she murders her dull hubby, makes Raft a capitalist, and later implicates him in her crime. Happily, she goes nuts in court and Ann takes her much-wanted boy friend home with her for good.

The first half of the picture, when it deals with the ups and downs of the poor trucker, is excellent. Everything is very authentic—the talk is very typical and the truck accidents and tragedies are as real as if they'd actually happened. Humphrey Bogart, as Raft's brother, contributes his share along with Raft to make this half live. But when Raft is suddenly yanked from this realism, by Miss Lupino, into the "social" set, it all grows fairly ordinary—the usual love triangle stuff, and unnatural except for Alan Hale's fine acting. Had this road saga stuck on the road and not wandered off into a familiar detour, it might have been a great picture. As it is, it's just half terrific. Directed by Raoul Walsh.—*Warner Brothers.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Ann Sheridan's really Clara Lou Sheridan of Dallas, Texas, names General Phil Sheridan as her great-uncle. She paints pretty well in oils, is nuts about Hollywood, can find her way around in a good book and enjoys her fun. She hates spinach, turnips, traffic cops and too much radio or phone ringing. Billy Rose offered her $100,000 to appear in a bathing suit at the San Francisco Aquacade, but she refused. Her yearly salary is about $100,000. . . . Ida (Loops) Lupino is happily married to actor, Louis Hayward. She's but 23, walked out on a $1700 a week contract with Paramount a few years back because she wanted better roles and was out of work a year and a half. She never diets, never exercises, weighs a steady 103, used to be a blonde but has relapsed to her natural glossy brown. . . . George Raft is Italian-German, New York slum born, used to be a pro boxer, ball player and ballroom dancer. Today he has become an omnivorous reader, seeks to better himself socially and mentally and has recently purchased a racing stable. His taste in clothes, which used to be rather brassy, has quieted to banker violence. His favorite food is steak, which he eats three times a day—usually without any other dishes, and always rare. Most of the truck wrecking was done in miniature, but Warners actually burned an old truck in that fire scene. . . . Censors passed this film, yet some of the scenes are eyebrow lifting and one scene in which Miss Sheridan invites Mr. Raft up to her room for "coffee" at midnight is—ahem!—delightful. What's happening to Hollywood. Is it getting normal?

★★★ I Married Adventure

Flying snakes, monkeys that dive 80 feet to the ground unhurt, camera-shy rhinos, pygmies, charging lions—and incredibly weird, wild and beautiful scenes of African and Borneo jungle life, make this a thrilling experience for the armchair adventurer.

Concocted from the camera-results of their 27 years of jungle-hunting, it sketches the lives of the Martin Johnsons, the world's most famed nimrods. Every foot of the picture teems with a natural history excitement—the kind you'd get from an animated National Geographic magazine. Natives stalk a predatory lion and Mrs. Johnson shoots it at a dozen paces just as it is about to leap for her pretty throat. Another time she parks a bullet in the schnozz of an ill-mannered bull hippo who has been cutting up unpleasantly around the African countryside—this time from six paces. You see a native being seriously clawed by a lion; another thrown from a giant mahogany tree by an infuriated 450 pound orangoutang which the Johnsons are trying to take alive. There are funny scenes among the pygmies and stomp

(Continued on page 13)

"Thrilling"—say Lovely Women of New Camay!



● "New Camay is so mild," writes Mrs. G. D. Lawrence, Bronxville, N. Y. "A perfect beauty soap to help keep my skin soft and radiant."

A BEAUTY soap so different, so wonderful that women everywhere are thrilled ... so wonderful that thousands are switching to new Camay! Again and again they speak of new Camay's mildness—its unusual lathering qualities—its enchanting new perfume!

Let new Camay help you, as it is helping other women, to look your loveliest. Put its gentle cleansing to work for you ... helping you in your search for a lovelier skin!

Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps Wins Women Everywhere!



At your dealer's now, no change in wrapper!

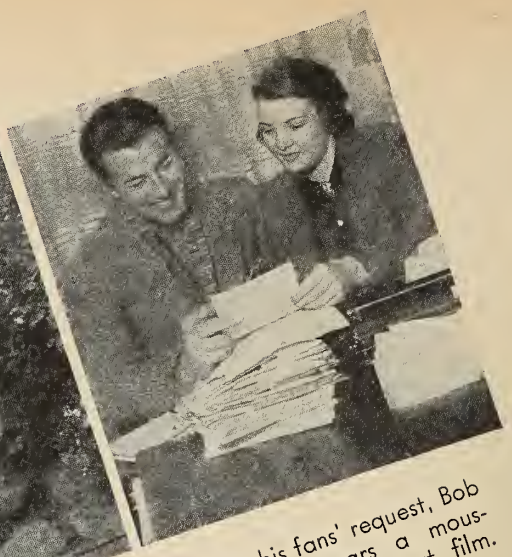
● "I'm just thrilled by new Camay," says Mrs. T. J. Moriarty, Plainfield, Ind. "I take particular care of my skin, so I like a very mild beauty soap. New Camay is so wonderfully mild that it really seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And what a marvelous new fragrance it has!"

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!





Jane Withers just lives from mail-time to mail-time. She loves letters.



At his fans' request, Bob Taylor wears a moustache in his next film.



Not a day goes by without a proposal in Olivia de Havilland's mail-box!

MANY of us have long harbored a secret yearning to write to a star, but we haven't known quite what to say, and we've felt a bit sheepish about the whole thing, anyway. Sissy stuff! Why, thousands of people are writing every day and getting results. Just listen to this:—

Screen players get about 36,000,000 letters a year (representing over $1,000,000 in stamps and $700,000 in stationery). One out of every five fans requests—and really gets—a photograph; the others ask for information (which is given if a return envelope's enclosed) or simply tell their favorite how swell they were in their last picture. Very much in the minority are letters from crackpots and panhandlers.

You've probably wondered whether or not the stars enjoy their mail. Do they! It's literally their bread and butter, their swimming pools and evenings at Ciro's! You see, every so often the studio executives get a report from the mail department and the stars who aren't drawing mail are "axed."

Quick as a flash you're no doubt thinking, "Well, if mail's so important they must answer it all!" They can't, of course, but they do answer the most interesting letters. Their private secretaries and the fan mail department attend to as much of the rest as justifies replies. The studios employ 125 people at $30 a week just for this purpose. The more popular the star, naturally, the less chance you have of a personal reply, but many of the newcomers—Dennis Day, Ann Gwynne, Mary Beth Hughes, Ezra Stone and others—answer each and every letter themselves.

Shirley Temple, who a few months back received her millionth fan letter, used to get the most mail. Now, Gene Autry is head hauler-inner, with Gloria Jean, Errol Flynn, Bette Davis and Clark Gable close on his heels. Stars most generous with photos are Pat O'Brien, Spencer Tracy and Priscilla Lane, who often send out pictures without the customary twenty-five cent remittance. Most appreciative but least responsive is Jimmy Stewart, who despises letter writing. Most pursued by men is Deanna Durbin, who's probably invited to more college proms, football games, June weeks and winter carnivals than any other girl in the world. Most conscientious about replying are Claudette Colbert, Dick Greene and Mickey Rooney, who really answer an amazing amount of their mail themselves.

Now that you've got the facts and figures, what's to do about it? Well, here's a little fan "lettiquette" that will clear up a few puzzling points.

Letters may be typed or written, but be sure they are neat and legible. Use good writing paper and blue or black ink. Avoid blots and smears, soiled or torn paper and ornate or cramped writing.

There's no hard and fast rule about whether to say "Dear Bill" or " Dear Mr. Jones," although Universal stars prefer the former, and Fox players like the more formal "Dear Mr. Jones." Say whichever seems natural to you.

Brevity and sincerity should be your keynotes. Don't gush, don't give a hard luck story and don't ramble on.

Close your letter with "sincerely," followed by your whole name or just the first one.

Re-read your letter, imagining that you're a jaded star who's had a very busy day. Does it sound friendly, encouraging and gay? Yes? Well, dollars to doughnuts you'll get a reply! Go to it now, and remember—faint heart never won a darn thing!

(*Continued from page 11*)

scenes in the jungle that would turn the Harlem stompers green with envy. These alternate with breath-taking airplane shots of hitherto unphotographed African peaks, snowcapped, despite being located on the equator. Probably the most awesome part of the picture is the airplane view of practically all African wild life—stampeding over a drought-parched African veldt desperately looking for life-giving water. If they don't find water it's death. They find it, and the Johnsons photographed them, drinking peacefully side by side—a vast wild brotherhood despite having been born mortal enemies.

Possibly, some of the killing done in the film may leave you squeamish. I thought a little of it unnecessary having learned from some of the Johnson books, like "Safari" and "Simba," that there are no African animals who won't run from you—no matter how tough lurid fiction writers make them. Despite this, I think I'd trust my legs (or gun) instead of what I'd read in a book, when being faced by a charging lioness just finishing a hunger strike. I imagine the Johnsons feel the same. *Columbia.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Osa Johnson, born Osa Leighty, in Chanute, Kansas, (pop. 3000) left high school at 16 to marry Martin Johnson in 1910. Johnson immediately took her off into the jungle and they kept going 27 years thereafter. The first Johnson home was on the shores of Lake Paradise, 450 miles from Nairobi, Africa, and their first meals were elephant trunk soup and lion chops. Osa has always carried a patchwork quilt and red rag rug of her grammaw's for luck—and jungle comfort. Closest she ever has come to death in the jungle was when a cookstove of hot stones exploded in her face. She keeps her skin soft in the deepest jungle by nightly creamings and always makes up for African chiefs. She loves clothes, sometimes dresses for dinner with lions roaring outside the compound. She always plants a truck garden no matter where she operates from and carts along chickens—to insure fresh eggs and a green salad. Says lions and tigers are fifty-fifty kings of the jungle and would exterminate each other if it ever came to a showdown. She's encircled the globe six times, speaks 24 African tongues, is scared only in traffic, has never been ill in the jungle, gets best shots of natives by giving them salt, was first woman ever to win confidence of pygmies and was also first to explore Africa by plane. She injured her kneecap when her airplane pancaked against a hillside near Los Angeles in January, 1937. In that accident Martin Johnson was killed.

★★½ The Boys from Syracuse

Tastefully decked out in fresh-laundered sheets, Allan Jones, Rosemary Lane, Irene Hervey, Joe Penner, Martha Raye, Charlie Butterworth, Eric Blore and a few other outlying Hollywood comedians chant and clown their way through this Rodgers-Hart-George Abbott musical, originally cooked up for Broadway from Bill Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors." The result is a very mild, amusing, harmless filmusical—welcome if you have nothing particular on your mind and want to keep it that way for the next ninety minutes.

The scene, as you ardent Shakespearean students know, is Ephesus, Greece, about 2500 years or so ago, back in the days when you got out of bed dressed in your pillow with arm and neck

(*Continued on page 15*)

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SCORE
DOGPATCH-0
SKUNK HOLLOW-0

LI'L ABNER!-YO' GOTTA STOP EARTHQUAKE McGOON!!

HOLD THET LINE, DOGPATCH!!

GULP!-AH FEELS FAINT--DON'T KNOW W-WHY!

5 MINUTES AN' I SECOND T'GO, AN' NO SCORE!!

JEST TIME T'GIT LI'L ABNER WHUT HE NEEDS T' WIN!!

HYAR, SON!!-DEE-LISHUS "NEW" CREAM OF WHEAT!!--NOW--GIT IN THAR AN'--FIGHT!!

WE WANTS A TETCHDOWN!

OH, HAPPY DAY!-AN' HAPPY "NEW 5-MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT WIF THEM MINERALS AN' VITAMINS!

TETCHDOWN!! DOGPATCH WINS!!

HE'S LOVELY, THASS WHUT HE IS--JEST PLAIN LOVELY!

NATCHERLY!!

Copr. 1940, United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

BOYS AN' GALS OF AMERICA!-TELL YO' MAMMY T'GIVE YO "NEW 5-MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT JEST LIKE AH EAT!!-IT'S GOT EXTRY MINERALS 'N' VITAMINS!!

AN' TELL YO MAMMY SHE DON'T EVEN NEED A DOUBLE BOILER TO COOK "NEW 5-MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT TO FULL DIGESTIBILITY - EVEN FOR BABIES - IN ONLY 5 MINUTES!

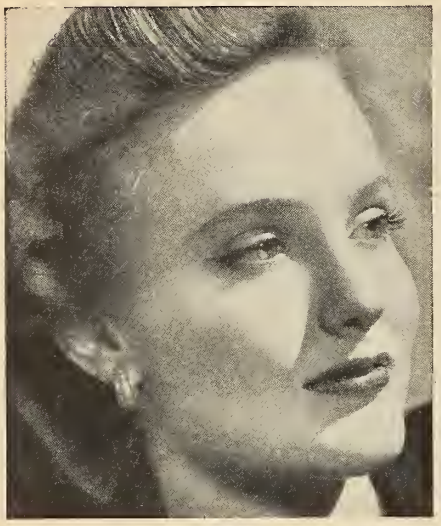
NOW 2 KINDS

CREAM OF WHEAT

CREAM OF WHEAT "NEW 5-MINUTE" AND "REGULAR"

"Cream of Wheat" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BE YOURSELF BE NATURAL!



★ In make-up, as in all things, it is best to "Be Yourself... Be Natural". Use Tangee for a glorious lip color which is *yours* and *yours alone*. Tangee changes magically from orange in the stick to the ONE shade of red YOUR skin-coloring demands. That's the Tangee way to—

Be yourself...Be Natural

★ Your Tangee lips will be smoother ...evenly and beautifully made-up because there is NO grease-paint in Tangee... its pure cream base ENDS THAT "PAINTED LOOK" and helps you—

Be yourself...Be Natural

★ For complete make-up harmony use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, as well. Then you'll

Be yourself...Be Natural



TANGEE
Natural
"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

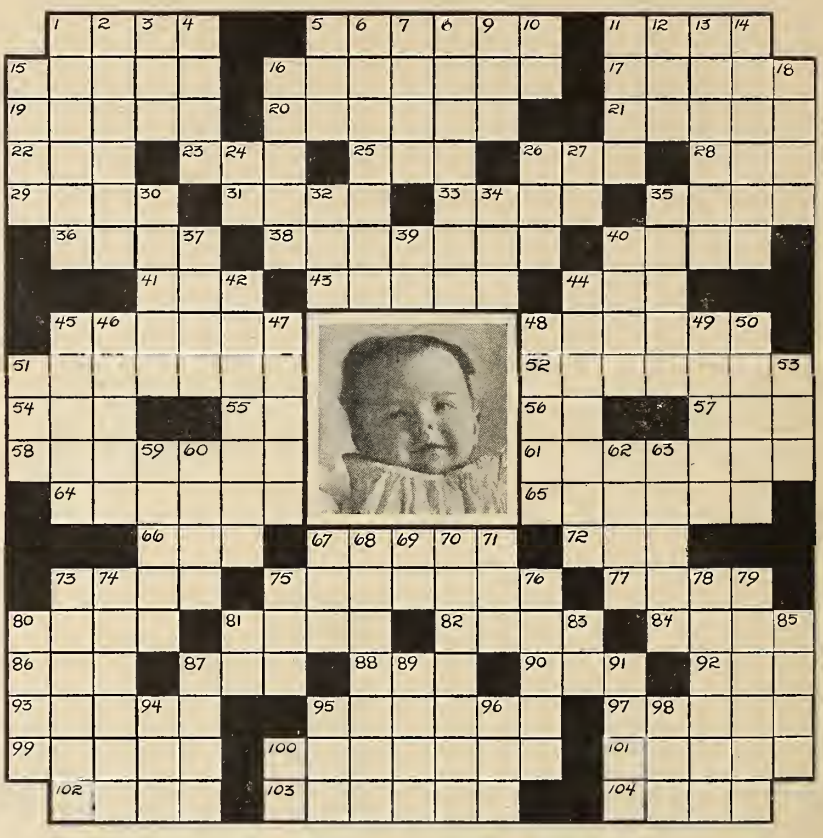
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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*City*_____ *State*_____ MM100

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 64

ACROSS

1 & 5. Who is the star pictured?
11. Married name of our star
15. Disney's first big "star"
16. With our star in "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington"
17. Heroine in "The Villain Still Pursued Her"
19. Incites
20. Dress
21. Aunt in "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"
22. "The Outs - - - r"
23. Eleanor Powell's kind of dancing
25. "Too Many Husb - - - s"
26. Footlike part
28. The dead-pan comic
29. Re-echoed
31. Male lead of "I Want A Divorce"
33. Dapper Russian actor
35. Depend upon
36. Actor in "Courageous Dr. Christian"
38. Spanish ladies in waiting
40. "Lillian Russell"
41. Star comic in "The Ghost Breakers"
43. "D - - - - - For Living"
44. Hawaiian dish
45. Actress in "The Captain Is A Lady"
48. Heroine in "The Sea Hawk"
51. Equip beforehand
52. Femme in "No Time For Comedy"
54. Organ of sight
55. Swedish comic in "If I Had My Way": init.
56. Fox Movietone News' sports announcer
57. Lady Literate in Art: abbr.
58. French coin
61. Resembling fog
64. What Larry Simms studies
65. Rock boring tool
66. "- - - Miserables"
67. Producer of "Turnahout"
72. "- - -, My Darling Daughter"
73. Festive
75. Male lead of "Lone Wolf Meets A Lady"
77. Film stages
80. Warner Brothers' costume designer
81. Hindu queen: var.
82. Russian emperor
84. Soapstone
86. Roy - - - Ruth
87. Ventilate
88. By way of
90. Mr. Hunter's first name
92. Affirmative answer
93. "Mr. - - - - - Goes To Town"
95. Popular juvenile actor
97. Anita Louise's husband
99. Kind of preview studios often hold
100. Seesaws
101. Plunder
102. Concludes
103. Lovely girl in "Turnahout"
104. Weight of India: pl.

DOWN

1. One of the "Dead End" Kids
2. Portly actor in "It's A Date"
3. Charlie Ch - - -
4. Bird's home
5. Elizabeth P - - - erson
6. Scenes shot over again
7. What Billy is to Bobby Mauch
8. What actress is Mrs. Werner Janssen?
9. "I Was An Advent - - - ss"
10. Male star in "Waterloo Bridge": init.
11. College yells
12. "Ariz - - -"
13. - - - - - - Blackmer
14. Featured actor in "Of Mice And Men"
15. Beauty in "And One Was Beautiful"
16. Palatable
18. Frog-voiced comic in "Buck Benny Rides Again"
24. Paid notice
26. Dance step
27. "Hidd - - Gold"
30. One of the stars of "Boom Town"
32. Hint
34. Director - - - Dyke
35. Anne's father in "Saturday's Children"
37. One of the Lane sisters
39. Chemical symbol for nickel
40. Enemies
42. Boats having two hanks of oars
44. Primness
45. Male lead in "History Is Made At Night"
46. Star of "My Favorite Wife"
47. Glowing coal
48. Male star of "'Til We Meet Again"
49. - - - - - Lind
50. Hero of "Boys from Syracuse"
51. He made it. Latin abbr.
53. C - - - a Bow
59. To match
60. Mental image
62. Busy insects
63. Overturn
67. Famed dog: - - - Tin Tin
68. Star of "Pride And Prejudice"
69. A Ritz brother
70. "The - - - - - - -"
71. Possesses
73. Our star's real name
74. Heart interest in "The Young People"
75. "Women In - - -" stars Elsie Janis
76. Principal conduits
78. His first name is Kent
79. Storms
80. Unequal things
81. New England state: abbr.
83. Sun god
85. With 1 across in "Only Angels Have Wings"
87. Inquires
89. To the inside of
91. Grabs
94. Father
95. Meadow
96. Before
98. Female rabbit
100. Baron in "Safari": init.

(Continued from page 13)
holes driven thru. The plot is one of those double trouble affairs, in which a pair of identical twin brothers and their identical twin slaves get mixed up with each other and their wives and sweethearts (whoops!)—resulting in a lot of errors and some so-called comedy. Or should I say it's an error to call Bill Shakespeare's original libretto comedy?

In any case, the picture never takes itself or Shakespeare very seriously. Only two lines remain from Bill's original. Penner declaims them, then turns to the audience, and solemnly says: "That's Shakespeare!" With a golden opportunity to kid the Great Bard (and about time, too) the picture avoids sophistication and goes in for slapstick and anachronisms. For a time it's fun to see and hear Old Greek Good Humor Men, the Toonerville Trolley, Checkered Cab Chariots, Labor Pickets and revolving doors in Ancient Greek Hottie Spotties—but the novelty seems to wear off with overuse.

But why kick a creampuff around? Allan Jones is perfectly darling in an appliqued lamé headband and a pastel crepe negligee, is almost as glamorous as Rosie Lane and his wife Irene Hervey. His voice has never been better. Charlie Butterworth is thankfully back on film and as deadpan a horseface as ever. Martha Raye makes beautiful singing sounds come from her delicately huge rosebud mouth; the Rodgers-Hart combination has added three new tunes to several that remain from the stage; everything looks clean in Old Greece and everyone looks so quaint in those togas—somehow it all manages to add up to some fun. Directed by Edward Sutherland.—*Universal.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Double exposure and camera tricks enabled Allan Jones and Joe Penner to play four parts—which on New York stage required four actors. In final scene Jones sings a duet with himself, and in one scene he actually tried to steal a scene from himself by putting his hand over the face of his other character. . . . Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, married on July 26, 1936, appear together for first time on the screen. . . . During filming Jones was almost placed under arrest for having driven off in a car identical with his own but really belonging to Producer Joe Mankiewicz. A parking lot attendant had given Allan the wrong car. . . . Every member of the cast had his or her hair curled into Greek goddess curls every day—except Eric Blore. Blore has no hair. . . . Allan Jones did all his own driving in the exciting chariot chase scenes. Most of the horses were rented from his and Bob Young's Hollywood riding stable. . . . Jones' legs are so bowlegged he was forced to wear an unfashionably long toga and false knee muffs to straighten out his horse-curved stems. . . . But Martha Raye's toga was specially built to show off her extremely shapely zorinas. . . . Borrowed from Warners, the queenly Rosemary Lane immediately forced Joe Penner to give up smoking those dollar ropes he loves so; she's allergic to cigar smoke, no matter how expensive. . . . 250 feet of Ancient Greek Street built for this—at $100,000 cost.

WHAT MAKES THE MOVIES BEHAVE?
Read all about it
in November MODERN SCREEN

S.O.S. — S.O.S.
Swell Music—but Wrong Girl



Stay popular! Every day..and before every date prevent underarm odor with Mum

IT WAS such swell music—and such a should-have-been swell girl! But just a *hint* of underarm odor—even in a pretty girl—and men are quick to notice ... certain to disapprove!

To *stay* popular . . . from the beginning of the evening till it's time to go home . . . smart girls make a *habit* of Mum. It's never wise to expect your *bath* to keep underarms fresh! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Mum every day saves you worry—makes you "nice" to be *near!*

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant ... and Mum makes new, delighted users every single day! You'll be sure to like Mum for dependability and—

SPEED! Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor *for hours!*

SAFETY! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to *any* kind of fabric ... so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

LASTING CHARM! Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping the perspiration, but by preventing the *odor.* Get Mum today at your druggist's. Use it every day. Then you need never worry that underarm odor is spoiling your charm.

MUM AFTER EVERY BATH SAVES POPULARITY



For Sanitary Napkins
More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe ... guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum!

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



NEW CLOTHES
NEW MAKE-UP
NEW
Irresistible You

Get into Fall . . . into new clothes . . . into exciting new make-up, harmonized for you by IRRESISTIBLE. Exquisitely blended in brilliant new fashion colors. IRRESISTIBLE WHIP-TEXT Lipstick . . . keeps lips lovelier longer. AIR-WHIPT Face Powder and Rouge . . . exclusive secret process assures an amazing new softness. Ask for the new fall shades at all 5 and 10c stores.

USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

IT'S *Whip-Text*
TO STAY ON
LONGER...
SMOOTHER



10c

AT ALL 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME TONIGHT

Lovely TO LOOK AT



BM 3703, 3704:—Betty's twin sweaters are corn yellow. Heavenly for blondes. Make yours red if you're dark; and chartreuse is sheer drama for a red-head. Use saxony yarn and they'll wash like dreams.



BM 4060:—Right, the diamond pattern and tucked shoulders give Betty Grable's Bermuda blue slip-on that elegant imported look. It sacrifices sportiness to sophistication, with most devastating results!

AFTER KNITTING like mad for the Allies all summer, you're no doubt feeling a bit charity-begins-at-home-ish about now, with fall days in the offing.

It's high time to pamper yourself with a Brooks set. You know you've always wanted one—and they're so easy to make! Or why not downright spoil yourself with a soft-as-pussywillow gilgora slip-on that almost knits itself?

They're not only the warmest, softest and most tubbable trio in the world, but they also have come-hither plus!

Send in the coupon below with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The instructions are yours absolutely free.

ANN WILLS, Modern Screen
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Directions for Nos. BM 3703, 3704.....

Directions for No. BM 4060.....

I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



SOON

Norman Reilly Raine's

'Tugboat Annie Sails Again



MARJORIE RAMBEAU
as Annie

ALAN HALE
as Bullwinkle

It's the happiest new-hit news in an age!
...And the happiest WARNER BROS. hit of all!
Just wait till you see it!



BIG! SPECTACULAR! STIRRING!

THE GREATEST PICTURE 20th CENTURY-FOX HAS EVER MADE

. . . revealing the story behind the heroic Mormon trek westward! 20,000 people seeking a land where a man—wives and children—brave young lovers and a fighting leader—could find the freedom they were willing to die for!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S Production of

BRIGHAM YOUNG

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

starring TYRONE **POWER** *with* LINDA **DARNELL**

Brian Donlevy • Jane Darwell • John Carradine
Mary Astor • Vincent Price • Jean Rogers • Ann Todd

and **DEAN JAGGER** as Brigham Young

Directed by Henry Hathaway

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

A Twentieth Century-Fox Picture



Conga-addicted Deanna switches to waltzes in her first costume film, Universal's "Spring Parade"

MICKEY ROONEY

CLARENCE S. BULL



He's a song and dance man with his usual harem of women in M-G-M's "Strike Up the Band"


NOW...SHE'S A DANCING ROMANCING DEANNA DURBIN
HER 8TH GREAT HIT
in a parade of perfect pictures . . . bringing you more happiness than you've ever had!
UNIVERSAL PICTURES presents
Deanna DURBIN in SPRING PARADE
with ROBERT CUMMINGS MISCHA AUER
Music by the king of lilting melody ROBERT STOLZ
Lyrics by GUS KAHN
Produced and Directed by the creators of her screen sensations . . .
JOE PASTERNAK and HENRY KOSTER
Butch & Buddy, Ann Gwynne, Walter Catlett, S. Z. Sakall, Samuel S. Hinds, Allyn Joslyn, Reginald Denny
Screenplay by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson
Original story—Ernst Marischka
A HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION
RELEASED SOON! WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE!

THE SECRET OF LOMBARD'S

If another person mentions another word about Carole Lombard, the Perfect Wife, we shall caress him on the head with an unsheathed meat-chopper. If another soul drools another drool about Carole Lombard, the Practical Joker, we shall let nature take its course and then give ourselves up to the law without a struggle.

Feeling thus, we hereby nominate ourselves for the Pulitzer Prize and confine our platform to this campaign pledge: That we are going to let every patriot and peon know, once and forever, that Miss Lombard is what she is today—not because of her antics off-screen, but solely because she is a corking good actress.

In dissecting the anatomy of a successful actress, we intend to avoid any lofty references to protoplasm and nerve centers and giddy glands, and confine ourselves to those tangible ingredients that make Carole Lombard tick —and click.

To find out about Carole Lombard, we saw everyone except Miss Lombard. And finally, when we saw her, on an RKO set, though she was very fetching in come-hither sheer pajamas, we ran in the opposite direction. It is our theory that the person who knows least about what makes her a fine actress is Carole Lombard. She can't ever explain why she snorted and gestured so tellingly in that fifth take. She hasn't the least idea why, in a particular scene, she lowered her shadow-laden lids and spoke in husky tones. Miss Lombard, we have been told, has never pored over any tomes by Popofsky or Ramowich or Zukowski on "The Art of Acting."

Carole Lombard acts by instinct. That's why *she* can't explain how she does it; and that's why her co-workers can explain it.

"She acts entirely with her heart," explained her current Svengali, Director Garson Kanin. "She has a faultless instinct, a mystical feel, for right and wrong. She doesn't know how or why she does things, but she does them unerringly. I have worked with many people and seen many greats in action. Irene Dunne and Bette Davis both act with their heads. Charles Laughton, one big exposed nerve, acts with his stomach. That is, when he does a scene wrong, he gets a pang in his stomach. But with Carole Lombard, it's intuition. She *feels* a scene and plays it. She's remarkably good."

Garson Kanin, we felt, could afford to speak with authority. A slender, slight, hawk-faced youngster from Broadway, an overnight directorial sensation at RKO with "Bachelor Mother" and "My Favorite Wife," Kanin is now Simon Legreeing the late Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" into shape.

The feminine lead in this romantic opus of a dowdy dame from Frisco and a fat Italian grape-grower is our Miss Carole Lombard. For weeks now, Kanin has, from the Olympian confines of his canvas-backed directorial chair, been lashing Lombard into what whisperers claim will be her greatest effort. And during these weeks, Kanin has seen Carole under every circumstance, every emotion, every possible dramatic situation.

"The most important thing I've learned about her," quote the Kanin, "is that she can completely get out of herself. Before I worked with her I wondered if she had that ability. You see, Hollywood has more personalities than actors. Most men and women who walk on the screen are themselves and nothing more. Even great thespians like Bette Davis and Ronald Colman, with their limitless ability, get into a certain type of role and play it over and over. In the same way, Lombard developed a special kind of appeal, and whenever she appeared, screwball or serious, she was Lombard.

"But take my word for it, in this picture she's different, altogether different. She does not just repeat her real or reel personality. She's the character in the story, the waitress who falls in love by correspondence. The

(*Continued on page 77*)





On the "They Knew What They Wanted" set, Carole and Charles Laughton (whom she's nicknamed "Chuck") work out the next scene with Director Garson Kanin, while a script girl takes notes.

It's that uncanny sixth sense that's put this merry madcap on top


ALEX KAHLE
SUCCESS
BY JAMES CARSON

This star-maker can pick winners by voice recordings

Jimmy Roosevelt profited by Sam's association

Mr. G. and his lovely second wife live simply

Conservatively elegant, he rises early so he'll have time to dress with care

BY TED SHANE

HE'S COLOSSAL!

AND THEN SOME!—THAT INCREDIBLE, LOVABLE DICTATOR OF HOLLYWOOD, SAMUEL GOLDWYN

They say that Samuel Goldwyn was once at a house-party where he noticed a ponderous and stout volume. "What's that?" he asked his host.

"That, Mr. Goldwyn, is a dictionary!"

"Who wrote it?"

"Webster. It took about a century to write it!"

"Say, that's a long time," mused Mr. Goldwyn. "Fifty years!"

Whether this is true or not, the fact remains that Mr. Goldwyn has not needed a dictionary to turn out great pictures. Despite his long reputation for murdering the King's English and creating howlers that have rung round the world, no one can accuse him of murdering his standards. His long list of successes proves that the much-publicized "Goldwyn touch" can make the most literate and excellent Hollywood pictures—year after year.

Innumerable stories float around about the boners made by this man. People ask, "Did he really say them? Is he really dumb? Has he just been lucky in making good pictures? How can a man who thinks that "im-possible" is two words and that a caddy rides a racehorse make such finished productions?"

The answer is that Mr. Goldwyn really did say a lot of the things, but that many have been hung on him by Hollywood and Broadway wags. He is far from dumb. He has not been lucky in making hit pictures; he has been hardworking and skillful. His mind, focused twenty-four hours of the day on the worries of getting a picture right, cannot be bothered with the trivialities of getting an adopted language straight. Goldwyn works and spends to get the perfection his innate, though not always well-expressed, aristocratic taste dictates.

When asked what is the most important thing in a picture, Mr. Goldwyn invariably replies: "The story! You can hire the world's greatest director and cast—but you'll get a pickle if you don't have a good story!" The slip-tongued, bald-headed, egotistical man who gave us "Wuthering Heights," "Arrowsmith," "These Three" and "Dead End" knows that people come to the movies to be told a good story, and a good story is what he always tries to give them. In his passion for hiring the world's greatest writers he even once hired Maurice Maeterlinck, who had given the world "The Bluebird" and "The Life of the Bee." Maeterlinck obliged by writing him a movie script at $3000 a week which sent Goldwyn screaming into the night, "My God—the hero's a bee!"

Goldwyn was born in Warsaw in 1882. He started to work at the age of eleven, at twelve ran away to England and finally to America where he became a glove maker, then salesman, at Gloversville, New York.

In 1913, having married Blanche Lasky, the sister of Jesse Lasky (she later divorced him), he accidentally found himself assisting at the birth of the infant movie industry. He helped found Famous Players Lasky, then left them to found Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Later he left that organization and set out to make pictures of his own as a member of the United Artists group.

Sam can get anything he likes from anyone—especially if he makes his request over the phone. Studio heads suddenly realize, after an innocent phone call from Goldwyn during which he asked many questions about their health, their wives and kiddies, that they have signed away their most precious stars and indispensable directors. Then despite their quoting Mr. Goldwyn's famous crack: "A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on!" they find him hard to defeat should they try to break their word. If Mr. Goldwyn is ever disappointed in a request, it will possibly be because he didn't do the business over the telephone!

Twenty-six years ago, Sam Goldwyn envisioned a type of picture that would supplant the 2-reel Bronco Billies and make an audience sit in a theatre for a whole hour. His associates put up tremendous arguments—but lost. The result was the "Squaw Man," made with hard-borrowed money and directed by a disappointed playwright named Cecil B. De Mille, who was on the verge of joining the U. S. Army to fight in Mexico when Goldwyn summoned and convinced him he would bring *de millennium* to movies. The picture, made with different brands of rented cameras, was a terrible mess when pasted together. Actors were cut off at the face, walked on tipsy floors, or sometimes even upside down. The sprockets on the different films, it seems, jammed in the projection machines. Finally it was all straightened out and was a terrific success.

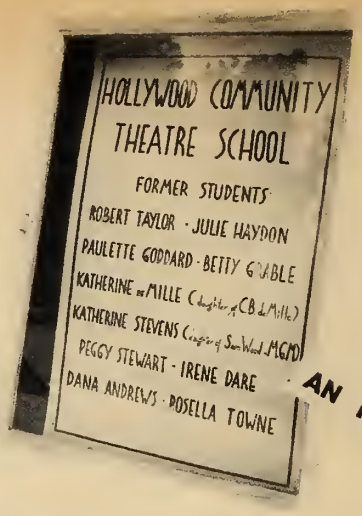
Ever since, Goldwyn has put forth tremendous effort to jack up Hollywood standards. He was the first to bring big names to pictures. He spent and lost fortunes trying to put over Mary Garden, Caruso, Farrar, Anna Sten and others. Incidentally, though they made flops, he never tore up their contracts. He was also the first to put glamour and lavishness in films. And he was, despite his inability to handle the King's English, the first to declare war on the type of tasteless, ignorant producer of whom it has been said, "He knows what he wants—but can't spell it!"

Today Mr. Goldwyn is very bitter about these producers. He thinks they are responsible for the great flood of B, or second-grade, pictures that are flooding the theatres to make up double feature programs. They are ruining Hollywood taste—not to mention profits. On his recent trip to New York he was especially unhappy about B pictures and their makers. It seems that Hollywood's world market—$600,000,000 per year gross—has been seriously hit by the war. Every $1 Hollywood formerly pulled into its tills, has shrunk to 56 cents. "Something must be done to cut costs," Mr. Goldwyn wails, "or Hollywood will go under!"

Not that Mr. Goldwyn is one to cut costs. He called back "Marco Polo" after the New (*Continued on page 68*)



M-G-M SIGNED ROBERT TAYLOR IN 1934, BUT HIS HOLLYWOOD COMMUNITY



AN ILLUSTRIOUS AND



BLISS-HAYDEN THEATRE WILL ENROLL YOU, IF YOU'RE OVER 16



SHIRLEY TEMPLE AND JANE WITHERS ARE PRODUCTS OF EX-MOVIE-STAR

But of course, you can't act. Oh, I know that the boys at the corner drugstore whistle when you stroll past, and that those three portraits for a dollar prove you photograph as well as Joan Crawford, and that you carried a flag and whimpered "In Flanders Fields" for your high school pageant. But still you can't act.

Not according to Hollywood standards, anyway. Take our word for it—or the word of talent scouts, producers and agents—that to win a screen test, a contract and stardom, you have to acquire stage poise and dramatic technique that only the footlights can give you.

Startling proof that face and figure aren't enough is reflected in the fact that last year five big time studios—Twentieth Century-Fox, Paramount, Warners, M-G-M and RKO—took people they had under contract, players like Rosemary Lane, Dorothy Lovett, Virginia Vale and spent $10,000 sending them to the Max Reinhardt Workshop, in an effort to teach them to act!

Bravely aware of the requirements, you decide to come to Hollywood. But being wise, you also decide that instead of haunting film factories, you will hunt out a Little Theatre and properly prepare yourself.

You will learn there are one hundred and thirty Little Theatres around the celluloid village—some of these have sprouted in redecorated garages, some in miniature Spanish palaces, some in patched tents.

You will learn, soon, that these showcases will give you no salary for making an exhibit of yourself. Rather, you will pay them a monthly fee for the privilege of working in them. And, if you are in earnest, remembering that Robert Taylor, Jane Withers, Bob Stack, Wayne Morris, Betty Grable, Anne Shirley all came from the same boards, you will be satisfied.

But none of the reputable Little Theatres will make you any rash promises or fantastic guarantees. Because the odds are you won't become another Bernhardt. The odds are you won't even be discovered or showered with options. But one thing is certain: if you have the talent and the courage, several months on the stage will make your chances that much greater.

You'll gain experience. You'll know that a "right cross" has nothing to do with Joe Louis, a "straw hat" isn't something your boy friend wears, and that "up stage" is not a synonym for "stuck-up."

You'll get rid of your mid-Western twang or Southern accent and learn how to build and sustain a characteriza-



Nurseries for Newcomers

Here's a typical group of aspirants in one of California's Little Theatres. There are 130 of these playhouses around Hollywood, and each one of them opens its stage to you—there to be trained, to become experienced and perhaps to be discovered.

By Irving Wallace

tion. You'll learn not to swallow your syllables, not to walk like an uninhibited penguin and not to open doors with the grace of a tug-of-war addict.

All of this and more, you will absorb at such training schools as the Hollywood Community Theatre, the Max Reinhardt Workshop, the Pasadena Playhouse, the Bliss-Hayden Miniature Theatre and the Ben Bard Playhouse.

The Hollywood Community Theatre is the oldest. It was established twenty-four years ago, the first theatre of its kind in the movie colony. Today, it is housed in a sprawling gray wooden building, an overgrown barn once used by Mae West's manager for trying out new plays. Inside stretch a large stage and 190 seats. Inside, also, stretches Miss Neely Dickson, elderly and bespectacled, and tired after a long day of work.

The office walls surrounding Miss Dickson are thick with old photos of men like Conrad Nagel, Lawrence Tibbett, Edward Everett Horton, who received their initial career impetus from her.

Near Miss Dickson's brown desk, pasted on orange paper, are clippings of her more famous students, Robert Taylor, Betty Grable, Paulette Goddard, Julie Haydon. An underlined sentence stands out on one: "Neely Dickson's school has more people accepted by the movie scouts than any other of the workshops."

Miss Dickson, who has been dialogue director on many major pictures, who first tried out plays by George Bernard Shaw, John Drinkwater, Zoe Akins, teaches groups of ten to twelve students at a time. She charges each of them $450 a year for the training. Only the most advanced and most talented may appear in her stage productions, which run from three to eight weeks and are seen by all the scouts. "Some scouts come back two or three times to see the same play," sighed Miss Dickson with obvious joy.

From these plays have come some of the brightest Hollywood and Broadway stars. Miss Dickson yanked open a drawer, thumbed through some papers with a practiced thumb and came up with a yellowing program. She pointed to a name on the program. "Look," she said.

The name on the program was Alan Stanhope. This left me unimpressed. But Miss Dickson explained, "Alan Stanhope was the stage name of Robert Taylor. See the top of this program? The date is February 27, 1934. That was the last time Taylor appeared under my direction. Two weeks later he was signed by M-G-M. Some time ago I saw him with Vivien Leigh (*Continued on page 83*)



FOR

BY HEDY LAMARR

AS TOLD TO GLADYS HALL

That Viennese charmer, Hedy Lamarr, bravely steps forth and gives the male of the species a startling little earful!

MEN ONLY!

So often I am interviewed about men—what I think about them, what I like about them and what I don't like about them. But now that you have given me the opportunity to talk about what I wish, I am going to choose my own sex.

I like women and there are so many silly misconceptions about them that it makes me very angry. They say women love to gossip. I do not think they love to gossip as much as men do. They say women keep men waiting while they dress. I have never in my lifetime gone out with a man that I did not have to wait for him. They say women are fickle. I say it is more often a husband that deserts a wife than a wife that deserts a husband.

They say women are poor conversationalists because they cannot be impersonal. I do not believe this, either. I prefer to talk with women. I have a friend, a woman lawyer, and we have the most wonderful talks which no man in the world could find personal. It is men, I think, who are likely to limit their conversation to strictly business or personal matters.

What I am saying, please understand me, is nothing against men. It is only in defense of women.

Men still underestimate women as they did a hundred years ago. I think it is wrong for them to neglect a woman in an intelligent discussion, or not to ask her opinion in the solution of financial, domestic or personal problems. Even the so-called "simple" girls have contributions to make. They have a special sense which is called "a woman's intuition" and which is to be compared to the logic of men. It is just as trustworthy.

The other day I sat at lunch in the M-G-M commissary. At the table next to me four young girls were having their lunch. They were extras on the set of "Boom Town." To look at them, you wouldn't suppose they had one good brain among the four of them. They were so very young, so very made-up and giddy to the eye. You would suppose they would be talking the "he sez to me" and "I sez to him" kind of comic paper lingo. But I eavesdropped and they were talking about the war. Straight through the lunch hour they argued about it and showed they were amazingly well-informed.

I do think some girls cause men to think them frivolous because of the way they dress and the way they look with their funny hair-dos, hats and too much make-up. And older women who try so pitifully to be younger than they are seem silly, too. It's really stupid of them, for a woman only starts to be interesting between the ages of thirty and forty. Before that, she is only a promise. After that, she is a promise kept.

It is an especially big handicap for a woman if she is good looking, for men always think she is "dumb." When a girl is beautiful, a man does not try to find out what is inside; he does not try to scratch the surface. If he did, he might find something much more beautiful than the shape of a nose, the curve of a mouth or the color of an eye.

Actually, looks don't matter. Women are learning this, but some of them have still to realize it. It is true that looks may cause a man to fall in love. But people misuse the word "love" so easily. They throw it around until its meaning is all blurred like a bright ball that loses its true colors in too much handling. Often when they say "love," they mean sexual attraction. Love comes from the heart, and the heart has no eyes to see the color of the hair or the lines of the figure; the heart is within and it *sees* within. The other thing is physical and doesn't ever last.

So I believe that while good looks may cause a man to be attracted, looks have nothing to do with love that is real. A man gets used to good looks as he does to bad looks. They're like a dress you wear too often, after a time he could not tell you of what it is made or what its color is.

I was never attracted to any man who said "I love you" after the second day. Then I knew it was the looks, and I don't like that. To my mind, friendship is the foundation of love—the only foundation that will stand firm and long.

Women are honest, that is another reason I like them. I believe they are more honest than most men. They know that there must be honesty between a man and a woman. I could never live with a man who didn't tell me the truth. I can understand stealing, I can understand murdering, but I cannot understand lying. It is such a phony thing. I can't understand a man's trying to make a woman jealous of him or a woman's trying to make a man jealous of her. That is a phony thing, too.

If there is anything a woman doesn't like about a man, if there is some quality in him that sickens her, she should tell him. I do. Otherwise she is ill-tempered with her feeling bottled up inside her. She should say, "Look, that habit you have is making me ill. Do you love me well enough to stop this?" Then it is all aboveboard where women want it to be. They say women can't keep secrets. If they can't, it is because they don't like them—they know they are sticky, sickly things.

I like women because they are brave. Everyone knows that women can stand pain better than men. I once had two friends, a man and a woman, who were both badly injured in a train accident. I went to the hospital to see them. The man was groaning and thrashing about; the woman was lying still and quiet, not speaking. She was more painfully hurt than the man. She died; he didn't.

A woman does not go to pieces the way a man does. If a woman breaks at all, it is always over a man. When you read in the papers of love tragedies, it is young men who kill their sweethearts and themselves, more often than young girls.

A woman is better than a man in almost any kind of an emergency. In an accident, for instance, a woman knows what to do much better (*Continued on page 60*)



While on location at South Bend, the Pat O'Briens registered 4-year-old son, Sean, with Father John Cavanaugh for Notre Dame's class of '58.



Pat and the team—composed of U.S.C. and U.C.L.A. boys—lend an ear to Technical Adviser Nick Lukats, ex-Notre Dame football star.



Ronald Reagan, one of the 17 men with important parts and one of 13 who played college football, indulges in some sissy stuff off the set.



Gale Page, who lost 30 pounds for the Mrs. Rockne role, knits and talks diet with Pat, who'd lost 20, while Nick just sits and basks.

ON THE SET WITH

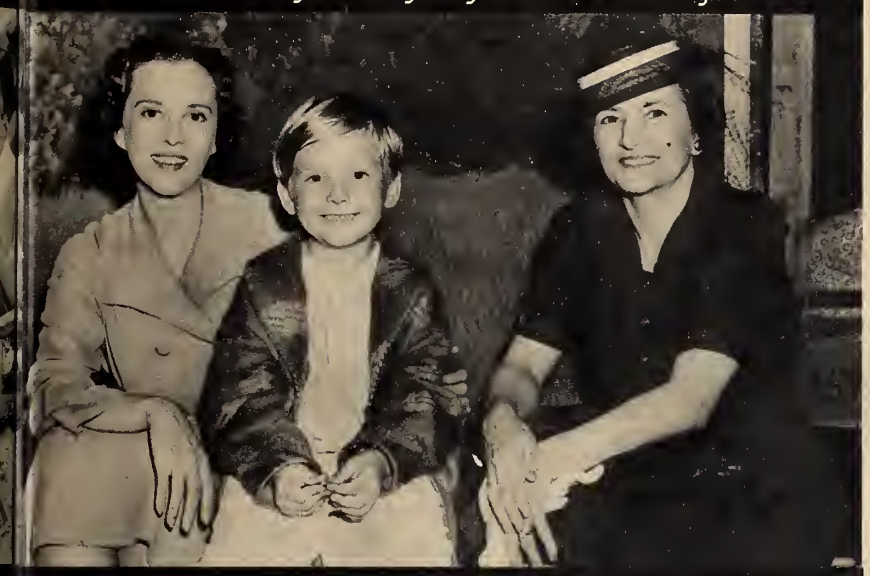


THERE HAS never been another Knute Rockne. Proof that his niche is unique in the American scene is the fact that now, nearly a decade after his passage through the Grim Goalposts, Warner Bros. has shelled out over $1,000,000 to film his life story.

Portraying the famous "Rock" who was born in Norway in 1892 is a famous Irishman who was born in Wisconsin in 1899. The Irishman is Pat O'Brien and, according to his press agents, no man in Hollywood is better qualified for the role, for "Didn't Pat once run 67 yards for a touchdown against Notre Dame's 'Fighting Irish?' " The answer is: He did *not*! Pat, in his Marquette University days, was just a third-string back and played exactly 30 seconds



One day Pat put so much blood and thunder into his pep talk that the boys ripped the dressing-room door right off its hinges rushing to get out there and fight!



Blayney Fleishman, one of 16 children who portray the four Rockne kids at various ages, poses with Gale Page and Mrs. Rockne, who was on hand to check details.



Rockne Stories

■ Once Rockne tried to introduce soccer to his squad for conditioning purposes. The game was new to the boys, so he explained it and wound up with: "The idea of the game is to kick the ball or kick the other guy's shins." After sides were chosen, they found no ball had been provided. There was a brief delay and then a big, tough linesman stepped forth: "To hell with the ball, coach!" he exclaimed. "Let's start the game!"

■ A husky brute had just finished his college career in a blaze of glory. His final game over, he sat in the locker room, weeping bitterly. A friend approached: "What's the matter, Frank? You've just scored four touchdowns and are in line for all-American for the third straight year. What's so wrong about that?" A bitter sob was the answer. "Brace up," the friend continued. "You've had your picture in all the papers, you've been interviewed by the best reporters and there isn't a kid in the country who doesn't know about you. What's the matter?" Another sob rocked the frame of the famous star. "Boo hoo," he wept. "If I had only learned to read and write!"

■ Rockne loved to tell stories on himself, too. Once he was teaching Jim Crowley, now coach at Fordham, a difficult play and Crowley couldn't seem to get it. Finally, Rockne became exasperated. "Tell me one thing," he said. "Is there anything dumber than a dumb Irishman?" Crowley smiled. "Sure," he said, "a smart Norwegian."

"KNUTE ROCKNE — ALL AMERICAN"

against Rockne's team. After that he had to be helped from the field.

Nonetheless, his role fits him like the pigskin fits a football bladder. It should. Pat's preparations for the part were more elaborate than a dizzy co-ed's for her first prom. Weeks before the picture got going, Pat spent long hours in a darkened studio projection room watching over and over again old-time newsreels of the coach. When he emerged, it was to read books and magazine stories about the man, and when he retired, the only existing recording of Rockne's voice rang in his ears. He even learned to eat grapes constantly and to whistle "My Wild Irish Rose" because "Rock" always did!

Pat's study hours were not the most painful part of his conversion, however. What really got him down was the almost complete facial and physical overhauling necessary to heighten his resemblance to the coach. First, he had to drop 20 pounds—and for a man who likes his pastry and pork chops, that's a wicked assignment. Then, he had to submit to daily make-ups that even the practiced hands of Perc Westmore couldn't slap on in less than two hours. This consisted of having his natural chin cleft built in, his forehead built out, his nose "broken" (Rockne broke his as a kid), and his face covered with tiny pieces of rubber skin. As the picture progresses, so does Pat's age. Later sequences show his pate encased in a plastic rubber bald head with a fringe of hair. Imagine! All of that for a puny few thousand a week!

Warner Bros. gave him a solid supporting cast which even includes non-Hollywoodites Alonzo Stagg, one-time famous football coach at the University of Chicago, and "Pop" Warner, the equally famous retired coach of Stanford. They embellished his acting with absolutely authentic reproductions of Rockne's home, classrooms and laboratories and went so far as to throw in a free trip to South Bend, Indiana, the home of Notre Dame University, where the campus, the playing field and, for the first time, the interior of the beautiful cathedral posed pretty for the motion picture camera.



Prince Charming=

Not so long ago Ronald Colman was a man whom nobody knew. That was because he permitted no one to know him. To even those chosen few with whom he spent much of his time he remained largely an enigma; he went his way virtually alone, a romantic modern knight sheathed in an armor of reserve which none could completely penetrate. Adored by millions of fans, he was almost a recluse.

Hollywood didn't understand, for with Colman it was anything but an act. He withdrew within himself because that is the way he is made, because it is inherent in his British make-up to remain aloof. Often a swashbuckling adventurer on the screen, he actually is sensitive and retiring in his private life, so modest and unobtrusive that at one time he nearly deprived himself of his screen career.

It happened when Colman had just come over from England and was appearing as leading man in a New York play. At that time Lillian Gish was a big cinema star, and Henry King, the director, was looking for someone to appear opposite her in "The White Sister." He had tested in vain all the then available leading men of stage and screen. The company was waiting to sail on location to Italy, and he was at his wits' end, when he chanced to drop into the theatre where Colman was playing. After the performance he sent his card backstage and offered Ronnie a test.

"Oh, it's just wasting your time," Colman told him. "I don't photograph well, and I'm sure I could never be a screen actor."

King insisted and when the test had been made and run off in a projection room it seemed at first that Colman, and not King, was right. At that time Ronnie was clean shaven and something about the way his lower lip photographed made him appear decidedly less than romantic. He shook hands with King, went back to the theatre and forgot all about motion pictures.

But King could not convince himself that he had been so mistaken. He persuaded Ronnie to come for another test the following day, and this time, while Colman was making up, King had an idea.

"I know what you need," he said suddenly and reached for an eyebrow pencil. With it he drew a moustache on Colman's lip, and this time, when the test was run off, King knew instantly that he had found a new star. Colman was signed to a contract and the next day left for Italy to make the picture. He grew a real moustache on the voyage and has never been without it since.

That moustache changed his photogenic personality completely, but did nothing to change his innate modesty. Left to his own estimate of himself, Ronald Colman would still be playing six evenings a week with matinées on Wednesdays and Saturdays, instead of having producers standing in line for the one or two pictures he now makes each year.

As he was in his professional life so he remained in his private life, even after such roles as "Beau Geste" had made him the reigning romantic idol of the screen. Most actors are instinctively exhibitionists who love to strut their stuff upon any opportunity, but Colman's psychology is the antithesis of theirs. That is why he so seldom appears at benefits and so forth, although no one could be more sympathetic for their cause.

"Look," he recently told the chairman of an entertainment committee which was staging a show, "this is to raise money, isn't it? Well, it embarrasses me to sing or recite in public, so if you don't mind I'd rather just give you a check. And I'm sure the audience would prefer it."

When he first came to Hollywood, Colman became a charter member of the famous Hollywood Musketeers. That was the name given the four inseparables. Richard Barthelmess, William Powell and Warner Baxter were the other three. Barthelmess, Powell and Baxter were kindred spirits who were the only recreation Colman had. Ronnie was the brake on their sometimes too exuberant activities. They more than any one else understood him, but he frequently withdrew himself even from them.

This four formed a private poker club, during the weekly sessions of which Baxter invariably tried to make up rules to suit his hand, whereupon Colman would quote Hoyle as fluently as Shakespeare. They went fishing, yachting or camping together, each of the four taking his turn to cook and clean up. Only at these times, and with these boon companions, did Ronnie really relax.

Compare these innocuous diversions with the frequently all too hectic activities of other stars! Virtually Colman went nowhere and did nothing. His tennis kept him physically fit but, except when he was working on a picture, he was acutely lonely. Even on the set, between shots, he usually sat in a corner reading a book while he awaited his cue.

During all those years there were no women in Colman's life. An unhappy marriage had made him skeptical of them. Occasionally he might be seen escorting a girl somewhere, but the Hollywood way of romance was not for him. The report got around that Ronnie, Hollywood's most eligible catch, was not "to be had."

Colman was looking for something real, and he realized that in Hollywood what frequently passed for love was just another way of making whoopee. Young Lochinvar rode out of the West in an airplane elopement to Yuma, the sky was the limit and soon two more matrimonial

AND A MISSUS TO GLAMOURIZE RONNIE

IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

By Reginald Taviner

redskins bit the divorce court dust. And as soon as one romance wilted another took its place. Ronnie's idea of marriage was definitely not like that. One of his favorite stories is "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," which he has read many times, and in a vague sort of a way he visualized true romance as something like that.

So, despite his pre-eminence as the cinema Prince Charming, Ronnie lived very quietly by and within himself. His income enabled him to indulge in those fine but unostentatious things which afforded perhaps his greatest pleasure. If he gave a party it was the small, intimate kind. Invitations, naturally, came by the dozen but he accepted few of them. His life, in short, was an almost austere bachelor existence at what he always referred to as his "diggings." Except when he was working, Hollywood rarely saw him because he preferred the sea and the open country. One of his favorite diversions was to take long automobile rides alone, driving in any direction until he found himself in some interesting place, then putting up at some little inn and staying there incognito as long as he could.

It was during this period that Ronnie bought his yacht, which he himself always calls (*Continued on page 64*)



An unhappy marriage to Thelma Raye made Mr. C. woman-wary—until he met the lovely Benita Hume.



CLARENCE S. BULL

JEANETTE MacDONALD

You'll be seeing her in Technicolor again in M-G-M's lilting operetta, "Bittersweet"

Fan QUIZ!

QUESTION

1 In what picture does Bing Crosby croon "That's for Me" to a lovely lady who used to admit publicly that her "Heart Belongs to Daddy?"

2 Who are known as "the most happily married couple in Hollywood?" And in what romantic comedy do they play the roles of very quarrelsome but very loving newlyweds?

3 What nationally known screen and radio character has a new girl, not to mention a new pal who is a terrific scene stealer?

4 What girl is fortunate enough in what moving picture version of a Joseph Conrad masterpiece to spend a week alone on a South Sea Island with Fredric March?

5 Who is the lovely English-born beauty who steals Fred MacMurray's heart in the big new outdoors adventure picture directed by Sam ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Our Town") Wood. And what Daughter of the Dust Bowl makes news by playing a terrific kid role in the same picture?



Paramount Pictures

ANSWER...

1 Bing Crosby sings "That's for Me" to Mary Martin in Paramount's "Rhythm on the River," the big streamlined musical which also stars Basil Rathbone, with Oscar Levant.

2 Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, of course, the stars of Paramount's "I Want a Divorce," the picture Hollywood is raving about as setting Joan and Dick firmly on the comeback trail.

3 Henry Aldrich, America's new Peck's Bad Boy, played by Jackie Cooper, has Boston and Broadway's cute little Leila Ernst, success of "Too Many Girls" for a girl friend, and Eddie Bracken, also a star of the same New York hit show, as his pal in "Life With Henry" starring the Aldrich Family.

4 Fredric March in Paramount's all-star production of Joseph Conrad's immortal "Victory" welcomes Betty Field to his private island paradise in the South Seas and starts a thrilling series of romantic adventures in which Sir Cedric Hardwicke and other famous name players play exciting parts.

5 Patricia Morison corrals the hard-boiled heart of Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune," the Sam Wood action adventure drama of three rough, tough sons of the Old Border Country, "Rangers of Fortune." Betty Brewer, the little Okie kid, discovered singing on the Los Angeles streets makes her film bow in this picture.

THE ANSWER TO YOUR EVERY DESIRE IN FINE ENTERTAINMENT...

Paramount Pictures!



Bing's been singing practically all of his 36 years, but he never took a lesson and can't read a note of music. Doesn't take anything seriously, least of all his voice, and calls himself "Old Gravel-Throat."

Why

HE'S NOT A GREAT LOVER OR A GREAT PROFILE. BING'S JUST AN AVERAGE GUY, BUT HOW THE LADIES LOVE HIM!

Perhaps you haven't thought about it, but one male screen idol makes it easier for the girls to palpitate about him by banning publicity about his private life—and his private wife. Two other idols, both with romantic reputations to preserve, won't talk about their wedded bliss and have pacts with their wives that keep their wives mum, also. And when another certain romantic actor recently dashed down South America way, where he has a large following, he left the little woman home. Why remind the smitten senoritas that there was a senora?

But Bing Crosby doesn't care who knows that he's a family man, a happy husband and the parent of four sons, including twins. Last Father's Day, in every newspaper in the country, there was a picture of Bing, completely surrounded by Crosby offspring. He puts up a battle every time Paramount wants to get him into the portrait gallery for some glamour art, but let Paramount suggest some home shots with the family, and he says, "Name the day." When he takes a long trip, he also takes Mrs. Bing and sees to it that she's in all the news photos with him. And she has been interviewed often about what he's like around the house.

According to accepted Hollywood theories of what is good publicity and what isn't, all this should have ruined his appeal to women long ago. Yet last year he was Star



That's 2½-year-old Lin (named for Lin Howard) with his proud papa. Next is Gary, 7, who can't stand Bing's singing. Then, 5-year-old twins, Phil and Dennis—two imps born on Friday the 13th.

By James Reid

girls can't resist him!

No. 11 in box-office popularity—not far behind two of the above-mentioned gallery gods, and ahead of the other two.

He doesn't give the women of America a chance to hope that he isn't happily married or that he isn't likely to stay that way. And still they go for him by the millions. He wouldn't be Star No. 11 if they didn't.

What do *you* make of it, Watson?

He's a presentable specimen of the genus Americano, clean-cut and clean-shaven, but that doesn't make him an Adonis. Hollywood has handsomer heroes, with wavier hair and more of it.

Of course, not all of them sing. But, of those who do, there isn't one who hasn't had more voice training than Bing. He hasn't had any. He belittles his voice, calls himself "Old Gravel-Throat." Still, there's something about his voice, husky and untrained, that gets them. It's a large part of his appeal. Other women feel like the girl who said, "When Bing sings your favorite love song, it's like getting cream with your strawberries."

But women don't go to the movies just to hear him sing. They can hear him sing at home, on the radio or on phonograph records. No, they go to look, as well as listen.

And since he isn't a Great Profile, a Great Physique, a Great Lover, a Great Operatic Singer or a Great Actor, they must go to see him simply because he isn't those things. They like him because he doesn't awe anybody, because he doesn't even try. They like him because he has a personality that says, "Folks, I want to entertain you, but I can't put on a glamour act in front of friends. At least, I hope we're friends."

Most people don't know how to take many of the actors. They live in a world apart. But here is an actor anybody can understand. He's like one of the folks. They have the feeling, watching Bing, that they're watching someone they know—or, at least, someone they *could* know more easily than they could know any other man on the screen.

How about it? Are they justified in that feeling?

We went to John Gallaudet, who talks frankly, has a sense of humor, and ought to know what it takes to be a friend of Bing's. They have worked in five pictures together and are still friends. They even play golf together.

"Is it easy to get acquainted with Bing?" John echoed the question with a faint lift of one eyebrow. "I've never yet encountered anyone who thought it was hard. It can't be hard; he knows too many unexpected people. I'm one of the unexpected ones, myself. Let me tell you how we became friends.

"My wife was the feminine half of a dance team at the Palais Royal in New York, when Bing was singing there with Whiteman's band. (*Continued on page 86*)

Let's get Personal!

REVEALING INTIMATE AND INTRIGUING TIDBITS ABOUT JUDY GARLAND

Judy has what she calls "insane" food habits. She likes to eat corn on the cob with grape jelly. (She once dropped an ear of corn in some grape jelly by accident and it tasted swell.) She never eats any two things together. If she has meat and potato on her plate, she eats all the meat first, then all the potato. She never eats on time. If dinner is at seven, she stalls around until eight. She loves to eat hamburgers (but *not* with onions!), little thin hot cakes and wienies just before she goes to bed. She says they make her sleep like a log.

When she drives herself in her little red coupé, she has only one window open and all the doors locked. She sings with the radio as she drives. She likes to listen to the radio only when it is on as loud as possible. She has a portable radio in her room at home and two others in other parts of the house. She usually has all three of them going at once, at the top of their etheric lungs. She likes to feel that the orchestra is right in the room with her. She and Mickey have this bond in common: they both like noise and plenty of it. Her mother and sister are contemplating the addition of a sound-proof room to the house for the sake of their ear-drums.

She's always going to the movies, goes at least three or four times a week. She likes double features; she wishes they would have "treble" features. She likes to sit in the fifth or sixth row from the front, eat candy, chew gum and put her feet up on the back of the seat in front of her. And she sees her favorite pictures over and over again. She saw Bette Davis in "Dangerous" fourteen times. She saw Bob Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan in "Hideout" six times. She has already seen "Rebecca" three times. She cries horribly in pictures when they are sad. She says, "I cry right out loud." The only time she ever really laughs is when she sees a comedy film. Otherwise, surprisingly enough, she doesn't laugh often. When she is pleased or amused her whole face brightens, but she doesn't laugh aloud.

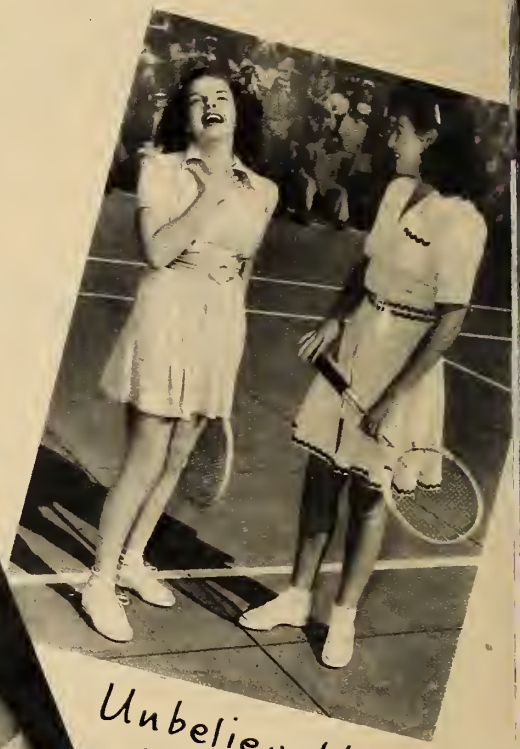
She bites her fingernails and stuffs money in her pocketbooks and sweater pockets and forgets she has it. Once a week she goes through



Mickey and Judy always sing when they dance together



A girl's best friend is her mom, says Judy



Unbelievable but true, she laughs very seldom



all her pocketbooks and pockets and finds "a little fortune I didn't know I had." She steals combs. She doesn't mean to, she just absent-mindedly picks them up at hairdressers and from her friends' dressing-tables and makes off with them. She has a good memory for telephone numbers and addresses but a bad memory for names. She starts to introduce her best friend to someone and can't remember her friend's name.

Judy has lived in Hollywood, in Beverly Hills rather, for five years. She has had only one contract, a seven-year one with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and still has more than two years to go on it.

Judy loves to go "basement" shopping. She always feels so good, she says, when she finds a bargain. Her favorite dress last summer was a little cotton dress she found for $5.95. She wore it steadily for weeks. She always buys too many things, she says, things she doesn't really need. Especially sweaters and skirts and shoes. More especially, shoes. She has a ridiculous number of shoes, seventy-three pairs at the last count. She has to buy her own shoes for pictures, "which accounts for the jillions I own." She is always planning to give some of them away and then, at the last minute, changes her mind. She has a terrible time parting with anything old even if she can't use it. Her dream is to have a house with a roomy, old-fashioned attic where she can store away the accumulation of her lifetime so that her great-grandchildren can find the things in the years to come. She is, she says, "a natural-born 'saver.'"

She loves to go shopping at the Five & Ten. Her bureau drawers are cluttered with little bottles of hand lotions, little boxes of powder and little packets of soap. She loves to shop in drugstores. In the "ritzy" drugstores she just "nose-shops," she says. That is, she goes around sniffing and sampling all the expensive perfumes. She gets hay fever from some kinds of perfume. From Arpege, for instance, which is her favorite. Paul Whiteman gave her four bottles of imported perfume when he worked with her in "Strike Up The Band" and she went around sneezing for six weeks. "Better to sneeze than not to smell like *that*," she explained.

Judy loves the "corner" drugstores, too, like the one in Hollywood where Cliff Edwards takes over the cash-register when the girl is off and Bob Taylor comes in and whips himself up a malted milk and everyone drops in and "dishes the dirt." She'd like to live in a small town and hash things over the back fence.

She is five feet two and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and eight pounds and grew just exactly an inch in this past year.

(*Continued on page 71*)



THE OTHER DAY BILL HOLDEN WROTE A LETTER TO HIS FAMILY AND HIS WHOLE DESTINY HUNG ON THEIR REPLY!

Bill Holden flipped over a page of his calendar and found a date with a big, red ring around it. He ripped it off and sat right down to write a letter to his folks. It went like this:

"Well—I've been at it a year today. What's the verdict? Do I come back and finish college, or shall I go on from here?"

As he wrote, Bill chuckled to himself through his curly new beard. He knew the answer, of course.

Bill Holden had penciled that red ring a year before, after he'd sidetracked a sane and sensible ambition to be a chemist for what looked then like a very wild Hollywood goose chase. At that point, his folks had said, "All right, Bill. Go ahead. Quit college and try the movies if you want to. But please promise us one thing: After you've been acting for a year, if you find you aren't getting anywhere, come back and finish school, will you?"

"I will," agreed Bill Holden. He meant it, too.

For over a year now, William Holden has been on trial —not only with his folks, but with himself and Hollywood. He was "Golden Boy" to start with. But gold has to be assayed, and so do green Hollywood actors. When they don't test out they dribble down the drain—and out. When they soar into the movie heavens like shooting stars they are quite likely to fade as fast. But while Bill Holden still believes he doesn't know acting from sour apples and is frank and humble about it, even he can't deny that he's the young man in Hollywood today with the rosiest future of all—a virile young Gable with every studio in town chasing him, wanting him to star in its next film.



Next to her hubby and her gorgeous pearls, Mrs. Jack Oakie loves that solid silver cigarette case studded with diamonds, rubies and huge emeralds.



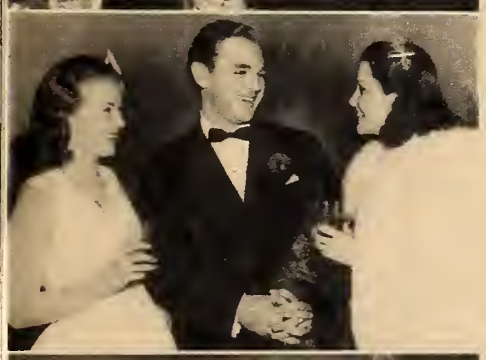
A torrid twosome of long standing is Jane Withers and George Ernest, but this is their first big date. An orchid, a table for two at Ciro's—the works!



Marlene Dietrich, Josef von Sternberg and Erich Remarque threes-a-crowd-it several times a week. They never dance, just sit and talk about the war for hours.



Dan Topping, who owns the Brooklyn Dodgers and can support a wife with no trouble at all, is trying to persuade Sonja Henie (the new Mrs. T.) to retire.



Deanna Durbin, Vaughn Paul and Helen Parrish—who's no longer a Forrest Tucker monopoly — chat over cokes at Bob Stack's Red Cross party.



This 7-nights-a-week romance started out on a misery loves company basis, but Dot Lamour and Greg Bautzer admit it's blossoming into the real thing.



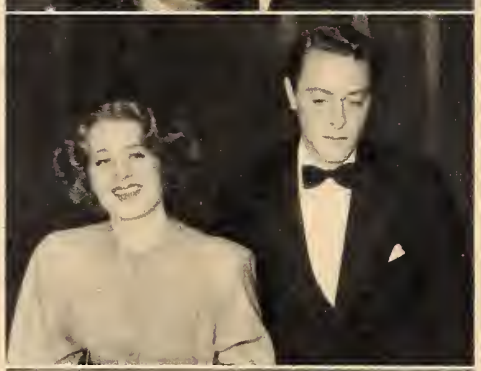
Jimmie Cagney's wee wife Billie tries to heckle hubby into staying at the Clover Club just a few more minutes. That Cagney man's a real early - to - bedder!



Before Matty Fox left for N. Y., he and Pat Morison were at Ciro's practically nightly. Now Pat sits home and chats with him for hours and hours on the phone.



The other evening Margaret Lindsay helped Bill Lundigan celebrate his twenty-sixth birthday with ice cream, cake 'n' everything at Ciro's, their favorite haunt.



Since the Norma Shearer - George Raft *grande passion* is a dead issue, Producer David Lewis has been dating the much blonder Norma occasionally.



J. Walter Ruben just has to grin and bear it when that arch-flirt Jack Warner chucks lovely Mrs. R. (Virginia Bruce) under the chin. He's her new boss.



Roz Russell helps Freddie Brisson celebrate the glad word that his Danish dad, Carl Brisson, will soon be out of war-torn Europe and back in Hollywood.



Betty Grable



Elizabeth Earl



Frances Langford

BRIGHTEN *your smile*

Beautiful teeth are a matter of planning, building and proper upkeep, say

"Clothes may 'make' the man, but a beautiful smile will hold him." The modern sage who got that off his chest said a veritable mouthful. There are few accessories to beauty that cannot be bought or artificially acquired in these miraculous days, but a smile still remains one of the purely personal and individual assets that belong to you alone. It cannot be borrowed, bought or successfully imitated by any one else in the world.

That's really wonderful, and we wonder how many girls take full advantage of this good fortune. Most of the lovelies who live by the Hollywood lens have been taught to cultivate the individuality of their smiles. Did you ever see a more charming, natural looking smile on any girl than the one that radiates from the face of Universal's winsome new starlet, pretty Peggy Moran? M-G-M's Ann Rutherford is another girl whose smile would melt a heart of stone.

Betty Grable, who does such a smart job in the new Twentieth Century-Fox picture, "Down Argentine Way," has the gay, flashing smile that goes with her dancing talent. Warner Brothers' recent discovery, lovely Elizabeth Earl, is another newcomer whose smile will carry her far. And Frances Langford, veteran half-pint star of radio and screen, whose RKO picture, "Dreaming Out Loud," has been so popular, has the shy, come-hither smile that no one who knows her can resist. We could go on and name pretty little Mary Healy, Jean Arthur, Ilona Massey, Virginia Bruce and hundreds of others, but you get the idea, don't you?

What do these girls do to cultivate and protect their precious four-star smiles? A number of things! You can approach a smile from a lot of angles, you know. There's the business of holding the "right thought," a trick every photographer's model and actress knows well. Because you can't *look* sweet and lovable and glamorous—for long—unless your heart's behind your smile. There's also the little matter of facial exercises to keep your mouth soft, lush and mobile. Then—and here's where we come in today—there's the very important matter of teeth that sparkle (or fail to sparkle) when you open that mouth of yours to flash one of your most devastating and scintillating smiles.

Oh, lack-a-day, those pearly teeth of yesteryear—where are they now? Well, for one thing, soft foods and easy living haven't done them any good. Our ancient forebears had lovely, sturdy cuspids and incisors because they lived

BY CAROL CARTER



Ann Rutherford



Peggy Moran

Hollywood's leading authorities, and the stars are here to prove it is so

on raw, hard foods that exercised their teeth and gums. They say that toothache and tooth decay is almost unknown among present day Eskimos for the same reason. But we love sauces, candy, cake and puddings, too. We're sissies in that respect—and we pay for our craving with soft, unsound teeth and gums.

What to do? Brush, brush, brush, morning, noon and night. Brush with a firm, well-tufted, medium-sized and medium hard-bristled brush. Brush 'round and 'round in rotary motions, holding said brush at a 45-degree angle—not straight against your teeth. That latter method is too hard on the enamel. Brush two or three teeth at a time, each group thoroughly, and take two or three minutes to do the entire job. With brush and dentifrice, massage your gums, too, and all the other oral surfaces including your tongue. Germs hop from one spot to another in our mouths, you know. So keep them out of there altogether, as much as possible.

Use plenty of dentifrice—paste, powder or liquid. Why not keep a container of each kind handy and alternate with a different type each time? Variety is fun even in dentifrices. There are so many tasty, refreshing preparations on the market now, your choice is almost limitless.

And did anyone ever tell you you needed a mouth wash? Unfortunately, people seldom can speak so freely without hurting our feelings, so it's up to us to remember to do something about it without being told. At least once a day, and again before every "date," be sure to rinse and gargle well with a good, effective mouth wash. Swish it vigorously into every crack and cranny and hold it in your mouth as long as possible. There is nothing quite so disillusioning as to be intrigued by a pretty face only to discover, when you come near, that its owner is careless about the little points of cleanliness and grooming so unforgivably offensive.

Of course all halitosis does not originate in the mouth, but a good percentage of it does. Teeth that have not been thoroughly brushed and cleansed are the most common sources. After you've brushed around every possible crevice, take a spool of dental floss and finish the job completely before you use your mouth rinse. Decayed, neglected teeth are very frequent offenders in this respect. We surely don't need to tell you how important seeing your dentist regularly is to mouth beauty as well as to mouth health.

Many mouth conditions can not (*Continued on page 74*)



The shot brought the natives running to the house, where they found Leslie, standing dazed and silent.

the Letter

Night held the plantation in quiet. Moonlight filtered through the rubber trees and their tall, straight trunks striped the ground with shadows like evenly spaced black bars. All the tools of daytime work lay stacked. In the drying shed, sheets of thin crêpe rubber hanging down from teak poles rustled in the night breeze. Malay boys slept in hammocks in the bunkhouse near-by, undisturbed by the singing whine of native instruments that sent a weird tune winding through the early night. On the bunkhouse porch, the three boys who played and hummed the strange music were, themselves, half asleep. Only one window in the main house of the Crosbie plantation sent a square of bright light stabbing into the soft glow of the moon-drenched evening.

Suddenly a shot rang out. A man shouted and his cry was split to silence by another shot. Another and still another cracked the air. The three boys stopped their playing, stunned for a moment, then got to their feet as a final shot sounded and died away. The Head Boy began running. Others followed him. His master was away at the Number Four plantation and, earlier in the evening, he and the other servants had left Mrs. Crosbie alone in the house.

As he turned the corner, he saw her standing there in the moonlight and her shadow lay across a huddled figure on the ground. Her delicate face was tense and her voice had the flatness that comes from too much emotion too tightly held.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

The short, fat Chinese Head Boy stooped down. "That Mr. Hammond," he said. And then, to her question, "Yes, I think him dead." He averted his eyes from Leslie.

A small, stifled sound came from her lips, then she turned and walked into the house. The Head Boy followed her. The other natives stared curiously at the body and some of them looked through the screen door at Leslie Crosbie as she stood, first collecting her thoughts and then giving orders to the Head Boy, who regarded her with bland, speculative eyes. She told him exactly what to do.

Later when Robert Crosbie came, bringing with him Howard Joyce, who was both his friend and his lawyer, they found John Withers there. Withers was the new District Officer. He was looking at a bit of exquisite lace-work which had been dropped hastily. If he had not been new in the region, he would have known that Leslie occupied all her spare time with it. He indicated the locked door of her room. "She sent for me," he said, "but she wouldn't see me till you came."

Crosbie's voice trembled with anxiety and tenderness. "Darling, it's Robert," he called. "Let me in. Tell me what's happened." When she came out and stood against the door, he tried to take her in his arms, but she held him off.

She looked toward the veranda. "Is he still there?"

"I had your boy remove the body to a shed," Withers answered and his eyes were sympathetic. Clearly this was a woman to whom violence was impossible except upon extreme provocation. There was about her a loveliness and a gentleness—you might say a kind of purity.

"He tried to—to make love to me and I shot him." Her voice was low and even. Then suddenly she flung herself into her husband's arms. But she controlled her emotion quickly. Her manner became that of a well-bred woman

A haunting drama fraught with jealousy and intrigue

Leslie Crosbie	BETTE DAVIS
Robert Crosbie	HERBERT MARSHALL
Howard Joyce	JAMES STEPHENSON
Eurasian Woman	GALE SONDERGAARD
Ong Chi Seng	SEN YUNG
Crosbie Head Boy	TELSU KOMAI
John Withers	BRUCE LESTER
Dorothy Joyce	FRIEDA INESCORT
Chung Hi	WILLIE FUNG



fictionized by

KATHARINE ROBERTS



Bob took her tenderly in his arms and held her close. "Keep loving me," she said. "That's all I need."

—Adapted from the WARNER BROTHERS Film—JACK L. WARNER in charge of production—HAL B. WALLIS, executive producer—ROBERT LORD, associate producer—WILLIAM WYLER, director—Screen play by HOWARD KOCH—Based on the play by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

"This letter," said Ong, "was written by Mrs. Crosbie to the victim of the tragedy on the day of his death."



Joyce confronted her with the letter. "That's not my handwriting," Leslie cried. "I didn't write it. I swear I didn't!"



"We can't go on, can we?" she said. "If you love a person," Bob told her, "you can forgive her anything. But can *you* go on?"



Chung Hi stood aside, and the Eurasian came noiselessly toward them, her eyes shooting daggers of hate at Leslie.

The Letter

receiving callers in her home. She even asked Joyce about his wife, Dorothy, who was her friend. It was disconcerting to the three men, but it seemed to help her. She was trying very hard, they knew. And then, with her husband encouraging her, she told them the whole story of what had happened.

After dinner she had been working at her lace. Then she heard a step on the veranda. It was Hammond. He said he had left his car down the road. She told him her husband was away, but asked him in and gave him a drink. And then—Mrs. Crosbie hesitated. She seemed embarrassed to tell them how he had persistently made love to her, this man whom she and her husband had known for seven years and who had never behaved like that before. He must have been drinking before he came. She told him to go home. He refused and he grew more and more amorous. She stood up and threatened to call the servants and have him thrown out. Then he put his hand over her mouth and held her to him. His eyes were those of a madman; his speech was wild, unrepeatable. He kissed her until she was choking. Somehow, she broke loose. Terrified, she ran around the table. He made a dash for her. Her husband's revolver was on the table—put there for her because he was to be away for the night.

"I didn't even know I'd fired," she told them. "I heard a report and saw him stagger. He lurched out onto the veranda. I must have followed. I don't remember anything—until there was a funny little click and the gun was empty. It was only then I knew what I'd done." She sank into a chair, exhausted by the effort of telling the horrible thing. Her sensitive face was drawn and pale.

Her husband hovered over her. "My poor, poor darling!"

Withers felt apologetic for having to put her through this. "It's quite obvious," he said, "the man got only what he deserved."

She looked small and frightened sitting there. "Oh, Robert," she said, "what have I done?"

"You've done what any woman in your place should have done—only nine-tenths of them wouldn't have had the courage," he told her and took her into the bedroom to rest. It was agreed that before morning they'd have to go to the Attorney General in Singapore and, as a formality, she would give herself up. But no one would condemn her. He knew that.

"Keep loving me. That's all I need," she said, and he held her close.

When Howard Joyce and Mr. Withers came back from the shed where they had gone to examine the body, they found her in her husband's arms and she was calm. She suggested something to eat before the drive to Singapore. But when they called the Head Boy, he had disappeared. She herself made a light supper for the men, and they felt relieved to see her playing hostess in quite the natural way.

While they waited for her to change into traveling clothes, Joyce asked Withers if he had known Hammond. The district officer told him what little he knew—just that the dead man had been a very happy-go-lucky, generous fellow whom people couldn't help liking. Withers was sure he must have been drunk. Once more he picked up the delicate lace-work. "It's beautiful," he murmured, "just what you'd expect her to do."

As they got into the car, the (*Continued on page 88*)

GOOD NEWS

WHAT'S AS NEW AS DON AMECHE'S BABY—BREATH-TAKING AS A DURBIN CLOSE-UP? WHY, GOSSIP FROM OUR KEEN-EYED HOLLYWOOD REPORTER, SYLVIA KAHN!

TRY THIS ON YOUR ANATOMY!

Bob Hope's record-smashing p.a. tour was good for his purse but bad for his nerves. "I ran into Dotty Lamour one day," he reports, "and we got into a little argument. I guess I wasn't a gentleman. 'Go!' I told her. 'I never want to see your face again —but the rest of you can stay!' "

SANDY SPEAKS HIS PIECE

Alice Faye is still twining fingers with Sandy Cummings and, if rumors are to be believed, has him pining for her love. Maybe so, say we. But why the look of longing in Sandy's eyes as he discusses Errol Flynn's recent South American junket? Why the tone of envy when he speaks of Errol's success with the senoritas? And does a man in love say, "I wish I could have gone along just to pick up Flynn's leftovers?" That bears looking into, Alice!

JUST CALL ME CHESTY

Jeffrey Lynn may have been booted into stardom by his performance in "My Love Came Back," but he's still the Casper Milquetoast of the Warner Bros. lot. His timidity is the result of a grievous oversight on the part of—of all people—Mother Nature, who made him a broad, tall man, but forgot to give him a chest! As a tragic consequence, Jeffrey shrinks like a mouse when huge, strapping extras surround him on the set. "I'm always giving myself pep talks," moans he. "I say 'Jeff, old boy, with all that padding under your vest, you look just as husky as they do.' But I'm still unhappy. It's not *real,* and, unfortunately, I know it!"

LAMOUR TOUJOURS?

What's next for Dorothy Lamour? Her romance with Greg Bautzer has been leaping and bounding along the paradise trail, with Dotty confessing that "I have never before known such joy." Now, it seems, her joy may be due for a jolt. Lana Turner, her deadliest opponent for Greg's affections, is on the loose again. Lana, as the wife of Artie Shaw, could be disregarded, but Lana escaped from the cage of matrimony is another matter. The fur hasn't begun to fly yet, but Hollywood anticipates a beautiful scrap while Barrister Bautzer squirms.

COOPER, THE SUPERMAN

If the puzzled Mr. B. (referred to above) would like some advice, there's one man-about-town who can give it to him. That man is Jackie Cooper. Single-handed, this eighteen-year-older has knocked off a feat that men through the ages have died without accomplishing. He's kept two women happy at the same time! While his best girl, "Jimmie" Rogers, spent three entire months at the Cooper home, the master of the manse dated Bonita Granville almost nightly! The great show of tolerance on the part of both young ladies deserves some mention too—but can Jackie's new five-year contract at $5,000 weekly have facilitated their understanding?

LITERARY HEAT WAVE

Charlie Chaplin's worries never cease. Fast on the heels of his "Dictator" woes comes the news that his most passionately guarded possession, the inside story of his private life, is soon to be handed to the world in the form of a book entitled "Charles Chaplin, King of Tragedy." Authored by one, Gerith Von Ulm, who received her facts from a former Chaplin secretary, the book is expected to be a malodorous bombshell in the peaceful Hollywood scene. It names names and tells plenty about the top personalities in the industry for the past



Dotty Lamour's secretary, Patty McCarty, cut up with Bob Preston while "the boss" was vacationing.



Starlet Dana Dale, who's mother of a 4-year-old child, greets Jeff Lynn on his return from New York.



Alice Faye's night-clubbing again after a prolonged illness, and Sandy Cummings is the handsome escort.

GOOD NEWS

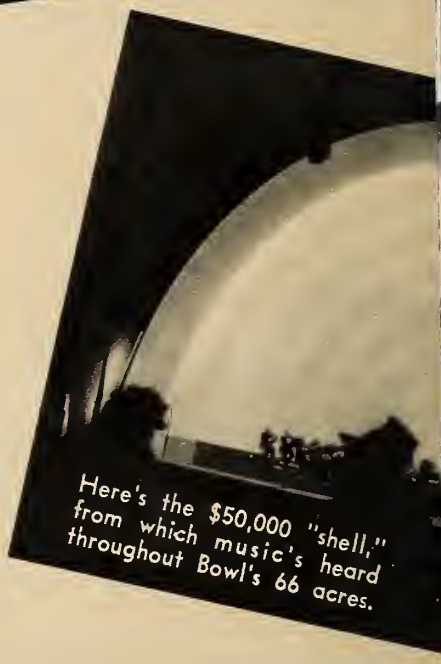
JAM AND JIVE ARE ON THE SHELF, FOR ONCE AGAIN IT'S TIME FOR SYMPHONIES UNDER TH



The Eddie Robinsons are a self-appointed entertainment committee for all visiting musicians.

Joan Fontaine and her mother go to all the concerts with Brian Aherne, owner of a $150 box.

The Gene Raymonds are music worshipers and have contributed a fortune to the Bowl.



Here's the $50,000 "shell," from which music's heard throughout Bowl's 66 acres.

eighteen years! Fearful of the effect it will have on countless hitherto unsullied reputations, Chaplin's lawyers have begged, beseeched and implored Miss Von Ulm to be a nice girl and forget the whole thing. This she flatly refuses to do—and the frantic attorneys can't even prevent her from circulating an additional one thousand volumes, under the same title, which are *completely unexpurgated* and soooo hot!

JUDY JUMPS AHEAD

Judy Garland's recent graduation from high school also marked her graduation from the ranks of kid stuff. Gone are her dates with youngsters like Mickey Rooney and Bob Stack. In their place a new romance has burgeoned—a romance with an "older" man. He's Dave Rose, Martha Raye's blandish, attractive ex-husband. Dave, by the way, like Greg Bautzer and Jackie Cooper, has too many women on his hands. Martha phones him every evening from New York to tell him she still cares, but after a brief and polite conversation, he always bids her goodnight, hops into his car and whizzes straight to Judy.

DROLL STORY

A popular young star and his socialite wife busted up recently. There was nothing violent about their parting, so before hubby packed his panties and moved out the pair sat down to wind up their household accounts. Busily they added, subtracted, multiplied and divided. Finally, wifie decided the whole silly business was too complicated to be figured at the moment. Would hubby please sign a blank check, she asked, and let her handle the tiresome details? Hubby was touched by this last show of thoughtfulness. Of course he would. Three days later his bank informed him his young spouse had been in to check his balance—and had wiped him out completely!

A NEW TWIST

Joan Davis, the celluloid sweetheart of the screen's most dashing and dangerous heroes, has joined the ranks of those who kiss and never stop telling. In a recent burst of confidence, Joan dove into her memories and came up with one of those "Outstanding Lovers I Have Known" lists which all actresses think is a necessary contribution to their art. Joan's list is different, however. Unlike those of her cinema sisters, it contains the names of the ten *worst* lovers in pictures today. We are privileged to reveal them herewith, together with Joan's pungent comments on each. "Heading my roll call," says she, "is Ned Sparks, the man with the lemon-drop face. He makes love like a pessimist with ulcers. Following him are Jimmy Durante, whose nose is so big you can't get close enough to kiss him; Wally Vernon, a romantic flop; Bert Lahr, probably the reason girls started kissing with their eyes closed; Gregory Ratoff, a screen lover who should always be a director; Nat Pendleton, who thinks Don Juan used a half-Nelson; El Brendel, a Scandinavian wallflower; Jack Haley, who can't even spell the word 'love;' and Buddy Ebsen, who takes you in his arms and then steps all over your feet. Last on my list," Joan concluded, "is Chick Chandler. I saved him for the end because he's the best of the lot—but he's still rotten!" That's telling 'em!

RELIGION IS GINGER-VATING

Pull up the nearest ashcan, folks. You'll need it for all those items that claim Ginger Rogers' life belongs exclusively to Howard Hughes. He may cut in on her time a bit, but Ginger's greatest love is something far removed from the realm of romance. It is—the Christian Science Church! Ginger is an ardent disciple and dutifully visits the Hollywood Branch (of which George Brent is also a member) every Sunday morning and Wednesday night. When she isn't at the studio or attending the twice-weekly meetings, she's at home reading volume on

STARS IN THE SUMPTUOUS $1,500,000 HOLLYWOOD BOWL



Charlie Chaplin, who's had the Bowl's best box for twelve years, often takes his son, Charlie, Jr.



Edna May Oliver, the staunchest patron, once walloped an usher for talking during a performance.



volume of Mary Baker Eddy's preachings. And if Mr. Hughes is clever enough to sandwich in a date or two a week, he's a better man than Gunga Din!

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

Out Pacific Palisades way, the hero of the hour is the freckled-faced son of a noted director. He knows Clark Gable! The other night he had a birthday celebration and in his pre-party blowoffs boasted that, in addition to three kinds of ice cream, chocolate cake and a donkey game, each of his guests would receive an autographed photo of Clark, presented by the star himself. Word got around and on the evening of the party in poured scores of youngsters, each accompanied, incidentally, by a twittering, Gable-struck ma. The festivities got going and, as the hours rolled on, the ice cream, the candy and the donkey game all appeared on schedule. Mr. Gable, however, did not. Finally, around ten o'clock, the mothers decided that movie star or no movie star, it was time Junior was getting to bed. Midst much wailing and the apologies of their miserable host, the kids were dragged home. An hour later there was a rap on the director's door. In rushed Clark. He'd been lost in the fog, he explained, but the pictures were under his arm. Where could he find the small fry? Within a few moments he was back in his station wagon, armed with the addresses of every last guest, and prepared to make a complete tour of the Palisades. We know it was past midnight when he returned to his ranch, but just how late it was when all the kids (and their maws) had settled down to sleep after welcoming Clark Gable to their own homes, will probably never be revealed.

MARLENE REVIEWS THE MEN

John Wayne, we pity you. You're going to be Marlene Dietrich's leading man in "Seven Sinners." Of course, life holds greater tragedies. We know that. But you'll have so much to live up to! According to Marlene, Jimmy Stewart is the only leading man she's ever had who had any life in him. And that from the woman who's appeared opposite Gary Cooper, Herbert Marshall, Charles Boyer and Melvyn Douglas!

ICE SHOW

The Bette Davis-Bob Taplinger romance which began sizzling in the Torrid Zone is defrosting in the Arctic Zone. The pair discovered each other about the time Publicity Director Bob was working on the Cagney-Sheridan opus some while back, and for months had the town wondering where they were headed. Now Bob's daily gift to Bette of a single significant gardenia has stopped, and she has been overheard long-distance 'phoning her ex-husband. Meanwhile, Mr. Taplinger, who previously denied that anything existed, is busily denying that anything has happened!

PLANNED ECONOMY

Stars who have plenty of dough aren't boasting about it these days. They've decided that the state of the world being what it is, maybe the less said about their wealth the better. Though they haven't yet formed a "Society to Make Believe We're Not Rich," almost as one man they've taken steps to prove just that. Press agents are being instructed to steer clear of the money angle and stars themselves are putting on a "From Riches to Rags" campaign—in moderation, of course. Constance Bennett, who used to sniff the ozone from the back seat of a sumptuous Rolls Royce while a liveried chauffeur and footman sat in the prow, now rolls herself around town in a small Packard. Marlene Dietrich's foreign-built limousine is a prisoner in her garage and is paroled only on special occasions, and Claudette Colbert ducks criticism by driving a car just like your grocer's. Claudette's discretion, however, seems a waste of effort. She still can't avoid getting prominent billing in Uncle Sam's annual announcement of tax returns. The latest report uncovered the fact that in 1938 she endorsed salary checks totalling $426,944, thereby becoming the highest-paid woman in the United States for that year!

MOTHERHOOD COMES TO BENCHLEY

Robert Benchley has taken "short" leave and is now over on the Universal lot lending his cuteness and corpulence to the Roz Russell starrer, "Hired Wife." The day he debuted on the set, Roz whooped a greeting and then stopped short. "Bob," she chortled, "I've never seen you so fat! Where'd you get the pot-belly?" Mr. Benchley smiled modestly. "I just had a grandchild," he simpered, "and I haven't recovered my shape yet."

MATRIMONIAL MARTYR

Anita Louise's wedding to Buddy Adler a few months ago was fancy, fluffy and fairy-landish, but her married life has smacked her into a world of horror and brutality. No, we're not hinting that Buddy beats his wife. He really treats her very well. However, the two most important newsreel theatres in Hollywood are his property, and interest in the war has shot business sky high. So every evening, while Buddy checks up on his box office receipts, his beautiful bride views the latest European picture dispatches—and also gathers material for her next night's nightmare.

BENNY THE BOUNTIFUL

A star-stricken visitor to the Paramount lot got Oscar, the studio bootblack, to give him a polish job the other afternoon. While Oscar rubbed and scrubbed, the visitor shot question after question at him. "Does Bob Hope get his shoes shined here?" he queried. "Yassuh," replied Oscar. "Does Bing Crosby get his shoes shined here?" "Yassuh," from Oscar. "Does Jack Benny?" "No, suh," and with contempt, "Benny shines his own."

GOOD NEWS



THEY FLY BY NIGHT

Houston met Hollywood the other morning when a million dollar load of Movietown famous, headed by Jimmy Stewart, Olivia de Havilland, Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda and Richard Greene, flew to the Texas city to appear on a program for Allied War Relief. As the stars stepped from the plane, home-folksy Houstonites were struck by their calm and poise. Wasn't it nice, they remarked, that the young people could make such an exciting trip without any apparent nervous strain or fuss. Poor, innocent Houstonites! They never suspected what woe that trip involved—and, unless they read this, they'll never know that Power and Fonda got there so late they nearly missed the plane; that Jimmy Stewart pouted all the way because he couldn't wheedle permission to sit with the pilot, and that Nancy Kelly refused to tell the airline hostess her real weight and also caused confusion by taking along enough baggage to sink the ship. But don't think Houston didn't get a big thrill out of its distinguished visitors. One little waitress, called upon to serve the mob, actually fell in a dead faint at Ty Power's embarrassed feet!

CLOUDS OVER HOLLYWOOD

One grim, gray dawn Anita woke up screaming. She'd had a dream, she told Buddy. Hollywood had been attacked by land, sea and air! "This is too much, my pretty," shouted Mr. Adler. "Tonight, while I make my appointed rounds, you stay home and bake a cake!" That same evening, Anita was seated in one of Buddy's theatres. "Those pictures have made me grateful to to be near my husband," she said. "A thousand nightmares couldn't keep me away from him for an evening!" Which is sound common sense for, as this is written, Virginia Field is helping Dick Greene pack for his return to England and the army; Barbara Read has already said goodbye to her fiancee, Robert Coote; Ida Lupino expects Louis Hayward to leave her shortly, and older British stars, such as Brian Aherne, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant and Errol Flynn, who fall beyond the age limit summoned to service, are certain they will be called before long. Tragic note to a sufficiently tragic situation is the fact that French and British stars, who just a few months back worked together so beautifully for Allied relief, have been split by the turn of events and their harmonious relationship has been replaced by disappointment, bitterness and strain.

TURNABOUT

Hollywood marriages always have a screwy twist. The July 4th nuptials of Carole Landis and Willis Hunt, Jr., looked different, however. Here, at long last, thought everyone, is a simple story of boy meets girl, and that's that. But simple stories just aren't meant to be in this town. That's why we weren't too surprised to learn that last May the ex-Mrs. Hunt upped and married Hal Roach, Jr., who was formerly rumored engaged to Carole! Carole, by the way, has visited the altar before. Her first husband was Irving Wheeler, a writer whom she wed at the ripe old age of fifteen!

MODESTY, THY NAME IS BARRYMORE

John Barrymore pulled the brakes on his hijinks the other day in order to sit on a worm. The worm, this time, was a newspaper man who approached him with the tiresome "Tell-us-why-you-are-the-screen's-greatest-actor-Jawn" routine. "Jawn," however, doesn't fall for anyone's soft soap. Glowering down his nose, he withered his interviewer by biting out the names of ten performers who, in his opinion, make the great J. Barrymore look hammy. "First," he said, "is my brother, Lionel, followed by Spencer Tracy, George Sanders, Paul Muni, Henry Fonda, Roland Young, C. Aubrey Smith, George Raft, John Carradine and Maria Ouspenskaya. They're all great. But," he added, shaking his head sadly, "I'll admit they come worse than I, too. In fact, sometimes I think maybe I belong up there in the middle of my own list!"

REEL FAMILY NOTES

Marion Hardy (Cecilia Parker) will become a mother in December. Hubby is Actor Dick Baldwin . . . "Mother" Hardy (Fay Holden) celebrated the 25th anniversary of her marriage to Actor Dave Clyde the other day . . . Blondie Bumpstead (Penny Singleton) is sporting a huge star sapphire ring, an engagement gift from Bob Sparks, the producer she'll marry when her divorce becomes final the end of the year . . . "Baby Dumpling" Bumpstead (Larry Simms) has three brand new false teeth. They replace three baby teeth lost since the filming of his last picture. He takes them out every night.

REAL FAMILY NOTES

Following the old system of "kiss-and-bust-up," Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey made a loving couple at Ciro's one night, and the next day, July 6th, announced their separation . . . Preluding her divorce action with a stubborn "we-are-very-happy," Bubbles Schinasi left Wayne Morris on July 7th . . . "Deny-and-belie" was the Sonja Henie-Dan Topping gag. They branded marriage rumors "silly talk" and on July 4th marched to a Chicago altar . . . A son, Robin Gaynor Adrian, was born to Janet Gaynor and Gilbert Adrian—via Caesarian operation . . . Anne Shirley gave the world a new citizen, a daughter called Julie Anne because, according to Father John Payne, "it'll look good on a marquée."

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

Mary Astor's maid has a new duty. She must catch a live fly every day that Mary wears a recently-acquired ornament—a creation consisting of a hollowed-out nut into which bits of match stick have been inserted to represent legs, ears and a tail. Once caught, the fly is imprisoned within the nut. In its struggle for freedom it moves the ears, tail and legs violently while Mary's friends look on in wonder. A fly is never good for two performances.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

When Jimmy Stewart steps into the role of Florenz Ziegfeld in the coming production of "The Ziegfeld Girl" it will be to portray the one man who, more than any other, helped build the fabulous legend of the theatre. "I'm straining at the bit to get started," Jimmy told us. "Imagine impersonating a man who once spent a quarter of a million dollars on a production and then closed it after a single performance because he wasn't satisfied with it, himself! Why, he was as extravagant as an Oriental potentate! Did you know he held up the opening of 'Show Boat' for three months because he couldn't get the proper hats for a cowboy number he had in mind? And he had a telegram phobia, too. Used to sit in the front row during rehearsals and send wires to the actors on the stage who were within range of his voice! But the day he married Billie Burke he really outdid himself," Jimmy went on. "He bought out a complete flower shop gardenias, orchids, *(Continued on page 80)*

FASHIONS FOR YOUNG BUDGETEERS WHO ARE *GOING PLACES*



GREET the day gaily in a spanking new Printzess edition of the perennially smart reefer, softened by Persian lamb. Monotone wool, warmly interlined. $29.95. Sizes 10-20. Saks at 34, New York.

the American fashion scene...

SINCE the earliest days of our country there have been occasional periods when American fashions reflected American history. Today we are right in the middle of those times! With presidential election just around the corner, with national defense very much before us and with our hearts filled with pride that we are a part of the land of the free and the home of the brave, Fashion steps right up and takes a bow. Everywhere we see light-hearted novelties inspiring us to express our patriotism. These are tiny things, simple things—and inexpensive! Star-splashed hair bows . . . enamel and stone studded flags and emblems . . . red, white and blue kerchiefs . . . tricolor clips, pins and compacts . . . double-breasted military sailor-collar coats. Star-spangled fashions for everyone, true—but somehow they seem especially yours. At least, we have hunted them up with you in mind because we believe they belong to young hearts and young purses whose "buy word" is "buy America."





★ **STAR-STUDDED BELT**

54 Woolly texture, sure-success dress of spun and acetate rayon. $7.95. Sizes 14-40. Lord & Taylor, New York.

★ **TRICOLOR BOW**

Kitty Fisher's new idea—Arrow collar and collar button! $4.95. 9-15. Oppenheim, Collins, New York.

★ **U. S. A. BUTTONS**

Tiny U. S. A. map print on grand fall colors. $6.50. Sizes 12-20. B. Altman & Co., New York.



GRAND ENTRANCE, an informal all-black or all-white two-piece triumph. The clever blouse, $6.50, boasts attached bangle necklace . . . The rhythmic swing skirt, $7.98, is full and, of course, matches. Franklin Simon, New York. COQUETTE, is a double-duty investment. Complete dress of Celanese rayon yarn taffeta and a gold-thread embroidered velveteen jacket. Junior and Misses sizes, in old rose, raisin and peacock. $10.29, complete ensemble. R. H. Macy, New York.
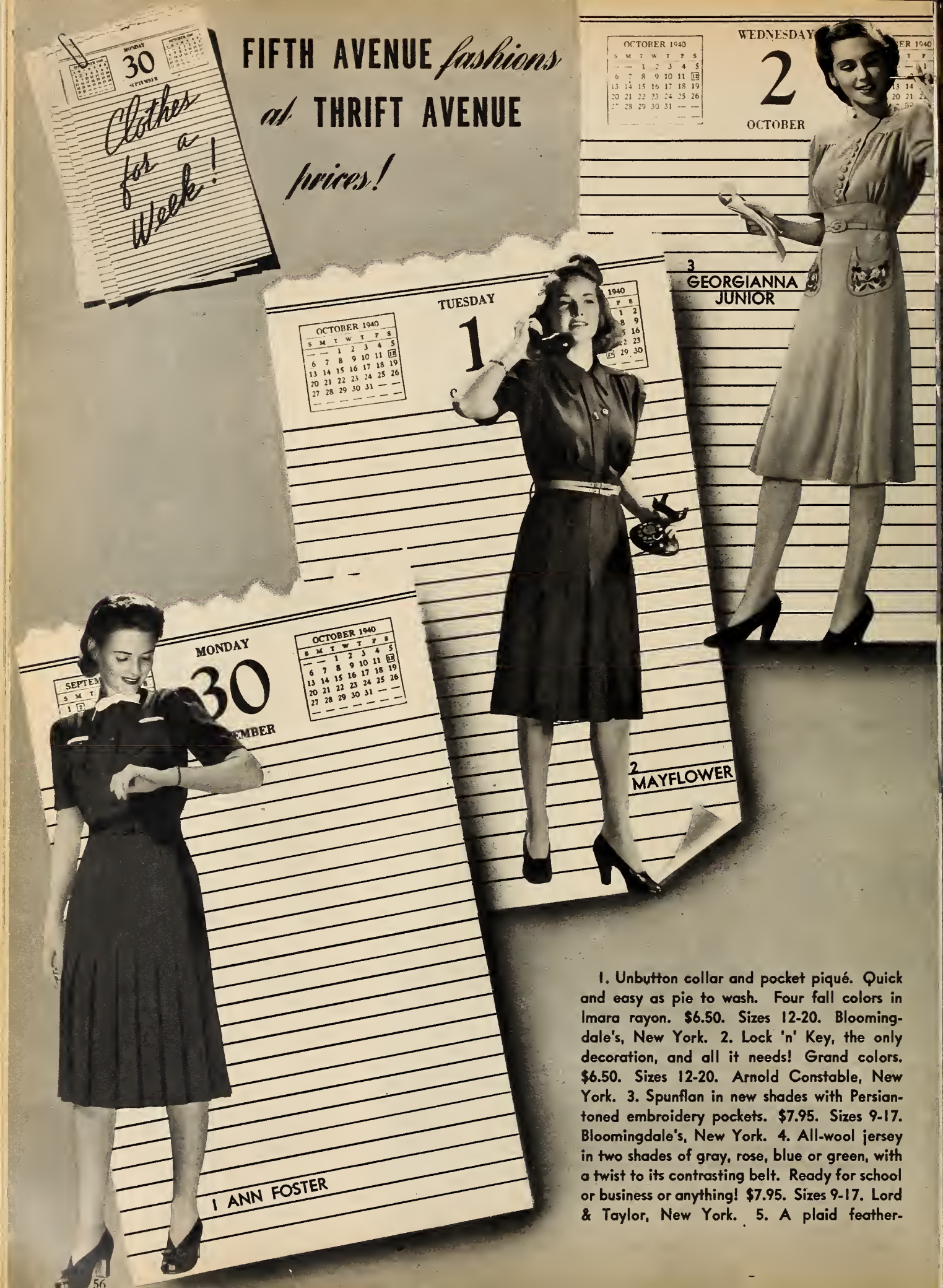


And here you have GRAND ENTRANCE in its afternoon version! The blouse is the same . . . so is the skirt except it is daytime length and is $6.50. We are recommending all three because we think one blouse and two skirts make an unbeatable combination to carry you through all sorts of dress-up affairs. Sizes 12-20. Franklin Simon & Co., New York.

★ **BANNER FASHIONS**

For the stores nearest you carrying your favorite MODERN SCREEN fashions write Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149

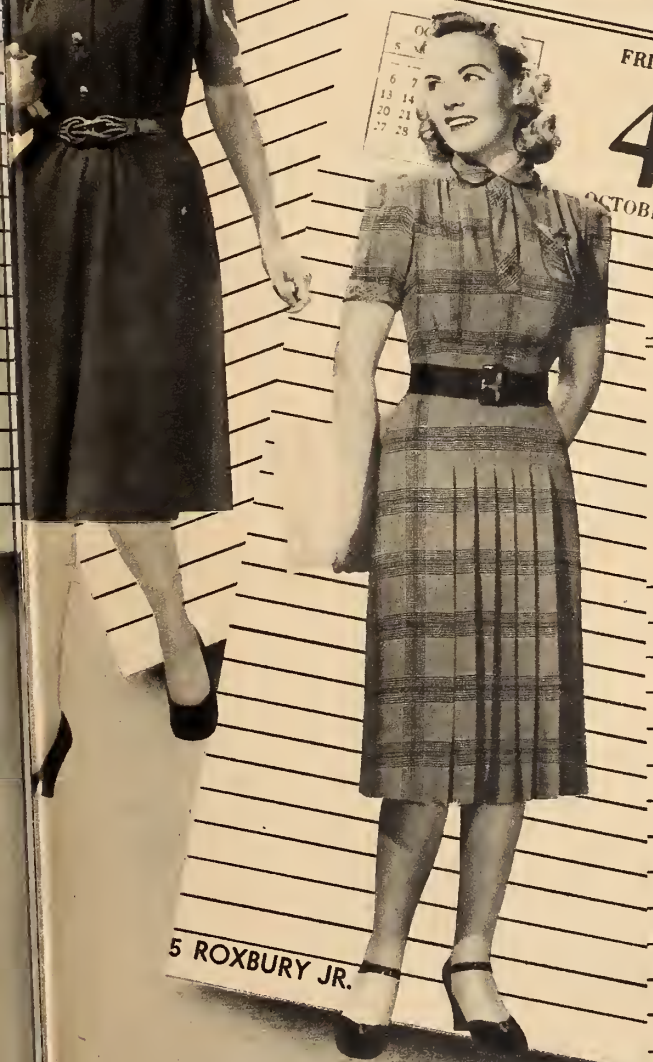
FIFTH AVENUE *fashions* at THRIFT AVENUE *prices!*

Clothes for a Week!



1. Unbutton collar and pocket piqué. Quick and easy as pie to wash. Four fall colors in Imara rayon. $6.50. Sizes 12-20. Bloomingdale's, New York. 2. Lock 'n' Key, the only decoration, and all it needs! Grand colors. $6.50. Sizes 12-20. Arnold Constable, New York. 3. Spunflan in new shades with Persian-toned embroidery pockets. $7.95. Sizes 9-17. Bloomingdale's, New York. 4. All-wool jersey in two shades of gray, rose, blue or green, with a twist to its contrasting belt. Ready for school or business or anything! $7.95. Sizes 9-17. Lord & Taylor, New York. 5. A plaid feather-







flannel of spun and acetate rayon that looks very woolly and very practical. The pencil ornament really works. $6.50. Sizes 9-17. B. Altman, New York. 6. A jumper dress in jersey, that answers a thousand what-to-wear-when questions. $7.98. Sizes 9-15. Franklin Simon, New York. 7. Sunday wear velvet, Magicvel crush-resistant velvet with soft blouse, smooth hips, locked seams and grosgrain-placketed zipper closing . . . the best velvet buy we've seen at $8.95. Sizes 12-20. Bloomingdale's, New York.

PROP SHOP



Introducing PRETTY PENNY, Prop Shop's scout with a nose for sense and nonsense and a mission in life to discover a lot for a little. Penny says the right props certainly dress you up and s-t-r-e-t-c-h your budget!

Beret Gadabout

Once in a blue moon you find the hat of hats, that has everything in chic and flattery. Here it is! Fine felt, fine workmanship, fine fit. A Brewster in 20 colors. Contrasting or self yarn trim. $5. Franklin Simon Co., New York.





Heraldic Charm

Practically a coat of arms all your own. As handsome as Lancelot, as delicate as Guinevere, as romantic as knighthood itself. . . . Antique finished silver or gold heraldry jewelry. $1 each piece. In New York at Stern Bros.



Slick and Slim

We want you to know Slendikins, the girdle-type pantie or pantie brief, for tiny and not too tiny girls. It's made of rayon and a fine elasticized yarn called Laton and is sold in the underwear departments, white or tea rose. 59c. In New York at Gimbel's.

Hear the Cheer

Going to campaign for your candidate? Do you want a grand buy in a cute dress? The "God Bless America" dress in navy mercerized poplin fills the bill. Red and white belt. Star buttons. 12-20. $1. In New York at Bloomingdale's.



Gilt-edged Value

If you're looking for more than just a bag, our vote is cast for this one, of alligator-grain calf. It holds a lot—has plenty of style—is smartly ornamented, and comes in five colors. $2.95. B. Altman, New York.





Cold Insurance

Here's news! Coat gloves in coat material. Impressive enough for Sunday-go-to-meeting and Eskimo warm for winter days. Leather bow-knot trim. Black, brown, wine. $1.25. Kayser's, New York.



MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)

BEAUTY CREED:

"I'd rather have a beautifully-cared-for skin than Beauty." So you asserted pridefully—rightfully.

And, contrariwise, this beautifully-cared-for skin of yours proclaims you a Beauty!

For no girl who exercises such care of her skin—joyously and meticulously—ever fails to exercise similar care of two other aspects of her person which, indeed, set off her skin's beauty. Namely, the shining sculptured glory of her well-kept hair, the chic simplicity of her dress.

All three are matters of Taste. Games of Skill!

Play *your* part in the exciting game of skin care with enthusiasm and with a wise head—and you will have exciting rewards. Play it, as do many members of our foremost families, according to the authoritative rules laid down by Pond's.

There are five moves in this stimulating Game. Each has its definite intention, its ample rewards.

QUICK RELEASE—Bury your face under lush, luxurious Pond's Cold Cream, and *spank* it forthrightly for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes—with cream-wreathed fingers. Pond's *mixes* with the dried, dead cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on the surface of your skin, softens and sets them free.

REMOVAL—Clean off the softened debris with the white tenderness of Pond's Tissues. Wiped off also are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

REPEAT—A second time spank your face with cream-softened fingers. This spanking increases both the actions of Pond's Cold Cream—cleansing and softening. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Notice that superficial lines seem less noticeable—pores look finer.

COOL ASTRINGENCE—Now splash with cool, fragrant Pond's Skin Freshener, slapped on with cotton dripping wet.

SMOOTH FINISH—Last, mask your face with a downy coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's specific duty is to disperse remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, leaving your skin silky, smooth, pliant! Wipe off after one full minute for the richest rewards. Then observe with what ease your skin receives its powder, how surprisingly it holds it.

Play this through at least once daily—before retiring or during the day. Repeat it in abbreviated form when your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily rules for a fresh and flower-soft skin.

Send for Trial Case. **Forward at once the conpon below. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CVK, Clinton, Conn. Please send me a complete Pond's kit of the 3 Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.**

Name_____

Address_____

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WOMAN-SKIN

so different from a man's in its compelling softness . . . its ineffably tender look and feel. Instinct-wise, women since time began have nurtured and protected the priceless heritage of flower-fresh skin, made it a true and natural accent of their essential femininity.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY), like many other members of distinguished American families, has for years observed the Pond's rules for skin care



FOR MEN ONLY

(*Continued from page 29*)

than a man. Not all men are doctors, but all women are Florence Nightingales when they have to be. In a financial catastrophe it is the woman who knows how to save; how to keep together the wreckage of the man's pride and the home.

Women, I believe, can stand the truth better than men. Women have to stand the truth of birth. So they also stand the truths of love and death. Men like to be fooled; women do not like to be fooled. A man will always run away from an argument; but a woman will stay right with it.

If a husband says to his wife, "I want to be frank with you, I was out with another woman," the woman is not too badly hurt. She knows that her husband still loves her because he has brought her the greatest gift he can bring her, his honesty. She knows that by giving her the truth he is giving her a finer thing than he is giving to another woman. But if a third person tells a wife her husband is unfaithful to her, she loathes and detests him. It is easier for a woman to forgive Casanova than it is for her to forgive a cheat. Honesty is so very important to me. It is so very important to all women.

WOMEN are braver about divorce today than they used to be. It's partly, of course, because many of them are now economically independent. But it is also because they are now spiritually and mentally independent, too. They know that if you divorce four times, or five times, it is a lesser sin than a whole lifetime of unhappiness. I don't think there is anything shocking about divorce if it is done, like honest surgery, after complete examination and analysis. I do not think divorce should come with a first quarrel, a quick flame of saying, "I'll divorce you!" But if it comes after long suffering, then it is a good thing, not a bad thing, for unhappiness is unhealthy.

I like women because they are so efficient about themselves and their lives. Whoever heard of a man's running a home, looking after children, conducting a business and keeping himself well-groomed and smart at one and the same time? I have never heard of one. But women, especially American women, do all of these things as deftly as a juggler balancing a dozen balls. I say especially American women because, in Europe, when women work, they look it. Here, they do not. I have not the words to say how I admire the girls here who hold jobs, support their families, keep neat, orderly houses and, at the same time, keep themselves smart, attractive, well-informed and mentally alert.

I like women because they appreciate the things done for them. I don't believe it is in the nature of a man to appreciate the things a woman does for him. That is not saying anything against the man; he is still living, in his mind, in a society which ordained that women should serve men. I am afraid that the less a woman does for a man, the more he appreciates her. The men may scream out at me for saying this, but I dare to say that I think women should, if necessary, neglect other things rather than neglect themselves. It is not only that they get no thanks for self-sacrifice, but it does not make happiness in the home and so nothing is gained. It is a cruel truth but it *is* the truth that men like women who continue to keep themselves attractive and gay.

I think one thing the women of today overlook is that men still like best what they pay for most. In Vienna we have a saying which, translated, means, "If you want to mean something, make yourself rare."

I do not think women are what you call here "gold-diggers." I do think they should expect, more than they do, little courtesies and attentions from men. I once made the statement that I do not like any man to come to me empty-handed. I still say this, but I must explain. When men send flowers, it doesn't have to cost anything. To me, one rose from a man who doesn't have anything, is more wonderful than ten dozen roses from a man who is rich. Or, if you are married, something sweet that doesn't cost anything is a little note left for you in the morning if your husband leaves the house before you are awake.

I admire women because I do not think they relax after marriage as often as some men do. I have seen a married man who has not shaved more often than I have seen a married woman with her hair in curlers! If a man relaxes after marriage, that is the bride's first disappointment. He is not the same man who first attracted her, during the courting, by his consideration and little thoughtfulnesses and good grooming.

I admire women because I think they are often cleverer than men. I have friends, married couples, where the wife is beyond any question the more intelligent and more witty of the two. Yet I go to their houses for dinner and their husbands hold the floor. One thing a man loathes is for a woman to show she is smarter than he is. And women today are so slick about hiding their own greater cleverness.

I LIKE women because they have a sense of humor. You can kid women where you cannot kid men. I have heard someone poke fun at a man and he gets in a huff about it, doesn't like it and shows that he doesn't like it. I have heard someone make fun of a woman and she takes it well, comes right back at it, and laughs it off. I know that even on the screen, women are willing, even eager to play comedy parts, to make themselves look comic or even hideous. I did not find that men are so eager to conceal good looks behind a false nose.

I like to work with women. I liked working with Verree Teasdale in "I Take This Woman." I liked working with Claudette Colbert in "Boom Town." It is said that women are "catty." I do not agree. I know they are not catty with me and couldn't be because I wouldn't encourage them, and they would soon get tired. If they are grudging of another woman's looks, clothes, husband or success, they are too clever to show it.

I like women because they are not fundamentally vulgar. Vulgarity is very unbecoming to a woman and she should not try to be something she isn't at heart. If ever a woman is vulgar, it is when she is very young, I think, and is trying to be sophisticated to please some man.

These, then, are the things I like about women. In front of any Court I would repeat them over and over. I have wanted to say them for a long while and now that I have had my say I feel better.

Glamour Duo By CUTEX

Riot and Rumpus



Dance into his heart with fingertips in gay Cutex RIOT!

IT'S A DATE! You have a rendezvous with romance in one of these glamorous Fall nail tones.

RIOT is rich red—gay, clear, irresistible! Marvelous with your stadium furs and woolens . . . a flashing accent for "big evenings."

RUMPUS is red with a deep blue overtone—very young, immensely flattering. Lush with gray and black . . . an added heart throb with all the new colors with a hint of blue or purple—by day or by night!

Get set for a gay and glamorous Fall! See the new Cutex glamour duo—Riot and Rumpus—this very day! Other Cutex favorites: Old Rose, Cedarwood, Laurel, Clover, Cameo, Tulip. *Guaranteed to wear longer or your money back! Simply return the bottle to us (with at least three-fourths of its contents) during 1940.*

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New York, Montreal, Paris, London



Fun-loving hands love Cutex RUMPUS—and so will he!







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Movieland glamour at your feet. Here are the smartest Fall footwear fashions... as seen on the screen capitol's best dressed stars ...brought to you by Joléne, famous Hollywood fashion authority... they're amazingly low priced for such outstanding beauty.



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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO)	C 4★
Adventure in Diamonds (Paramount)	2★
Alias the Deacon (Universal)	2½★
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners)	4★
And One Was Beautiful (M-G-M)	2½★
Angel From Texas, An (Warners)	2★
Babies For Sale (Columbia)	2½★
Bad Men of Carson City (Universal)	2★
Balalaika (M-G-M)	3★
Bill of Divorcement, A (RKO)	3★
Biscuit Eater, The (Paramount)	3★
Black Friday (Universal)	2½★
Blondie on a Budget (Columbia)	2★
Blue Bird, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
*Boys from Syracuse, The (Universal)	2½★
Broadway Melody of 1940 (M-G-M)	3★
Brother Orchid (Warners)	3★
Brother Rat and a Baby (Warners)	2★
Buck Benny Rides Again (Paramount)	3½★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners)	2½★
Castle on the Hudson (Warners)	2½★
Charlie Chan in Panama (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Chump at Oxford, A (United Artists)	2½★
Congo Maisie (M-G-M)	3★
Courageous Dr. Christian, The (RKO)	2★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic)	2★
Cross Country Romance (RKO)	2½★
Curtain Call (RKO)	2½★
Dark Command (Republic)	3★
Devil's Island (Warners)	2½★
Double Alibi (Universal)	2½★
Dr. Cyclops (Paramount)	C 3★
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners)	3½★
Dr. Kildare's Strange Case (M-G-M)	2½★
Doctor Takes A Wife, The (Columbia)	3★
Earl of Chicago, The (M-G-M)	4★
Earthbound (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Edison, the Man (M-G-M)	3½★
Emergency Squad (Paramount)	2½★
Farmer's Daughter, The (Paramount)	2½★
Fighting 69th, The (Warners)	3★
Five Little Peppers at Home (Columbia)	C 2½★
Flight Angels (Warners)	2½★
Florian (M-G-M)	2½★
Forty Little Mothers (M-G-M)	2½★
Four Sons (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
French Without Tears (Paramount)	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners)	2½★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount)	3★
Girl in 313 (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Girls of the Road (Columbia)	2★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
*Great Mc Ginty, The (Paramount)	3★
Half a Sinner (Universal)	2★
He Married His Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hidden Gold (Paramount)	2½★
High School (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
His Girl Friday (Columbia)	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
House Across the Bay, The (United Artists)	2★
House of Seven Gables (Universal)	2½★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
*I Married Adventure (Columbia)	3★
Invisible Man Returns, The (Universal)	2★
Irene (RKO)	3★
Island of Doomed Men (Columbia)	2★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It All Came True (Warners)	2½★
It's a Date (Universal)	3½★
I Was an Adventuress (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Johnny Apollo (20th Century-Fox)	3★
La Conga Nights (Universal)	2★
Lillian Russell (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Lone Wolf Meets A Lady, The (Columbia)	2★
Lone Wolf Strikes, The (Columbia)	2★
Lucky Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Ma! He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal)	2½★
Man From Dakota, The (M-G-M)	2★
Man From Montreal (Universal)	2½★
Man Who Talked Too Much, The (Warners)	2½★
Man Who Wouldn't Talk, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Man With Nine Lives, The (Columbia)	2★
Marines Fly High, The (RKO)	2★
Maryland (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Men Without Souls (Columbia)	2★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Millionaire Playboy (RKO)	2★
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia)	4★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M)	4★
Murder in the Air (Warners)	2★
Music in My Heart (Columbia)	2★
My Favorite Wife (RKO)	3★
My Little Chickadee (Universal)	2½★
My Love Came Back (Warners)	3½★
My Son, My Son (United Artists)	3½★
New Moon (M-G-M)	3★
Ninotchka (M-G-M)	4★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M)	4★
Of Mice and Men (United Artists)	4★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
On Dress Parade (Warners)	C 2★
One Hour to Live (Universal)	2★
One Million B. C. (United Artists)	C 3★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount)	2½★
Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount)	2½★
Our Town (United Artists)	4★
Outside 3-Mile Limit (Columbia)	2½★
Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Parole Fixer (Paramount)	2½★
Passport to Alcatraz (Columbia)	2★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M)	2★
Pinocchio (RKO)	C 4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)	2★
*Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Primrose Path, The (RKO)	3½★
Private Affairs (Universal)	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Rebecca (United Artists)	4★
Remember the Night (Paramount)	3★
Rio (Universal)	2½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)	2½★
Roaring Twenties, The (Warners)	3★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Sandy Is a Lady (Universal)	C 2½★
Saturday's Children (Warners)	2½★
*Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Secret of Dr. Kildare, The (M-G-M)	3★
Seventeen (Paramount)	C 3★
Shooting High (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M)	3★
Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release)	3★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists)	3★
Smashing the Money Ring (Warners)	2½★
Son of the Navy (Monogram)	2½★
*South of Pago-Pago (United Artists)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Sporting Blood (M-G-M)	2½★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Dust (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Star Maker, The (Paramount)	C 2½★
Strange Cargo (M-G-M)	3★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Susan and God (M-G-M)	3½★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO)	C 3★
Tear Gas Squad (Warners)	2★
That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO)	C 3★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
Those Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Three Cheers for the Irish (Warners)	3★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)	C 3★
'Til We Meet Again (Warners)	3★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)	3★
Too Many Husbands (Columbia)	3★
Torrid Zone (Warners)	3★
Tower of London (Universal)	2★
Turnabout (United Artists)	3★
Twenty-Mule Team (M-G-M)	3★
Twenty-One Days Together (Columbia)	3★
Two Girls on Broadway (M-G-M)	2½★
Typhoon (Paramount)	3★
Underpup, The (Universal)	C 3★
Untamed (Paramount)	2★
Vigil in the Night (RKO)	3★
Virginia City (Warners)	3★
Viva Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M)	3½★
Way of All Flesh, The (Paramount)	3★
We Are Not Alone (Warners)	3½★
Women in War (Republic)	2½★
Women Without Names (Paramount)	2½★
You Can't Fool Your Wife (RKO)	2★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Young People (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Young Tom Edison (M-G-M)	C 4★



Babies take to Clapp's!



He's our first baby, so naturally my wife and I got worried when he didn't seem to care about some of his vegetables. Sometimes we begged and pleaded, and sometimes we'd play games and try to sneak a spoonful in while he wasn't looking. One night I got annoyed and tried to force it down him. In the scuffle, the whole dish landed upside down on the floor.



Just that minute in comes our neighbor, Mrs. Blake, and her little boy. "I don't know how it will work with you," she said, when she heard about our troubles, "but I always had very good luck with Clapp's. Richard seemed to take to Clapp's, right away, and just see how well he's grown and thrived. And when he outgrew Strained, he went on Clapp's Junior Foods as slick as a whistle."



"It's Clapp's textures that babies like, as well as flavors. They're not too coarse or thick, nor so thin a child doesn't learn to eat.

"You see, Clapp's don't make anything *but* baby foods. And my land! They've been making them most 20 years, lots longer than anyone else, and getting tips from doctors and mothers all the time—no wonder they know what will make a hit with babies!"

17 Strained Foods for Young Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.



14 Junior Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Combination Dishes**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • Vegetables with Chicken • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • Creamed Vegetables • **Fruits**—Apple Sauce Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice with Raisins.



Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

MADELEINE CARROLL in Cecil B. DeMille's Paramount Picture "NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE"



If Your *Lips Dry*...try Hollywood's Lipstick



You can safeguard the appealing loveliness of soft, smooth, red lips by using Tru-Color Lipstick created by *Max Factor Hollywood*. Just note these four amazing features...

1. *lifelike red of your lips*
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SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Book, "THE NEW ART OF MAKE-UP"... FREE. 24-10-62

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check here and see ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

(NOT GOOD IN CANADA)

PRINCE CHARMING—IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

(*Continued from page 33*)

"the boat," and which is modest indeed compared with such craft as John Barrymore formerly owned. A ketch-rigged double ender, it would make a fair-sized lifeboat for Joseph Schenck's or Cecil B. De Mille's big schooners, and Colman bought it second-hand at that. Still it is big enough to take him down into the Gulf of California when he wants to go there fishing and, whenever he could get Powell or Baxter or Barthelmess to go with him, Ronnie delighted in taking it either there or to Catalina waters after swordfish.

Thus Ronald Colman appeared to live the ideal existence—he was rich, famous, sought after, surrounded by every material thing any man apparently could wish for. But, the philosophers have said that no man really owns anything unless he has someone with whom to share it, and in his heart Ronnie knew that the philosophers spoke truly. He had everything money could buy, yet nothing he really wanted.

Then Benita Hume came into his life. Their romance is still too recent to need repetition here, but it was almost directly after his marriage to her that Hollywood began to see a Ronald Colman it had never seemed to notice before. He appeared more boyish and lighter-hearted, less given to retiring into some far corner of his thoughts and letting the world pass by.

"It's the missus," he grinned when friends remarked about it.

THAT'S what he almost invariably calls Benita—the missus. As everybody knows, she too came over from England to appear in pictures, but after her marriage she decided to retire. Benita understands, as perhaps no American girl could, the essentially British recesses of Ronnie's mind, and has been able to subtly bring him out of his introspections.

For instance, Ronnie, after dinner say, out of habit will wander idly over to the bookcase for a book. If he gets it Benita knows that he'll spend the evening in the big chair, as remote from current things as Shangri-la.

"Didn't you say we're dropping around on the so-and-so's this evening?" Benita asks.

Ronnie hadn't said anything of the kind—but he goes. And there, instead of contemplating the mysteries of life in the abstract by himself, he shines as the social light of the party. Still in his own unobtrusive way, to be sure. Whenever he can be persuaded to converse, Ronnie's conversation is highlighted by a most delightful dry wit. Benita can be depended upon to do the persuading in such a way that Ronnie comes out of his mental corner practically before he has been able to enter it.

That's how, one evening, he found himself in the last place on earth anybody would expect to find Ronald Colman. He and Benita were at a dinner party when, after the meal was finished and the guests—Ronnie included—were gathered around the piano, somebody looked out of the window and saw a house being moved along the street outside. That is nothing unusual for Hollywood, but someone had an inspiration.

"Let's go and finish the party there," he suggested.

So off went the whole group to the living room of the house that was being moved, where they remained until the party ended, then took taxis and went home. Even now that is hardly the sort of thing of which Colman wholeheartedly approves, nevertheless he went along rather than spoil the evening for the others. A few months before, however, he probably would have taken his taxi from the first house instead of the second.

Benita loves the bustle and noise of big cities, but for Ronnie crowded streets and traffic lights are things to get away from. However, Benita has found a way to make him enjoy even the busy metropolitan centers which she believes are occasionally necessary as a sort of tonic to the most secluded minds—it helps to keep them up, she feels, with what is going on. So she hit upon the simple scheme of sometimes taking him shopping with her upon the plea that she wants her clothes to please him.

"It's so much better than ordering something and then having to send it back," she explains.

SOMETIMES Ronnie's new zest for things gets even with her, however. He has always been something of a camera fan, but since his marriage he has been more so than ever—principally with pictures of Benita. Thus, one morning not long ago, he awakened her at about five A.M., and when she sleepily opened her eyes she saw him with a camera perched on a tripod at her bedside. He had been waiting for days for just the right light, he said.

Benita obliged, the shutter clicked, and Benita went back to sleep, only to be awakened half an hour or so later when Ronnie came out of his darkroom with a wet film in his hand.

"Not just the correct exposure," he told her. "We'll have to try again."

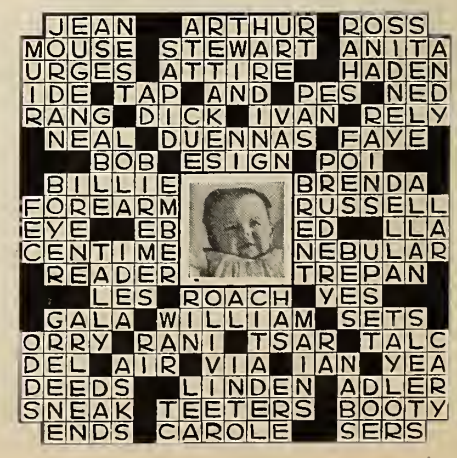
"Why not call a photographer from the studio and be sure?" Benita asked.

"We might—and we might have your clothes designed at the studio, too," Ronnie grinned.

Ronnie is master of the quiet retort and the Missus knows when to give in.

And thus, at least twice in his life, Ronald Colman has virtually acquired a new personality—the first time from the moustache that Henry King penciled upon his lip and the second from the missus. That he has benefited immeasurably from both, professionally from the former and personally from the latter, is obvious. Ronald Colman, like all creative artists, is a human complexity who responds to just the proper touch.

Solution To Puzzle on Page 14



DAINTINESS IS IMPORTANT! THIS BEAUTY BATH MAKES YOU **SURE**



YOU will love the way a daily Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath delicately perfumes your skin—leaves it exquisitely fresh, *sweet!*

LOVELY SCREEN STARS, clever women everywhere use Lux Toilet Soap as a daily *bath* soap, too. Its ACTIVE lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really fresh from top to toe. You'll love this luxurious, *sure* way of protecting daintiness. You'll find this beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you—leaves your skin delicately perfumed, *sweet*. Just try it!

The Complexion Soap
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

SILVER STARS

HOLLYWOOD-INSPIRED HINTS TO HELP SOLVE YOUR SILVERWARE PROBLEMS IN THE MODERN MANNER

By Marjorie Deen



Every meal at lovely Maureen O'Hara's house is exciting and party-ish, for she always sets her table with gleaming 1881 Rogers silverware in the popular, delicate Del Mar pattern.

OUT HERE in Hollywood," Maureen O'Hara pointed out to me recently, "we are frequently asked to describe our favorite foods. But," she went on with considerable surprise, "it is rare indeed to have someone ask how we set our tables! Yet an attractive looking table setting is as important to the success of a meal as the dishes that are served!"

In this respect, Maureen feels, your silver service should be the very first consideration—since it is certain to be the first thing noticed. The charm of its pattern, its gleaming appearance and the way it is placed, all should do credit to your good taste. Fortunately, owning an attractive set of silverware is no longer a question of waiting for that promised inheritance or that mythical ship to come in. Instead, you can purchase your matched set of quality silver plate *now* when you really want it and would most enjoy using it—at small cost and on easy terms at that!

Countless Hollywoodites, like Maureen, are the proud possessors of complete services in silver plate. And they, like ourselves, would give four stars to any silver success story. These stars would be awarded for the charm of the pattern and the appropriateness of the selection; the daily care; the occasional thorough polishing which assures its finest appearance; and the actual placing of the silver on the table according to the few but important rules that govern this procedure. Each of these silver stars calls for your careful consideration if you, too, wish your silverware to be the bright spot of your table settings.

★ PURCHASE

Buy plated ware that bears the name of a well-known manufacturer—one with a reputation to live up to; then, even though you may have purchased the most moderately priced set, you have every assurance that the company will proudly stand back of its guarantee.

Be sure you are getting a quality plated silverware with extra concentration of silver at the points of maximum wear. This assures added years of satisfactory use and continued fine appearance. Hidden values such as these are important in the long run. Ask, before you buy.

Choose a pattern that not only appeals to you *now,* but that you feel sure will continue to appeal throughout the set's long years of usefulness.

Make your initial purchase in the form of a set for six or eight. There is a distinct saving in starting off with a grouped service, and an added inducement is the tarnish-proof chest in which it is sold. Various combinations are offered so that you can be sure of getting a set that includes the pieces you feel most essential. In time you can buy more of each and also add iced tea spoons, cream soup spoons and special servers—all of which you may have thought you simply could not finance at the time of the original purchase.

★ DAILY CARE

The most important rule for daily care of silverware is daily use! It's a mistake to keep your "best set" only for company dinners, because, though much can be said for tarnish-proof chests and cloths, some air is bound to seep in—carrying with it, alas, tarnish ingredients. Constant use with consequent washings will keep your silverware looking its best at all times.

Be sure to wash off eggs, mustard and mayonnaise immediately, and remove any stain they may have left with a polishing cloth.

Treat your silverware with loving care. Keep in mind that it is one of the precious metals, soft and lustrous, with luxurious finishes that mar easily under careless treatment.

Remove silver pieces from the table, wash them, rinse them and dry them separately, not bunched in the hand! Wash in clean, soapy hot water, using

mild soap powder or flakes. Rinse in very hot, preferably scalding, water. It is contrary to all laws of common sense to leave soapy water on your silver to streak and taste, but all too often this rinsing step is overlooked! Last, but not least, dry each piece thoroughly.

★ SPECIAL (OCCASIONAL) CARE

With constant use, a tarnish proof chest, careful washing and the special attention suggested above, your silverware will need only infrequent polishing. This may be done very successfully with one of the handy silver cleaning cloths that are sold in five and ten cent stores. It is well, also, to go over the silver occasionally with a reliable silver cream. Silver must then be carefully washed in soapy water, rinsed and thoroughly dried. For absolute perfection give it a final rubbing with a soft chamois skin.

A quick, easy and therefore popular silver cleaning method is the galvanic process. But this treatment should *not* be used for flatware that depends for its full beauty and charm on the delicate shading (known as oxidation) which serves to bring out the pattern, since this shading is removed entirely when this method is employed.

Place in a large dishpan an old piece of aluminum ware or one of the special aluminum plates sold for this very purpose. Put in a measured amount of boiling water, add 1 teaspoon of either washing soda or baking soda and 1 teaspoon salt for each quart of water. Arrange silver in pan so that each piece touches the aluminum or another piece

(*Continued on page 82*)

SPECIAL OFFER!



Write in for your FREE COPY of the new "GONE WITH THE WIND" COOK BOOK. Inspired by the picture and with Scarlett herself on the cover, it contains 48 pages of recipes for those delicious dishes that have made Southern hospitality so justly famous. Just print your name and address clearly on the coupon or on a penny postal and mail it in. If you want extra copies for fellow club or church members, specify the number you would like and they will be sent to you without cost. But don't delay, because we expect to be deluged with requests, and the offer holds good until the present supply has been exhausted.

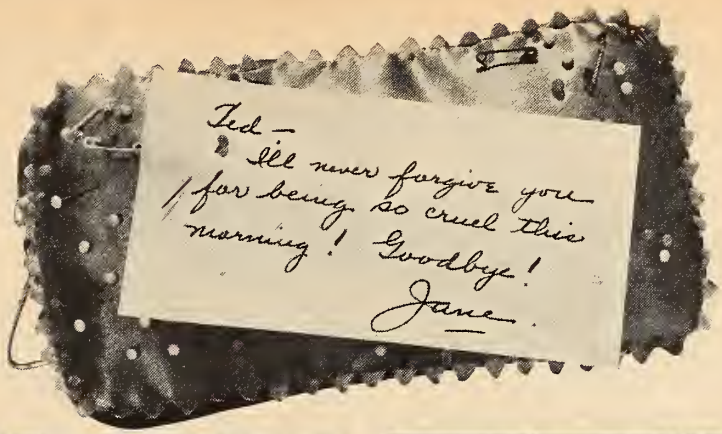
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Kindly send me, ABSOLUTELY FREE, the "GONE WITH THE WIND" COOK BOOK.

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MATILDA: Oh me, oh my—read this. I knew there'd be trouble if Ted didn't stop picking on Jane.

SUSAN: The poor creature! He raised such a fuss about his shirts—she got desperate and left. Come along, Matilda—we'll fetch her back and show her how to keep the brute happy.



SUSAN: You heard me, young lady! He wouldn't be always storming about tattle-tale gray—if you'd stop using weak-kneed soaps that *can't* wash clean.

MATILDA: Change to Fels-Naptha—*golden* bar or *golden* chips. Either way, you get richer, *golden* soap working with *gentle naptha!* That team sure makes dirt scat!



TED: Yep—the merry-go-round next! My shirts look so swell since you put that big, *golden* bar of Fels-Naptha to work, I'm going to treat the three of you to everything in the park!

SUSAN: And take it from your wise old auntie, Jane, nothing beats Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for washing machines. *Huskier, golden* chips—they're not puffed up with air like flimsy, *sneezy* powders.

Golden bar or golden chips

FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap. Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



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➡ IN NEW FASHION SHADES:

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SENSATIONAL OFFER...

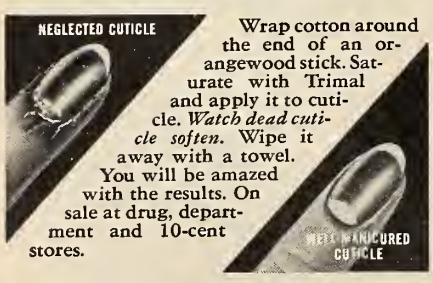
We'll gladly send you extra size samples of two popular shades, Candy Stick Red and brilliant Glamour Red . . . with sample of Flame-Glo Rouge in a shade that blends perfectly with either lipstick . . . together with pack of handy Lipstick Tissues. Just send 10c to cover mailing costs!



REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS., Inc., 116 W. 14 St., N.Y. Dept. 93
Enclosed find 10c for mailing samples of two different color Lipsticks, Rouge with Puff and Lipstick Tissue Pack. (15c in Canada.)
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UGLY, ROUGH CUTICLE GOES WITHOUT CUTTING!



Wrap cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply it to cuticle. *Watch dead cuticle soften.* Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed with the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores.

TRIMAL

HE'S COLOSSAL

(*Continued from page 25*)

York critics rapped it at an Eastern preview and remade most of it. He scrapped the entire $400,000 print of Anna Sten's "Nana" and redid that. It's not that kind of economy, but Mr. Goldwyn is passionately convinced that B pictures drain Hollywood's gold supply and keep a man from doing his best in A pictures. "Unless Hollywood makes only the best," he warns, "audiences will stay home and listen to the Pot O' Gold program! Audiences are getting more insistent on good pictures! And you can't give them double features instead!"

Mr. Goldwyn waxes hot and bothered about the matter of double features. "You decide to go to the theatre some evening. You spend twenty minutes trying to park, then you either walk twelve blocks or pay for parking. The marquee on the theatre says:—

BANK NITE—$500 GIVEN AWAY
THE MAGNIFICENT FRAUD
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

"You buy your ticket anyway. The first forty minutes are taken up with a raffle won by a guy in the cemetery three years. Thank God, that's over at last. You sit back and wait for the picture—say 'Rebecca,' or something else you want to see badly. It doesn't come. Instead you get twenty minutes of what's coming. Everything is 'Magnificent,' 'Colossal,' 'Grand,' 'Terrific'—'You'll Laugh,' 'You'll Scream,' 'You'll Roar'—and you're trying to relax. If a picture was ever announced as 'Fair,' it would be a world revolution. Funny, but something always happens on the way, and when pictures really arrive, they never look as good as they did in the trailer. Like the fellow said:—'The picture was a flop, but the trailer got the Academy Award!'"

With fiery bitterness, Mr. Goldwyn goes on to describe how you manage to survive the trailers, then sit back again and await the feature—"Rebecca." "Instead," he rues with passionate sadness, "you get a B picture, a cheap bad picture Hollywood makes to fill out a double feature program. And to me B stands for Bad!"

IF you live through this and are still in the theatre, Mr. Goldwyn goes on to say, you at last get "Rebecca," but "You are so worn out you couldn't enjoy it if you tried! At 1:30 a.m. you are finally home, and the next day a neighbor informs you that he heard your name mentioned on the Pot O'Gold program for $1900—and you weren't home to answer the phone!" Like all Hollywood, Mr. Goldwyn is unhappy about the Pot O'Gold type of program which keeps droves of honest folk from the movie houses.

Although he is known to show double features in his Beverly Hills home nightly, and though the children of America seem nuts about them, Mr. Goldwyn is having a Gallup Poll made to prove that America really doesn't want them.

When it is suggested that Hollywood reduce costs, say, snip off $100,000 from the budget of every one of its six hundred yearly pictures, thus saving about $60,000,000—Mr. Goldwyn snorts in disgust. "Reduce costs? The public won't allow it. They've gotten used to $500,000 pictures and are beginning to think *them* cheap and shabby looking. They must have pictures with linoleum walls, patent leather furniture, transparent glass swimming pools, solid onyx showerbaths—or they kick. The stars must wear at least a half million in jewels. Once the jewels could be paste; now the public feels cheated unless they are the real stuff!"

Undoubtedly the Goldwyn touch would suffer were Mr. Goldwyn to find himself forced to make pictures with a reduced budget. To get his desired effects he literally pours out money like a New Deal Congressman. He paid $180,000 for the movie rights to "Dodsworth" and $200,000 for "Dead End." He tore up Vilma Banky's contract when she made a hit in "The Dark Angel" and raised her from a mere $2,000 to a merer $5,000 a week. He encourages his star director, William Wyler, to take hundreds and hundreds of takes to get the minutest detail right. To get even minor parts authentically cast, he will test hundreds of unknown players. In this way he has discovered Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan (who now gets $2,000 a week and refuses to take radio jobs because he would be forced to share his wages with Goldwyn according to their contract), Robert Montgomery and now Doris Davenport, whom he is launching in "The Westerner."

ABOUT Montgomery and Davenport there are stories proving Mr. Goldwyn's genius as a star maker. When he ordered a test for Montgomery, then an unknown Broadway actor, someone advised Mr. Goldwyn that Robert's neck was too long, that his head looked like a knob on a long handle. Goldwyn responded by ordering that Montgomery be encased in one of those old-fashioned high collars—and that is why Montgomery is a star today. Unfortunately, Goldwyn lost Montgomery to M-G-M through an accident.

As for Miss Davenport, Goldwyn has always looked among the extras and bit players for potential star material. Thus he found Doris. Wyler, who directed "The Westerner," opposed Mr. Goldwyn fiercely: "She can't act, she looks terrible, she'll ruin the picture!" After a pitched battle Goldwyn prevailed and today Wyler, who worked under protest throughout "The Westerner," has publicly apologized to him.

People in Hollywood respect Mr. Goldwyn's opinion, if not his English. Though, curiously, he has never won a Producer's Academy Award, Hollywood knows he has a long head and a wise one when making films. Many of his hirelings, who have won awards for work on his pictures, have forwarded their Oscars to Goldwyn with the note: "To the person who really won it!"

This is hardly bootlicking, for Goldwyn stands very high with Eastern, or hard-boiled, critics. Twice he has won the New York Critics Award and is very proud of the fact. He is not bitter about Hollywood's Academy snubbing him. He thinks all awards are stimulating to the creative side of films—even if you put them up yourself and then win them!

Goldwyn isn't infallible in picking people. Take the case of Anna Sten. When the inscrutable Garbo came to Metro years ago and started "tanking she go home," Goldwyn responded with Vilma Banky, whom he discovered in a picture frame in a Budapest photographer's shop. Vilma made millions in silent films for Goldwyn, but lost out when sound came and she couldn't learn the language. Garbo survived, and Goldwyn, irked and anxious, brought Anna Sten over from Russia. A devout believer in publicity (if it favors him) Goldwyn spent about $250,000 launching Anna, then cast her

as "Nana." Though four Pulitzer prize playwrights worked on the script, it was a flop. Anna just wasn't comfortable speaking English, which she barely knew. Still Goldwyn persisted and made two more flops with the overplump Russian. Though he finally had to give her up, Sam never lost faith in Anna. Today that faith has been justified. Anna, thinner and thoroughly Americanized, has been placed under contract to Paramount, after finishing a lead in a Twentieth Century-Fox film!

Part of the Goldwyn touch consists of his unerring ability to cast people for their jobs. He even casts assistant directors. Among directors, William Wyler is his favorite for realistic drama; Sam Wood, who made "Our Town," he likes for comedy and drama; Garson Kanin, who just made "My Favorite Wife," he'd like for anything. It seems he brought Garson, who used to be George Abbott's office boy and general assistant to Hollywood, then lost him to RKO, where Garson has become the current Wonder Boy of Filmland. Goldwyn, in other words, would no sooner have a comedy director like Leo McCarey direct "Wuthering Heights," than he would have Wyler megaphone the Marx Brothers.

WHEN casting stars, Goldwyn always considers personality. He likes the part to fit the actor, not vice versa. A good director can always make up for the star's lack of acting ability by getting a good performance out of him or her. But he indignantly refutes the stories that a star is only as good as his or her director. He denies that, for instance, if Alfred Hitchcock hadn't bullied, stormed and threatened a good performance out of Joan Fontaine, she would have been a flop in "Rebecca." "Hitchcock likes to dictate to his people," Goldwyn smiles. "Once he handcuffed Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll together in '39 Steps.' They hadn't even been introduced, and he left them together that way all day. He got the effect that he wanted—two people who did not know each other, handcuffed together. But Hitchcock didn't give any of these people the quality that makes them film favorites. God made the actors just as He made the writers." But, of course, not the B producers.

Mr. Goldwyn doesn't approve of bullying tactics by directors. The squatly-black, cigar-smelling Lubitsch, who even shows his lady stars how to kiss heroes like Gary Cooper, is more his style. For Goldwyn doesn't like to wrangle with people. This doesn't mean to say that he doesn't. He abhors yes-men and once hired a prominent and tough Hollywood no-man just to see how it felt to be no-ed. The no-man, like most of Hollywood, immediately started yessing Mr. Goldwyn, who finally fired him in disgust. The no-man immediately bawled out Mr. Goldwyn—and found himself promptly rehired.

It has been said that Goldwyn wrangles continuously with Gary Cooper. Cooper is forever on the verge of breaking his contract and retiring with his two million dollars. Shrewdly, Goldwyn, who gave Cooper his start at $50 a week years ago and then rehired him at $7,500, knows how to handle the seemingly shy Cooper. "You don't argue with box office," Goldwyn states. "You impress it!" There were stories last spring that Gary didn't want to do "The Westerner." They said he was sick of chaps and horses and saloon drama and that he openly refused the part. The day the company was to leave for location at Tucson, Arizona, Goldwyn phoned Cooper and said, "I hear you don't intend going to Tucson, Gary. Okay,

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2. Then Peggy's ritzy upbringing started to tell. She spoiled the baby from morning till night. You never saw as many special gadgets as she bought for that child. Finally one day I blew up and we had it out.



3. "Look here," I said to Peggy, "I'm fed up on this namby-pamby stuff! I don't want my boy to grow up to be a sissy. You're going too far with all this special powder, special food, special this, special that, and above all that special laxative."



4. "Wait a minute—you're acting like a fool," Peggy came right back: "that special laxative for the baby is what the doctor ordered. He says a baby's delicate system is different from an adult's, and shouldn't get an adult's laxative."



5. "That's why I'm giving the baby Fletcher's Castoria. It's designed especially for children. It has no harsh, 'adult' drugs and works mainly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to disturb the appetite, or cause nausea. The doctor said he couldn't recommend a better laxative than Fletcher's Castoria."



6. "And listen, Jim, you know our son is cranky about taking *any* medicine. Well, does he go for the swell taste of Fletcher's Castoria! He loves it. I don't know what I'd do without Fletcher's Castoria in the house." (That's the end of the story . . . except we haven't had a cat-and-dog fight since!)

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WEE WALKERS for the *wee* walker

don't go. Be in court in two weeks and answer why you shouldn't have to pay me $500,000 for getting the script and company together. Bring your contract!" Then he hung up. Cooper was on the train. Goldwyn knew he'd be. He knows that Gary loves pictures and that "The Westerner" was a great script.

Goldwyn often fires people when he has a burst of temperament, but never fires them when *they* are temperamental. He doesn't think actors or actresses are temperamental without cause. "Usually if an actress starts throwing vases at the prop men and bawling out the assistant director," he says, "there's something wrong with the script. Her lines are not right. Then I change them."

BUT when he gets annoyed with someone, he acts immediately. Never one for getting names right, once he had two writers with approximately the same names working for him. Angered over a script, he called up and fired the wrong man. Later, when he learned his mistake, he rehired him. Speaking of getting names wrong, for years he called a Mr. Cahane, long a member of his firm, Mr. Cocoon, and Arthur Hornblow, who was his assistant for some time, he dubbed Mr. Hornbloom! But his generosity and remorse are notorious. He once fired a writer with much passion, then when he heard the writer's mother wasn't well in Chicago, he immediately rehired him! The mother had a slight cold!

Naturally he plays no favorites among the film folk. Since he makes only two to four pictures a year, he has few actors under contract to him. He'd rather borrow from other studios. Once a press agent tried to get him to name his favorite actor and actress. "What?" he cried shrewdly, "and have Merle Oberon on my neck if I mention Lizzie Zilch and not her?" The press agent therefore got Goldwyn to pick out the thirteen best performers. That is, Goldwyn named twelve and left the thirteenth a mystery. Hollywood fell for the stunt and speculated for months on who it was Goldwyn meant for No. 13.

On the personal side, Mr. Goldwyn is a very happy man—when he doesn't think about pictures. His life with his second wife, the beautiful Frances Howard, by whom he has a son, Sam, Jr., is pretty idyllic. Mrs. Goldwyn has worked hard to clean up Mr. Goldwyn's unOxfordian accent and habit of inserting his mental foot in his mouth when he opens it. Today his accent is uncertain but not thick—his boners are dying away.

Mr. Goldwyn's dress is absolutely impeccable. He often hires people because they are beautifully dressed. Certainly Arthur Hornblow's well-pressed clothes influenced Mr. Goldwyn when he plucked the capable Mr. Hornblow off Broadway. Goldwyn dresses like a king, is never seen in tennis shoes and tuxedc.

He likes to gamble but hates to lose—considers it a personal affront to his position if you trump his ace at bridge with a lowly deuce. He hates to be kept waiting, but keeps others waiting—sometimes for months. His golf is erratic. There is the famous anecdote about the time he smacked one down the fairway, turned to his caddy and asked, "What did I do right?"

He runs his lot like a small dictator, when he presses a button and demands to see you, you jump. He phones people in the middle of the night to ask inconsequential questions about scripts. He takes a nap afternoons behind locked doors on the lot. There is even a private Turkish bath ready for him there.

Since he always has pictures on his mind, he can't be trusted to drive a car—sends them crashing into pillars—so he walks five of the ten miles to the studio every morning, and has a car follow him to pick him up halfway. He also walks halfway home at night. This has made him a terrific walker. Concentrating on how to improve his films, he lopes along like Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking stalking a bad Injun in the underbrush. Often he barely escapes being run over.

He doesn't drink anything stronger than lithia water, and only recently has taken up cigarettes, which he smokes as if they constituted a fire hazard. Generally he is a conservative in everything, will never brook a bit of bad taste in his pictures or life. "But," someone has said, "he's conservative in an ostantatious way!"

As for the boners that have helped build Mr. Goldwyn's great reputation (some of his publicity men have sat for hours trying to think them up), they sadden him. "I certainly did not say 'Include me out!'" he avers stoutly. "And the gag about my liking my wife's hand so much I'm having a *bust* made of it is an old vaudeville joke!"

He also denies he once said to an ingrate: "That's like biting the hand that laid the golden egg." Nor, as the story goes, when someone said, "You can't use that, Mr. Goldwyn, it's too caustic!" did he ever answer, "Never mind the cost, use it anyway!"

When he was in New York last, Mr. Goldwyn saw the musical comedy, "Keep Off the Grass!" In it there was a comic character loosely resembling Mr. Goldwyn's so-called funnier side. "It made me so sad," Mr. Goldwyn tcld me, "I called up the Shuberts, who produced it, and offered to get them some new jokes about me—the old ones were so stale!"

And Mr. Goldwyn probably would have kept his word—by hiring Winchell, Skolsky, George Ross, Sobol and his other tormentors to write them. "When I think of it," Mr. Goldwyn sighs, "I try to talk and act the way the boys say I do!" Sometimes, his associates admit, the cracks, even when Mr. Goldwyn makes them, hurt.

THE only ray of light Sam sees in the European situation (over which he agonizes considerably) is that now you can make pictures like "It Can't Happen Here", and the "Forty Days of Musa Dagh," formerly dictated off the screen by Hitler and Mussolini, who threatened the blitzkrieg of boycott. Now that there is no European market, Mr. Goldwyn points out, you can make very anti-Nazi and Fascist pictures. And do the world good with them, too.

Despite his groans, worries and hair-tearings, Mr. Goldwyn loves Hollywood. No place in the world has ever given the honest gold prospector such a golden opportunity to make a fortune and remain an artist. Mr. Goldwyn is convinced he is one of the more advanced and enlightened gold prospectors. And, of course, there is no doubt that he is. He thinks time will eliminate the B producers. "Hollywood isn't a hundred years old yet," he says, "and it's still filled with opportunists. Everyone who can write a letter is a writer and everyone who ran a produce market is a producer. These fake artists are like the prospectors who drop out when the gold rush ceases!"

Behind this strange character—with his disregard for language, his torments of self and others, his great successes and failures, his huge artistic and financial battles, his egotism, his paradoxes, his love of big names and ostentation—is a really simple man. X-ray the confusion that is Goldwyn and you see a person with one idea—to make great pictures and never compromise from that ideal!

LET'S GET PERSONAL

(*Continued from page 39*)

The singing Garland has never taken but one singing lesson in her life and that was in New York a year or so ago. She sings from her chest. The "toney teacher" to whom she was recommended had her bring her voice up in her throat by inserting a pencil in her mouth. The result was that Judy couldn't talk and the teacher criticized her "poor diction." She also made her practise singing while blowing on pieces of paper! Judy got out of that *atelier* in an hour and a half and never went back.

She hasn't any superstitions but she has quite a bevy of pet phobias. She can't climb a ladder, for instance, she falls right off. If she stands on a chair, she falls, too. She has an "in-back-of-me" phobia. When she is driving she always feels that someone is about to crash into the back of her car. Head-on collisions never trouble her, it's that in-back-of-me bogey. Sometimes, at home, when she's the last to go to bed, she remembers that she forgot to turn off the downstairs lights. She goes down to check. And feels sure that someone is in back of her. She tries to keep herself under control by saying, "There is no one in back of me, there is no one in back of me," but all the time she is walking faster and faster until, like Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz," she looks as though she is being carried along by a hurricane until she is whisked into her room and the door banged shut. She also had a phobia about bumble bees or anything, except snakes, (she *likes* snakes) that crawls or flies. She gets hysterical when a bumble bee buzzes in her hearing. Spiders are her downfall. When she finds a spider in her room she calls her mother, her sister *and* the help to rout the invader. She doesn't mind mice. She rather likes them. They have such cute ears, she says, and "look so hopeful."

Judy hates to wear hats, except little "college" hats, the kind you wear on the back of your head, or turbans. She has a mean hand with turbans; she can swing them as no-one else can, her girl friends say. They're always asking her to wrap theirs for them. She's a very sympathetic girl, her friends also say. When they have any troubles or problems, they always take them to Judy. She somehow manages to straighten them out.

Her watches never keep time. They're always slow. Perhaps they've given up trying to keep up with Judy, who always goes fast. She never walks anywhere, always runs and usually the hop, skip and jump kind of a run. She has seven watches—gifts from different people—including a lapel watch, a finger-ring watch and a key watch. The key watch is a tiny watch inserted into her house-key and was given her by the sponsors of the Harvest Moon Ball. When it's five-thirty in the afternoon her watches always say it's two-thirty—all seven of them. She never worries about anything. She thinks worrying is "so futile." She says she always does the very best she can and, if that isn't good enough, she forgets it.

Judy dreams almost every night. Always the same kind of a dream. She dreams that she wakes up and talks to somebody or calls someone on the phone.

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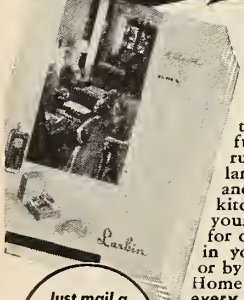
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And then, when she does wake up, she can't be sure whether she really dreamed it or not and has to call the person to find out. It's very confusing!

When Judy goes on dates she doesn't like to get all dressed up and go to swanky night clubs, except once a month. She likes to go to other kids' houses or have them come to hers and just roll back the rugs, dance, play records and talk. She never was a violent jitterbug. She jittered some, but not much nor for long. She likes to rhumba. The week before she finished in "Strike Up The Band" she had all the kids in the cast, Mickey, June Preisser, Margaret Early, Bill Tracy, Leonard Sues and the others, up to her house. Mickey and about five other kids stayed on after the others left and played badminton and went night-swimming in the pool. Judy likes to swim at night because there are no bumble bees in the moonlight. She just acquired a swimming pool this year and now Sunday afternoons have become very "open house" at the Garlands.

One of her best girl friends is pretty little Betty Jane Graham. Judy's best friends are her old friends, which tells a little tale in one sentence. Judy and Betty Jane first met when they were six years old and both tried out for a part in a Universal picture which starred Slim Summerville. Each youngster thought the other would get the part so they didn't like each other. They were rivals in rompers. Neither of them got it (Cora Sue Collins did), and Judy and Betty Jane have been pals ever since. Betty often comes to the studio with Judy, sits with her while she has her hair done, her make-up put on, and stays with her on the set. Every hour or so, the girls send out for chocolate malted milks or cokes. Leonard Sues is another grade school pal of Judy's and Betty's. The three are inseparable. Leonard plays the trumpet in the band in "Strike Up The Band."

Judy writes poetry. And loves to read it. She has written ten poems of her own—ten, that is, that she hasn't torn up. She is her own severest critic and if she doesn't like the poem, she destroys it. She has done an oil painting, too—a landscape.

She always reads the funny papers and buys comic magazines by the bale. Her favorite movie actors are Clark Gable and Cary Grant. Cary is on the M-G-M lot now, working with Katy Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story." Judy sees him in the commissary every day at lunch-time. He always says "Hulloa, Judy," and she answers, "Hulloa, Mr. Grant." Judy is frank and friendly, but there is none of this "Hi, toots," calling people she doesn't know well by their first names. She wears a pleasing mantle of dignity over her friendliness, and it is very becoming. Her favorite movie actresses are Bette Davis and Margaret Sullavan. Her favorite stage actress is Katharine Cornell. She has never met any one of them. She would like to be of "the school" of Davis and Sullavan. She is not, she says, "depending upon her singing." She is delighted because, in her next picture, "Little Nellie Kelly," she plays her own mother. It's the first time she's played a character part. She is taking it very seriously as, some day, she hopes to be taken. She trails around after her mother, copying mannerisms and "making notes."

On the set of "The Wizard of Oz," Director Victor Fleming always called her "Ange." She doesn't know why. Busby Berkeley, directing "Strike Up The Band," calls her "Butch" and calls Mickey, "Stinky." Mickey always calls her "Jutes" and her mother and sister call her "Judaline."

When Judy and Mickey are working together, the set is a three-ring circus, with one round of crazy acts after another going on. Judy helps Mickey with the songs he writes, making suggestions and recording them for him. She has a record machine in her dressing-room. Louis B. Mayer gave it to her on her last, her eighteenth birthday.

Her favorite radio programs are the New York Symphonic Concerts. She always listens to them on Sundays. If she is up late enough (she goes to bed at nine o'clock when she is not dating), she always listens to the Rhapsody in Wax broadcasts. She also likes Information, Please and the Lux Theatre of the Air. She has two favorite types of books, biographies of musicians and memoirs of doctors. Judy used to want to be a doctor or a designer. Now she's decided to "concentrate on my own career." She loves pets but likes to have only one at a time. She has a little, blonde cocker spaniel. She doesn't care particularly for cats because "they're never friendly." And she doesn't like birds for pets "because you can't pat them." She likes pets you can cuddle. Her favorite song is "Over The Rainbow." She *does* sing in the shower.

Judy has what she calls "happy unforgettable things" and "unhappy unforgettable things." A "happy unforgettable" occurred when she made her personal appearance tour in New York three and a half years ago. For the first time, she saw her name in electric lights on Broadway, that dearest dream of all true troupers. An "unhappy unforgettable" is when the studio made her give up her new motor bike. It was a Christmas gift. It had a rumble seat among its many attractions. Into the rumble Betty Jane would hop and off they would go. One day they meant to drive into a Drive-In but somehow, they not only drove into it but *over* it, counters and all!

Judy's biggest athletic thrill of the year was when she and Bill Stoefen played Paulette Goddard and Bill Tilden on the Ambassador courts and each side won one set!

Her room at home is very tailored. The color scheme is beige, chartreuse and dark brown. Jackie Cooper's mother, who has gone into the interior decorating business, did Judy's room. The chairs and divans are upholstered in a soft, dark brown suede. The drapes are chartreuse, unruffled, severe. There is a fireplace in the room and it *works*—overtime. There are no frills nor cushions nor little "hobby shelves" around and about. Judy doesn't collect anything but books and records. The only visible trinkets on her dressing-table are some graduated saddle-boots holding perfume. One side of the wall is devoted to autographed pictures. Gable's, of course, Jackie Cooper's, Freddie Bartholomew's, Robert Stack's, Mickey's also, of course, and Cary Grant's which has recently been added. The others are pictures of non-professionals. Now Judy is planning to "go feminine." She wants to do over her dressing-room, "like something Marie Antoinette might have whipped up." She's going to have thousands of yards of chiffon drapes and

mirrored walls and do-dads and gewgaws.

A little girl in a Santa Ana hospital could tell you how warm Judy's heart is. The little girl was dangerously ill and in her delirium she talked constantly about Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz." The child's mother wrote Judy a little note and told her about it and asked Judy if she would be kind enough to send the child an autographed picture of herself as Dorothy. She thought that when, or if, the fever broke, it might help her little girl through the crisis if she could find a picture of Dorothy where she could see it. Judy did better than that. She took the autographed picture to the hospital herself. And when the little girl came out of the fever, there was the living Dorothy standing by her bed. The doctors say there is no doubt but that the child's recovery, certainly the rapidity of her recovery, is due in substantial part to Judy.

Unlike most screen youngsters, unlike most youngsters, perhaps, Judy has a horror of "going glamorous." "In the first place," she says, "I'm not the type. For one reason or another, glamour just doesn't appeal to me. I'd rather bicycle across the country, or go on picnics, or play handball on the beach than any other things I can think of. And glamour girls aren't supposed to do things like that." As a matter of fact, Judy is so afraid that some day, albeit unconsciously, she may "hit the glamour trail" that all of her friends have been warned by her to be on the watch for any sign and, if any should appear, to squelch it before it gets a healthy start.

Judy graduated from the University High School in Sawtelle, last June. She wanted to graduate from a real school, not just from the studio schoolroom, so that she could have a real graduation dress, a real diploma tied with a white satin ribbon and all the fixings. She had them. And there were no photographers present. Judy had no more flowers than the other girls. And she got as many autographs in her Year Book as she gave. She wanted to be "just one of the class" that day, and she was. She had it. Now she is taking a post-graduate course in French.

Judy slipped out of the "sock stage" gracefully and quietly, making the transition so effortlessly that no one has been conscious of it. She looks younger than eighteen and acts younger than the average, sophisticated Eighteen of today. She doesn't smoke. She doesn't drink. She almost always wears sweaters and skirts. She uses lipstick for street wear but no rouge, mascara, nor eye shadow. When she's making a picture she reddens her hair a little for the sake of the camera. She photographs better that way. When she's not working, she doesn't do anything about her hair. She never goes to beauty parlors. She can't seem to "set a date." Whenever she does, some of the kids drop by and say, "Let's have a coke" and what is a girl to do? She says she knows she should diet, but doesn't.

Her studio dressing-room is done in navy blue, red and white. It's nautical, with anchors and ship lamps and things. She loves boats and the sea, but as she has never been on a boat for any length of time she says her dressing-room is the next best thing.

There is a swell understanding between Judy and her mother. Her mother never

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says, "You can't do this or that," because, says her mother, "Judy has never made it necessary."

Judy has *thought* she was in love but knows she never has been, not really.

Cameramen can't tell you whether Judy has a photogenic face or not. It's never quiet long enough for them to tell—its expressions are constantly changing.

Judy puts dates under two headings, "Not A Special Date" and "A Special Date." Most of her dates with Mickey come under the first heading. Most of them are "spur-of-the-moment-dates." Mickey will call up at the last minute and ask, "What are you doing?" If Judy isn't busy, he'll drive over and Judy will come downstairs to find Mister Rooney raiding the Garland ice-box. After the raid, they set out for a movie, armed with cashew nuts and lime drops. When she goes on a "Special Date," with Bob Stack, for instance, it's a date planned well in advance. "A Special Date," explains Judy, "is with a corsage and everything."

For the first time in her life, Judy is learning to read music and having a horrible time with it. She recently bought herself an enormous yellow sapphire ring set with tiny baguette diamonds. It's her first real extravagance, and when she asked the price, it so staggered her that she is buying it "on time!"

For the last five shooting days of "Strike Up The Band," Mickey was wearing a class-pin of Judy's!

BRIGHTEN YOUR SMILE

(*Continued from page 45*)

safely be cleared up by home treatment. There are pyorrhea, gingivitis, trench mouth, for examples, to say nothing of abcesses, decay, tooth impactions and straightening jobs.

Pyorrhea, an infection sometimes due to neglected tartar deposits, faulty filling, over-vigorous brushing or other constantly irritating causes attacks your gums at the tooth sockets. The symptoms are: easy bleeding, inflammation, pus pockets, and sometimes, in advanced stages, even the loss of teeth. Only a dentist can give the competent, thorough cleaning and scaling as well as specific medications necessary to remedy this condition. But even he can't if you wait too long.

NICOTINE, tartar and other cumulative stains need special dental treatment, too. A dentifrice strong enough to remove stains that have taken months to accumulate is likely, in time, to undermine the very tooth enamel itself.

A good dentist is as important as a beautician as he is as a doctor. Take the little matter of crooked teeth, for instance. If your teeth don't meet in a firm straight bite, not only does your digestion suffer, but your facial beauty is permanently marred. Many a lush and beauteous Hollywood star wears tooth straightening braces gladly and unashamedly rather than allow her face to become disfigured and her health jeopardized by crooked teeth. With dentistry what it is today, teeth can be straightened even in middle life. True, this work is naturally easier to do in younger mouths, but it can be done successfully long after your twenty-first birthday.

The food you eat has an amazingly direct effect upon tooth health and beauty, too. Calcium, phosphorous, minerals and vitamins—especially vitamins A and C—are absolute essentials. Milk, eggs, butter and cheese come near the head of the list. Then tomatoes, citrus fruits (oranges, lemons, grapefruit and limes), green vegetables, meats, fish, nuts, cereals and breads rate next. Hard, crisp foods like raw celery, carrots, apples, melba toast and such are awfully important, not only to exercise, but also to help polish teeth and to make them strong.

Speaking of the elusive vitamin, did you know that the vitamins contained in sunshine also contribute to the sparkle and soundness of your precious molars, bicuspids and the rest? So hie yourself out into the sun as often as possible. Artificial sun-rays are better than none, but they don't hold a candle to Old Sol's healthful benefits.

After hard, crunchy foods and frequent brushings, for exercising teeth and gums, put down gum-chewing. This pleasant little national pastime of ours has many virtues. Not only does it tone up teeth and gums by giving them a bit of work to do, but facial and lip muscles are also loosened and prettied up at one and the same time. So chew some gum for a while every day.

A smile is more than a face decoration to be worn for special occasions. It is the greatest little "winner of friends and influencer of people" that ever came down the pike. But, if a girl doesn't have pretty teeth, how can she smile wholeheartedly or radiate charm and happiness and oomph? Besides, if your teeth aren't strong and healthy, you're not very likely to *feel* like smiling and that would be a catastrophe. So hop on the bandwagon and brighten your smile if you'd stay in style. What's good enough for the Hollywood charmers, whose business is being beautiful, ought to be worth a thought or three to the rest of you aspiring damsels. Now, get out your brushes and scrub!

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SOMETHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT

(*Continued from page 41*)

The day I checked up on Bill I found him living by himself in a small house in the San Fernando Valley. Only the bedroom is furnished; he hasn't had time to shop for the rest. He has just two suits of clothes; he says he doesn't need any more. He drives a little red Ford. His spending allowance is twenty dollars a week, the amount he received as salary when he sold fertilizer. He has yet to glimpse Ciro's. He has no business manager, no press agent. And he's got just one girl, Brenda Marshall—but even she can't take his mind off his work—yet.

Maybe it's because, when Bill first stepped on a Hollywood set, he stepped on it with the right foot. Naturally nervous, realizing his inexperience, he asked Rouben Mamoulian what to do about it. Mamoulian said, "Bury yourself in your job. If I were you, I wouldn't go to a movie, a play, a dance or anywhere. I wouldn't even go out at night. I'd try to *be* the character I'm playing. Then I wouldn't worry about it."

Bill took his advice and he's never forgotten it. He moved into a small apartment with a friend of his, Hugh McMullan, a dialogue director. He saw no one else, not even his family. He lived like a monk. He never left the house at night, except to go to the Hollywood Athletic Club for a few rounds of boxing to make his ring scenes real. He sat at home and sawed away at a fiddle for the same reason. He got completely wrapped up in Joe Bonapart, the fighting violinist. He learned to concentrate as he never had before.

Just the other day, at Tucson, Bill and Jean Arthur were deep in a love scene. It was outdoors, near a herd of cattle. As Bill whispered, "Do you mind if I come and serenade you tonight?" a fretful cow blasted out with a mournful "moo-o-o-o-o," Everyone laughed and Director Ruggles cut the scene. Bill kept right on. He hadn't even heard the cow. That's the kind of a mind he has.

For almost ten months, Bill's mind was set on playing Peter Muncie in "Arizona." In the end he played it, at the start he wasn't given as much consideration as an ankle at a bathing beauty parade.

ARIZONA," maybe I'd better explain, is about the biggest picture Hollywood has on the fire at the moment. It's in the two million dollar class, maybe the last of that expense rating for some time to come, what with the war and all. Columbia built an entire town in the Arizona desert just to film it. They insisted on a hot box office star to play with Jean Arthur. To be specific, they wanted Gary Cooper, then Joel McCrea. They definitely did *not* want William Holden.

So when Bill, months ago, bashfully suggested to Wesley Ruggles that he'd sure like a crack at the part, all Wes could do about it was be polite, pat Bill on the back and tell him he was a nice kid but he was stepping out of his league. Too young, too inexperienced, too unimportant—he hoped Bill would understand. Bill did, but he didn't let it throw him. A break came then—and a break is all a chap like Bill Holden needs. The war broke out and in the ensuing Hollywood panic "Arizona" was postponed. In the meantime, Bill made "Our Town." He also did a lot of other things.

He started reading everything he could find about Arizona and the early West. What spare days he had Bill spent on a cattle ranch on the Mojave desert. He'd always been a good rifle shot, but he started banging away until he could knock out a gnat's eye at forty paces. He rode until he could sit a Western saddle like a rocking chair. He practiced drawing a pistol from a holster in nothing flat.

All that might seem like playing cowboy and Indians and a big waste of time to any other young fellow busy enough making an important picture like "Our Town." I don't know how Bill knew it, but he knew he was getting himself ready to get what he wanted. "Just a hunch, I guess," said Bill. One thing he did know—that Wesley Ruggles was having his troubles trying to find Peter Muncie.

Well, one day Bill Holden was leaning against the counter of a shooting gallery in Palm Springs. He sported an old faded pair of blue jeans, a dusty corral shirt and a tattered sombrero. He had a few days' growth of beard on his face. That was when Claude Binyon shuffled in for some shots.

Claude Binyon is Wesley Ruggles' portly writer, partner and inseparable companion. Bill Holden believes the whole thing was a case of sheer luck and one of those happy accidents that continually carve out Hollywood careers. But it sounds a little suspicious to me



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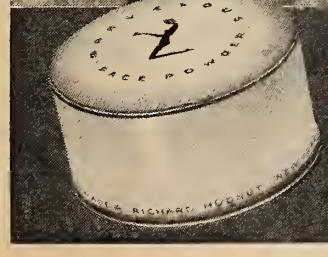
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—that Ruggles and Binyon happened to be in Palm Springs the same week as Bill, and all of them customers of the same shooting gallery.

Anyway, Binyon took a squint at the rangy gent calmly blasting all the clay pipes, ducks and bunny rabbits in the gallery and gasped, "Good Heavens! Peter Muncie!" He took another look and hustled back to the hotel to collar Wesley Ruggles.

"I've just seen Peter Muncie," declared Binyon, "and guess who he is—that dogoned Bill Holden!" So Bill got his test.

THE point is, the kid is canny. Whether from intuition, an extra portion of brains or just plain luck, the fact remains Bill has steered himself with the finesse of a veteran. Show business is a specialized racket, as any actor can tell you, with more angles than a geometry book. Hollywood is the big league of show business and careers have to be guided carefully through a maze of intricate do's and don'ts.

Bill Holden, popped into this dizzy world as a lamb pushed into a pack of wolves, has, with no movie mother to guide him, stepped surely and swiftly in the right direction, time after time.

For instance, after "Golden Boy" there was nothing for Bill to do at Columbia or Paramount, his home base. But there was a supporting part at Warners in "Invisible Stripes," with George Raft, Humphrey Bogart and Jane Bryan under the aegis of that slam-bang veteran director, Lloyd Bacon. It looked like just another typical Warners prison movie. Nobody but Bill, not even his studio, nor the Hollywood friends he'd made, saw where it could do him justice. No normal Hollywood reasoning would tag a fourth-fiddle part in a run-of-the-mill movie anything but career poison after his success in "Golden Boy." But Bill reasoned differently and like this:

"I'd been coddled and sheltered and painstakingly directed all through 'Golden Boy.'" he explained. "I needed to work with seasoned Hollywood troupers and tough guys for a change. I needed a director who wouldn't waste a foot of film on me. I had to learn to take it."

He begged to be loaned out and finally was. And he found he could take it in the hard-cooked-set school, as well as in the plush. If he hadn't learned how to get along on his own in front of a camera with no holds barred, as he did in "Invisible Stripes," Bill isn't at all sure he could have stood the pace in "Our Town."

This picture, too, he had to battle to get. At Paramount, they thought Bill Holden was just sticking his neck out to tackle Thornton Wilder's sensitive, poetic play—and in company with actors who were absolute tops in seasoned dramatic art—people with solid stage successes like Frank Craven, Thomas Mitchell, Fay Bainter and Martha Scott. The general prediction was that, if Bill played in "Our Town," these worthies would make mince meat of him and put him away in jars for Christmas. Well, when it was all over, it was a toss-up as to who really did steal "Our Town." There wasn't anyone in a list of standouts who had a real edge on William Holden, when the final returns came in.

Now "Arizona" has given Bill a burning desire to do a movie on the life of Billy the Kid, that ruthless young early West murderer. It almost broke his heart the other day when he read that Bob Taylor was lined up for it at M-G-M. Instead, Bill is looking ahead now to "Birth of a Hero," a war picture at Paramount.

His next picture has no romance, but in his personal life there's Brenda Marshall. Bill met Brenda Marshall at Warners when he made the toughie Cagney-Bogart picture there. They hit it off at once. "We get along perfectly together—Brenda and I," Bill drawled, looking away a little bashfully. "We like the same things and have a lot of fun—but that's all there is to it. No marriage." Bill added he wasn't in the market for a preacher until—oh, he guessed about when he was thirty years old. You've heard that before, of course But for a guy with as level a noggin as Bill Holden, I wouldn't be a bit surprised. First, he's interested in making good for keeps. Besides, Brenda Marshall hasn't had her divorce very long, so they couldn't marry until eight more months have passed at the very earliest.

With Movietown's social life holding no charm for Bill, and night clubbing being a bore and too darned expensive (he isn't getting rich on his salary yet), he squanders his spare time riding, shooting or taking flying lessons from Hollywood's famous stunt man, Paul Mantz. It's Bill's current patriotic ambition, incidentally, to do a film for the government—free, of course—to promote flying and the CAA.

He dreams wistfully of having some time to himself every now and then. For instance, he would like to hunt up more records to add to his prized collection of South American, African, Indian, Balinese and Tahitian native music. Music and a few books are about the extent of Bill Holden's cultural interests at present. On the physical side, he thinks that late sleep in the mornings and a juicy steak in the evening are his two ideas of things to look forward to.

HE would like also to furnish those other four rooms of his new house, if he can ever find time to look the situation over and shop around. Bill came back from Arizona to find that his old place had suffered a sudden rent raise of a hundred dollars a month, mainly because the owner discovered he had a movie star tenant. That burned him up, and, being a gentleman who doesn't waste time, he changed his address in the next few minutes.

That's why he has had to clank around in an empty house and eat off the seat of his Western stock saddle. That's also why, while I was with him, Bill received a much postmarked letter, which had been chasing him around all his various addresses. It was from his folks and it answered the letter he'd scribbled off on his Hollywood anniversary down in Arizona—the one inquiring whether or not they thought he was doing okay, or ought to trade in film fame for fertilizer.

The letter said, "Keep it up, with our blessings. We're proud of you!"—or words to that effect. Bill wasn't surprised. Just the same that was the moment when, as far as he is personally concerned, Bill Beedle made good!

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THE SECRET OF LOMBARD'S SUCCESS

(Continued from page 22)

first scene we shot, her voice pitched differently, her very movements changed.

"All of this makes me feel that Carole Lombard has more talent than has ever been tapped. I want to make this prediction—that while other stars become dated and obsolete by additional calories or wrinkles, Carole Lombard will go on acting as long as she wants to. She's got that much on the ball.

"Here are the things," he said, "that make her great: She has a capacity for absorbing externals. By that I mean she can sponge up direction. The outstanding thing about her is her vitality. Most of the glamour ladies, at about six in the evening, droop like dish-rags and you just wouldn't dream of putting them in an important scene at that hour. But Carole is as bright at six in the evening as at nine that selfsame morning.

"Furthermore, she possesses the almost psychic ability of being able to anticipate advice and directions. She knows when I'm going to criticize or compliment her. Even as I start to speak a sentence, she'll finish it. This may be exasperating to some people, but it saves me loads of explaining.

"Also, the little lady can take failures with grace. Everyone in the theatre must sooner or later grapple with minor Waterloos. Even Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell had their tumbles. But most failures tear sensitive actresses apart. Irene Dunne had a run of bad luck before I met her and, when she came on the set of 'My Favorite Wife,' she didn't have a lick of confidence. But Carole is built differently. If a picture of hers lays an egg, she takes it in stride, never even winces, just breezes forward. This ability keeps her from being handicapped by worries and fears.

"The one thing," concluded Kanin, "that has helped keep her on top of the heap since her Mack Sennett bathing beauty days is simply this—she's not complex and she's always happy. Her philosophy of life must be perfect. Today, she is really happily married to Gable. Apparently, they never squabble or fight and must have an idyllic time. As a consequence, Carole comes to work every morning with her mind clear, with no home problems troubling her. She comes in lilting and gay, tells a story about Gable chasing a chicken all over the backyard and laughs herself dizzy. Her mind is free to attack her work. Almost every other actress I've ever known has had a million problems to interfere with her career and take her mind off the picture. Women like Ginger Rogers and Irene Dunne are much more complex.

IN brief, Carole Lombard's off-screen life is so wholesome that she can drive all her energies into her on-screen life. Besides—"

At that moment the door of his trailer was yanked open. Two arms reached in, encircled a startled Mr. Kanin and dragged him out onto the set. The arms belonged to Carole Lombard.

"Let's get going!" she whooped.

Garson Kanin grinned at us helplessly. "You see what I mean?" he sighed.

So, with Kanin back in the combat zone, we decided to march off on a lone pilgrimage in quest of others who know Lombard. We took a slight detour and found ourselves in a bathroom at Paramount. In the bathroom was a tub, in the tub was Ray Milland, and over Mr. Milland hulked Director Mitchell Leisen. It was a scene from Paramount's "Arise My Love."

We were mumbling to ourselves about Carole Lombard, and Mitch Leisen, 49-year-old son of a brewery boss, having overheard us, left Mr. Milland in his bathtub and confessed that he had known Carole for almost twenty years.

"She was a hard worker even in the old days," he said. "She was the only Mack Sennett bathing beauty who ever went in bathing!

"The greatest thing about Carole is her camera flexibility," he revealed. "By that I mean her genius for changing her mood on a moment's notice. I've directed her in very dramatic scenes, when her face drooped and her eyes were watery. Suddenly, I would decide to do a comedy shot, and in a second, Carole's eyes would be bright with laughter!

"Another thing about her is her marvelous intensity. She works so hard, believes so in her roles that she lives them. I recall one scene where she was supposed to be pathetic and sad. The fellow playing opposite her was supposed to be cruel and harsh. As the scene progressed, the hero lost his cruelty and fell into Carole's tempo. 'What the hell,' I said to him. 'What's wrong?' He sighed, 'I can't help it, Mitch. She makes me so damn sorry for her!'"

Leisen spoke of Carole's perfect timing.

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"She never fumbles a punch line." He spoke of her co-operativeness. "She'll squawk and battle over a script she doesn't like, but once it's decided upon, she'll slave over it.

"She doesn't only learn her own part. She learns everyones, so that she knows the story and feels it. She doesn't memorize words and dialogue, but tries to get the thoughts behind them. That's why she can't go wrong. It's this understanding that gives her performances an underlying current of plausibility. She told me that 'My Man Godfrey' with Bill Powell was her toughest picture, because she had to be nutty, slap-happy, goofy, and her lines lacked continuity, were unrelated and without thought. They were hard to grasp. Incidentally, to get into her screwball character she sat beside her director's secretary, who was just the type, for weeks studying her!

"Carole's an asset to any film because she does so much for the cast. She'll take new people into a corner and help them. You hear a lot about her rowdiness and swearing, but she only acts up with a purpose. When everyone is tense, she breaks it up with gags, and on such occasions she'll whisper to me, 'Okay, Mitch, we got 'em laughing, now let's go.'

"She helped make Fred MacMurray what he is. He was stiff and scared in 'Hands Across the Table.' She kept kidding him, and with Madalyn Fields, her best pal, she once sat on Fred and plucked his eyebrows until nothing could upset him anymore!

"Another thing I mustn't forget. When she's in a picture, she never says, 'I think I should cry in this scene,' but rather, 'I think the girl should cry in this scene.' She always refers to her role in third person, which shows projection. One day, in 'Swing High, Swing Low,' Fred MacMurray came up to me and said, 'Mitch, this guy just wouldn't talk that way.' That was the day I knew he'd become an actor. Because, at last, he was referring to his role in the third person.

"Carole Lombard hasn't given her greatest performance yet. That'll be when she and Clark have their first child. She told me that would be her most important role. And I believe her. Take it from me, the gal's really an actress!"

FOR the sake of science and honesty in our clinical study of a top-notch female thespian, we decided to confront one more director. Thus, the next phase of our research landed us smack in the middle of the swank Sunset Plaza apartments, in the living room of George Stevens. It was alert Mr. Stevens who guided Carole in her recent picture, "Vigil in the Night." We asked Stevens what he thought about Lombard.

"It's difficult to discuss Carole Lombard. She's so good that there's the danger of speaking only in superlatives, and having it sound like a lot of goo. The thing that strikes me about Carole's talent is her imagination, her creativeness. In a comedy scene, she embellishes the script and creates amusing business of her own, which most actresses are unable or too lazy to do.

"In fact, she is most effective in comedy. She's probably the most expert laugh-provoker in this country today. Carole has not been quite as strong in drama, but only because her vehicles have been weaker. In drama, her career is only beginning, and there, one day, in a play like 'The Little Foxes' she will achieve real recognition.

"There are, in the movies, two types of actresses. The calculative type and the 'I-feel-it-and-I-hope-you-see-it' type. Carole is both types, which is unique. She is equipped technically and emotionally.

"She is blessed, further, with a perfect degree of detachment. She can do a gripping scene, stop it, and a second later discuss what she'll eat for dinner. This sometimes upsets her co-players, who think she can't be very interested in the role. But they just don't understand her.

"Most marvelous thing about Carole is the way she can throw herself entirely into a scene. I'll never forget one bit in 'Vigil in the Night.' In the script her sister had just died and Carole came into her room and wearily hung up her coat. It was a very tense scene. We shot it once and no soap. Tried again, and I still wasn't satisfied. The third time, Carole shuffled in, put up her coat, wavered and toppled over! I thought it was a gag—but she almost killed herself falling into the near-by sink, and I then learned she'd fainted. Sure, fainted from trying so hard, being so emotional, imagining she had a sister who had just died.

"Do I have to tell you more about Lombard, after that?"

INSPIRED by Stevens' enthusiasm, we decided to scurry back to RKO and huddle with Harry Stradling, the famous cameraman. This would give us a lens-eye view of Lombard, the Actress.

Harry Stradling, with twenty years of experience under his shutter, said, "Carole Lombard is the cameraman's delight. That's because she knows lighting, angles and the camera as well as I do. Before a scene, she'll always be on the right mark, with her face and body so placed that the kliegs bathe her properly. She doesn't need any pushing around, and time is never wasted on her pictures.

"For example, when I photoed Wendy Hiller in 'Pygmalion' I had to sweat. It was her first picture. She didn't know a thing. She wasn't camera-wise and had to be guided in every move. Marlene Dietrich is just the opposite. She's like Carole. Shrewd. Clever. She'll ask you to shade her arms so that they won't appear too fat. That kind of stuff."

Stradling emphasized the importance of lighting. He said it could hide or accentuate defects.

"Take Madeleine Carroll. She had too much weight in her last picture. I made her face thinner and her body, too, when it wasn't in motion. But when she moved around, neither camera nor lights could aid her. Carole's weakness is her jaw. It photographs quite square and makes her cheeks too full. But she's smart, that girl, and sees that she gets the best angles.

"Then there's that scar on her left cheek. You know about it. She got it in 1925 in an auto accident, when she went through the windshield. I was worried that the scar would detract from her performance in close-ups. The object was to get the lights to hit her face so that they would fill in the scar and blend it with her cheek. But Carole knew even more. She said to me, 'Put a diffusing glass on your lens and I'll look okay.' I obeyed her, and wait'll you see how beautiful she turns out.

"Every day, at lunchtime, she goes into a projection room and watches the latest rushes. She then tells us if a scene was filmed too light or too dark. Uncanny, her knowledge of everything, of every part of the business. That knowledge, I feel, is her strength."

While the cameraman talked, other members of the proletariat gathered around. They listened and, when the gabfest was over, each put in his word of wisdom about Lombard, the Actress.

Fred Hendrickson, her still photog-

rapher, drawled, "She hits good poses for portraits instinctively. Many actresses have a dead pan, but her face is always alive. She clowns a good deal, but will work endlessly. She stands up best in fashion stills and never kills a photo for petty reasons, but only if it is artistically poor."

George Gabe, husky prop man who has been with RKO for seven years, remarked, "She even knows all about my job. If I'm not ready with various properties, she'll stall so that I won't get bawled out. And when there are expensive props or rare ones, which would cause me trouble to replace, she is careful not to break them. She is considerate. That helps make her a big actress and a great woman."

Ruby Rosenberg, dark-haired assistant director whom Lombard calls "Nellie," put in her bit. "Sure she's tops, but I know Carole's Achille's Heel. That's Gable. She can do anything before a camera, until Clark walks in to watch her. 'I'm not worth a dime when the old man's watching me,' she says. She has him wait outside until a scene is over, then races out to meet him. She's democratic, too. Breaks a studio rule to give the entire crew coffee every morning. Doesn't have a dressing-room. Only a chair and mirror. Won't have doubles or stunters, but will literally go through storm and fire for realism. That's a picture of The Madame, as Gable calls her."

And that, fellow patriots, makes just about every precinct heard from and gives us a pretty thorough word Xray of Carole Lombard at work.

HOWEVER, as much as her directors and co-workers have studied, discussed, understood her, we feel none give as clear a picture of Lombard, the Actress, as that little story we heard about her the other day. It may not be a true story. And then again, it may. But anyway—

Once, years ago, Carole Lombard was acting in a stage play. Before the matinée performance, she had foolishly consumed enormous quantities of herring and dill pickles. Then, before a crowded house, in her big scene in the middle of the second act, the herring began warring with the dill pickles. Carole became nauseated, halted in her most dramatic speech and calmly strode off the stage. In a few seconds, feeling better, she returned and took up her big scene where she'd left it.

At the end of the play, a renowned critic cornered Carole, congratulated her, told her that, by dramatically leaving the stage in the middle of her big scene, she had accomplished a new and most effective piece of acting.

"And I know," the critic added, "that it required thought."

"Mister," replied Carole, "what you don't know is that it required speed!"

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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 52*)

sweet peas, roses, even the orange trees in the window, and had them sent to her!

DIDJA KNOW

That Lana Turner will wear a sweater in almost every sequence of "The Ziegfeld Girl" . . . That Ann Sheridan is the biggest box office draw in Mexico . . . That "Daisy" of the Blondie clan is pappy to a litter of seven pups . . . That Helen Parrish's legs are like a Petty girl's . . . That Jean Cagney is a member of Phi Beta Kappa . . . That Jean Hersholt owns 75 pairs of spectacles which he uses to impersonate various screen characters . . . That John Payne used to sing the accompaniment to a strip tease act . . . That autographed pictures of Hollywood glamour girls are being sent to British soldiers along with medical supplies . . . That Nat Pendleton is the great grand-nephew of Francis Scott Key who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner" . . . That Marlene Dietrich buys more furs, jewels and clothes than any other star?

DON HASN'T CHANGED

Dizzying success has made many a man kick over the traces of the traditions and the faith in which he was raised. But it's done no such thing to Don Ameche. Don has a picture of Pope Pius XI hanging over his bed —and will never do a radio show without first presenting the script to his Catholic priest for okay.

CASH AND CARY

Cary Grant seems to be handing a very good line to Woolworth Heiress Barbara Hutton. They're frequent occupants of a dimly-lit corner of the Cafe Lamaze, where they dawdle for hours over their dinner, look tenderly into each other's eyes, and insist "there's nothing to it." Bing Crosby, another steady Lamazer, apparently thinks differently, however. Bing just made a new recording of "I Found A Million Dollar Baby In A Five And Ten Cents Store"—and sent the first disc to Cary!

ADD CHAPLIN TROUBLES

Paulette Goddard is a changed woman. A year ago, the face she turned to the world was shiny, schoolgirlish and clean of make-up but, suddenly, Paulette has gone exotic. Under the joint influence of her Mexican trip and her thick-as-blood friendship with Dolores Del Rio, Paulette's tied her flowing hair into a braided business that she wraps severely about her head, uses a midnight blue lipstick and conceals her beautiful tan with a bluish-tinged powder. The effect is startling and, though we find it difficult to believe, we're told that a fan, overwhelmed at the sight of the new Paulette, rushed to her side at a preview shouting, "Hey, Gang! There's Dolores Del Goddard! Let's get her autograph!"

GROUCHO SERENADE

"Arizona" is the most expensive picture Columbia has ever made. It was earmarked for a million-dollar budget, but its total production costs ran to almost twice that amount. Called upon for an explanation of what the industry terms an "overslop," Director Wesley Ruggles came through with some whacky stories to justify his staggering location bill. "Don't blame me," said he. "Blame the cast. Blame Jean Arthur. She held up production by arguing that it was cruel to make pigs stand in dirty hogwash! Holy smokes, if we put them in clean water, the A.S.P.C.A. would get after us! Then, another day, she decided that the dogs in the picture were being underfed and had George Cole, a Columbia employee who's been handling animals for years, charged with cruelty and slapped into the local jail! Of course, that was ridiculous and Cole was released the next morning. Warren William didn't help, either. He was deathly afraid of rattlesnakes and always wore high boots. Every time we went into a take, he'd kill it by turning pale and begging the prop man to assure him that the boots were thick enough! And the rest of the cast! They did their part by backing into cactus and spending half their time in the hospital having the stickers pulled out of their pants!"

A NOTE ON MUSIC

Allan Jones was recently invited to warble "The Star Spangled Banner" at an important national convention but had to decline because of studio commitments. "Too bad, too bad," lamented a local scribe. "Allan is probably the only American who can hit the top note and remember the third stanza at the same time!"

A DOG'S BEST FRIEND?

A powerful toothache, the kind to which death is preferable, struck a pretty, young starlet the other A.M. and sent her scrambling to the nearest dentist. Yowling with pain she rushed into the good man's home, brushed aside his secretary and barged into his inner office. There, to her surprise, stood George Brent—in the flesh and smiling. One look was enough. Our starlet passed out. Relating the story to some friends that evening, she apologized for her display of emotion. "But you can stop your ribbing right now," she said, "because it wasn't Mr. Brent who made me faint. It was his dog. While Brent stood there grinning, the *pup* sat in the dentist's chair having his teeth treated!" It seems that George, who's old enough to be done with such whimsy, feels that what's good enough for him is good enough for his pet and, though both the dentist and the dog hate the idea, the will of Brent prevails.

MAYBE HE NEEDS IT!

We are happy to report, however, that the will of Brent does not *always* prevail. It took an awful beating a short while ago when Ann Sheridan discovered that George was a strict vegetarian and had been for years. Now, Annie's not the wan and wistful type and her idea of a he-man is not the gent who derives his virility from mashed potatoes and green peas. Early in their romance she began to twit George about his

abstinence from meat—and the last time we saw him he was passing up the boiled onions and sheepishly wrapping his molars around a big, bloody steak.

BENNY THE BOUNTIFUL

A star-stricken visitor to the Paramount lot got Oscar, the studio bootblack, to give him a polish job the other afternoon. While Oscar rubbed and scrubbed, the visitor shot question after question at him. "Does Bob Hope get his shoes shined here?" he queried. "Yassuh," replied Oscar. "Does Bing Crosby get his shoes shined here?" "Yassuh," from Oscar. "Does Jack Benny?" "No, suh," and with contempt, "Benny shines his own."

WE'D CELEBRATE, TOO

Nelson Eddy stuck the thirty-ninth candle into his birthday cake a few weeks back and apparently the occasion was no secret. Nelson received dozens of phone calls and telegrams, fourteen thousand birthday cards and a load of gifts. The thing that gave him the biggest bang, however, was a visit from a little messenger boy who had been sent around to deliver one of those singing greetings. When Eddy appeared, the kid parted his lips, closed them again and then blurted out, "Here, you sing it. I'm scared to open my mouth when you're around!" Nelson, incidentally, had something better than a birthday to celebrate that day. He'd just completed the third year in which he'd been earning $11,000 a week. Come Wednesdays and he gets $5,000 for his picture work and $6,000 for his radio broadcasts. His concert income is extra.

BIGGEST SURPRISE OF THE MONTH

Hollywood never thought he'd be born in this century—an "actor" who admitted he couldn't act and didn't care who knew it! This wonder of the age, this man whom Diogenes so patiently sought, is none other than John Carroll, Louisiana's donation to Universal's "Hired Wife." "I'm a cook, a pilot, a truck driver, a barber and a bootblack," says John. "But doggone it, I'm no actor! I just got into this business by accident and it pays pretty well, so I guess I'll hang around until they bounce me out."

ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH

The Marx Bros. tip us off that the gags you'll hear in their new movie, "Go West," will be old stuff to thousands by the time they reach the screen. That's an amazing admission, but here's how come. Before making the film they decided to test their jokes on a personal appearance tour rather than present them cold to movie audiences. They salvaged those that got the laughs and only the rib-ticklers were written into the picture—they hope. It's possible though, that a few of the others sneaked in, too, for the other day, when they fetched Harpo's red wig from his traveling trunk, Harpo looked at it and discovered two grey hairs. "Hmmm," said he, "even the wig worried about that last personal appearance trek!"

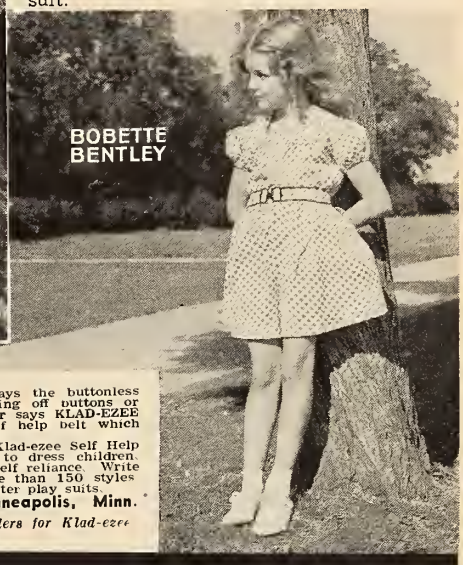
GABLE GETS THE BREAKS

Clark Gable and the Missus are burned up about the story going round that all is not

These Rising Young Hollywood Stars Have GLAMOR GALORE in Their KLAD-EZEE SUITS



"I certainly like to wear KLAD-EZEE Self Help suits," says Bobby Larson, brilliant six year old star of such motion picture successes as "Earthbound", "Five Little Peppers," "Doctor Takes a Wife", "Howards of Virginia", and "The Courageous Dr. Christian". And you'll admit that lovely little Bobette Bentley, who was Ruth Williams in "The Courageous Dr. Christian", and Genevieve in "The Women", looks glamorous and dainty in her trim fitting KLAD-EZEE playsuit.



BANISHES BUTTON SEWING

"Mother likes Klad-ezee too," says Bobby. "She says the buttonless back drop seat relieves her of worry about me tearing off buttons or buttonholes when I'm playing". "And my mother says KLAD-EZEE are smarter looking on account of the adjustable self help belt which assures a trim fit waist line", says Bobette.

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well between them. Those who are spreading the poison should be squelched by the announcement that the pair intend taking a four-month honeymoon-vacation just as soon as Carole completes "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." Another muffler for the gossip was provided by Clark just a few days ago when he told the following story about the wonderful Lombard sense of humor. It seems a bad case of poison ivy hit Carole recently and swelled her face until it looked like an automobile tire about to pop. A vainer woman would have hidden from the world—but not Carole. She borrowed a mask of Joan Crawford that M-G-M had made for "Broadway Serenade" and when Clark ankled in one evening he was greeted by Joan's face smiling pleasantly above Carole's neck!

SUPPOSE THEY COMPARE NOTES!

Rita Hayworth is smarter than your sister's baby. In the past few months, thousands of people have written in requesting her photograph and, knowing the value of a fan following, Rita wants to keep all of them happy. Therefore, she has two kinds of pictures mailed out—one to her male admirers and the other to the females of the species. The ladies get a picture of Rita in sports clothes, exercising her dog, but the gentlemen—lucky stiffs—they get a photo of her in a clinging evening gown with the accent very definitely on allure.

SHORT SHOTS

Mickey Rooney has been gifted with seven wrist watches and wears a different one each day . . . Joan and Constance Bennett are going to do a picture together . . . Kay Francis is so tall that both Jack Oakie and Charles Winninger have had their shoes built up for scenes with her in "Little Men" . . . Fred Astaire has the greatest inferiority complex in show business . . . Paulette Goddard is taking ballet lessons from Madame Nijinsky and in her next picture will dance with Astaire (which may help that complex) . . . Pearl White, the most famous silent serial heroine never saw Hollywood. Her pictures were made in Bound Brook, N. J. . . . The bar stools at the Brown Derby are chained to the counter . . . In an hour's conversation, Herbert Marshall will refer to his wife as "Lee, God bless her" at least twenty times . . . The Gene Markey—Hedy Lamarr separation, whisper those in the know, is only temporary.

CAN HELEN TOP THAT ONE?

The Helen Parrish-Forest Tucker engagement has been dead these many months but Helen and Forrest still like to "show" each other. Helen was recently escorted to a neighborhood eatery by two young men, Actor Charles Lang and Edward Arnold's son, Bill. A few tables down she spotted Forrest with just a single female, pretty Martha O'Driscoll. Boasted Helen, "See, I'm one up on him!" And it did look like her inning—until two nights later when Forrest retaliated by renting the Grace Hayes Lodge, and throwing a party for practically all the Earl Carroll beauties!

THESE MODERN MOTHERS!

When Jane Wyman was assigned to "Honeymoon for Three" she scratched her head and said, "Boy, that's a thought!" Ever since she and Ronald Reagan were married they've been so busy in pictures they haven't had time for their own honeymoon. Now, according to Jane, they're going to wait until their baby is born in January so that all three can take it together!

SILVER STARS

(*Continued from page 67*)

of silver in contact with the aluminum. Bring to a boil and remove silver just as soon as tarnish has disappeared. Do not let silver soak in the mixture but carry out the treatment expeditiously, following it with a thorough washing in fresh, hot soapsuds. Rinse and dry very thoroughly.

★ TABLE SETTING RULES FOR SILVERWARE

These are few but important. Start off by thinking of each place as a picture in a frame, that frame being the amount of space allotted to each individual place at the table. As with any picture the effect should never be crowded, and correct spacing is also important.

Place knives to the right of the plate, cutting edge in. Spoons go to the right of the knives. Forks are placed to the left of the plate—with the exception of oyster forks which go to the extreme right. Plenty of space must be left between right and left hand implements for the largest of the plates you intend using. All silver must be placed parallel and with the lower edges in a straight line an inch from the table edge.

Place butter knife on butter plate, handle at the right, cutting edge toward you. Place spoons for coffee, tea or cocoa on individual saucer.

The order of use governs the placing of the silverware. One starts with the knife, fork or spoon farthest from the plate and as the meal progresses one works towards the plate. Once this is realized one should have no difficulty setting places for a meal of several courses (or in eating one's way through a many-course banquet for that matter!) Never have more silverware on the table than will be needed for that particular meal. In placing serving spoons, forks and carving tools remember that they can be placed crosswise as well as lengthwise—but never diagonally.

SPECIAL SHOPPING SUGGESTIONS

Your local five and ten cent store carries the silver cleaning cloths that work like a charm, silver polish, soft chamois in convenient size pieces, enamel dish pans, and rubber-covered drainers to hold the silver—after washing—for a thorough scalding. For extensive silver cleaning, be sure to have on hand a pair of rubber gloves. *That* polish was never intended for fingernails, so protect your hands with these new longer-lasting Latex gloves. A pair of 10c *food tongs* is fine to have, to lift the silver out of the galvanizing cleaning bath piece by piece. As an added precaution against scratching, wrap the ends of the tong with strips of cheese cloth, kept for this and countless other household purposes. The tongs, too, have unnumbered uses besides this one.

NURSERIES FOR NEWCOMERS

(Continued from page 27)

in 'Waterloo Bridge' and I couldn't help remembering the first time he came to me, a handsome, young college graduate from Pomona. He was raw, but very sincere and wholly unaffected. He stood before me, voice a little tight from nervousness, and read a scene from his favorite play, 'Journey's End.' I was impressed and did all I could for him.

"I don't claim to have discovered Paulette Goddard, but I helped her. After she'd appeared in one movie, she was sent to me by Charlie Chaplin. He asked me to give her polish. That was easy. Paulette was talented, coöperative and over-anxious to learn. I drilled her on technique, both in classes with other students and privately. And, well, she seems to be doing all right these days.

"If you'll take your eyes off Betty Grable's picture a moment, mister, I'll tell you about her. Cute but inexperienced, she came to town from Kansas City. Her family encouraged her to come to the Community Theatre, and she worked overtime, never relaxing or gossiping, but just working."

THERE was an old portrait of Julie Haydon, as she appeared with Noel Coward in "The Scoundrel." Julie looked like a poem by Shelley. Even better, maybe. I sighed. Neely Dickson sighed, too. Julie Haydon was her pet.

"Her father, editor of a Hollywood newspaper, brought her to me when she was sixteen. She wanted to be an actress, and he wanted her to get it out of her head. She didn't have much basic equipment, physically. She wasn't beautiful, wasn't strong, was over-sensitive. But she was endowed with a vivid imagination and a will of steel.

"After Julie had been with us a year, her father dropped in one night to see her play in Eugene O'Neill's 'Anne Christie.' She played the old hag, you know, the drunken hag Marie Dressler had portrayed. Her father stood with me in the back. He watched his shy, ethereal, blonde daughter come out on the stage, stooped, ancient, her voice rasping with the burn of whiskey. He grabbed my arm. 'Neely,' he whispered, 'I'm wrong. You're right. She's going to be great!'

"After three years she left me. She's been the star of four Broadway shows in the last four years. I feel like exploding with pride."

Neely Dickson spoke of her most recent discovery, a virile Apollo named Dana Andrews. He had appeared in her productions and she secured an agent for him. The agent brought a Goldwyn scout. The scout blinked his orbs and brought a director, a cameraman and one of Goldwyn's relatives. Dana Andrews was tested opposite Sigrid Gurie—and recently signed to a long-termer.

"What I object to," stated Miss Dickson, "is that Goldwyn publicity insists Dana Andrews was discovered in a filling station, when he was found right here!

"In fact, I think Hollywood fosters too much bad publicity about everyone being discovered at ribbon counters, in grocery stores, or on the boulevard. It's false and deceiving. It makes the movies appear too easy. As if good looks and luck alone can get you in.

"Youngsters write to me and say they want to work in my theatre so that they'll be seen. But they don't realize what they might look like when they are seen. Most newcomers have poor voices, no technique, no control, no stage culture, no poise. They must learn much before being seen. That's my job, and I love it!"

Ten minutes from the Community Theatre, toward the heart of Hollywood, squats the low, spacious Max Reinhardt Workshop. The building is actually the old Columbia Broadcasting Studios with its face lifted. The interior is cool, airy, expensive and artistic. Walking down the long corridors, you expect Stanislavski or some other alumnus of the Moscow Arts Theatre to greet you. Instead, the world famous Dr. Max Reinhardt, with his gray pompadour and his thick accent, greets you. He is a Colossus, this man, and you know his name will be alive when all your favorite movie stars are long in the wastebasket.

It is costly to study under the eminent doctor. I learned his Workshop fee is $100 a month for the first year. The qualifications necessary for entrance are "special talent, sincerity and naturalness." The price for the second year is $50 a month—and only at Dr. Reinhardt's personal invitation, thank you.

Upon becoming a student of the Workshop, you, along with fifty-four others, spend your first four months under the guidance of Rudolph Amendt, film heavy. With basic thespian knowledge under your belt, you move along to Helene Thimig Reinhardt, the doctor's brilliant wife, for three more months. And from there on, the great man himself takes you over.

Side by side with students from sixteen states and three foreign countries, you will slave in three rehearsal studios. If you don't know Shakespeare, you will be generally frowned upon. If you don't know the solid classics, you will be taught them.

Finally, in an upholstered CBS recording studio, on a platform before fifty seats full of sundry friends and glum talent scouts, you will do your bit.

I learned that the odds were with Dr. Reinhardt's students. He, who enchanted Europe in 1905 with his gorgeous "Midsummer Night's Dream," who in 1911 popularized the revolving stage, who in Berlin trained the 'teen-aged Hedy LaMarr in "The Weaker Sex," has had fifty percent of his students accepted by the movies. And in spite of the fact that he has only had his Workshop for two years.

IN this little recording room, Alaine Brandes, the slender nineteen-year-old, who had been selected by Chicago artists as that city's "Ad Queen," appeared for three months before she was grabbed by Twentieth Century-Fox. In this same room, George Cukor's find, Bebe Anderson, and Rosemary Lane worked for additional seasoning. Here, Nanette Fabares, the New Orleans beauty, was first sighted by Warners and hired to be a lady-in-waiting to Bette Davis in "Elizabeth and Essex." Here, too, Robert Ryan, a six-feet-two prizefighter from Dartmouth, played a character rôle, was seen by Paramount and inked for the lead opposite Jeanne Cagney in "Golden Gloves."

"But frankly, we do not guarantee to place people in the movies," admitted Dr. Reinhardt. "Nor is that our aim. My primary desire is to teach the sound fundamentals of the acting art, not to sell new talent. When my people learn to act, they are naturally signed by the movies. It goes hand in hand.

"The biggest weakness in newcomers is localized speech. They come to us from Kentucky, New York, Alabama, Dakota,



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and it takes us four months to standardize their speech. Then it takes three more months to curb them from overacting."

Dr. Reinhardt's favorite word is "sincerity." He mentioned the humorous incident of a student named Ray Randolph, who was wanted by all of the studios, but who, upon being cast as Death in "Everyman" and desiring to do a sincere and realistic job, shaved off all his hair and eyebrows—and horrified the talent scouts who came to sign him as a matinee idol. (P. S.—His hair is growing back and he'll soon be in films!)

I left the doctor as he returned to his rehearsal of "Fortunato." His method of direction was quiet; his instructions, a spoken caress. In leaving him, I was aware of one impression—that an hour with Dr. Reinhardt was like living an hour with the Theatre's history.

Forty-five minutes from Movieland, and suddenly you stand before the seven-story Spanish styled Pasadena Playhouse.

Some twenty-three years ago it was established in a tumbledown burlesque house, with pails on the rafters to keep the rain from leaking down on the paid customer. Today, it is a magnificent showhouse, built at a cost of $600,000 and having three theatres and countless classrooms from which such stars as Anne Shirley, Wayne Morris, Robert Young, Randolph Scott have emerged.

Every day, from 8:30 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, about two hundred future dramatic greats attend classes and rehearsals. Half of them, especially those in their second and final year, appear on the main stage—that of the Pasadena Playhouse itself—with its $15,000 switchboard, its special sound booth where records are played for off-stage noises, its balcony and eight hundred and thirty-two seats.

In another section of the building is the Playbox, where intimate dramas are produced. It's a crazy place, almost Elizabethan—you act in a pit with the audience almost in your lap. It was in this topsy-turvey Playbox, incidentally, that Bill Holden was discovered by a scout while playing the role of an aged man in a version of the life of Madame Curie.

THEN, also, there is the Laboratory Theatre. It has two hundred seats, and produces twenty new scripts annually. If you don't have $600 necessary for your first year in the Pasadena Playhouse proper, or the $400 for your second year, you can try out any Sunday night for the Laboratory Theatre, and if you are talented enough, appear entirely free of charge.

The thankless job of instructing half of their students to emote is in the hands of seventy-five faculty members, fifteen of them associate directors like Morris Ankrum, who was bitten by Carmichael the bear in "Buck Benny Rides Again," and Victor Jory and Onslow Stevens. High Mogul of the directorial crew is the legendary Gilmor Brown, once decorated by the French government for his artistic achievements. Behind him there is also an advisory silent and imposing council containing Beulah Bondi, Elmer Rice, Walter Hampden and Paul Green.

None of the faculty receive salaries. The arrangement is entirely coöperative. Out of every dollar bill earned, forty-seven cents goes to the faculty.

"Only half of our students want to be actors," pointed out Gilmor Brown. "The rest are interested in other phases of drama, like directing, designing, teaching and so forth. And there are more jobs open on those ends. Why, do you know, we have a waiting list of jobs for young men and women talented enough to design stages, build flats and things like that!"

To prove the wide interest in these other phases of the theatre, Mr. Brown led me up the entire seven stories of the colorful Playhouse. He showed me the wardrobe department, holding nine thousand costumes valued at $35,000, most of them home-made or donated by actresses. He showed me students sewing, dyeing clothes, some constructing sets. He showed me the drama library, packed with donated volumes. "It's the largest play library in America, aside from the New York Public Library," remarked Brown.

On the subject of production, Brown proudly confessed that his was the only theatre in America to have staged all thirty-seven of Shakespeare's plays. Also, it has staged eighty famous world premieres, including Eugene O'Neill's "Lazarus Laughed," with its cast of two hundred players. In its two decades plus, Pasadena has produced one thousand plays, and in them have appeared tyros who are today headline stuff.

THERE was Randolph Scott," recalled Brown. "He wrote to DeMille from Georgia, and DeMille sent him to us for seasoning. He was sighted and signed from our boards. Robert Young used to be a board marker in the stock exchange down the street. His boss told him to keep his mind on his job instead of on acting or quit. Bob quit, walked over to the Playhouse and was later found by M-G-M.

"Gloria Stuart, beautiful blonde, talented, was given a lead in 'The Seagull' by me. Universal snatched her. Vic Mature came to us. He'd never acted before. Just a big good-looking lad. He stayed three years, lived in a trailer, and now Hal Roach is making him a name. Lloyd Nolan arrived one day, fresh out of Stanford. He wanted to be a technician. He wasn't going to be an actor and starve. Oh, no! He spent a year backstage with the props, got the histrionic bug watching others, went on our stage himself and clicked. And John Carradine. How can I ever forget him! Tall, gaunt, standing in the street in front of the Playhouse, dressed in checkered sox and golf knickers, swinging a cane, bellowing lines from 'Macbeth' and trying to hitch a ride to his home in Hollywood!

"Wayne Morris graduated in June of 1936. Before graduation I cast him in 'Yellow Jack.' A small role, nothing impressive. He was seen by the Warners casting director and rushed, without a test, into 'Kid Galahad'."

Pasadena's roll-call is bright with other stars! Tyrone Power, Helen Mack, Michael Whalen, Akim Tamiroff, who then played comedy, and Mischa Auer, who then played serious drama.

Even the immortal Paul Muni found Pasadena Playhouse a haven. He was brought out from New York to play Lon Chaney roles and was buried in the goo of make-up instead of being given a chance to act. He finally quit the old Fox company, went to Pasadena, appeared in "The Man Saul," then went on to Broadway, greater success—and returned to Hollywood in triumph.

Just before I left Gilmor Brown, I prodded him for a capsule of wisdom. He stood immersed in thought, then said, "Well, just this. I want to break the illusion that all the names I've mentioned got some place by luck or by good breaks. They got to the top by work, the kind of work you do in a construction gang or in a laboratory or on your feet in a store. That's how actors are shaped, and let every beginner remember that!"

The next stop was the Bliss-Hayden Miniature Theatre, situated off fabulous Wilshire Boulevard. Located behind a store, drab as to exterior, seven years of longevity behind it, it was founded by stately Lela Bliss and her pipe-puffing, myopic, chubby husband, Harry Hayden.

In their miniature theatre they instruct and display forty students, two-thirds of them girls. These students pay $35 a month—and to enter they must be over sixteen years of age and serious about their work.

Should you happen to sign to work with Miss Bliss and Mr. Hayden, you will be expected to rehearse four weeks for your first part, maybe a mere walk-on. You will rehearse once in the morning, once in the evening. You will no doubt have the faults Harry Hayden finds in most greenhorns—inability to project your voice and inability to sustain a definite characterization. After six weeks you won't know yourself, they say.

Lucille Fairbanks, niece of the late Doug, enacted a society girl as her first character at Bliss-Hayden. It was a weak role. She was a strong actress. Warner Brothers took her in tow. Marilyn Merrick, after appearing in two plays, was sitting in the audience one night watching her understudy when Solly Baiano of Warners edged over to her and whispered the open sesame, "Would you like a screen test?"

Others hatched by Bliss-Hayden were Jean Muir, Jon Hall, Fay Holden, and Ann Gwynn, who was spotted by Universal during her fourth play.

To those with a desire to emulate the happy discoveries, Harry Hayden offered this tidbit: "You can improve yourself at home, before coming to this town. Spend a half-hour a day reading aloud. Not straight prose, but dialogue—Shakespeare, when possible. The main trouble with beginners, I think, is that they speak with their mouths half closed. Their speech is reduced to incoherent mumblings. I'd advise beginners to take a large cork, hold it between their teeth, and read an entire part from a play aloud. This rounds tones, develops the voice, lowers the pitch. Fifteen minutes a day of this, plenty of ambition inside, and then come to us!"

NEXT we visited the Ben Bard Playhouse, blue, white and beautifully modernistic, outside and in.

The owner and director is Ben Bard himself, dark-haired, middle-aged husband of the late Ruth Roland.

It costs $50 a month to benefit from Bard's vast experience. If you show no talent or drive, Bard reserves the privilege of sacking you after a month. He will not put you in any play for three months. He will work you, aided by his staff, from 10:30 every morning to 3:30 every afternoon, with many night rehearsals.

Self-educated, Ben Bard spent six years in films before he took over a store front, converted it into a theatre and taught his first pupils—among them two little kids named Shirley Temple and Jane Withers.

More recently Bard has developed some of the finest finds in the business. At the drop of a script, he will recall his best bets.

"John Archer, for example. His real name was Ralph Bowman. One afternoon I went into MacDonald's Restaurant for lunch. He was working there, trotting food. He looked like something, so I asked him to drop over to the Playhouse. He did. I coached him like a demon, got him into the 'Gateway To Hollywood' contest, which he won. You've seen him in many RKO pictures since."

Ben Bard gave the facts in the case of Bill Orr. "He was a case, too, take it from me. Very shy, too bashful to get up in front of a class and read aloud, but excellent at imitations. He worked them up for one of our talent scout revues, was hired for that stage hit, 'Meet the People,' and M-G-M cast him as Bob Stack's brother in 'The Mortal Storm.'

"Another tough one was Jack Carson, soon to appear with Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers at RKO. He used to be a hick town vaudeville comedian—had a Chaplin walk, jerky gestures, the usual double-talk style. He would get these mannerisms into all his characterizations. In a year I broke him of these habits—and the scouts mobbed him.

"Sure you can be discovered, but it takes talent and time. A physician slaves eight years and a lawyer six. It's the same with actors. They've got to learn their profession right on the legitimate stage. That overnight ride to fame can't be depended upon."

There you are. Five representative Little Theatres. They may make you, or they may break you, because the stage is tough and cruel. You'll know when you've at last become a real actor or actress. It'll be this way, the way Ben Bard puts it: "You'll really be an actress, mam, when you can tear someone else's heart out and still not tear out your own!"

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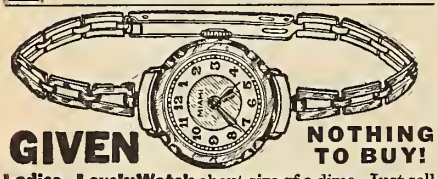
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WHY GIRLS CAN'T RESIST HIM

(*Continued from page 37*)

Appearing at the same spot at the same time, they couldn't help knowing each other. Bing thought she had a future. He went out of his way to tell her so. Something about the guy convinced her that he meant it. That was enough to make her think of him as a friend. Before she knew it, she was telling him her ambitions. And the fact that she confided in him seemed to make Bing think of *her* as a friend.

"Anyway, after a while she came to Hollywood. A few months later, Bing came out. She called him up to wish him luck. He said, 'I'm giving a little party and I want you to come and bring your boy friend.' Five seconds after he heard my name, he was calling me Johnny. In self-defense, I had to call him Bing. Anybody would have thought we had known each other for years. Somehow, we got to kidding about golf. One of us suggested a game. And—well, we've been friends ever since.

"Maybe I'll go off to New York to do a play and won't see him for months. And maybe, when I get back, I'll see him only casually. But he doesn't change in the meantime. If you're his friend today, you're still his friend the next time he sees you, whenever that may be.

I DON'T know what it takes to be a friend of Bing's," he said. "I've never thought about it. I know fellows who have been trying to get close to him for years—fellows he sees every day at Lakeside. You can see him freeze every time they say, 'Hiya, Bing.' If he doesn't like you, he just doesn't like you. And, with that open face of his, he can't keep from showing it.

"These fellows are in the same racket he's in—movies. They play the same game he plays—golf. That gives them two big interests in common, but Bing just doesn't want anything to do with them. Yet he'll make a buddy out of some dirty-faced little caddy with patches on the seat of his pants.

"As near as I can figure it out, he has the caddy pegged as a kid with the right stuff inside and these other fellows pegged as four-flushers. They talk too loud and too much.

"Maybe he was a sucker sometime or other for some high-pressure salesman who failed to deliver. Or maybe he was double-crossed somewhere along the line by some blowhard he trusted. Or maybe he just has a strong instinct for sincerity. I don't know. All I know is that he can spot phonies a mile away. And, if possible, he'll keep them a mile away.

"He's a pretty average guy, himself, and I've noticed he likes to be around average people, whether they're bankers from Wall Street or down-and-outers from Skid Row. He doesn't seem to care what else a man is, if he's a down-to-earth human being."

To an outsider, it might look like smart business on Bing's part to keep in touch with the common people. After all, he usually plays one of them.

"It's not a matter of smartness," John assured us. "It's a matter of taste. Bing did a lot of scratching around before he struck pay dirt. All those years, people didn't like him for what he had, because he didn't have anything; if they liked him, they had to like him for what he was. He wanted other people to find things to like in him, so he got in the habit of looking for things to like in other people. That's an easy habit to break, I hear tell, when everybody starts telling you how wonderful *you* are. But Bing hasn't lost it.

"For one thing, he doesn't believe all the flattery he hears. I happen to know that he still carries around an old worn clipping, a review of another star's picture, with this part underlined: So-and-so 'has a marvelous voice, but can't act as well as Bing Crosby, who can't act at all.' For another thing, he doesn't believe that important people are the only people worth knowing. He gets a kick out of proving it. He's forever finding characters, God knows where.

"Like the General, for instance. Did you ever hear about the General? One week-end Larry, Bing's brother, went down to the ranch at Del Mar. It gets black dark down there at night. This particular night, about nine o'clock, Larry stepped out to the kitchen for a glass of water. There was a knock on the kitchen door. Larry opened it. Out there in the darkness stood this grizzled old character with a gun in his hands. He said, 'I want to see Bing.' Larry said, 'Er—who wants to see him?' The old codger said, 'Just say the General.' Larry thought he had a crazy hill-billy on his hands. He said, 'Er—wait here.' He shut the door and jittered into the living-room.

"'We'd better locate the guard,' he warned everybody. 'There's an old guy outside with a gun.' He tapped his head meaningly. 'Says he wants to see you, Bing.' Bing asked, reasonably enough, 'Did he say who he was?' Larry said, 'Yeah. Said he was the General.' Bing laughed. 'Well, bring him in. He's a friend of mine.'

"How Bing met him or where, Heaven only knows. He was an old soldier who had a little farm somewhere up in the hills, where he spent most of his time hunting. Anyway, Bing liked the old guy, and the old guy liked Bing. And it seems they had a date to go 'coon hunting the first night the hunting looked ripe. The General said this looked like the night. So what did Bing do? He passed up the little party that was just getting started to go 'coon hunting with the General.

JUST to show you how Bing gets around, the last time he and Dixie went east, they were house guests of a millionaire polo player, who's also an interesting guy."

John wanted to straighten out one thing.

"He gets along all right with women, but's he's a man's man. He played with one female once who thought he should also be a ladies' man. She went on the make for him. And Bing thought it was a gag!

"She didn't seem to get anywhere as long as they worked at the studio. But then the company went on location to a small town up the Coast. They put up at a small hotel. All the rooms were on the second floor, looking out on a balcony that went across the front of the building. One night, after they had gone to their rooms, Bing looked up, to see her coming through one of his windows. With that, he went out the other.

"Last year, Bing and I went up to Del Monte for a golf tournament. On the way up, we got to talking about an actor whose wife was soon bound to discover that he was cheating. 'Thank God, I don't have any of those worries,' said Bing. 'I don't have to be afraid some girl

will call up the house and get Dixie by mistake.'

"He has his own way for handling temperamental women. I remember one little spitfire he played with. She'd throw a fit every few days. And Bing would say, 'When you get her straightened out, let me know. I'll be out at Lakeside.' He doesn't let people bother him. He doesn't let anything bother him. He's easygoing. He could have been just as happy as a tramp as he is as a movie star."

John grinned persuasively.

"If you're going to be around Bing, you want to have your sense of humor in working order, because he's always trying to get a rise out of people. A certain banker who was due out from New York a while back found that out.

THERE was going to be a tournament at Lakeside, with amateurs teaming up with pros, and the banker wanted to get in it. Bing said, "I'll team you up with somebody good.' When the banker arrived, he said, 'Well, who's going to be my partner?' Bing answered, 'Lew Gadaro.' The banker had never heard of him. 'Why, he's the pro at the Hardscrabble Country Club, just outside Philadelphia,' said Bing. The banker thought he knew all the clubs around Philadelphia, but he'd never heard of that one. Bing said, 'Why, it's famous. And Gadaro's famous. A great golfer. Of course, he's a little eccentric, but that's because he's deaf. You'll have to yell to make him hear.'

"The banker began to look worried. 'Oh, yes, and he's an insurance salesman on the side,' Bing added. 'He'll probably be trying to sell you insurance. But he's a great golfer.' The banker was speechless with dismay. 'He's a mountain boy,' Bing went on blithely, 'so don't be surprised if he takes off his shoes and goes barefooted, if he has to work hard to win.' About that time the banker exploded. Bing could count him out of the tournament. 'That's too bad,' said Bing, 'because I've really got you paired with Sam Snead.' He had dreamed up 'Lew Gadaro' as a gag. The banker's still laughing at the way he fell for the gag.

"Bing goes for people who can laugh at themselves. Everybody does. And between you and me, that's one reason why everybody goes for Bing.

"People rave about his voice, and he pokes fun at it. They can't help liking a success who's that modest. The funny thing is that he honestly doesn't take his voice seriously. I've seen proof. I've been with him during recordings, and I've seen him smoke a big cigar between songs.

"He cracks about his being a movie star and this tickles people. He's not only a star, he's near the top of the heap, but you'd never know it to see him on a set. Two years ago, Paramount gave him a fancy portable dressing-room. A while back, a character actress started screaming that it was an outrage that she didn't have a portable dressing-room; every important player was entitled to one. 'Take mine,' said Bing. 'I never use it.' He hadn't even been inside the thing after two years. A camp chair's good enough for him, between scenes.

"People can't help going for a guy who is a success, but who hasn't let it go to his head because he's so busy thinking of other things. All of us have asked ourselves what we'd do if we ever had money, and we've said, 'We'd enjoy life.' Well, here's a guy who has followed through on that. He does the kind of work he likes, plays the kind of games he likes, pals around with the kind of people he likes. He lives in the kind of house he likes and has the kind of wife he always dreamed about with four kids of the kind he always hoped to have. Nobody knows anybody who gets as much out of life as Bing does. That's his big attraction."

Was John trying to tell us that a wife and four children fitted into the explanation of Bing's appeal to women?

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THE LETTER

(Continued from page 48)

weird, native music began to come from the bunkhouse again. Deep in the shadows where they could not see him, stood the Head Boy and beside him was a woman. In the eerie light of that hour that separates night and day, her features looked Eurasian. She followed the Head Boy to where Hammond lay. As she gazed down, no emotion stirred her mask-like face. But in her eyes were tears. From the distance came the fading sound of the motor on its way to Singapore.

As Leslie's lawyer, Joyce recognized one possible difficulty. If she had shot Hammond only once, it would be plain sailing, but all six chambers of the gun had been emptied into him, some of them evidently after he had fallen. Though no one had made a point of it, this was still worrying him three weeks later as he sat in his office in Singapore and studied the case of "The Crown vs. Leslie Crosbie, Defendant." Technically, the charge was murder. They had kept Leslie in prison and she was taking it like a thoroughbred.

It was bewildered Bob who was a wreck from the strain of it, kind old Bob—not brilliant, a bit on the stupid side really, but Leslie's loyal husband and his own good friend. He kept saying, "She shot him as she would a mad dog," and everyone agreed with him. They all felt there was no question but that Leslie would be acquitted. Hammond's real character had been revealed with investigation. It seemed that he owned a gambling house on the quiet and that the Eurasian woman had secretly been his wife. Public opinion was flatly against Hammond.

THERE was a knock at the office door and Joyce's Cantonese clerk, Ong Chi Seng, came in. He was a small, trim, gleaming fellow. His English was precise. The night before, Ong had gone with the Crosbie Head Boy to a room above the shop of one Chung Hi. There, Hammond's Eurasian woman had shown him a letter and he was instantly aware of its value. Now he spoke of it to Howard Joyce.

"A friend of mine has brought information, sir, that there is in existence a letter from the defendant, Mrs. Crosbie, to the unfortunate victim of the tragedy, written on the day of Mr. Hammond's death."

Joyce was startled. He knew that Ong was no fool, but he pretended to be unperturbed. Ong gave him a hand-written copy of the letter.

"Robert will be away for the night. I absolutely must see you. I shall expect you at eleven. I am desperate and, if you don't come, I won't answer for the consequences. . . . Don't drive up. Leslie. . . ."

"It is inconceivable that Mrs. Crosbie should have written such a letter," scoffed Joyce. But as he left the office a few minutes later, undoubtedly for the prison and a conference with his client, the wily Ong Chi Seng knew he had made his point.

Leslie came into the visiting room and held out her slim, fine hand to Joyce as though she were receiving him in a drawing room. She was perfectly groomed—not a hair out of place. Her fragile grace as she sat on the rough bench, her quiet voice, every detail of her being, seemed strange in these surroundings, made the letter unbelievable.

To speak of it was even harder than he had anticipated. He heard her saying cheerily, "Only five more days now—then I'll be home," and he pulled himself up.

"I need to ask a few more questions," he said. "I suppose I'm right in believing you had no communication with Hammond for several weeks before the catastrophe?"

"Oh quite," she answered.

"And you hadn't written to him?"

"No."

"At one time you and Bob and he were on fairly intimate terms," he went on. "How did it happen you stopped asking him to your house?"

SHE waited a moment, then spoke frankly. "I may as well tell you, Howard, we heard about his—his wife. Once, just by chance, I saw her—"

Joyce watched her closely. "I think I should tell you that there exists a letter to Geoff Hammond in your handwriting."

"Oh, I've often sent him little notes to invite him to something or to ask him to get me something when he was in Singapore."

"You'd better read this for yourself," Joyce showed her the letter.

She scarcely looked at it. "That's not my handwriting," she said.

"It is said to be an exact copy of one written the day Hammond died." He made her read it. "If the original were in your handwriting?"

"It would be a forgery. I didn't write it! I swear I didn't— Anyhow, it's not dated. It might have been written years ago—" Then as he kept looking at her, "Give me a little time—I'll try to remember—"

"Leslie," he said and his voice was grave, "if it falls into the hands of the Prosecution, they could cross-examine your houseboys and soon find out if someone took a letter to Hammond on the day of his death." As she didn't answer, he turned as though to go.

Suddenly she cried out. "Wait, Howard—wait a minute." He paused and she went on, "I did write that letter, but I was afraid to mention it. I thought none of you would believe my story if I told you he'd come at my invitation. You see," she gathered speed as the words tumbled out, "Robert wanted a new gun for his birthday. I wanted to surprise him with it and I don't know about guns. I thought I'd get Geoff to order it for me." Her eyes were begging desperately for belief.

Joyce's voice sharpened. "Leslie—until now I was certain of your acquittal. But *this* will start suspicion in the mind of the Prosecution. I won't say what entered my mind when I read it. It's my job to defend, not convict you even in my own mind. But if the jury decides you killed Hammond in self-defense—Leslie, don't tell me anything except what is needed to *save your neck*!"

Before he could catch her, she crumpled to the floor. In the first-aid

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room, they revived her. When the others were gone, she sighed and looked up at Joyce. "Are you going to let me be hanged?" she asked. He looked at her questioningly and she added, "You could get hold of that letter. If they brought it to you, they are prepared to sell."

Buying that letter was the same as suborning a witness. It would finish him if he were known to do such a thing. Yet she asked it. She seemed so helpless and she was the wife of his best friend.

"If Robert loses his trust in me, he loses everything," she said.

"I'll do what I can," Joyce finally told her. He would have to advance the money and collect it from Bob after the trial. Crosbie was a witness and he must go on the stand with his faith in her unshaken.

Ong Chi Seng demanded $10,000 for the letter. He had discovered by devious ways that Mr. Crosbie's account in the Bank of the British Malaya Company totaled $10,450. Bargaining was useless. There was also one other condition. The Eurasian woman insisted the money must be brought to her at Chung Hi's place by Mrs. Crosbie—no one else.

"Great heavens, man," cried Joyce, "do you think she can walk out of prison whenever she likes?"

Ong had thought that out, too. "I shouldn't be surprised if she had been taken ill this morning," he replied easily. "Perhaps on the plea of ill health, the Judge will permit her to stay at your house until the trial, if you are responsible for her, sir." As usual, Ong was right.

The night before the trial found Leslie a guest in Joyce's home. He watched her as she sat on the garden terrace working peacefully at her lace in the light of an overhead lantern. He had come to realize that this lace-work was like an opiate to her in moments of tension. Crosbie gazed adoringly at his wife, and Dorothy Joyce was light-heartedly planning a party to be given in Leslie's honor after the verdict.

JOYCE reflected ironically that somehow he and Leslie had to get away from the two innocents and meet the Eurasian woman at Chung Hi's that night—or there would be no party. His manner had been casual when he had mentioned the letter to Crosbie. Without revealing its true contents, but stating simply that it might be awkward in wrong hands, he adroitly got Bob to say, "Do as you think best and put in your charges." Now, grateful for Bob's docile, stupid goodness, Joyce sent him and Dorothy to a cinema, telling them it might help pass the time while he and Leslie went over preliminaries to her morning in court.

As soon as they had gone, Leslie and Joyce went down a dark garden path to where Ong Chi Seng was waiting. He took them through dim, narrow streets until they paused before the shop of Chung Hi. As they waited for Ong to reconnoitre, Joyce and Leslie, looking in his window, were idly interested in the carving on the ivory handles of two little knives. "Imagine all that on a knife!" exclaimed Leslie.

"He who kills with an unworthy tool commits two crimes—one against himself," said Ong's voice suddenly at their shoulders. But he was smiling so impersonally that he seemed merely to have spoken an old adage with no ominous intent. "My friend is ready," he added.

Up steep, dark stairs they went into the dingy room of Chung Hi, who received them with polite ceremony.

Joyce spoke abruptly, "Have you the letter?"

"Woman have got," said Chung Hi, and

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when it was clear these people would not allow the proper Chinese politenesses before business, he sent for her.

Suddenly the Eurasian woman stepped noiselessly through the doorway. She was dressed in Oriental style. On her arms were heavy gold bangles, around her neck a heavy gold chain, and there were gold pins in her hair. But these were forgotten when one saw the face. Only her eyes had expression, eyes that shot daggers of hate and contempt at the white woman. While Joyce gave her the money and Ong translated to her the request for the letter, she kept that unwavering stare on Leslie and said, "Tell her to stand up." Then, "Tell her to walk over here."

Standing very straight, Leslie walked slowly to the Eurasian woman. The woman took the letter out of a pocket in her tunic, then tossed it to the floor at her feet. She would make this white woman bow before her. Leslie looked at her with the faintest trace of a smile, then, with a deliberate and graceful motion, she stooped and picked up the letter.

"Thank you," said Leslie, and her manner lessened the other's triumph.

The Eurasian's hate followed her as she and Joyce went out.

IN the crowded court room, though beads of perspiration were on his forehead and it seemed to him that one word would not follow the other, Joyce held his voice firm as he made his plea to the jury. In the small room where they went to await the verdict, Leslie's fingers wove the delicate spider-web of her lace and she quieted Bob, who was nervous. When they were recalled to the court room, Joyce saw the Eurasian woman and the Crosbie Head Boy at the back of it.

Leslie rose and faced the jury.

"We find the defendant—not guilty," pronounced the foreman.

There was scarcely a change in her, only a slight relaxing through the body. The crowd rushed to congratulate her. In the eyes of the Eurasian there was sardonic amusement.

Back in Joyce's garden, Bob Crosbie could not taste the cocktail he drank. All he could know for the moment, all he could feel, was "Leslie's safe, Leslie's safe." Then, when he'd got his bearings, he told Leslie and Joyce what he had been planning. "We can't live at the old place again. We've gone through too much there," he said. He had found a plantation in Sumatra. A man in financial trouble had agreed to sell it to him at a great bargain—$30,000 if he got the money tomorrow.

"I've got ten thousand in the bank," he exulted, "and Charlie Meadows will let me have the balance on a mortgage."

Joyce and Leslie exchanged glances. Ten thousand in the bank? It was what he owed Joyce for the letter, only Bob didn't realize that. Crosbie began getting out blueprints, chattering happily of details.

At last Howard Joyce broke in on him. "I hate to throw cold water on your plans but—" Somehow he got it out—the fact that he had had to pay ten thousand for the letter.

"You must have been mad!" Crosbie exclaimed. "Ten thousand—why, that's all I have in the world!" After a while he began to see it was absolutely necessary. "But what was in it?" he demanded. "At the time, you said only that Leslie had requested him to get something for me and—"

"I wanted to get you a new gun," she said. "I wanted Geoff to help me."

For the first time, his voice became hard. "I was buying a gun myself. You knew that." Then he demanded the letter. "If I've got to pay that much for it, I'm going to see it," he shouted, his temper shaking him with emotion.

Joyce gave it to him. He read it. "What—does it—mean?" he asked in a whisper.

Leslie's voice was flat. "It means that I was in love with Geoff Hammond," she said, and then she told him all of it. "We met constantly. Oh—I hated myself for it and yet I wasn't happy except when I was with him. Then a time came when he began to change toward me. I was frantic. I heard about that—that woman. I wouldn't believe it. I couldn't—until at last I saw her. I sent for him. That was the one letter he didn't take care to destroy. I don't know what I said. At last, he turned on me. He said she was the only one who meant anything to him. I was beside myself. I grabbed the



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revolver. I fired. When I saw I'd hit him, I ran after him and I fired again and again until the gun was empty." She finished bitterly. "I've no excuse—I don't deserve to live."

There was a moment of silence. As she had spoken, Crosbie had begun to sob—huge, dry sobs. But when she ended, he managed to control himself. He looked at her with a kind of pity. "I'm sorry, Leslie," he said and turned and went to the house.

"He's going to forgive you," said Joyce.

Leslie and Bob had the same room. Mechanically, they dressed for the party. At last she said, "It's no use, is it? We can't go on, can we?"

He said, "If you love a person, you can forgive anything. But Leslie, can *you* go on?"

At first she said, "Yes." She had wakened from a horrible nightmare. She even said she loved him. Then suddenly she cried out, "I can't—I can't!" And the truth broke through. "With all my heart, I still love the man I killed."

Somehow, Bob Crosbie got out of the room. Perhaps it took Leslie a little longer to finish dressing than it would have otherwise, but she was composed again as she turned out the light to go downstairs. Then, as the moonlight fell through the French door to the balcony that overlooked the terrace, she was drawn to it. Something light lying on the threshold caught her eye. Dread ran through her. It was one of the small ivory-handled daggers from Chung Hi's window. She knew its meaning. Should she pick it up and use it? It seemed to hold a strange power over her. Then with sudden determination, she pulled herself free of the thought. She turned and walked out of the room and down the short flight of stairs to the party that was being given in her honor.

"I'm sorry, Dorothy," she smiled. "I took rather a long time to dress."

They surrounded her, saying pleasant, admiring things. She answered them all gently and beautifully, a modest and lovely woman. It was while she was dancing with Mr. Withers that her nerves began to jump. His complimentary memories were almost more than she could stand. She was alarmed, too, because of Robert. He hadn't left the bar since he had come downstairs. Then she saw Dorothy go rushing up to Joyce and it was clear they were trying to do something about him.

Crosbie was not merely tight. Something more than that had disordered his mind and set his tongue to spinning the story of the plantation he intended to buy tomorrow, his and Leslie's plans to go there and be happy. Nothing could dam the flood of words that poured out the story Crosbie wanted to believe and wanted others to believe. His mind rehashed the terrible truth it could not endure. "There'll be just the two of us," he babbled. "But my—my wife's a good sport. Always can count on her. We'll have each other. That's important."

Leslie could stand no more. Abruptly she turned and left the room. Crosbie just talked on. People grew embarrassed. Joyce asked the native orchestra to play so that they could dance.

LESLIE rushed upstairs to the bedroom. Frantically she got out her lace to quiet her mind, but her fingers twisted it and ripped the thread. She jumped to her feet, a cry tearing at her throat. The dagger was gone from over the balcony doorway! She ran out into the night, a slim wraith with pale hair shining in the moonlight. She ran across the terrace—down the path through the garden. Tears flowed from her eyes that were wide with anguish. She ceased to run. She stood still in a moment of unbearable grief.

Did a cloud pass over the moon or was it only the cloud that passed through her soul and shadowed her face with fear? A scarf swiftly thrown over her head from behind muffled her scream. A man held her arms pinned to her body. The Crosbie Head Boy was strong. In the hand of the Eurasian woman who stood beside him, was the dagger that had disappeared from the doorway—a beautiful and not "unworthy tool," according to the belief of the one who held it and plunged it into soft flesh.

Once again, the Crosbie Head Boy saw a woman standing in the moonlight and her shadow lay across a still figure huddled on the ground. The Eurasian woman stood proudly.

Within the house, the dance music had stopped. The boys of the orchestra started singing softly, a weird tune that wound like a question through the garden and into the quiet tropic night.

Printed in the U. S. A. by the Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



DURA-GLOSS

Choose your color by the Fingernail Cap



Serenely confident of their startling beauty, your fingernails blaze with the gem-like lustre of Dura-Gloss! How welcome each casual chance to highlight all their loveliness! For Dura-Gloss is *new*, is *different!* — created deliberately to bring new longer-lasting beauty to your fingernails, to help them be the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Switch now, with millions of other fastidious women, to this exciting new nail polish. It's *not* a dollar, as you might expect from using it. No, Dura-Gloss costs only a tiny dime! In 20 shades that fashion favors, at cosmetic counters everywhere. Buy, enjoy Dura-Gloss, this very day!

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10¢

FASHION BULLETIN
NEW COLORS
Red Wine, Pink Lady, True Red

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Lorr Laboratories
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FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS



● *Actual color photograph—Bill Currin chants "Sold American!"—and another lot of fine golden leaf goes to Luckies*

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine

Copyright 1940 The American Tobacco Company

As tobacco experts like Bill Currin will tell you, Luckies buy the finer leaf. These men know . . . for they spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Now here's what this means to you as a smoker... Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine. The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember this fact: for two years, the average nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands★—less than any one of them.

Luckies, you see, analyze tobacco before buying it. So our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet milder—low in nicotine.

Remember, with independent tobacco experts, with men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1.

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940 Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 TO 1

MODERN SCREEN

OVEMBER
10
CENTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE



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OCT 31

MARLENE DIETRICH

NEVEN SINNERS" STARRING MARLENE DIETRICH • IN COMPLETE STORY FOR

Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr.

of the "Carrolls of Carrollton" and a direct descendant of Francis Scott Key

"The thing I like best about Camels is their taste —so mild, yet so full of flavor."



A TRUE AMERICAN, young Mrs. Carroll has a great pride in family heritage and a warm love of gracious living. She is the great-great-granddaughter of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner" and she is married to a descendant of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

• • •

A cup and saucer that once belonged to that illustrious Carroll ancestor appear in the portrait. Mrs. Carroll, as usual, is smiling as she smokes. "All the time I'm smoking a Camel," she says, "I enjoy it thoroughly. Camels never tire my taste."

• • •

At "Homewood," the small family estate near Baltimore, Maryland, Mrs. Carroll raises dogs, tries her hand at farming, entertains with outdoor suppers. She says:

• • •

"When I entertain, I always have Camels handy. They're the favorite cigarette of so many of my friends. As for me—well, Camels suit me down to the ground. A really fine cigarette—milder, cooler, and with much more flavor!"

"Those Camel 'extras' mean a lot to the pleasure of smoking," says Mrs. Carroll. Among the many other distinguished women who prefer Camel cigarettes:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago* • Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston* • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *Philadelphia* • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston* • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes, *New York* • Miss Eleanor Frothingham, *Boston* • Miss Polly Peabody, *New York* • Mrs. Nicholas Griffith Penniman III, *Baltimore* • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena* • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago* • Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati* • Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

Get the "extras" with slower-burning Camels

Lady Esther says "Why not Show the World your

'NEW-BORN-SKIN'

—It can make you look YOUNGER and LOVELIER!"



Is it TRUE? Is some of your skin dying away—today? Is a lovely New-Born Skin really crowding forth to take its place? A thousand times . . . yes! And you can make your New-Born Skin bring you new loveliness . . . with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

IT'S NOT a dream—not a hopeless wish never to be fulfilled—but a *fact!* Underneath your older, your worn-out skin . . . you are getting a younger skin, a lovelier skin, a skin just-about-to-be-born!

Will it look smooth and fresh? Will your New-Born Skin make you more alluring? The answer, says Lady Esther, lies with *you.* With you, yes, and with your *face cream!*

If you remove those drab and lifeless flakes of worn-out skin gently and soothingly—if you promptly banish them with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—your New-Born Skin will be born in all its beauty!

Why put off using the *right* complexion care—why dull your loveliness? Smooth away that veil of old and worn-out skin with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream! See how the drab, dried flakes of lifeless skin are whisked away! My cream permeates them, softens them, loosens them. It helps Nature actually refine enlarging pores as well . . . because it whisks away impurities, dirt, old bits of skin from pore openings.

It leaves your skin so soft . . . so delightfully smooth—that face powder clings as you never thought it *could.* My cream helps you look lovelier . . . yes, gives you the effect of showing gaily to the world your New-Born Skin!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition,* administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't *true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about-to-be-born.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense.* See if it doesn't leave your skin lovelier . . . smoother looking—if it doesn't show your New-Born Skin!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER,
7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (61)
Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

OCT -2 1940 ©CIB 471514

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

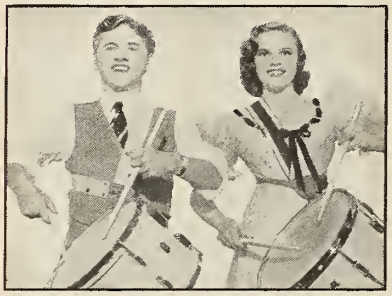
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Although we've never had our face lifted, we do know what it's like to feel young all of a sudden.

★ ★ ★ ★

There was Mickey Rooney at the drums, there was Judy Garland at the voice, and there were we and all the audience at our happiest.



That trip to see "Strike Up The Band" was a trip to the Fountain of Youth.

★ ★ ★ ★

It started us singing. Usually our vocal efforts are confined to the marbled halls of the shower-room, but after seeing this new M-G-M sooper dooper musical smash, our little voice went pattering all over the house.

★ ★ ★ ★

The boys and girls in the picture get the plot inspiration from Maestro Paul Whiteman himself. Over the years Whiteman has deserved the title His Royal Highness of Rhythm. Paul's music never palls.

★ ★ ★ ★

We have a flock of bouquets to pass around on this one. We'll toss a few to Arthur Freed, the hit Ascap song-writer who turned producer; to Busby Berkeley, the director; and to those brother rats, Monks and Finklehoffe, who wrote the screen play.

★ ★ ★ ★

When you hear "Our Love Affair", others will hear *you*. It's more than a melody, it's an infection.

★ ★ ★ ★

But the final repeat rave must be held for those incomparable artists of the present and future, those babes in arms, Rooney and Garland. We call them Punch and Judy, because punch is what they've got.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's remarkable the way M-G-M keeps up the parade of hits. This summer has revealed "The Mortal Storm", "Pride and Prejudice", "New Moon", "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante", "I Love You Again", not to mention the record-breaking "Boom Town."

★ ★ ★ ★

That leaves you all set for the master-piece, "Escape" (Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor) as well as this month's delightful "Third Finger, Left Hand" (Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas).

★ ★ ★ ★

No wonder we're singing —*Leo*



Advertisement *for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

Modern Screen



Cover Girl: Marlene Dietrich, natural color photograph by Ed Estabrook

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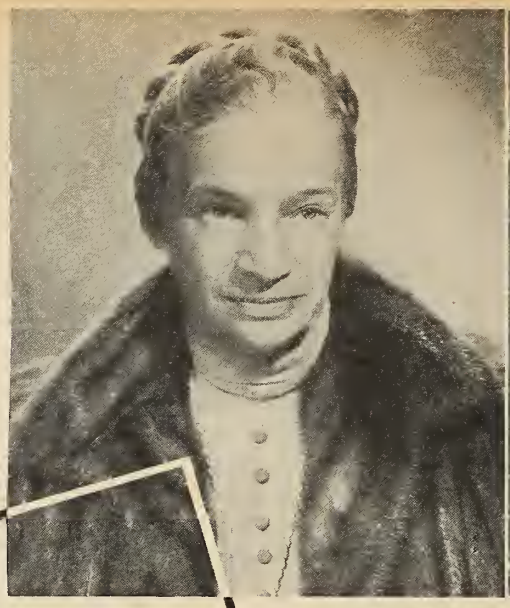
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ESCAPE
starring
NORMA SHEARER
ROBERT TAYLOR
with
CONRAD VEIDT · NAZIMOVA
FELIX BRESSART · ALBERT BASSERMAN
PHILIP DORN · BONITA GRANVILLE
A MERVYN LeROY Production
Screen Play by Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts
Based on the Novel "Escape" by Ethel Vance
Directed by MERVYN LeROY
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
ESCAPE
ETHEL VANCE
The exciting, romantic novel is even more exciting on the screen!

AN EYE-OPENER FOR YOU FANS WHO HAD AN IDEA THAT MARIA OUSPENSKAYA WAS A DODDERING DOWAGER!





Meet the Madame

Even when Madame tries to look solemn (above left) there's a twinkle in her eye! (Right) Off for a riotous evening with Heavy Suitor Eddie Albert, she wears one of her little collegiate numbers (size 10) and snappy open-toe shoes (size 2).

By John Franchey

DON'T YOU go shedding any foolish tears over that ancient, fragile little woman you've met in "Love Affair," "The Rains Came," "The Mortal Storm" and a half-dozen other productions. She's very happy, thank you, and can take care of herself in a fashion calculated to astound you!

Her name is Maria Ouspenskaya, one of the great character actresses of our time with a positive genius for playing doddering dowagers. In fact, she's so convincing that when she starts to cross from one side of a sound stage to another, a half dozen electricians, sound men and prop boys rush to help her over the cables. The funny part of it all is that Maria Ouspenskaya could toss any one of them over her shoulder in jig time, by dint of her training in jiu-jitsu technique!

The real Maria Ouspenskaya, alumna of the famed Moscow Art Theatre and a woman whom the distinguished drama critic, Richard Watts, once hailed as the "actors' actress," is known to none but her intimates. To Hollywood at large she is the magnificent matriarch, the living theatrical legend, the oracle of art whence issue eternal truths concerning acting and the stage.

Maria Ouspenskaya, beneath the legend, is an individual with no counterpart anywhere. To begin with, she's not sixty-four as the wire services always print (with no protest on her part) nor anything like it. She was fifty-three on July 29th. And there's another little-known item about her; she's a siren with the boys!

George Brent thinks she's "amazing." He swoops down on her whenever he feels the need of civilized fun. He calls her "Mousie." They tell one another droll stories, down a highball or two, sing songs.

To John Garfield she's "Jitterbug." It all came about when she took him up a year or so ago on an invitation to "cut a rug." And they've been friends ever since.

Eddie Albert, another one of the inner circle, calls her "Ooksie," talks hours without end of the "new theatre" and the "new pictures," idealist fashion.

For a colossal legend the lady comes mighty small, so small that she has to buy her clothes in the debutante department of I. Magnin, or wherever she happens to be doing her shopping. And does Madame mind this? Hallelujah, no! She scampers through the shop, bowling over the little debbies who are out to snag a new dress for the Deke formal over at U.C.L.A. She adores a buying binge. No blacks for her. She gets enough sombre colors on the set. But warm colors—ah, that's the ticket.

Her hats are a revelation.

"How simply incandescent!" gurgled Rosalind Russell, after catching a glimpse of the lady in a bonnet resembling a grenadier's headpiece. Less eloquent souls than Miss Russell simply stare until hat and wearer are out of sight. So rabid is the Ouspenskaya on hats that a season or two ago when a bewimpled photograph of Marlene Dietrich appeared in one of the Los Angeles papers with a caption stating that Miss Dietrich had created the streamlined chapeau, the Muscovite snorted: "Created the wimple—indeed! Why I, myself, designed that hat two years ago."

To watch Maria in motion is a prelude to hysteria. She's at her best in crowds. Watch her pile out of a cab escorted by a proud swain—Garfield, Albert, Brent or who have you—and sporting a monocle, as she will on occasion. She plows through a premiere crowd with the daring of a gridiron halfback. Onlookers fall (*Continued on page 89*)

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HEY! Look Who's Here!



They're back again— Tugboat Annie and Capt. Bullwinkle — the most lovable characters who ever appeared in Saturday Evening Post fiction — coming to life on the screen just as you've pictured them — in the happiest hit of any year!

Tugboat Annie Sails Again



Based on the Saturday Evening Post stories by NORMAN REILLY RAINE

with

MARJORIE RAMBEAU • ALAN HALE
RONALD REAGAN • JANE WYMAN

Directed by LEWIS SEILER
From the screenplay by Walter de Leon
A WARNER BROS.—First National Picture



Information Desk

WE LOOKED IN THE BACK OF THE BOOK AND KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS! WRITE IN IF YOU'D LIKE A PERSONAL REPLY

NOTE: *If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

A Fan, Central Square, N. Y. Dick Greene has departed for England, but you can continue to address him at Twentieth Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif. Mail will be forwarded to him and he'll appreciate it so much more now. He's unmarried, but is engaged to Virginia Field, the lovely English actress. . . . John Shelton is an M-G-M player and can be reached at Culver City, California. His photo sells for twenty-five cents. John's past pictures include "The Lady Behaves," "The Smartest Girl in Town," "Navy Blue and Gold," "Go-Getter" and "I Take This Woman." His latest is "We Who Are Young." Yes, John's married—to Sally Sage, Bette Davis' stand-in. However, we hear they have agreed to disagree and may be Reno-bound when you read this. John's six feet one, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. His only phobia is height. His most prized possession is his birth certificate—"because I'm glad to be alive." His hobby is candid photography and his favorite sports are swimming and water polo.

Junior Dyer, Arthur, Ill. That's a pretty fabulous collection of stars' photographs you have—practically as colossal as Jane Withers', who considers her gallery of 232 pictures something of an eighth wonder. . . . Paulette Goddard was born in Great Neck, Long Island, on June 3, 1911. While she was still in high school, her mother was taken ill and Paulette became her sole support. She was attractive and loved to dance, so inevitably she became a chorus girl. Her first big show was "Rio Rita." At eighteen, the Hollywood-bug bit her fatally, and she was off for the Coast. She had platinum blonde hair, a cute but uninteresting face, and looked like any one of a million other Hollywood gate-crashers. She got a few bits in Hal Roach comedies, but didn't amount to a thing until 1936. Charlie Chaplin saw her in "The Kid From Spain," realized her possibilities and advised her to let her hair grow back to its natural brown. She did, he approved, and she got the much-sought-after role of the gamin in his tremendous hit, "Modern Times." Around this time, she and Charlie were quietly married aboard his yacht. Paulette is five feet four, weighs 110 pounds and has brown hair and huge blue eyes. Has one fetish, and that is never to let her tan fade. She suns herself daily. . . . We suggest you write for Dixie Lee's photo, care of Hubby Bing Crosby at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Calif. . . . Arline Judge, Louise Hovick and Peggy Fears aren't under contract at present, so we can't advise you how to get their pictures. Sorry.

WHAT'S IN A NICKNAME?

Rosemary Lane, in sisterly appreciation of Priscilla's mental prowess, calls her "Beetle Brain." Priscilla retaliates by shouting "Bird Head" whenever she wants Rosemary . . . Carole Lombard, upon first meeting Charles Laughton, dubbed him "Buster," probably because it was the most suitable name she could think of . . . Before Ray Milland became famous he was known as "Reginald." He couldn't stand that, so he trained friends to call him "Jack." Even today few people call him "Ray"—and no one dares call him "Reggie!" . . . Jeffrey Lynn signs his letters "Rags" because his birth certificate reads "Ragnar Lind" . . . Gene Raymond speaks of Jeanette MacDonald as "my wife, Mrs. MacRaymond" . . . The 20th Century-Fox cuties, Alice Faye and Linda Darnell, are known as "Cuddles" and "Tweedles," respectively . . . Francis Lederer's nickname is—of all things—"Glamour Pants!" . . . The only one who doesn't call Joan Crawford "Billie" is her brother. He speaks of her as "the Kid" . . . Fred MacMurray's tag is "Bud," a contraction of "Rosebud." His mother was disappointed because Fred wasn't born a girl and consoled herself by giving him the flossy nickname. She used it until he was old enough to protest . . . Wallace Beery's tendency toward heftiness has earned him the title of "Jumbo" . . . "Tiger" is really Eddie Albert in disguise. His astonishing pep got him that one . . . May Robson is affectionately referred to as "Muzzie," stage slang for "Mother," because she took care of everyone from the walk-on to the star when she was trouping behind the footlights . . . And the most far-fetched nickname of all belongs to George Raft. He is usually addressed as "Peter" and not even Norma Shearer knows why!

Anne Love, Hazelhurst, Miss. That rumor you've been hearing that Nelson Eddy is going blind—is slightly exaggerated. It's true his sight isn't perfect, but it's not very badly impaired. His eyes are extremely sensitive to klieg lights, as are those of Fred Allen, Merle Oberon and Joan Bennett, and he's frequently troubled with klieg eyes. . . . As far as we know, Ty Power and Annabella aren't tiffing. They seem very happy.

Dottie Pagotzy, Battle Creek, Mich. Here's a blow! Your love, Bob Cummings, is a married man and the lucky gal is Vivian Janis. He's crazy about fan mail and answers just as much as he possibly can on his occasional days off. Write to him at Universal Studios, Universal City, California, marking the envelope "personal." No, he has no favorite leading ladies—likes 'em all. His wife used to be a golf widow, but now, she says, aviation's the thing in Bob's life. He's been a licensed pilot for thirteen years, and recently bought himself a magnificent new plane. He absolutely lives in it, and wifie says she thinks she'll have to sprout wings to compete with it! Watch for Bob in "Spring Parade."

Isabel O. Neary, Bridgeport, Conn. Those intriguing few bars of music that George Sanders always (*Continued on page 11*)

You have seen great motion pictures...We believe you have not seen a greater motion picture than this!



Two great screen careers climaxed in one unforgettable romance . . . The story of a love too deep to know betrayal—too strong to feel the sting of shame! It is urgently recommended to the most exacting picturegoers.

Carole Lombard *is brilliant*
Charles Laughton *is amazing*
In "They Knew What They Wanted"

With WILLIAM GARGAN • HARRY CAREY • FRANK FAY
Directed by Garson Kanin
Harry E. Edington, Executive Producer • RKO RADIO PICTURE • Produced by Erich Pommer
Screen Play by Robert Ardrey • From the Pulitzer Prize Play by Sidney Howard

CONFUSED BY MAKE-UP? JUST...

Be Yourself.. Be Natural!



★ Before you despair of ever finding the one lipstick shade which suits your coloring best...turn to Tangee's NATURAL. Just make up with Tangee's NATURAL Lipstick, the matching Rouge, and Tangee's Face Powder...and...

Be yourself...Be Natural

★ Tangee's NATURAL is orange in the stick but, as it is applied, your own most flattering shade of rich blush rose is produced like magic. That's how Tangee's NATURAL will help you—

Be yourself...Be Natural

★ The pure cream base in this world famous lipstick ends that dry, drawn feeling...helps prevent chapping...And Tangee's NATURAL *really stays on*...giving you smooth, soft, inviting, kissable lips for hours and hours.



Be yourself...Be Natural

TANGEE *Natural*

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO) C	4★
Adventure in Diomonds (Poromount)	2★
Alias the Deacon (Universol)	2½★
All This, ond Heaven Too (Worners)	4★
And One Wos Beoutiful (M-G-M)	2½★
Andy Hordy Meets Debutante (M-G-M)	3★
Angel From Texas, An (Worners)	2★
Anne of Windy Poplors (RKO)	2★
Babies For Sale (Columbia)	2½★
Bod Men of Carson City (Universal)	2★
Bill of Divorcement, A (RKO)	3★
Biscuit Eoter, The (Paramount)	3★
Black Friday (Universal)	2½★
Blondie on a Budget (Columbio)	2★
Blue Bird, The (20th Century-Fox) C	3★
Boom Town (M-G-M)	3½★
Boys from Syracuse, The (Universol)	3★
*Brigham Young (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Broodwoy Melody of 1940 (M-G-M)	3★
Brother Orchid (Worners)	3★
Buck Benny Rides Agoin (Poramount)	3½★
Calling Philo Vance (Worners)	2½★
Coptain Is a Lady, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Costle on the Hudson (Worners)	2½★
Chorlie Chan's Murder Cruise (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Chump at Oxford, A (United Artists)	2½★
Courageous Dr. Christian, The (RKO)	2★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic)	2★
Cross Country Romance (RKO)	2½★
Curtoin Call (RKO)	2½★
*Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO)	2★
Dork Command (Republic)	3★
Devil's Island (Worners)	2½★
Double Alibi (Universal)	2½★
Dr. Christion Meets The Women (RKO)	2★
Dr. Cyclops (Paramount) C	3★
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Worners)	3½★
Dr. Kildare's Stronge Case (M-G-M)	2½★
Doctor Takes A Wife, The (Columbia)	3★
Earthbound (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Edison, the Man (M-G-M)	3½★
Farmer's Doughter, The (Paramount)	2½★
Five Little Peppers ot Home (Columbia) C	2½★
Flight Angels (Worners)	2½★
Florian (M-G-M)	2½★
Foreign Correspondent (United Artists)	4★
Forty Little Mothers (M-G-M)	2½★
Four Sons (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
French Without Tears (Paramount)	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Worners)	2½★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount)	3★
Girl in 313 (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount)	3½★
*Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Half a Sinner (Universal)	2★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
Hidden Gold (Paramount)	2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Hot Steel (Universol)	2★
House Across the Bay, The (United Artists)	2★
House of Seven Gables (Universal)	2½★
*Howards of Virginia, The (Columbia)	3½★
If I Had My Way (Universol) C	3★
I Love You Again (M-G-M)	3★
*I Married Adventure (Columbia)	3★
In Old Missouri (Republic)	2★
Irene (RKO)	3★
Island of Doomed Men (Columbia)	2★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It All Came True (Worners)	2½★
It's a Date (Universal)	3½★
I Was an Adventuress (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Johnny Apollo (20th Century-Fox)	3★
La Congo Nights (Universal)	2★
Lillian Russell (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Lone Wolf Meets A Lady, The (Columbia)	2★
Lucky Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*Lucky Partners (RKO)	3★
Mad Men of Europe (Columbia)	2★
Ma! He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal)	2½★
Man From Dakota, The (M-G-M)	2★
Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Man Who Talked Too Much, The (Worners)	2½★
Man With Nine Lives, The (Columbia)	2★
Maryland (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★

Picture	General Rating
Millionoire Playboy (RKO)	2★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M)	4★
Murder in the Air (Worners)	2★
Music in My Heart (Columbia)	2★
My Favorite Wife (RKO)	3★
My Little Chickadee (Universal)	2½★
My Love Came Bock (Worners)	3½★
My Son, My Son (United Artists)	3½★
New Moon (M-G-M)	3★
Northwest Possage (M-G-M)	4★
Of Mice and Men (United Artists)	4★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Worners)	3★
One Crowded Night (RKO)	2★
One Million B. C. (United Artists) C	3★
Opened by Mistoke (Paramount)	2½★
Our Town (United Artists)	4★
Outside 3-Mile Limit (Columbia)	2½★
Out West With The Peppers (Columbio) C	2★
Parole Fixer (Paramount)	2½★
Passport to Alcatraz (Columbia)	2★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M)	2★
Pier 13 (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Pinocchio (RKO) C	4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)	2★
Proirie Low (RKO)	2★
Pride ond Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Primrose Path, The (RKO)	3½★
Private Affairs (Universal)	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Poromount)	3★
Rebecca (United Artists)	4★
Remember the Night (Paramount)	3★
Rhythm on the River (Paramount)	3½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)	2½★
Safari (Paramount)	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Sandy Is a Lady (Universal) C	2½★
Soturday's Children (Worners)	2½★
Seo Hawk, The (Worners)	3½★
Secret of Dr. Kildare, The (M-G-M)	3★
Seventeen (Poromount) C	3★
Shooting High (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M)	3★
Sidewolks of London (Paramount Releose)	3★
Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot (Republic)	2★
Slightly Honoroble (United Artists)	3★
Smashing the Money Ring (Worners)	2½★
Son of the Navy (Monogram)	2½★
South of Pago Pago (United Artists)	2½★
South to Karanga (Universal)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal) C	2½★
Sporting Blood (M-G-M)	2½★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Dust (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Strange Cargo (M-G-M)	3★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Susan and God (M-G-M)	3½★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO) C	3★
Tear Gas Squad (Worners)	2★
That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO) C	3★
They Drive by Night (Worners)	3★
Those Were the Days (Paramount) C	2½★
Three Cheers for the Irish (Worners)	3★
Three Faces West (Republic)	3★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal) C	3★
'Til We Meet Again (Worners)	3★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)	3★
Too Many Husbands (Columbia)	3★
Torrid Zone (Worners)	3★
Tower of London (Universal)	2★
Turnabout (United Artists)	3★
Twenty Mule Team (M-G-M)	3★
Twenty-One Days Together (Columbia)	3★
Two Girls on Broadway (M-G-M)	2½★
Typhoon (Paramount)	3★
Underpup, The (Universal) C	3★
Untamed (Paramount)	2★
Vigil in the Night (RKO)	3★
Virginia City (Worners)	3★
Viva Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M)	3½★
Way of All Flesh, The (Paramount)	3★
We Are Not Alone (Worners)	3½★
When the Daltons Rode (Universal)	3★
Women in War (Republic)	2½★
Women Without Names (Paramount)	2½★
You Can't Fool Your Wife (RKO)	2★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Young People (20th Century-Fox) C	2½★
Young Tom Edison (M-G-M) C	4★

INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 8*)

whistles in the "Saint" pictures is, unfortunately, untitled and unpublished. It was written especially for those films. You might try writing to RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California, for additional information, but we doubt if you can obtain a copy of it. George's pictures include: "Lloyds of London," "Love Is News," "Slave Ship," "Lancer Spy," "International Settlement," "Four Men and A Prayer," "Mr. Moto's Last Warning," "The Saint Strikes Back," "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," "The Saint in London," "Allegheny Uprising," "Nurse Edith Cavell," "Saint's Double Trouble," "Green Hell," "The House of Seven Gables," "The Saint Takes Over," "Rebecca" and "Foreign Correspondent." You'll next be seeing him in "Bitter Sweet." His name is pronounced "Saunders."

Ralph Derrick, Vassar, Mich. Buddy Rogers hasn't been in the movies since 1938, when he made "Let's Make a Night of It." He's been traveling with his band for the past couple of years, but will soon be back in Hollywood again, though not as an actor this time. He hopes to get a producing job with United Artists and, if he does, he's going to officially drop the "Buddy" and be known as Charles. He's thirty-six; Mary Pickford's forty-seven.

Jane Goetz, Birmingham, Ala. Bill Powell is forty-eight, believe it or not, and he was born in Pittsburgh, Mass. He's a fraction under six feet when standing straight, but he usually walks with a debutante slouch. His weight has recently gone up to 160, but for a while he was down in the 140's. He has blue eyes and brown hair that's greying at the temples. Bill was educated in Pittsburgh schools and at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York. Spent ten years on the dramatic stage, starting off as a slapstick comic and progressing to villain roles. In 1921 he came to Hollywood for a part in "Sherlock Holmes" and has been a fixture ever since. He's been thrice married. First to Eileen Wilson, then for two years to Carole Lombard and now to 20-year-old Diana Lewis. He has a son, William D., by his first marriage. Bill has no hobbies. His favorite sports are golf and tennis. Has only one bad habit—he's always hours late for his appointments.

Lois Perry, Detroit, Mich. All of those stars you name have dogs with the exception of George Raft. Rosemary Lane has an Irish setter; Priscilla Lane's is a Skye terrier; Hedy Lamarr has a great Dane; Brenda Joyce has an Airedale and Marjorie Weaver has a collie.

Wont to see your own Hollywood honey in our GALLERY SECTION? Just send us his or her name on the coupon below, then wotch the next few issues!

Information Desk, Modern Screen
149 Madison Ave., New York City

I'd like to see a gallery picture of

.....

in a forthcoming issue of Modern Screen.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

Easier to fire Helen than to say "You Need Mum"



Life's more fun... success is surer... for the girl who guards her charm with Mum!

WHY didn't somebody tip Helen off? One of the other girls *could* have done it. But it's hard to mention a fault like underarm odor. That's why *every* girl should use Mum *each* day.

Nowadays in business—if a girl's not smart enough to know the penalties of offending, she's just not smart *enough!* It's so easy to understand that underarms perspire . . . that a bath, while it's grand for *past* perspiration, can't *prevent risk of odor to come!*

That task goes to Mum! For Mum is especially made to keep underarms fresh —not by stopping the *perspiration*—but by neutralizing the *odor.* Mum guards the charm of thousands of girls each and every day.

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds and you're through. Slip right into your dress.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And you'll find Mum so safe, that even after underarm shaving it won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! And charm is very important to any girl—in business—or in love! Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be sure *you're* safe from underarm odor. Use Mum *every* day!

ON JOBS AND ON DATES—MUM GUARDS CHARM





For Sanitary Napkins—
Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this important way.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

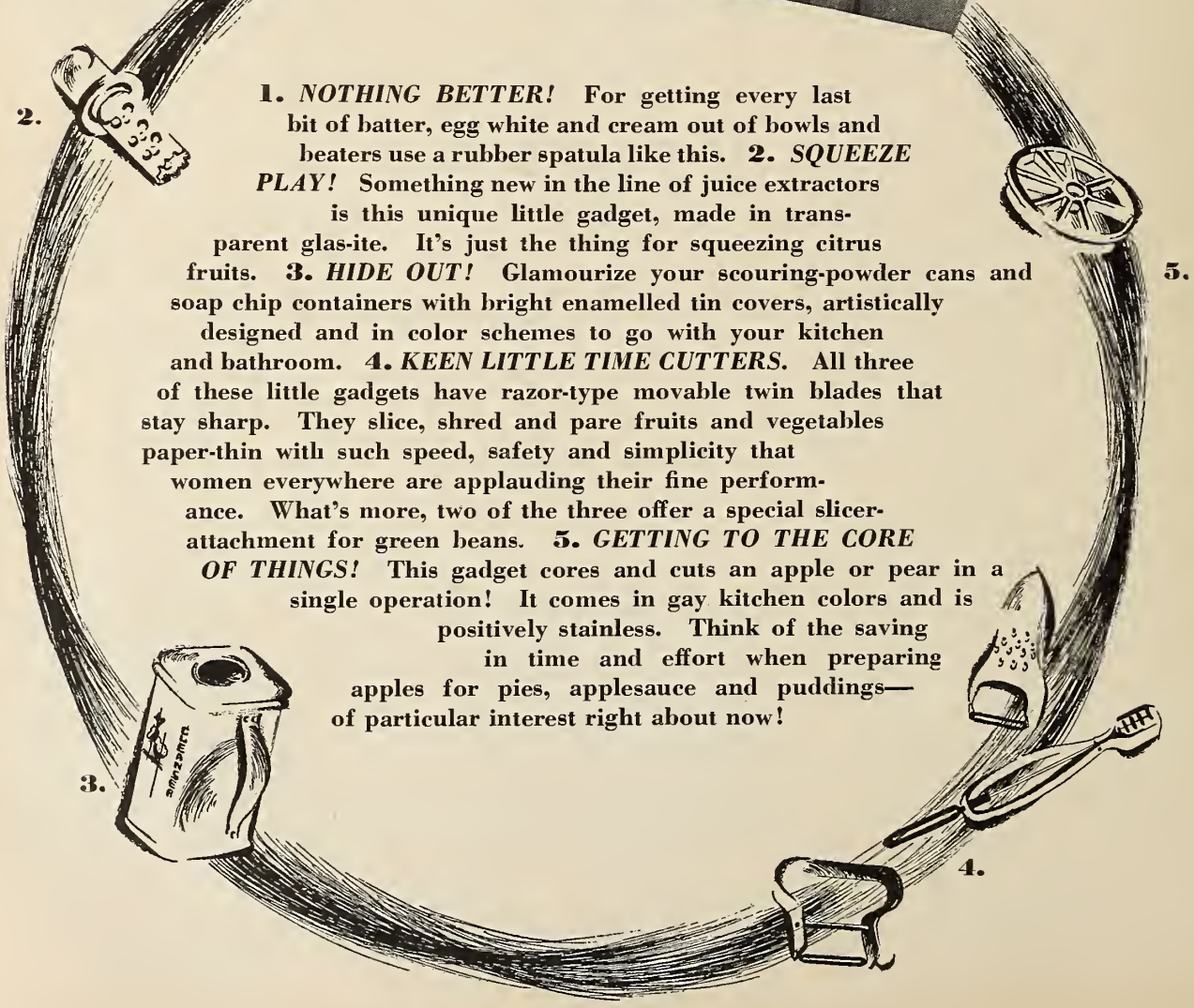
Gadgets – and more gadgets

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Are you a gadgeteer? If not, you are missing a lot of fun, according to Fred MacMurray—the most gadget-minded of all our Hollywood stars. The MacMurray collection runs the gamut of gadgetry and includes everything from windshield wipers for steamy bathroom mirrors to jewelry retrievers for swimming pools! Fred takes pride in making these novelties himself in his home workshop. We gals, on the other hand, have the manufacturers constantly thinking up all sorts of fascinating new things for us to use in *our* workshop—the kitchen. Here are a few "collector's items" which you can find on chain store counters.



1.



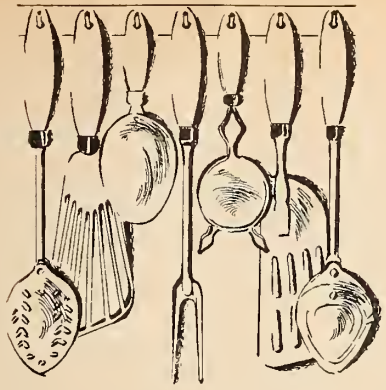
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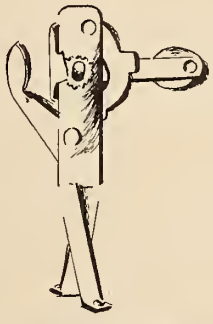
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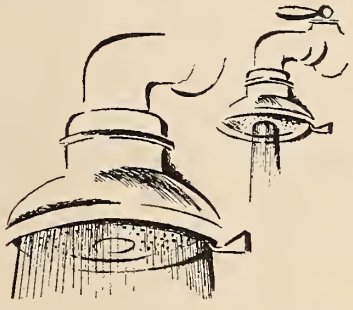
1. ***NOTHING BETTER!*** **For getting every last bit of batter, egg white and cream out of bowls and beaters use a rubber spatula like this.** **2.** ***SQUEEZE PLAY!*** **Something new in the line of juice extractors is this unique little gadget, made in transparent glas-ite. It's just the thing for squeezing citrus fruits.** **3.** ***HIDE OUT!*** **Glamourize your scouring-powder cans and soap chip containers with bright enamelled tin covers, artistically designed and in color schemes to go with your kitchen and bathroom.** **4.** ***KEEN LITTLE TIME CUTTERS.*** **All three of these little gadgets have razor-type movable twin blades that stay sharp. They slice, shred and pare fruits and vegetables paper-thin with such speed, safety and simplicity that women everywhere are applauding their fine performance. What's more, two of the three offer a special slicer-attachment for green beans.** **5.** ***GETTING TO THE CORE OF THINGS!*** **This gadget cores and cuts an apple or pear in a single operation! It comes in gay kitchen colors and is positively stainless. Think of the saving in time and effort when preparing apples for pies, applesauce and puddings—of particular interest right about now!**



HANG IT ALL! Why didn't someone think of this before? Seventeen different types of kitchen utensils are now available with "hang up" holes in their attractive, natural-finish maple handles. We who like our kitchens arranged for convenience as well as neatness will find this "line up" practically perfect — and so inexpensive!



THEY'RE OFF! Tops of cans are speedily removed, leaving no jagged edges, with this handy new can opener. Sturdily built of nickel-plated steel, it can be fastened on the wall for greater convenience and sells for only 15c, a hitherto unheard of price.



SWING AND SPRAY! Swing over the little lever of this anti-splash faucet strainer to change the flow of water from a steady stream to a fine spray that is ideal for dishes, vegetables and plants. Women who have used these easily adjusted rubber filters look with pity on those who have still to learn how very useful they are.

Hear that, Matilda?

SHE'S STILL CRYING LIKE A BABY!



Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap. Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



COPR. 1940, FELS & CO

MOVIE REVIEWS

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN



Ty Power and Linda Darnell handle the young love element in "Brigham Young."

★★★★ BRIGHAM YOUNG

Here is a strong and entrancing spectacle. It has some of the most spectacular outdoor shots ever filmed; it has some of the finest acting in recent films; it has integrity and dignity.

Its only fault is that it has no lift. It is a difficult and heart-breaking saga of a downhill battle and, if it weren't for the fact that it all ends well, you'd be depressed for weeks. But there *is* a happy end—and a true and honest one, for once.

In manufacturing this particular film, the studio had two major problems to cope with. First was the fact that it had a religious theme, which is always dangerous ground for movies to tread on. And on that score, it is pleasant to report that the picture minces no words, turns no corners, and at the same time manages to hurt nobody's feelings.

Then there was the question of polygamy. That must have really given the studio heads gray hair. From the standpoint of the average moviegoer, the thought of a man married to a slew of wives is—well, either distasteful or funny. However, this subject, too, is handled honestly and tastefully. Brigham Young's many wives are seen in quick shots here and there, but never really discussed; they're just taken for granted.

Even the cast was selected with astounding courage. Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell are there to look pretty and play their little boy and girl love scenes for those of you who want them, but the essential roles are in the hands of more experienced and matured actors. The title role is played by Dean Jagger, from Broadway, an important and fine actor whom you will go away remembering and talking about. He is a star of considerable magnitude—or will be when this film is released. And Mary Astor, who plays one of the wives, has never been given credit enough. Sometimes, in this critic's opinion, she comes mighty close to being the finest actress in films; she has depth, understanding and real emotion.

It would be a long and boring task to enumerate and evaluate every member of the cast. Suffice it to say that you'll like 'em all and that the most important parts, aside from those mentioned, are handled by Brian Donlevy, John Carradine and Vincent Price. Directed by Henry Hathaway—*20th Century-Fox.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: *One of the most expensive films of modern times, "Brigham Young" cost $2,700,000 to film; the trek of 500 persons in prairie schooners through Utah, Nevada and California alone cost close to a million dollars to photograph. Louis Bromfield, author, spent four months in research in Utah before starting to write the film . . . Actually, Brigham Young had 27 wives, but only four show up in the film, played by Mary Astor, Jean Rogers, Lucille Miller and Esther Brodelet . . . The Tyrone Power-Linda Darnell romantic team seems to be gaining in popularity . . . Linda loves dogs. When filming was over, she spent many hours finding good homes for the 19 mongrels used in the movie . . . Dean Jagger was chosen for the title role after 46 other actors had been tested for it . . . Jagger tried Hollywood twice before, but both times failed to make any impression and both times returned to Broadway disgusted. . . . John Carradine loved his part; he was not a heavy for once, but a good guy. However, he had to keep the right side of his face to the camera at all times because there is just no way of keeping his left side from looking sinister . . . Vincent Price was chosen for the role of Joseph Smith partially because he bears a remarkable resemblance to the founder of the Mormon faith . . . Watch little Ann Todd, who has a small part here. Hollywood rumor says that this youngster is going to be Shirley Temple's successor.*

★★★★ FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

Don't let the title of this picture fool you. It is just a plain, old-fashioned melodrama—if you can imagine an old-fashioned anything done in a modern manner. It is spine-tingling and exciting. It is two solid hours of chills and thrills. Just a newspaper story? Sure. But such a one as you have never witnessed in your whole life.

Walter Wanger, the producer, has a way of taking current subjects for his texts, and Alfred Hitchcock, the director, is famed for his use and portrayal of suspense and action. Get the two together and you have —"Foreign Correspondent"—as fresh as this morning's newspaper; as exciting as every mystery and adventure yarn you have ever heard rolled into one.

Joel McCrea is the star, and you've never seen him in a part better suited to him than this one of Johnny Jones, a reporter who gets sent to Europe and finds himself in the middle of one of the biggest international plots in modern history. He handles the situation in the same way he handles the girl, Laraine Day—directly, briskly, straight from the shoulder. He gets both, needless to say, the story and the girl.

Every last cliché is used in this picture, including one of those phony "hold-the-presses-here-comes-an-extra" scenes. But somehow it all rings true. This Hitchcock gent is a director, that's all there is to it! You thought there was suspense in "Rebecca?" Well, you haven't seen a thing! Just wait until Hitchcock gets you into



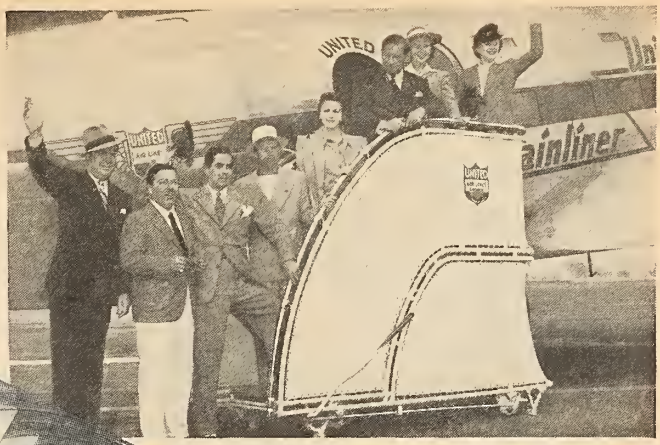
Joel McCrea and Laraine Day in the newspaper thriller, "Foreign Correspondent."

his Atlantic Clipper and begins to let it drop into the middle of the ocean. You actually feel as though you are on the plane! You can almost taste the salt water!

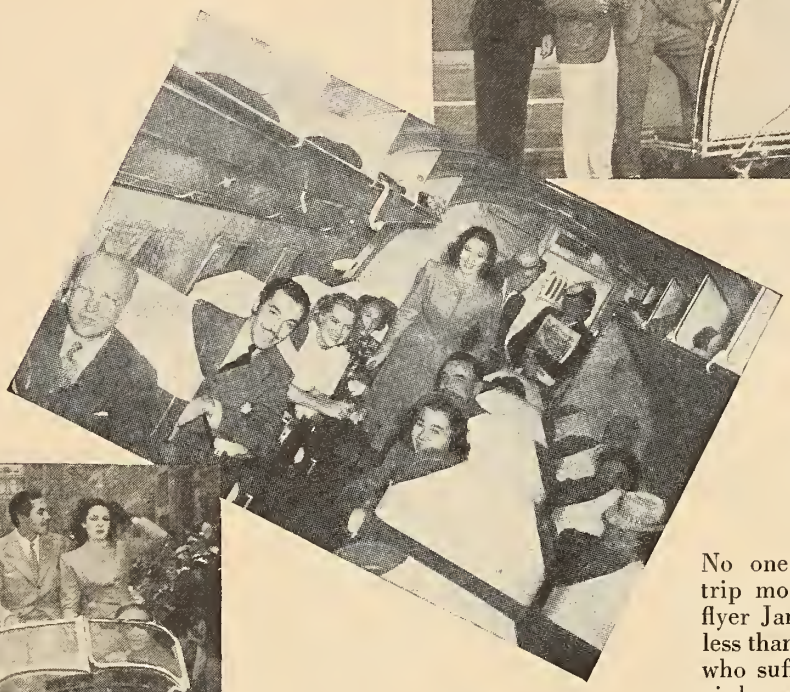
Since there has to be a note of distress somewhere, we'll admit that Herbert Marshall is badly miscast as the international spy. But to make up for it, McCrea (as mentioned) is top-notch; Laraine is beautiful; Albert Basserman gives out with another of his (*Continued on page 16*)

PREMIERE

OF "BRIGHAM YOUNG"



Ty Power and Linda Darnell lead the parade down the main street in a low-slung, super-charged racing car, chauffeured by Mayor Ab Jenkins—a crack speed driver.



The studio chartered two planes at a cost of $10,000 to take the "Brigham Young" cast, publicity men, photographers, etc., to Salt Lake City and back. Here's half of the gang.



No one enjoyed the trip more than novice flyer Jane Withers—or less than Brenda Joyce, who suffered from airsickness. The gals chatted and the men played cards en route.

The Salt Lake City premiere was strictly informal! 100,000 people mobbed the seven theatres and hundreds of kids trailed the weary stars to the airport at midnight.



While the rest of the boys spent the afternoon napping, "Butch" Romero panicked the ladies (Jean Rogers, Nancy Kelly and Mary Astor) with his famous Cisco Kid imitations.



100,000 Mormons got the thrill of a lifetime when 20th Century-Fox turned out practically en masse for the 750-mile flight to Salt Lake City's first premiere!



No one was sick at our house when the family doctor stopped in yesterday. But *he* was tired out and came in to rest before his next call. Then I had an inspiration.

"Here's your medicine," I cried, handing him a stick of Beeman's. "Take this and relax." "Beeman's!", said he, "my favorite chewing gum. It's mighty good medicine for tired tastes. I'm really rested now. Send me your bill — your treatment is a treat."

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

(*Continued from page 14*)

astonishingly powerful performances; Robert Benchley gets a number of good laughs; and George Sanders comes very close to stealing the picture from McCrea in a couple of spots. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.—*Walter Wanger.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: This picture started out to be "Personal History," by Vincent Sheehan, but so many changes were made that eventually nothing at all was left of the original story. . . . More than 600 technicians were employed for this film, working in four shifts. . . . Intention was to shoot some of the background abroad, but this couldn't be done, of course, so the filmers built a hunk of Europe right on the back lot. . . . Joel McCrea's 850-acre ranch is one of the biggest in America. It's about 80 miles from Hollywood. . . . The hardest props to duplicate were the Dutch bicycles in the Amsterdam scenes; studio finally located 83 of 'em. . . . Most expensive film ever made by Wanger, the picture cost about $1,500,000.

★★★½ The Howards of Virginia

It is always good to think back and remember some things about the beginnings of this country, but perhaps it is especially important today. That, at any rate, seems to be what Producer-Director Frank Lloyd had in mind when he set about making this film.

Based on Elizabeth Page's novel, "The Tree of Liberty," the picture tells of the strange courtship between Matt Howard (Cary Grant), a country bumpkin, and Jane Peyton (Martha Scott), a lady of quality in the true Virginia fashion. It is pre-Revolutionary times, and the American settlers are just beginning to get the meaning of words like liberty and freedom. As they grow in their understanding and eventually go into battle for their ideals, we follow the fortunes of the land as a whole and the Howards in particular. Cary and Martha raise a family of three children, and there is never any understanding or solidarity because their backgrounds and beliefs are so different. At the close of the film, after many vicissitudes, we see the rise of hope on all fronts.

Well, all of it is very imposing and a great deal of it is exciting, but there is, throughout, just a shade of disappointment from an audience standpoint in that the human and personal elements are glossed over. You keep thinking that you don't care about this little family; you want to know about the bigger thing, the founding of America. And yet you miss a good number of personal family incidents. How the father brushed off his eldest son for many years, for instance, without realizing what he was doing, is a good, solid story which is not told but merely hinted at. Maybe it couldn't be told in the space of this one film, which already runs almost two hours, but that's the penalty you pay for transmitting important novels to the screen.

Martha Scott hands in an absolutely top-notch performance as the girl. You love her always; you feel sorry for her frequently. She is fuller in quality and depth here than she was in "Our Town." Grant, however, doesn't come through as well. He is still a great, big, sweet guy, and he is natural and human, and you feel as though you've known him all your life, but the role seems to call for a more serious player. It's not his fault; blame it on the fact that Hollywood is going through an astonishing shortage of leading men and rest assured that you will still like him in his other pictures.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke's impersonation of an embittered and haughty aristocrat is magnificent; Alan Marshal and Richard Carlson are swell and there's one young kid, in a small part, named Phil Taylor. Watch him; he's going places! Directed by Frank Lloyd.—*Columbia.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Most of the background shots in the film are one hundred percent authentic. They were made in Williamsburg, Va., which was restored to its pre-Revolutionary appearance by the Rockefellers at a cost of $20,000,000. . . . Frank Lloyd, who started his movie career as a stunt man, celebrated his twenty-sixth year as a director while filming "The Howards". . . . The 1,500 extras used in the mob scenes were William and Mary students. They were thrilled to death and considered their five dollars a day fabulous! . . . The chauffeur of the standby car used by Frank Lloyd and the camera crew was none other than the young Dupont scion —Coleman III. For himself and his car —an elegant European job—he charged the company $15 a day. . . . The harpsichord seen in the picture is one of four in the entire world!

★★★½ Rhythm on the River

"Rhythm on the River" is the name of one of the songs in this picture. Otherwise the movie has nothing whatever to do with a river, but it has plenty to do with rhythm.

First there was Bing Crosby and Bob Hope on "The Road to Singapore" and then there was Bob Hope in "The Ghost Breakers" and now here comes Bing Crosby as a ghost. But it's a different kind of ghost. In this case the word "ghost" could mean chump. It means the guy who does the work in order that someone else can take the bows.

Well, it seems that both Bing and Mary, unknown to each other, do the work, which is song-writing. Now, there might be a lot of quibbling about whether song-writing is work, but can *you* do it? Neither can Basil Rathbone, who merely sticks his "Hancock" on the finished product, collects all the money and honor and throws Mary and Bing some small change for their labor. Naturally, they don't like it. Naturally, they eventually go out into the world to try it on their own. And naturally, after some minor ups and downs, they make the grade, both economically and Cupidically speaking.

But the point is that it's all in fun. The writer of the movie was obviously having a good time writing the lines and all the actors immensely enjoy spieling them. Bing is in rare form and you'll be astonished at how good Mary Martin is; the gal can do anything and make you like it. Basil Rathbone gets a new lease on life in a light role; he's still the villain, but with a smooth line.

There are seven swell tunes, most popular of which will probably be "Moon Over Madison Square," "That's For Me" and "Rhythm On the River." In case you happen to be a hot jive fan, you'll find both John Scott Trotter, "Wingy" Mannone and their bands right in the groove. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.—*Paramount.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Bing Crosby plays the drums for one number. The studio didn't know he could do it; he sprang a surprise. It used to be a regular routine of his when he worked for Paul Whiteman. . . . If Mary Martin bounced

through this film gaily, it is understandable; a few days before shooting started, she eloped with Richard Halliday, Paramount story editor. . . . Oscar Levant, who hands out the droll drool on the radio in "Information, Please," makes his début as a film actor. He refused to learn any lines, preferring to make 'em up as he went along. After worrying about this for the first few days, Director Schertzinger let Oscar alone. It was better that way. . . . Film débuts are also made by John Scott Trotter, "Wingy" Mannone and Oscar Shaw, Broadway actor. . . . Ken Carpenter, who's the announcer on Bing's radio show, admits this is his second picture but refuses to name the first; he'd rather forget about it, he says. . . . Rathbone liked this role better than any he's had in years, because it takes him away from boogyman parts. Before coming to Hollywood he was a romantic juvenile and his last Broadway performance was as Romeo to Katherine Cornell's Juliet. . . . Victor Schertzinger, who directed, is also a song-writer and, as usual, has one song in the film, "I Don't Want to Cry Any More."

★★★½ Boom Town

This one could be called "Biff Bang Boom Town." It's a sock saga of saloons and sin wound around an intriguing love story. And, just to make it absolutely sure-fire box office, it has the strongest cast of stars in the season's acting line-up. There's Gable, Tracy, Colbert, Lamarr in the star roles and a pretty hefty galaxy of near-stars in supporting parts.

You would think that, with so many personalities, the director needn't have bothered with the story. But not so Director Jack Conway. He has seen to it that every sequence is packed chock full of action and punch. In fact, there is almost a danger of the film's being too rough and tough for femme audiences. But here is where the director's and producer's cunning shows itself—the love story is so interesting and strong, the battle of Tracy and Gable for Claudette is so beautifully spun, that women are sure to be intrigued by it.

Spencer is in love with Claudette when the film starts, but then along comes Clark—who marries her. Both men love her sincerely, each in his own way, and life is none too easy for her. But you'll have to see the picture to find out who gets her for keeps.

Who comes off best in the acting race? That's a natural question with a picture like this one, but it's a toughie to answer. There's very little to choose from between Clark and Spencer. They're both top-notch in characters thoroughly and totally manufactured for their exclusive use. Spencer probably gets the break—only, however, because his is a more sympathetic role. They're both rough and tough customers, but the scenarists made Clark a bit of a rat and Spencer is the gent with the heart of gold.

Which leads right up to a very delicate point that has been crying to be made. Casting like this is no fair, from the standpoint of the glamour gals. Claudette Colbert, who is one of the very best screen actresses there is, hasn't a chance when she's stacked up against two guys like Tracy and Gable. They mugg and ham all over the place—no criticism in that, gents, it's just descriptive—while she has to try and be repressed, genteel and ladylike. Naturally, she doesn't stack up as well in the totals. Hedy Lamarr? She doesn't bother even trying to act. She's just any man's eyeful.

(*Continued on page 85*)

Brunettes! _ask yourselves **only 3 questions**

Flat paper and printer's ink cannot match the beauty of our shades. Send for free samples today and see them for yourself.

Rose Dawn

Brunette-Rachel

Rose Brunette



MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY
(THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)

The only questions any brunette, desperately or hopefully fluttering from one powder shade to another, need ever ask herself are these:

Shall I *lighten* my skin?
Shall I *match* it?
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It settles down to this:—

Are you lovelier when your skin looks pearly white against your dark hair?

Does enchantment lie for you in a creamy tone that brings out the dark depths in your eyes?

Does a warm, vivid color suit your lively temperament?

Pond's has the answers for you in 3 superlatively successful brunette shades.

A light cream shade, with a little pink in it—Rose Dawn. It is light enough to match fair-skinned brunettes. Slightly darker brunettes by the thousands use it to lighten and brighten their skin.

A deeper cream —Brunette-Rachel—but all cream and no pink. Countless brunettes use this to match their natural creaminess of tone. Some use it to add warmth to a pale ivory skin. Dark brunettes use it to lighten their skin when they prefer an even beige tone without pink in it. By far our most popular brunette shade.

A deeper, sunnier shade—Rose Brunette—in which there is more rose than cream. This is the powder that matches most successfully the brunette skin with a great deal of warmth. Darker brunettes use it to lighten their skin. A third group finds that the pink in the powder takes the dull yellowy tones out of the skin.

And there is also our new Dusk Rose, the darkest, rosiest of our shades. It brightens muddy tans. It matches a deep, rosy tan. Other brunettes, who dislike growing paler in winter, keep a warm, sunny tan all the year with Dusk Rose.

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20th CENTURY-FOX HAS MADE THE GREATEST MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA EVER BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN!

in TECHNICOLOR! DOWN ARGENTINE WAY



with
DON AMECHE
BETTY GRABLE
CARMEN MIRANDA
and
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
J. CARROL NAISH • HENRY STEPHENSON • KATHARINE ALDRIDGE • LEONID KINSKEY • CHRIS-PIN MARTIN

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck • Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Directed by Irving Cummings • Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg • Story by Rian James and Ralph Spence

Music and Lyrics: "Two Dreams Met", "Down Argentine Way" (Argentina), "Nenita", "Sing To Your Senorita" by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Songs Sung by Carmen Miranda: "South American Way", "Bambu", "Mamae Eu Quero", "Touradas Em Madrid"

The irresistible rhythms of Rhumbas and Congas! The glamorous spell of the Argentine! A cast of stars brilliant as the Southern Cross! Show-stopping new personalities! Romance — the South American way! *The spectacular entertainment two continents have been waiting for!*



WILLINGER

Ann Rutherford

Grown up enough for a love affair in M-G-M's "Wyoming"



Ronald Reagan — something new in movie idols is this raw-boned hero of Warner's "Knute Rockne — All American"

Rosalind Russell the sophisticate of Warner's "No Time for Comedy" is clowning again in Universal's "Hired Wife"





RICHARD CARLSON

The handsome Tom Jefferson of Columbia's "Howards of Virginia" is a combination writer, director and actor



Lucky Girl... 4 big Paramount DATES!



Lucky everybody who enjoys the finest in motion picture entertainment. For here's Paramount with a grand college football picture, "**THE QUARTERBACK**", featuring Wayne Morris and Virginia Dale, directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Yes, and Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, and Preston Foster in a heart-searing drama of the teakwood forests, "**MOON OVER BURMA**", with Doris Nolan and Albert Basserman, directed by Louis King. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew in "**CHRISTMAS IN JULY**", with Raymond Walburn, a completely new kind of comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges, whose "The Great McGinty" is the talk of the country. And, most exciting of all, the Claudette Colbert-Ray Milland starrer, "**ARISE MY LOVE**", directed by Mitchell Leisen...Claudette's grandest heart-picture in years.



...with the Loveliest Ladies in Hollywood to Entertain Him!

An open letter from



"I've dyed my hair a copper-gold and I like it"

Transcribed by Gladys Hall

I think it was Oscar Wilde who once quipped that it's better to be talked about, no matter how, than not to be talked about at all. But somehow, I just can't feel that way. I can't help caring how people feel about me. That's why I'm taking the opportunity Modern Screen has offered to answer some of your questions and at the same time get things off my chest.

"Why don't you tell us more about your children?" you write me. I don't because, in the first place, I feel it is unfair to bring them into the limelight of publicity before they have any choice in the matter. How do I know they are going to like publicity when they are old enough to judge? After all, there are those who don't. Too, though I adore my children and love to talk about them, I don't feel that "child-talk" should be forced on the fans who, for the most part, regard me more as an actress than a mother. Don't you agree? I'd really like to know.

Then there's the question of money. Although I have been asked many times about my finances, I've always felt that was something that shouldn't be discussed. I think it's poor taste to parade one's bankbook in public, and this feeling has often led me into trouble. On one occasion, I tried to pass off a direct question and succeeded only in creating a wrong impression. It happened in New York, when an interviewer asked me, point blank, how rich I was. I remember saying that I didn't want to discuss it, but he stuck to his guns and I tried to compromise with half-answers.

By the time all expenses were paid, I said finally, my income was really only about $25,000 a year and, by way of explanation, added that the net was naturally much less than the gross income.

When the interview was published, I found myself quoted as saying I couldn't live on $25,000 a year! What a ridiculous thing for anyone to say! As a matter of fact, I enjoy an extremely good income and, though it does not leave me enormously rich, I consider myself one of the world's luckiest persons.

Now, I believe that that kind of story about income and expenses hurts us and also annoys you, our fans. Am I right? I know that frequently we're at fault, but when something like that is printed about us, there it is, and we never have a chance to tell you whether or not it's true. That's why I am so eager to make the most of this chance and speak without reserve. We can't make retractions because they always sound weak and silly. And the minute you make a retraction you're not believed anyway. Isn't that so?

As another example of what I mean, take my operations—or the ones I'm supposed to have had. Why, every time I've gone to New York in the past three or four years I've been startled to hear, while lunching at the Colony or dancing at 21, that "Norma Shearer is in

Here's a personal reply—friendly as a handclasp—to all those

Norma Shearer



"I can't relax between takes — I keep living the part"

"My friendship with George has made me very happy"

the hospital, following a major operation," and if not at death's door, preparing to rap on it! I can't very well take the floor and announce that I'm not having an operation! It's really rather funny, this rumor that keeps popping up. I wouldn't object to it at all except that, actually, I'm one of the healthiest persons in the world and, of course, glad of it. The real reason for the story is this: A few years ago I arrived in New York with some badly impacted wisdom teeth. I found a very fine surgeon who corrected the condition and now every time I come to New York I go to him for a check-up. There you have it!

Another question frequently asked me has to do with my so-called power and influence at the studio. It always embarrasses me, and I can only answer by saying that I don't think anyone has ever behaved more like an employee than myself. You can ask any of my associates. They'll testify to that, I'm sure. Just because of my marriage to Mr. Thalberg and, as a consequence, my friendship with other executives, there have been any number of times when I did not put up as stiff a fight as another actor or actress would have under similar circumstances. I didn't want to appear to be taking advantage of my association. For instance, I didn't want to make "The Women." I did make it, for the reason I've just explained and also partly because I was taught by Mr. Thalberg to think of what is good for a picture as a whole rather than what is good for me as an individual. I've really tried to refrain from ever being temperamental. I've never attempted to use any influence which I, as Irving's wife, might have had —and all because I feared I would be accused of wielding a power I do not wish to have. (*Cont'd on page 69*)



"It was such fun working with Bob Taylor in 'Escape'"

questions you want answered



In this scene from "The Philadelphia Story," Cary (whose next 16 films are already lined up!) is more than holding his own with John Howard and Jimmy Stewart. Typical of the Grant way with the ladies! This is the third time he's played opposite Katie Hepburn.

IS CARY GRANT THE PERFECT BOY

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

One of Cary Grant's pals once said, "Everybody seems to think he wants to get married—except Cary, himself."

The few people who heard the remark didn't take it seriously. They preferred to believe their eyes. They were seeing Cary constantly with a certain girl, and they were convinced that, this time, he was in love. They were also convinced, as were the columnists and the girl, herself (according to *her* intimates), that he would elope with her at any moment. But he didn't. That romance has been on ice for months!

Ever since Virginia Cherrill left his bed and board five years ago, people have suspected Cary of searching for her successor. He hasn't been a hermit. He has sought the society of one attractive girl after another. The kind the hero always wants to marry in the last reel.

Now he's being seen constantly with Barbara Hutton, the heiress. And people are saying that *this* time he's "unmistakably in love;" that wedding bells will ring very soon. Perhaps they will. But don't bet on it.

For one thing, Barbara has run into legal difficulties divorcing Count von Haugwitz-Reventlow due to the German invasion of the Count's native Denmark. Furthermore, Cary has been "unmistakably" interested in girls before without marrying them. That leads directly to the questions: What is it like to be a girl-friend of Cary's? And, what can the future Mrs. Grant expect him to be like? Know the answers, and you'll know Cary. Which isn't an easy thing to do. You can judge some men instantly by the feminine companionship they seek, because they always go for the same type. Not so, Mr. G.

Ginger Rogers, who has no taste for large parties, isn't the same type as Elsa Maxwell. Forceful Dorothy di Frasso isn't a double for shy Mary Brian. Talkative Rosalind Russell isn't the spiritual twin of serenely-relaxed Marlene Dietrich. Phyllis Brooks and Barbara Hutton are psychological opposites. And these are only a few of the females Cary has found companionable. The mere fact that his tastes in feminine companionship are so diverse reveals this about him: He isn't a man with a one-track mind as far as women are concerned.

A girl can go out with Cary without wearing armor. She doesn't have to expect him to make passes. He doesn't have any reputation as a Great Lover to maintain. And he doesn't want any. He's a fugitive from Romeo roles. He bought up his Paramount contract four years ago, remember, because Paramount wouldn't let anybody think of him except as some glamour girl's love interest. He has put in his time since, building up a reputation as an amusing young man, who can be serious on occasion. And that's the reputation

He's tall, prosperous and knockout looking. There must be a catch somewhere!

FRIEND?

he's out to maintain, be it ever so disappointing to his would-be romantic date.

To understand Cary, you have to realize, first of all, that nobody lifted him out of some other profession and made a movie star of him. His first ambition was to be an entertainer. He ran away from home when he was thirteen to join a troupe of music-hall comedians. He starved for years—but even when he had to walk on stilts at Coney Island with a sign on his back to get money for food, he didn't think of giving up show business. Nothing else interested him. He concentrated on that one idea so long that, when he did make good, he wasn't able to stop concentrating on how to be more entertaining. It's uppermost in his mind still.

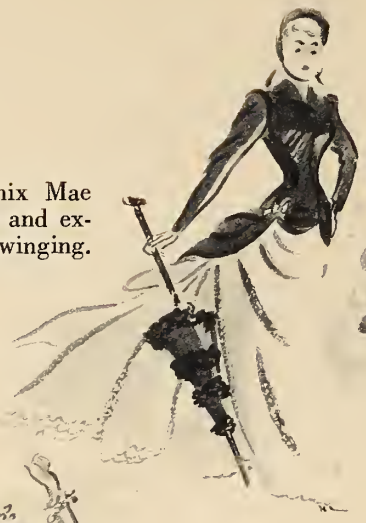
Any girl he takes out can expect him to put some thought and effort into amusing her. The reason for it is this: After concentrating all day on what *he* likes to do, he relaxes by doing what others like to do.

He has found so many different women companionable because he goes out of his way to be companionable himself. He adapts himself to whatever company he's in. He doesn't take a recluse to night-clubs. He doesn't take a girl to a movie she isn't interested in seeing. He doesn't suggest a drive to a girl who would rather dance.

Before he invites a girl out, he goes to the trouble of discovering her special interests and guides the conversation accordingly. (*Continued on page 87*)



WHAT MAKES THE MOVIES BEHAVE?



The censors nix Mae West's ad libs and excessive hip-swinging.



All piggy-back scenes must be scissored for Maryland audiences.



Ann Sheridan's much-publicized bosom must be adequately covered.

Joseph Ignatius Breen is probably the most powerful man in Hollywood today.

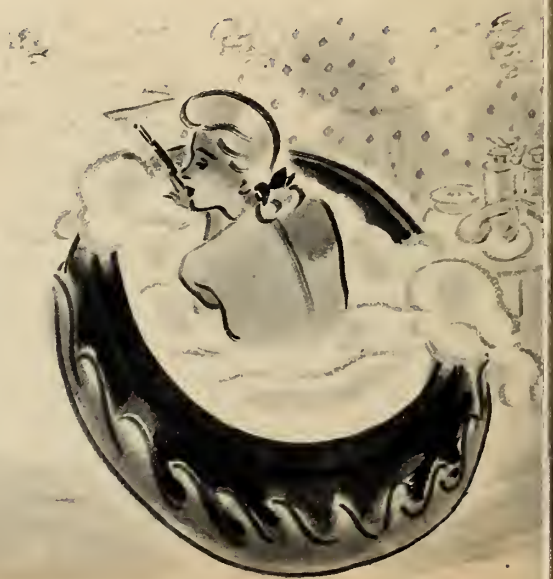
He is fifty years old, this Celluloid Caesar, and all Irish, with the body of a longshoreman and the vocabulary of an uninhibited gob. In four-letter words, minus maybe's, Joe Breen daily tells Darryl Zanuck, Joe Pasternak and the brothers Warner how to make their movies. He tells Frank Capra and John Ford how to direct their actors in an assortment of scenes—and, so help me, he often tells Clark Gable, Tyrone Power and Errol Flynn how to make love, what not to say to women and what to wear.

That's Joe Breen, the strong-arm man of Hollywood.

"For all the power he wields," one producer told me, "I wouldn't trade positions with him, because he's got the hardest job in the world."

For six years now, ever since the churches of America decided the films needed a thorough rinsing, Joe Breen has slumped in his easy chair—located in a private projection room on the second floor of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel—and cussed bitterly at an endless variety of dramas, comedies, animated cartoons and short subjects.

As Hollywood's Number One Watchdog, as the man in the Will Hays office who censors naughty feet of film, Joe Breen has perspired and suffered much. He has never been able to view Ann Sheridan from a purely esthetic point of view. Instead, he has had to keep an eye peeled to see that Ann's publicized bosom was covered by an adequate frontispiece. He has never been able to roar at Mae West's libido-inspiring antics. Instead, remembering



No bathtub shots for the Australians. They are strictly taboo!

Hollywood's purity boy, Joe Breen, wields a ruthless scissors, but now when we go to the movies we can usually bring the kiddies!

his duty to his country and Will Hays, Breen has had to see that Mae didn't ad-lib salacious innuendoes or move her hips like a Notre Dame halfback.

To earn the $25,000 a year paid to him by the producers of Hollywood, he has to see that films don't offend the Legion of Decency and its twenty million Catholic followers. He has to watch that a star or a script doesn't insult the Mormons, the P.T.A., the Boy Scouts of America, the Republicans, the YMCA and the eight states and 260 cities with individual censorship boards.

For instance, Robert Taylor mustn't take a shower in Massachusetts, because shower scenes are barred in that state. James Cagney can't slap that ingenue in the face, since Ohio lists face-slapping as taboo. The hero dare not carry the heroine piggy-back in Maryland, and kissing scenes must be cut down to a minimum for supposedly sophisticated New York. The film gangster can't speak of taking a man "for a ride" or self-conscious Chicago will nix the pix. In Pennsylvania, Myrna Loy mustn't be pregnant nor Claudette Colbert anticipating a child.

Wait, though, that's not all. While Joe Breen, squirming in his uneasy chair, has already taken these domestic taboos into consideration, he mustn't forget what's left of the foreign market. He must remember, also, minor prejudices of folks in other lands. For example:

Greece won't tolerate Gene Autry or any other range-rider. Japan abhors kissing. Catholic prayers must be scissored if the epic is to be shown in England. Australia won't stand for Ginger Rogers or any other glamour gal in a bathtub. All poker games have to be eliminated if the picture is to be shown in Latvia. Dialogue like "blasted," "by Gad" and "bloody" has to be removed to please Canadian high moguls. And Peru doesn't allow mob scenes, since they give the populace ideas.

All of this blue-penciling came to be through a curious phenomena. In 1922, the producers, searching for a super spokesman, someone who could be a combination go-between and public relations representative, hired a little phlegmatic-faced gentleman who had served in President Harding's cabinet. His name was Will H. Hays. Wise producers figured that since Will Hays was a Phi Delta Theta, an Elk, a Presbyterian elder, a 32nd degree Mason and a solid Republican, he would be regarded as a good, pure man who could prove to women's clubs that the movies he represented were also good and pure. The producers paid Mr. Hays $150,000 a season to help them in "establishing and maintaining the highest possible moral and artistic standards of motion picture production."

At this point, one thing went wrong. Business fell off. Movie theatres were packed with empty seats. Desperate for customers, Hollywood producers neglected to follow the ethical and moral laws they'd asked Will Hays to establish, and began to throw Clara Bow, John Gilbert, Colleen Moore into pictures that ranged from the forbidden to the downright filthy. There were nude scenes that smoked. There was dialogue that sizzled. The reformers raved.

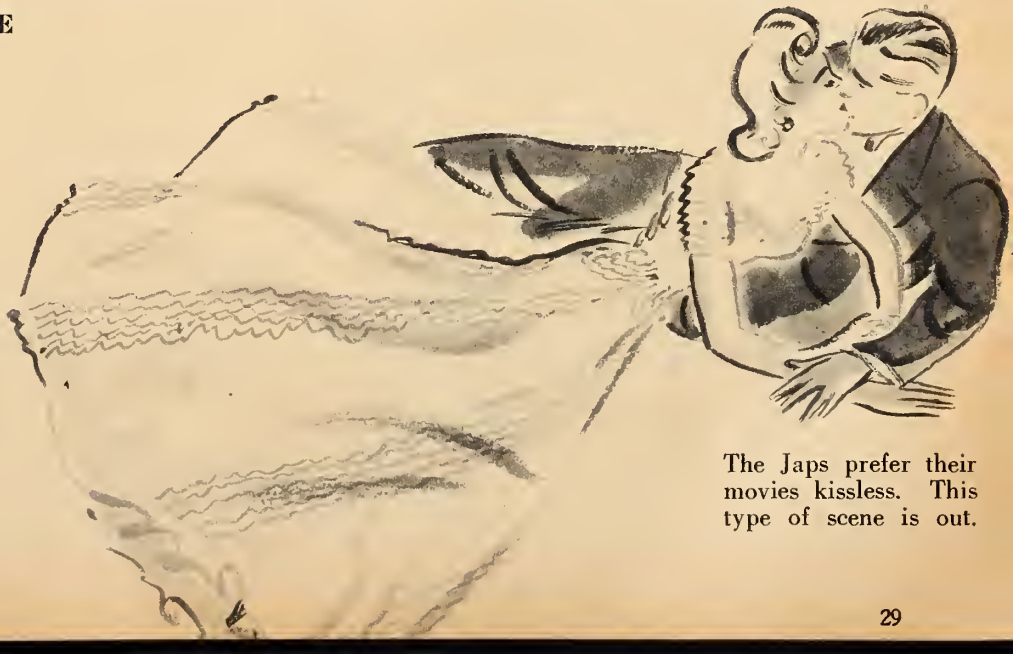
In 1933, the big blow-off came. Archbishop Amleto Cicognani broke front pages with this poetic blast: "Catholics are called by God, the Pope, the bishops and the priests to a united and vigorous campaign for the purification of the cinema, which has become a deadly menace to morals!"

Hollywood producers squirmed. This moral boycott might ruin them, might shut down the movies forever. They went, en masse, to Will Hays. They begged him to give them another chance. They begged him to set up more stringent rules and, so help them, they promised to obey. Will Hays immediately sent out an SOS for his old friend, Joe Breen, an ex-press agent who had been a diplomat in the Jamaica Consular Service.

Mr. Breen hit Hollywood like a cyclone. He summoned the rich and quaking producers to him. All of them, even big producers like Louis B. Mayer, Sam Goldwyn and the late Carl Laemmle! Mr. Breen looked them in the eye and said something like this:

"Gentlemen, if you want someone you can push around, then you've got the wrong man. Because, take my word, gentlemen, I'm going to get honor and purity into the movies if it kills you and it kills me. I'm going to throw plenty of your scripts in the ashcan. I'm going to toss plenty of expensive film in the (*Continued on page 81*)

BY IRVING WALLACE



The Japs prefer their movies kissless. This type of scene is out.

YOU CAN'T CHANGE



A RED-HEADED WOMAN

Angel-voice and all, Jeanette's really a spit-fire at heart



Gene and "Jam" (that's Jeanette's nickname) have been married just three years. Both are terrific sentimentalists and share a love for detective chillers and swing music.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Once upon a time it was Jeanette MacDonald's painful duty to reproach her little nephew, Earl, for some juvenile prank. She took a deep breath and launched into a self-conscious flow of auntly lecturing. When Jeanette ran out of words, Earl simply stared, mute and plainly astonished at the whole business.

There was an aching silence and Jeanette found herself without a finish. She was left hanging in the air and it bothered her far worse than it did Earl. She had to say something, so she blurted out, "And I don't mean a thing I say, either!"

That, unfortunately, is the anticlimactic way both temper and temperament turn out for Jeanette MacDonald. Nature made her a red head and destiny made her a prima donna. But any connection between the two is, as the movie title sheets say, purely coincidental.

Years ago, at thirteen, when she first tripped out on a Broadway stage, hard-boiled chorus girls took one look at her angelic face, her shining curls nipped neatly with a silken bow and cracked, "Elsie Dinsmore!" In Hollywood a producer once referred to Jeanette respectfully as, "the singing governess." Of course, all this burned, and still burns vital, vivacious Jeanette to a fine crisp, but she can't do much about it. The same Nature which endowed her with those dangerous copper tresses and naughty flashing eyes, tempered the danger signals with a beatific smile and a voice straight from Heaven. Her practical Scotch ancestry and a Philadelphia upbringing have helped spread the conviction that Miss MacDonald is a cross between a Y.W.C.A. librarian and your maiden Aunt Minnie.

That isn't necessarily so. There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl and Jeanette MacDonald is no exception—as any of her good friends can tell you. The only trouble is, when MacDonald has her flare-ups, they usually fizzle right down to her funny bone—and the whole thing is immediately forgotten in a gale of laughter. Whenever she tries to live up to her red hair, she has to live down a joke on her pride. When she sticks out her dignity, it turns out to be her neck. It's a little discouraging.

At the first Broadway stage tryout Jeanette ever had, she tried to be cool and calm. Result? She started her song in the wrong key. When she saw she wasn't going to make the high notes, she broke into a dance—to cover up—and fell flat on her face! That should have warned her Fate wasn't going to let her sweep, like a grand lady, through a theatrical career. It should have tipped her off to the fact that she wasn't the type.

But when she came to Hollywood a few years later, the painful memory had faded. Jeanette, you'll remember, in her early movie days, was reputed to be more or less Trilby to clever Ernst Lubitsch's Svengali in those gay continental musicals opposite Maurice Chevalier at Paramount. Lubitsch practically discovered Jeanette for Hollywood and developed her into a star, but red heads resent being under anyone's spell and things began happening right at the start.

One day, for instance, it was hot enough to fry eggs on the stage floor and Jeanette had a trying scene with a difficult dress. It had three long trains and was clumsy to move in before the camera. She muffed take after take and finally blew higher than Old Faithful. "It's simply impossible to do the scene in this dress!" cried Jeanette.

"No it's not, Jeanette," soothed Lubitsch.

"All right," stormed Jeanette, "*you* do it!" She swished off into her dressing-room! In a second, the exasperating gown sailed out the door and wrapped itself around Lubitsch's feet.

It was only after no one disturbed her for a long time that Jeanette's huff surrendered to gnawing curiosity. Looking stealthily out the door, she saw Lubitsch, cigar and all, dolled up in the offending creation and going through her paces without a hitch. She yelled with laughter! That ended the fit of temperament, a little ingloriously—but that's what always happens when Jeanette flies off. Her sense of humor gets the better of her.

Another time, also in the Lubitsch days, when things weren't going well with a scene, she stalked off the set in the best Hollywood manner, proclaiming that she would never, never return. There was just one slip—she left behind the keys to her dressing-room, her car, her apartment and everything else. In a few minutes she had to sneak back and rummage around for the keys, while Lubitsch's dark little eyes gleamed wickedly as he inquired, "Why, what are you (*Continued on page 63*)



Stage 9 was teeming with activity. Lights were being turned on and off, extras were walking in and out, cameras were grinding merrily and assistant directors were shouting. In a dim corner sat a sour-faced gent, his head buried in a script, his pencil dancing briskly over the pages. Who was the sour-faced gent? Why, Fred Allen, comedian.

For hours he had been sitting there, waiting, just waiting. The call had been for 7:30 A. M.—and he was always a guy to be punctual. Now it was well into the afternoon, and he was still waiting.

Suddenly, the director shouted, "Allen! Where's Fred Allen?"

The comedian looked up sadly from his script and answered meekly, "The last I heard from him he was on the way to the hospital from underwork."

He groaned, gave a weary stretch and rose carefully.

"I've got to do this very slowly," he explained. "If my limbs find out that they're actually going to stretch, they'll get so excited there's no telling what'll happen."

A script girl came up timidly.

"We're ready for your scene with the bell-boy," she said.

"Thank you," said Allen. "Where's the boy?"

The script girl pointed off to another end of the stage. Allen looked. Then he burst into raucous laughter. He turned to a group of us and explained. "They brought this boy here at the same time they brought me and told us to wait a few minutes until they were ready to shoot the scene."

Again laughter.

"Well, they're ready for us now but they'll have to send out and get a new boy. The one they had couldn't stand the pace."

Get one thing straight. Fred Allen does not like movies. To put it more accurately, he does not like acting in movies. They're too slow for him, too stereotyped, too routine.

Here's the way he explains it. "All my life has been bound by a few bars of opening music on one end and a week's layoff in Toledo on the other. All my life I've had to think and keep on the move. Now they try to change me over. They want me to sit down and be patient for weeks on end. They want me to face some mechanical gadgets and say "Boo" until I can't even frighten myself. A joke is only funny once. And yet they want me—they want me—" and he began to really splutter, "Why, do you know what they're trying to do with me? They're trying to turn me into a inferior, second-rate guy with no imagination, no spontaneity, no wit—they are trying to make a number two company Jack Benny out of me!"

Jack Benny! That's the name that brings the lovelight into Allen's eyes. Nothing makes him happier than to think of Benny.

Feud? Sure, there's a feud and here's the way the whole thing started. It was back somewhere in 1936. Allen was doing his regular broadcast when a stooge brought up a boy of twelve or so to play the violin. He played "The Bee," a very difficult number and Allen, interviewing him afterward, ad libbed some humorous comment.

"Did it take you long to learn the piece?" he asked.

"No," said the boy. "I learned it in about two months."

"My, my," Allen replied. "Think of that! Two months and you do it perfectly. Jack Benny's been trying for forty years and he hasn't learned it yet!"

That did it. It was an extemporaneous, unrehearsed wisecrack and it led to one of the most talked about, most-humorous personality feuds in the history of show business.

A week or so later, on his own broadcast, Benny, still not realizing the implications, answered by throwing a line into his script reading, "I can so play 'The Bee!' "

That was all Allen needed. He started such a campaign of badgering, baiting and teasing that poor Benny had to go out and have his fingers limbered up for the big test. He had to play "The Bee"—and he did!

But by that time both Benny and Allen realized that they had uncorked something very big. The mail both received was tremendous. The interest, the partisanship, were phenomenal. They never discussed it. They never planned it ahead, but both of them being natural born showmen realized it was a gag worth playing to the hilt.

Allen admits, quite frankly, that it helped him more than it did Benny. To begin with (*Continued on page 65*)

WITS!

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

Why should Allen and Benny be friends when it's so darn lucrative to be enemies?



A beautiful friendship is swell, but we'll still take this beautiful feud! Sad-eyed Fred, who always looks as if he's going to his best friend's funeral, dreams up most of his best gags while downing a malted.

Delirium on the Diamond

Anything can happen when Movietown has its whacky innings!



Captain Goddard of the Comedians' team shows off her self-designed costume (christened The Mid-riff) to Mischa Auer. Opposing Captain Dietrich was escorted by Leading Man Brod Crawford.

If he's still conscious, a 14-highball drunk is a guy with a pretty terrific imagination. So's a "hopped up" opium eater—and Orson Welles isn't bad either. But were three such boys to pool their unfettered fancies in an attempt to cook up an evening's entertainment, the result would be dreary fare compared to the wild and whacky show dished out recently at Hollywood's Wrigley Field!

The occasion was Movietown's own World Series, the alleged "baseball" game held annually between a team of Comedians and a team of Leading Men for the benefit of a local hospital and 40,000 screaming spectators. After years of daytime playing, the athletes involved agreed that their tactics looked better after dark, and so this year's classic was held at night. The competition ran for three innings (or maybe it was four—no one knows) and was won by the Comedians (or maybe it was the Leading Men—no one knows that, either). Rules and reason were abandoned at the gate. Everybody who turned up in a uniform went into the struggle—and anything constituted a uniform! Players garbed as Hindus, backwoodsmen and funeral directors entered the field on scooters, horses and bicycles! Daring each other to steal scenes or bases, they employed such proven baseball strategy as the use of sling shots, butterfly nets, plaster balls and—believe it or not—smoke bombs!

Fireworks flared, bands blared, there was vaudeville between innings, and the crowd went wild! It didn't make a bit of sense, but it did make a lot of money and that, after all, is what counts. The pictures on this and the facing page will show you how it was done.

Late arrival Linda Darnell who knows nothing whatever about baseball (bridge is her game) never stopped quizzing erstwhile three-letter-man Bob Shaw—who ate it up!



Lucille Ball and her handsome new Cuban swain, Desi Arnaz, both hate hats and love peanuts. Grounds for a romance? It looks like it!





Slugger Karloff came to bat in full Frankenstein regalia. Scored a home-run by terrorizing the baseMen! Catcher Buster Keaton's still another swooning victim.

Lupe Velez, who took the whole thing pretty seriously, sat on "Big Boy" Williams' knee, cheering like mad for both teams — and with an accent!





Str-i-i-ke three, you're out! Umpire Kay Kyser squelches a big league player, while Catcher Keaton looks on approvingly. Oh-oh! Can that be an evil glint in Mischa's eye?

The Invisible Man's at bat and Vince Barnett and Umpire Al Jenkins are egging him on every step of the way! The I. M. did his darndest but finally struck an Invisible Out.



she didn't say NO

BY REGINALD TAVINER

A big transcontinental airliner took off from New York and roared upward into the sky. In one seat was a young girl whose lips were tightly pursed and whose huge brown eyes stared straight ahead. She was apprehensive, not of the journey, but of the destination for which she was bound.

It was Martha Scott's second trip to Hollywood and the first had been a disappointment indeed. But why worry? She shrugged her slight shoulders to reassure herself. What had she to lose?

At Burbank she was met, not as before, by a fanfare of publicists and photographers, but by a lone individual holding an open umbrella to keep off the rain. It was Agent Noll Gurney, the man who had persuaded her to come.

It wasn't an inspiring morning and Martha Scott's spirits were about as damp as the weather.

"I'm not in the least optimistic," she told Noll Gurney. "Why should this test do us any more good than the other?"

She looked back unhappily to the time when she had gone with high hopes to the David O. Selznick Studio to be tested for Melanie in "Gone With The Wind."

"I want to compliment you very highly upon your performance in the test," Selznick had said, "but you simply do not photograph. The kindest thing I can tell you is to go back to the stage. I'm sorry."

Those words, coming from such a man as Selznick, just about ended her screen career even before it began. Selznick's opinion carries tremendous weight on the Celluloid Coast and no other producer there could be induced to give her a test for any part. Why should they waste their money on a girl whom David O. Selznick said hadn't a chance? They didn't.

As a matter of fact, the real reason for Mr. Selznick's cinematic condemnation of Martha Scott was Paulette Goddard. Or, to be more exact, it was one of the cameramen who had photographed Paulette Goddard when she was being considered for the role of Scarlett O'Hara. Paulette had just finished a test one day when Martha came on the set, and the cameraman, being a bit bored with the endless number of unknowns his boss was digging up from here, there and everywhere for the Margaret Mitchell epic, didn't bother to change the lights. No two women could be more unlike photographically than Paulette Goddard and Martha Scott, so the lighting that brought out the best in the former literally blitzkrieged the latter.

The only person in the entire motion picture industry who refused to accept that test as final was Noll Gurney, a very obstinate guy. He was still convinced that Martha had everything it takes to make a first rate star and, even after she had left the town, he doggedly kept on trying to put her over. Everybody gave him the run-around. Whenever he mentioned Martha Scott, they mentioned Selznick. Months passed, during which Sol Lesser, the producer of "Our Town," tested girl after girl for the part of Emily in the film version of Thornton Wilder's play. Gurney kept pleading with Lesser to give Martha Scott another test for the role which she had created upon the New York stage and finally Lesser wearily agreed. His next move was to persuade Martha Scott to come out to Hollywood again.

"That," he said, "was just about as difficult as persuading Lesser to make the test itself. She didn't believe there was any use in coming. First I pleaded with her, then I heckled. She still couldn't make up her mind. Finally, I dashed off a wire—terse and to the point. 'Are you coming?' "Well," Gurney beamed, "she didn't say no!"

As soon as she arrived, Noll rushed her off for her test and, while it was being made, he paced the alleyway off stage like a young father having his first baby. When the film was run off he sat jittering in a corner of the projection room with his feet as well as his fingers crossed. Gradually he relaxed and an I-told-you-so grin appeared on his face, for this time Martha Scott was properly lighted and a new star was discovered. . . .

Outside of Mark Twain or the movies themselves, there simply couldn't be any place named Gee's Creek. But there is, and Martha Scott's birth certificate proves it. Gee's Creek, a community of a church, a school, a store and a population of half a hundred souls, is near Jamesport in Missouri. If you've never heard of Jamesport, either, don't think you've flunked in geography. Compared with Jamesport the "Our Town" of the picture is quite a city! Martha is like all the folks from Gee's Creek—just a small town girl at heart. There was, for instance, the time she was invited to a party where she was certain to meet a raft of bigshots. She was discussing with Vicky Abbott, her roommate both in New York and in Hollywood, the eternal problem of what to wear.

"But you can't go in that," (*Continued on page 67*)



There's an old gag, "If a lady says 'yes,' she's no lady," but Martha Scott did—and is!

Gentle, ultra-feminine Martha occasionally goes on absolute bats of tomboyishness. She'll climb trees, go fishing and even chew gum and yell herself hoarse at one of the local baseball games.

"Picture-snatching" is fun for candid photographers like Ruth Hussey, but it's a headache for movie cameramen!

they're not all PERFECT!

Blowing the lid off one of Hollywood's most hushed-up subjects!



Her nose and complexion are Merle Oberon's photographic handicaps.

SOMEONE once said that, in Hollywood, all is not Goldwyn that splutters. Nor for that matter is all beautiful that glistens.

You pay your money at the box office and you sit in the audience sighing ecstatically, "Lovely, lovely, lovely." And if you're the kind of person who wonders about things, you wonder how those movie people manage to find such a constant parade of beautiful and perfectly formed creatures.

Well, the answer is that they don't. There isn't one single star in Hollywood who is perfect. They've all got their little flaws to hide and to camouflage. They all have their Achilles' heel—and "heel," of course, is no word to bandy loosely in a town like Hollywood.

You have read reams of stuff about how perfectly formed Vivien Leigh's features are. Well, don't you believe it! It took Vivien half a dozen film tests, for instance, to realize that she had practically no underlip! You saw one in the movies? Sure. It's painted on.

Alice Faye's beauty in "Lillian Russell" was breathtaking. But well covered by long and flowing gowns were her legs, which are so thin that the cameraman had to get special shots of them.

You have heard a lot about Myrna Loy's freckles. She quite frankly admits she has them. But what you've probably not heard is that Myrna has leg trouble too—very thick ankles. They never see the light of the screen except on rare occasions, whereupon they are specially photographed.

Speaking of legs, Anita Louise probably has the skinniest set in town. They're not much bigger around than the strings of the harp she loves to play!

You can easily see, handicaps alone are not enough to keep you from being a screen star. As a matter of fact, a number of stars have capitalized on their defects. Garbo's big feet have been a target for years.

Consider for a moment the famous John Barrymore profile. Perfect, isn't it? Well, has it ever occurred to you that it's always the left side of John's face you're looking at? Always! The right side of his face, John once admitted in one of his bursts of candor, "looks a good deal like a moribund fish."

Claudette Colbert, who was the top-earning actress in Hollywood last year, earned every cent of it with just one side of her face. Again, it's the left side. The right side isn't at all pretty, so you never get a chance to see it. Incidentally, even at a full view Claudette has a difficult face; she doesn't look French at all, but Dutch. That's why she was given the part in the much-discussed "Drums Along the Mohawk," and that's also the reason why she was photographed full face all the way through that picture.

When a definitive history of Hollywood is written, the cameramen will probably rate the greatest amount of credit. For instance, Sonja Henie is a real problem to photograph. Almost any full-face shots or camera angles that shoot down at her make her look squatty and dumpy. On the other hand, it's impossible to shoot up at her because of her turned-up nose. And just to round out the picture, her famous skating legs are muscley and far from fragile. Yet you look at her on the screen and sigh ecstatically, "Lovely, lovely."

Carole Lombard is an interesting case. Her forehead is too high and bulgy for real beauty, and she really has a moon-shaped face. For several years, at the beginning of her career, her chief claims to fame were her beautiful legs. Then one day, in the Paramount still gallery, where some pictures were being made for advertising purposes, a cameraman had an idea. He painted some lines in her cheeks to make them appear sunken and mysterious. It worked so well that today those lines are always painted on before she faces any camera.

Helen Gilbert's chief worry is her hair. She knows that her flowing golden locks are the most distinguished mark of beauty she has, and she guards this very jealously. She goes to a special hairdresser regularly, and during the filming of a recent picture she even quarrelled with Director Woody Van Dyke simply because he wanted her to use one of the regular studio hairdressers. She insisted on having her own specialist, explaining that if she didn't watch out she would become just another insignificant little blonde.

Ginger Rogers dyed her hair black because it photographs better that way. And the studio has another little ruse to make her more photogenic. There's a mole on her cheek which is always retouched for filming.

Ann Sothern drives studio designers crazy. She's one of the hardest girls to dress. Her figure is short and inclined to dumpiness and she's always on a reducing diet.

The same goes for Madeleine Carroll, who practically starves herself through every production, then goes on a rampage of eating between pictures, and winds up having to go on a very strict diet just before going into another film.

Patricia Morison almost lost her Paramount contract recently because she put on so much weight that it was becoming impossible to make her look thin from any camera angle.

Tyrone Power, on the other hand, has to fight thinness. His studio orders him to eat plentifully and heartily.

Merle Oberon has a nose that (*Continued on page 60*)

BY JAMES CARSON



Red-haired Myrna Loy's millions of freckles are retouched for films.



It's always John Barrymore's left profile that's snapped. Know why?



Dottie Lamour almost always has those braces on her teeth off-screen.

On the set with "The



Between takes, J. Edward Bromberg made a chess addict of Linda Darnell.

The "Los Angeles in 1820" set, built in Agoura (30 miles from Hollywood) was formerly used in "Juarez."



Ty Power practices making "Z's (Zorro's mark) with his whip on Bromberg's ample stomach.

Ernesto Romero gives Director Mamoulian and the cast a lesson in Spanish etiquette.





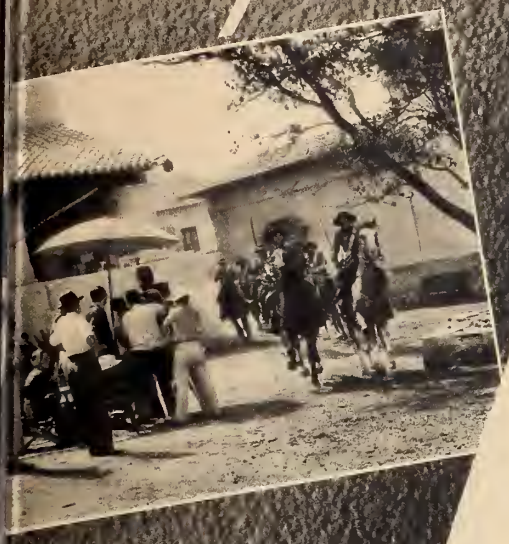
Ty drank quarts of milk and still lost weight while making the film.





The film was made during a heat wave, so hot food was never served.

Californian"



Old Meanie Basil Rathbone cracks the whip. Mamoulian's unperturbed, but Ty looks scared.



When Tyrone Power was handed the title role in "The Californian," he thought seriously of telling Darryl F. Zanuck off and quitting the picture business. For the sake of his art, Tyrone has endured beatings, lost weight, gained weight, been half blinded by sand storms and half drowned by floods, all without a whimper, but his "Californian" assignment carried with it a greater abuse than he intended to swallow. "Come hell or high water," bellowed Ty when they brought him the news, "I'll be damned if I'll permit Alice Faye's personal hairdresser to fingerwave *my* hair every morning and sit me under a dryer, loaded with hairpins! Who do they think I am?" he demanded.

Tyrone's trot on his high horse was sincere. If he was to be the leading man in the picture, he didn't want to look like the leading lady. However, his fight was a losing one from the start. When you see him on the screen, he's going to remind you of Hedy Lamarr, for "The Californian," a remake of the 20-year-old Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., starrer, "The Mark of Zorro," has as its hero a Spanish-style Robin Hood who raids the countryside by night, but during the day conceals his identity by posing as a sissy.

Set in Spanish-ruled Los Angeles of 1820, the picture is admittedly a celluloid lure for South American shekels. Hollywood's European markets have bitten the dust and the studio's frank winks at the dollars below the Rio Grande are prompting it to behave like a lovesick boy before the lady of his heart. From the lair of Darryl Zanuck has come word that "Californian" is to be made as flattering as possible to Spanish eyes and ears and that authenticity is to prevail only whenever it is pleasant. Hence Ty's curly tresses. Aristocratic Angelenos wore their hair that way. Hence Ernesto Romero, former Mexican vice-consul, is in Los Angeles. Romero's on the set daily just to see that cast members pronounce correctly the 25 Spanish words used in the picture. South Americans are sensitive about mispronunciations and a wrongly-placed accent may cost the studio the market for which it hungers! And hence Ty's $15,000 "glamour girl" wardrobe. It took that many dollars to make him a letter-perfect dandy. Costumes for the average male star cost between $500 and $1,000, but Ty will have 22 changes for his fop scenes alone! He'll wear exquisite brocaded waistcoats, satin shirts and tight velvet trousers (making him a literal "fancy pants") and will carry the "quizzing glasses" which young Spaniards used for staring at their inferiors. Ty loathes his outfits as much as his hairdo because he can't budge without fearing he'll split his breeches!

In the creation of their sets, Fox is being a little less veritable. Los Angeles under the Spanish was a dump. It was a hot, dry, dusty town, inhabited mostly by Indians and half-breeds whose health required a street brawl before and after each meal. When Fox introduces Los Angeles, however, it will be a replica, not of the original, but of some modern-day architect's dream. It will be shining, white and beautiful and boast a select population of dashing caballeros and flirtatious senoritas!

Most flirtatious of the senoritas is Dallas town's Linda Darnell, who appears opposite Ty for the third time in six months. Linda was senorita-ized at a cost of over $7,000 spent on 38 make-up tests, 23 different coiffures, dancing lessons, vocal lessons, and Spanish lessons in addition to Romero's tuition. Her costumes lifted another measly $10,000 out of the budget but Linda in any one of them is just about the most glorious creature on the lot. Observe that we say "just about." Linda doesn't quite hit the top. The dandified Mr. Power is there, too—and he looks divine!



The artistic hands of luscious Jane Wyman who will soon be seen with Hubby Ronald Reagan in "Tugboat Annie Sails Again."

by Carol Carter

Finger fashions

In which we discuss hands that always leave a lovely memory

Yes, there certainly are fashions for fingers—exciting, fascinating fashions. Did you ever stop to think what an important part color alone plays in the beauty and charm of your hands? Would you care to return to the drab, colorless, unattractive nails of a few short years ago? We didn't think so. You may be a hard-working homemaker or an ambitious career girl, but a touch of frivolity in the guise of gay, glamorous, beautifully colored nails will give you a sense of decorative femininity that can't be achieved in any other way.

This fall the call to colors is distinctly American. Rich, sparkling Indian paint colors; deep, subtle autumnal shades borrowed from our own Western plains and mountains; bold, blazing pinks and reds from our good neighbors, the South Americans, and the exotic jewel-like tones of all the nearby tropical islands have inspired our color stylists to outdo themselves in furnishing us with new beauty for our finger tips.

In selecting nail polishes, study your own complexion and also the clothes and accessories in your wardrobe. Are you dark and dashing? Then go in for the deep, lush-colored nail polishes that compliment your own rich coloring. Dark shades are always striking on large hands, and they make any skin look whiter by contrast. Rich-toned polishes, too, are dramatic with neutral colored costumes—greys, browns, shades of plum, rose and, of course, with black or white.

If you are very fair, the softer, subtler tints may be your choice, though experiment may uncover many a darker tone that will give you a new thrill.

Clear, bright reds seem to succeed in setting off all kinds of complexions whether medium, dark or light. These "red reds" make marvelous highlights against the new pine greens, dark blues, brown beiges and blacks. Tawny red polishes are for the golden-skinned and for all who have browns or yellows in their hair, eyes or complexion. These warm shades are lovely with soft blues, coppers, fruity reds, color-flecked tweeds and also with grays and brown beiges.

Color is a tonic, a real lifter-upper that has a decided effect not only upon your appearance but upon your mood and disposition as well. It will pep you up like anything, or the lack of it will let you down in a heap. Think of the most glamorous girls in the movies—Ann Sheridan, Rita Hayworth, Hedy Lamarr, Paulette Goddard, Jane Wyman and Vivien Leigh for example. Don't you just naturally associate them with gaiety, dash and, above all, color?

If you're going to do justice to color you must, of course, give it the proper background of cleanliness, grace and perfect grooming. In the case of hands, that means regular scrubbing with mild soap and soft brushes, lots of lotions for softness and whiteness, exercise for suppleness and grace and frequent manicures for that well-groomed look.

Use a free lathering, sudsy soap and don't wear your hand brush out completely before replacing it. Have the bristles firm without being harsh, the kind you can get around and under your nails without hurting them. Hands should be lotioned after every contact with water, the last thing at night, and before and after every manicure. There are many delightful and effective lotions of both clear and milky consistency. Pay your money and take your choice—just so long as you use *some* kind regularly.

A few well-planned exercises taken in spare moments will add thrilling grace and suppleness to the plainest of hands. Try stretching your fingers out wide apart, then, one at a time, rotate each finger slowly and carefully. Now rotate your wrists, first clockwise, then counter-clockwise. Flop your hands up and down loosely from the wrists to let the blood circulate to your very finger tips. Play imaginary trills, runs and similar piano exercises on your table, desk or chair arm. (Do this when you are alone, however. They are a bit disconcerting in the presence of others.) Clasp your hands together, then, twisting the wrists back and forth, pull the fingers against one another. Massage your hands from finger tips firmly back over the wrists. When you do this always use a bit of cold or lubricating cream. Otherwise you may stretch the skin and add wrinkles.

Use your hands with poise and composure. Streamline your motions by keeping them free and flowing. When you pick up an object, don't double up your fist. Bring your fingers to a smooth, graceful point and make your motions in curves, not in darts.

Your manicure is the cornerstone of conditioning and the basis for much of your finger beauty. Keep a kit of clean, workable tools always ready and a variety of several polish shades to suit your moods, your clothes and the occasion. You'll need a cake or jar of good sudsy soap, a little bowl for soaking, a long flexible nail file and a few variously textured emery boards, manicure scissors, orangewood stick, cotton, cuticle softener, hand cream or lotion, nail white, polish and oily polish remover. It should be one of the most important ceremonials of your week. In fact, if you are like most girls we know, it would be more accurate to say your *two* manicures should be *two* of the most important ceremonials of each week—for it takes two to keep most hands in perfect trim.

Wash your hands thoroughly. Remove all old polish with a good polish remover. Now shape your nail tips with your file and emery board, being sure that the nail contours conform to your special hand type.

There are five distinct types of hands—exotic, artistic, creative, patrician and practical. The exotic hand has very slender, tapering fingers and almost claw-like nails that should be left fairly long with slightly rounded points. Artistic hands are more rounded and less sensational than the exotic type and their nails should be filed a bit shorter, broader and less pointed. If yours is a creative hand with short, square fingers and sturdy bone structure, file your nails the short, rounded way. If you have an aristocratic, ladylike hand, with dainty almond-shaped nails, file them to a conservative oval. Practical hands with their straight, capable fingers should have nails that are pleasantly rounded and comparatively short. (*Continued on page 84*)

Rumors that brunette Songbird Ginny Simms and blonde ditto Franny Langford are feuding ain't so. Here they are Ciro's-bound with Kay Kyser and Jon Hall.



Bob Montgomery, who put on pounds and pounds abroad, is still Hollywood's man of the hour. We caught him with Ouida Rathbone and wifie at a war relief party.







A double threat for best-dressed honors are the Doug Fairbankses who always look like something out of an Easter parade. Here they're heckling Ciro's announcer.

Leland Hayward and Mervyn LeRoy are "girl-cotting" Maggie Sullavan. They played one of her famous hunches at Hollywood Park with fiasco-ish results.

It's a celebration for the Doc Griffins. Irene's just made her *third* hole-in-one, and her golfing hubby, Frank is beginning to think he married a miracle.

Jean Negulesco, Warner's French director, helps cute but unemployed Simone Simon make herself decent for one of her inimitable grand entrances.

Did you know that Fay Bainter's the most-proposed-to gal around? But she's darn hard to get. Why not with a husband like Lieut. Commander Venable.

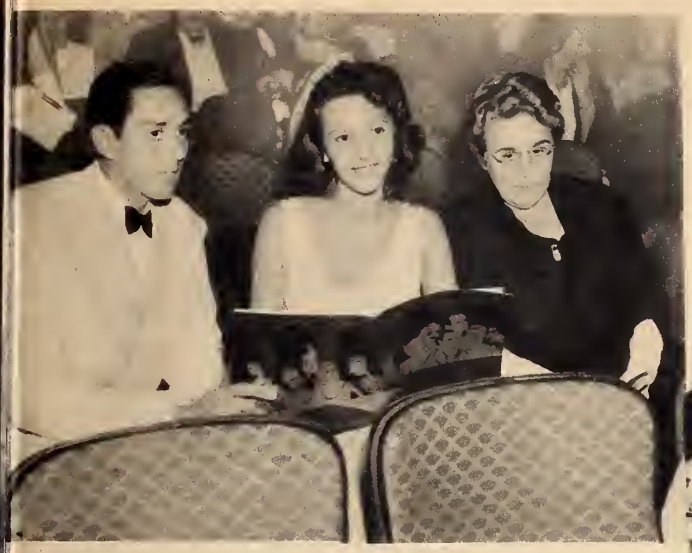






JULES BUCK, OUR KING OF CLICK, INVADES THE SWING 'N' SWIG JOINTS AND

Richard Halliday and his darling wife, Mary Martin, take their favorite neighbor—Mary's mother—to the movies. Mary's eight-year-old son, Larry, lives with Mrs. Martin.



Reggie Gardiner puts another phone number in his little black book—it's exiled German actress, Hilda Kruger's. He likes her 'cause she laughs at every one of his jokes.







Mom 'n' Pop Payne leave four-months-old Julie Ann home in the nursery (John calls it "the noisery") and tear off on their once-a-week-without-fail gallivant.

The Coopers entertain at Ciro's—Mrs. Gary looking her most glamorous what with that lifeguard tan and her nails painted white, with a monogram on each pinky.

Mary Beth Hughes, who spent 13 years in a convent and is now, paradoxically, being groomed for Jean Harlow roles, shows George Montgomery around.

The hand-holdingest kids we know—Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville—are off for a "quick one" after the movies. A couple of chocolate sodas!

Celebrity-hunting Binnie Barnes, with a brand new nose but the very same suitor—Mike Frankovitch—points out homebody Jean Arthur at the Brown Derby.







COMES UP WITH MORE UNCENSORED SHOTS OF HOLLYWOOD'S PLAYTIME



Look at Hollywood through rose-colored spectacles with

JOHNNY GOT HIS FUN

Now that the feverish excitement of becoming a father is past and Baby Julie Anne is outgrowing her first pair of diapers, John Payne is willing to sit back and admit that the birth of his daughter brought him the death of a dream. It seems that Johnny, since earliest manhood, had envisioned a dramatic entrance for his particular package from heaven. As he saw it, his wife would one day announce that her baby was to be born any moment, and that her chosen hospital was miles and miles away.. Then John, master of the situation, was to bundle her into his car, race through town, be stopped by cops, explain his mission, acquire a motorcycle escort and reach the delivery room just in the nick of time. When Julie Anne was born, however, Anne Shirley gave her husband several hours' notice. John, nevertheless, would not be cheated of his moment. He packed his protesting wife into the family car and tore furiously down Sunset Boulevard, weaving in and out of traffic and honking his horn madly all of the way! To his vast surprise, not a soul bothered him and he and Anne arrived at the hospital in sufficient time to have twelve babies with a game of mah jong thrown in. Said John, "Next time, I'll write the Chief of Police and tell him I'm coming!"

CRAWFORD STARS IN "RAIN"

At first glance it looked like murder. To the New York policeman who discovered the black sedan exposed to the driving rain in Central Park, the figure huddled on its floor was obviously the victim of a killer. "It's awful," he murmured, as with great effort he reached out to touch the silent form. Suddenly his blood froze. The "body" had stirred! It was sitting up! It was smiling! It was Joan Crawford! The policeman groped for his composure which had fled down the road. "What are you doing here?" he demanded, when he'd pulled it back. Joan explained. She'd hired the car and embarked on a solo jaunt around the park when the storm had come up—and she is deathly afraid of storms. What could she possibly have done, she asked, but bury herself on the car's floor? The policeman couldn't answer that one. Still pale from his shock, he grunted twice, requested Joan's address, and without uttering a word, drove the shamefaced star to her hotel.

"LITTLE MEN," WHAT NOW?

Elsie, the Cow, is not the only bucolic wonder to appear in RKO's "Little Men." The picture will also feature a flock of "quackless" ducks! When the studio made "Swiss Family Robinson," they discovered that $5,000 worth of "takes" had been ruined by impertinent birds who quacked at the wrong time. "Little Men" is therefore employing mutes, whose voices will be dubbed in in the proper places. Now, if they could only find "quackless" actors!

MEXICAN REVOLT

There's something about a Spaniard. If you haven't discovered it yourself, just tap Linda Darnell for the lowdown. Linda's really found out from a guy called Jaime Jorba. Linda's known Jaime since her powderless, rougeless, Dallas days when he, fresh from Madrid, joined her class in high-school and effortlessly swept her Texas-bred swain out of the picture. When Linda came to Hollywood, Jaime visited her often, but a few months ago—catastrophe of catastrophies! —his parents moved to Mexico City and dragged their unwilling son with them. However, the Jorba-Darnell friendship did not wane. The pair immediately struck up a correspondence which continues to this day and, in addition to her letters, Linda each week sends Jaime a batch of her latest stills. The most recent batch contained, by accident, several shots of Linda reposing blissfully in the arms of Mr. Tyrone Power and drew an explosive letter from Jaime in which he threatened to fly to Hollywood if she didn't put a stop to such nonsense. Poor Jaime! He had better learn to curb his impetuosity. Linda's contract says she can't marry till she's twenty-one. And if you think that's not going to be tough on a smouldering Latin, remember that Linda, despite reports to the contrary, is still only 16 years old!

THE MINORITY SPEAKS

A harassed-looking magazine writer rang Humphrey Bogart's bell one morning and asked the maid who answered it to please summon both the master and the mistress of the house. A few moments later, Humphrey and his wife, Mayo, appeared at the door and invited the gentleman in. The weary scribe refused to budge! "I came here to interview you," he moaned, "but last month they arranged an interview for me with the Gene Markeys and then with the Wayne Morrises—and you know what happened. So—before I start—is it all right?" Mayo grabbed his arm. "Come on in, mister," she commanded. "We'll talk. And even if you hold this story until 1990, it'll still be good!" Look's like Bogie's got a long-term contract!



our West Coast see-it-all, Sylvia Kahn. Every item's an extra!

WAR ACTIVITIES "OVER HERE"

In a recent movie, Bob Hope, startled by a sudden blast of noise, turns to his companion and quips, "Hmmm, Basil Rathbone must be giving a party." Out of justice to Basil and his wife, we want to say that Rathbone parties, though frequently hilarious, are not always such thunderous shindigs. Actually, in past weeks, even the hilarity has been missing, for the latest Rathbone efforts have all been for the benefit of the Red Cross. Typical was the Ciro's party the other evening at which Robert Montgomery spoke of his experiences in France and exhibited movies he had taken in affected areas. So dismal was the whole affair that when Bob ended his address the entire gathering dove for the bar, and no one ordered less than a double or triple-strength drink! We should not blame the would-be forgetters too much when we remember that since the Red Cross drive first began Hollywood folks have opened their purses much more widely than their gullets. The contributions of time and money have been made in the true theatrical tradition. Constance Bennett, who has outdone herself as Lady Bountiful, admits that the other day she discovered herself absent-mindedly signing her checks "Constance Benefit!"

MISINFORMATION, PLEASE

George Raft got the season's worst publicity when Anna Sten waltzed up to a microphone in a local radio station to participate in a quiz contest. "Miss Sten," said the silken-voiced announcer, "will you please tell us what three ham actors rose to fame by singing and dancing?" Anna beamed brightly. "Certainly," she replied. "There was George Raft. . . ." The howling of the audience stopped her slander. "I said HAM actor," choked the announcer. "HAM actor! I'm certain you misunderstood! Next contestant please!" The embarrassed Anna slunk away and, the last we heard, was busily consulting slews of travel literature trying to decide whether the Yukon or the Argentine was the better place to hide from the wrath of Raft. "I did misunderstand," she's still insisting, "but who'll believe me?" We're sure Norma Shearer will, Anna, so just stop your fretting.

NOTHING IS ENOUGH

There's treachery among the Crosbys. The other evening Papa Bing brought his son Gary down to the radio station and parked him in the audience while he and his gang went into their weekly broadcast. As the show proceeded, Gary laughed at the dialogue, hummed with the orchestra and, all in all, looked like a young man having a great time. Then his father began to sing. Gary squirmed in his seat, clenched his fists and screwed his face into the most vivid expression of misery. His wrigglings finally caught the attention of an entranced matron seated beside him. "Don't you like to hear your father sing?" she asked. "Oh, I suppose so," was the clipped answer. "Don't you think he's the world's greatest singer?" "Yeah, maybe," said Gary. "Then what's the matter with you?" The youngster finally broke down. "It's those songs," he admitted. "Dad sings them around the house all the time and I'm sick and tired of them! Shucks, I wish he'd left me home!"

DOUGH-RE-MI

And speaking of Bing, Crosby, Inc., the firm which handles his various and fabulous businesses, is expanding so rapidly that "The Groaner" has had to open a branch office in New York to supplement the one he has in Hollywood. The new layout may receive a visit from the big boss soon, for Bing's thinking of going East. He's been offered a mint of money to star in a Broadway musical and will snatch at the opportunity if Paramount gives him the okay. And why does Bing want more cash? This story may give you a hint. Last week he sang three songs on a broadcast to Admiral Byrd's expedition in Little America and was paid at the rate of $5.47 a song, or a total of $16.41! "Thanks," Bing told the payee. "Now I can buy myself another race horse." It would be so much easier just to burn the dough!

FAN-NING INTEREST

Slinging insults at Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy may sound like a lowdown occupation to you, but it's kept many a movie radio commentator from losing his job! From experience, commentators have learned that nasty cracks about the pair draw a greater barrage of listener letters (all of protest, of course) than anything they can say about any other personalities. From experience, they have also learned that radio sponsors gauge the popularity of their broadcaster by the amount of mail he receives. Therefore, whenever a broadcaster's contract is about to expire, he launches into a blistering criticism of Jeanette and Nelson. The sponsor, noting the deluge of mail, says "By Golly, that guy's terrific!" and promptly engages him for three more years! Believe it or not, it's never failed yet!

APOLLO, TAN THIS HIDE

Thanks to Cleopatra, Gene Tierney turned bright yellow the other morning. Snooping around her local library, Gene discovered a fat volume containing all the known beauty secrets of the Egyptian "Oomph Girl." The one that most intrigued her was a "quick tan" suggestion. "Mix one pound of powdered sugar with three tablespoonsful of powdered cloves, add some water, apply to body, allow to dry and rinse away in 25 minutes," read the item. "Stain will last three weeks and fade evenly." Gene dropped the book and sped to the nearest drugstore. In ten minutes she was at home with the prescribed ingredients and within five minutes had her arms and legs covered with a sticky paste. A half hour later Gene was cold with horror. In her haste, she'd misread the recipe and put in just 3 teaspoonsful of cloves. Her skin had turned the color of grapefruit! Scared stiff, she dove for her scrubbing brush and finally succeeded in removing most of the stain. But did that discourage her? Nothing of the sort! She was all set to start again, when her mother walked in. "Cleopatra," sniffed Mrs. Tierney when Gene had described her accident. "Look at what happened to *her*! The only way you'll ever become a bronzed goddess is to get out in the sun and bake the way nature intended you to!"

PERSONAL HISTORY

Dates with Dorothy Lamour and Lana Turner have made Apolloesque Greg Bautzer almost as famous as a movie star. Greg's actually acquired a little public of his own which follows his activities avidly and which has begun to wonder just what he's got that gets 'em. For those persons, and for Dotty and Lana who may have a few questions themselves, we've compiled a brief profile of the gentleman which we present herewith. (a) He inherited a lot of money. (b) He has shoulders as broad as a fullback's and a body as lithe as a panther's. (c) He's an exercise fiend. (d) He has a sleek tan which he obtained and retains by basking daily under a battery of sun lamps. (e) He's annoyed by cash in his pockets. When he comes home, he flings all his money on table tops and chairs and never keeps an eye on any of it. If a bill collector comes in, he says, "There's some money around the room. Take what I owe you." (f) He's really a very good lawyer and extremely popular with judges. (g) When he and his partner, Bentley Ryan, determined to become movie lawyers, they hired a press agent. (h) Most of his dates become his clients.

MacMURRAY MEETS YEHOODI

Few people know it, but Fred MacMurray is the man who gets the credit (or the cusses) for putting "Who's Yehoodi" on the music stands of the nation. "Who's Yehoodi" is issued by the Vanguard Publishing Co., a firm formed by Fred a year ago and turned over to a pair of boys who played in his "California Collegians" band when Fred himself was tooting the sax. Now that Fred's on top, he'd like to lend a hand to his old buddies, and it's his ambition to have the firm grow large enough to demand the services of all of them. If Yehoodi turns out to be the little man who makes sheet music sell, and it certainly looks as though he might, the entire "Collegians" alumni will trek to Hollywood and immediately go to work for Boss MacMurray.

THE AMERICAN WAY

Once upon a time, Hollywood smarted under unjust charges that it was a wicked little village whose citizens ignored the Ten Commandments and merrily broke every man-made law that blocked their road to hell-raising. It took more than a dozen years to convince the public that those accusations were as false as your Uncle Joe's teeth, but the last remnant of scandal was finally washed away. Now, something new and just as ugly has turned up to replace it. That's the charge that many of our top-notch stars are Communists. We don't for a minute believe any of these imputations but, nevertheless, decided to check local registration lists and find out just how the colony's citizens intend to vote in the coming election. We discovered that, as in thousands of American towns, the ballots are to be divided almost equally between the two major parties, with such stars as Myrna Loy, Robert Montgomery, James Cagney, Virginia Bruce, Jimmy Stewart, Melvyn Douglas and Joan Bennett registered as Democrats, and Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Bing Crosby, Jeanette MacDonald and others registered as Republicans. The registration lists turned up other interesting items, too. They revealed that Margaret Sullavan and her husband, Leland Hayward, will vote for opposing candidates, and that Claudette Colbert and Jeanette MacDonald do not wish to be known as actresses. Jeanette lists her occupation as "singer" and Claudette calls herself—a housewife!

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE . . .

What a beautiful woman does the night before she marries is always interesting, but when that beautiful woman is Loretta Young it's practically historic! Anyway, we thought so, and the day after Loretta was wed launched a little investigation of our own to discover how she spent her pre-nuptial eve. The answer may surprise you. It did us, for we learned that instead of burning old love letters or simply retiring early as many a wife-to-be does, Loretta spent the night with a masseuse! Yessir, from sunset to sunup she was beaten, pounded and massaged, and recessed only when her attendant left to pay a brief visit to another client!

HO, HUM

By the way, the above is probably the last item of interest you'll read about the newly-united Tom Lewises. From the gossip-mongers standpoint, their marriage is going to be a stuffy affair, for Loretta has confided to friends that her personal life, like her wedding, will be strictly private. Even movies are going to take a back seat in her theatre of life. From now on, she's going to live wherever her husband's business takes him and will commute between New York and Hollywood if that becomes necessary. During her Hollywood stay, her adopted daughter, Judy, will live with her and Tom, and night-clubbing will be cut to a minimum. And try to make interesting copy out of people like that!

GOOD NEWS



Mischa Auer ribs Franchot Tone about his new moustache at a recent stag party at Ciro's. Tone at first refused to be snapped.

BLAME IT ON AN HEIR-RAID

Jack Benny is growing even more famous for his "thrift" than for his wit. The rumor that he's a skinflint was started by Jack himself as a publicity gag and, while he's always encouraging it, his co-workers are always confirming it. For example, the other day Rochester and his dusky screen girl friend, Theresa Harris, engaged in a little crap game on the set of "Love Thy Neighbor." Rochester didn't know it, but Theresa had brought her own dice and took him for $260. "I'll be Old Black Joe before I earn that much money from Benny," moaned Rochester as he forked over. Bill Morrow, one of Jack's writers, has a squawk too. He's just bought a new toupée which looks so good he's afraid the boss may take it away from him and not even give him one of his old ones to replace it!" However, Jack's economy is pardonable these days. He and Mary Livingstone are expecting a baby and you know what those items cost. Luckily, there'll be no need for a wing to the swank Benny home; it already has a sound-proof nursery.

ACTRESS DISCOVERED—CURVES COVERED

Having decided that Ida Lupino can act, the Warner Brothers have begun to strain their publicity-conscious brains to get that fact across to the public. Practically every morning they announce a new dramatic opus in which Ida is to appear, and practically every evening they announce that the story last mentioned is unworthy of her talents and that their search for a suitable vehicle is to be carried further. We agree that Ida is a wonderful actress, but we wonder if the boys aren't working a bit too hard to prove it. They've actually written a clause into the Lupino contract stating that in all advertising matter about the star they will not emphasize her beauty or otherwise direct the public's attention to her physical features! It's a good idea, but the next time you see an ad boasting about Ida's dramatic strength, look for the eye-filling portrait that's certain to accompany it. Histrionic talent is worthy of exploitation, but the Lupino curves were not born to blush unseen either—and the Warner Brothers know it!

MORE SHORT SHOTS

Ann Sheridan has eaten the same lunch every day for a year. It consists of scrambled eggs, tomatoes, cole slaw and coffee . . . Shirley Temple's folks plan to gift her with a playhouse like Jane Withers' . . . Back home in Johnstown, Pa., they know Hedda Hopper as Elda Furry . . . Mrs. Julie Powell, first wife of William Powell, is in a Hollywood hospital recovering from a serious operation . . . When you ring the chimes for admission to Eddie Cantor's house, they play "We Want Cantor" . . . Oscar, Paramount's famous shoeshine boy, has hired a "stand-in" to conduct his business while he appears in "Dead on Arrival" . . . June Duprez has a husband in England . . . The Charley Grapewins have been married 44 years . . . Gary Cooper's just one long pain in the neck to Barbara Stanwyck. Since they began working together in "Meet John Doe," Barbara's had a continual crick between the ears, caused by looking up at her lanky leading man . . . A new high in economy has been reached by Producer Harry Sherman. He changed the title of "The Round-Up" to "The Roundup," thereby saving one hyphen . . . Marjorie Weaver has a husband in China . . . George Raft loves jelly beans . . . A friend sends him a 20 lb. carton every two weeks . . . There's a young man in Boston who has such an infectious laugh the manager of a local theatre has given him a lifetime pass. The manager hopes he'll come in often and drop a hint to dozing audiences . . . "Gone With The Wind" will go on the air shortly as a half-hour show to be heard on Tuesdays . . . Mrs. Baby Sandy took her daughter to the movies the other afternoon so that the youngster could see herself on the screen for the first time. Sandy recognized everyone in the cast—except Baby Sandy . . . Mary Pickford is considering a return to the celluloid . . . Mickey Rooney is a Christian Scientist . . . Lana Turner's flashing a new 65-carat star sapphire. She bought it herself.

MAYBE HE HATES DOUBLE FEATURES

In "Tugboat Annie Sails Again," Warner Brothers introduced a new method of coaxing laughs out of jaded theatre-goers. They tried "plugging" themselves, and had Annie state, in one sequence, that she'd been signed by . . . Warner Brothers! When the picture was shown around town the audience response was terrific. The studio therefore decided to repeat the gag whenever possible and you'll meet it again in "Four Mothers" in a scene in which Priscilla Lane, pleading with Eddie Albert, says "Doctors never quit! Did Ehrlich quit? Did Pasteur quit?" And Eddie answers, "I don't know. I haven't been to the movies lately."

FAMINE IN HOLLYWOOD

If Cary Grant, Errol Flynn, Melvyn Douglas and a half dozen other leading men were to sprout doubles overnight, Hollywood's most serious problem would be solved. The town is just plain man-starved (professionally, not socially) and unless a new crop of masculine talent is uncovered soon the industry's going to find itself in an awful fix. As it is, stories are being rewritten and productions are being postponed because of the shortage of glamour boys. Producers who pray nightly for a carload of personable male actors can't understand why their well-paid jobs must go a-begging, but one talent scout seems to have hit the answer. He claims men are more bashful than women. Women, he tells us, are seldom too shy to confess they consider themselves glamorous and gifted, and it's not difficult to discover them. Men, on the other hand, would rather spend their lives as insurance salesmen or taxicab drivers than admit they think themselves attractive enough to be in the movies—and even if you approach them and tell them they are, they blush and run away!



"I'm not shy," brags Mischa, who has a beard and moustache for his "Spring Parade" role. "Well, okay," says Tone finally.



Auer next proceeds to give Franchot and his madest "brush" an inferiority complex by flaunting his long black beard at him.



In desperation, Tone slunk off to the men's room for a quick shave—returning for further razzing from Agent Pat de Cicco.

CITY SLICKER FINDS A SUCKER

Since the team of Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell has proved itself to be just what the movie fans ordered, 20th Century-Fox is going to bring the pair together again in "Brooklyn Bridge" and, possibly, in a sequel entitled "Tammany Hall." Both "Brooklyn Bridge" and "Tammany Hall" are the brain children of Arthur Caesar, clever young screen writer who received $10,000 for each of his stories. Gloated Caesar as he accepted a check for his second opus: "The Indians sold *all* of Manhattan for $24. Now I'm selling it to Zanuck hunk by hunk—and look at the way he pays me for it!"

SHOOT BEFORE YOU LEAP

"We are not engaged and we have no intention of becoming engaged" was Bill Holden's comment the day after it was announced that he and Brenda Marshall plan to wed as soon as Brenda's divorce becomes final. According to Bill, the announcement was made as the result of a misunderstanding on the part of a local columnist, and he and Brenda will concentrate on their careers and not on each other for the next year or so. That may be true, but it's not stopping Bill from entering Brenda's home loaded with gifts for her five-year-old daughter, Virginia Gaines, and it's not keeping Brenda from driving Bill to the studio every morning in her brand new Buick. And it certainly isn't explaining why both have been seen exercising their trigger fingers in neighborhood shooting galleries—a sure sign of impending marriage if ever we saw one! (*Continued on page 77*)



A DRAMATIC STORY OF FORBIDDEN ROMANCE

Bijou.....MARLENE DIETRICH
Lt. Dan Brent.....JOHN WAYNE
Sasha.....MISCHA AUER
Little Ned....BRODERICK CRAWFORD
Antro.....OSCAR HOMOLKA
Dr. Martin.....ALBERT DEKKER
Dorothy Henderson.....ANNA LEE
Governor Henderson.SAMUEL S. HINDS
Tony.....BILLY GILBERT
Commander Church..REGINALD DENNY

Adapted from the UNIVERSAL Film—JOE PASTERNAK, producer—TAY GARNETT, director—TED KENT, assistant director—CHARLES PREVIN, musical director—Screen play by JOHN MEEHAN—Based on the original story by HARRY TUGEND, LADISLAS FODOR and LASZIO VADNAI.

There were two opinions about Bijou in the East Indies. The governors of twenty different islands, who had deported her for "exciting and inciting a riot and being a public nuisance," were unanimous in the belief that Bijou was a good-looking bit of human backwash which had somehow retained the element of dynamite but not the element of good. In fact they thought she was pretty bad. The sailors of the Dutch, French and English navies, whose ships had anchored in various harbors occupied by Bijou, disagreed with the governors. To a man, they were for her. She had never been known to fail the navy—any navy. Her sympathies, so to speak, were international. But even aside from that, the sailors considered her a very good egg.

It is true that there was a third opinion, but it was really a combination of the other two. It came from the somewhat doubtful characters who owned the cafés in which she entertained. From their viewpoint, Bijou had the best legs in the East Indies, a personality that drew cash customers like a magnet, and a murmuring, singing, whispering voice that seeped through your pores and into your blood like wine—or maybe poison. But she also had sudden fits of discrimination that, as the governors said, incited riots—the kind of riots that broke up their cafés so that not a table could be recognized and not a license retained. The café proprietors liked Bijou but they were scared to death to have her in the place. The situation in Borneo was an example. For years no one on the island had really understood the old-time reference to "the wild man of Borneo" until Bijou landed there. After that the word *man* became men.

Things began to sizzle. Then one foggy four A. M. even



"A spot of cognac?" asked the doctor. Bijou got her voice back. "Nope. I tried that," she said, "but I decided it's better to *know* what you're doing—even if it's wrong."



Dorothy and the doctor looked down at the lower deck where Bijou, with her two ragged knights, Sasha and Little Ned, by her side, was singing in her low, husky voice.

FICTIONIZED BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

some sleepy oxen, hitched to early-morning market carts in the street, raised their heads and wondered at the noise coming from the joint known as "The Blue Devil." Three Dutch officers arrived to scatter the combatants. Rubio, the proprietor, and a few civilian customers peeked hesitantly up from behind the bar and some half-drunken sailors muttered as they put their blouses back on. But a broad-shouldered six-footer called Little Ned refused to be interrupted as he slugged a big Russian, picked him up and slugged him again.

"I'll show you she's a lady!" he growled and got in another blow before the officers reached him.

The chief officer was in no doubt as to the cause of the trouble. "I warned you a month ago about that girl," he said to the café owner.

Rubio found Bijou in her dressing-room. "You did not make the riot," he mourned, "but they don't believe it."

"Sure, I know," said Bijou wearily when he told her she was to appear before the Chief Magistrate in the morning. "Again it's 'Get off my island.' Say! With sailors just in from the sea, *and* a mob of men from the jungle, what do they expect me to do—sing 'Rock-a-bye baby?' "

He gave her a fistful of money. Bijou banked it in her stocking and sent her Malayan maid home to pack. When you've had the same verdict twenty times, you learn to get ready for it. Not that it dampened Bijou's spirit. When Rubio said, "You are wonderful!" she gave him a smile, put him out of the room and went to sleep.

The District officer was in a bad mood the next morning. He had already automatically issued deportation orders to a long line of island riff-raff, including Little Ned and one Sasha-Menken who, though listed as a pickpocket, sneak-thief and general vagrant, had claimed to be a magician and had demonstrated his ability by taking the officer's watch, putting it into a pitcher of water and turning it into goldfish. The trick did not improve the magistrate's mood. By the time Bijou had been disengaged from a crowd of Dutch sailors at the door of the court-room and brought before him, he was in a state of fury.

"Hello, Curly," Bijou greeted.

"You are accused—" he began, trying to control himself.

"Of inciting and exciting a riot—and being a public nuisance," chanted Bijou cheerily. "I make rough seas, set the jungle on fire—a ba-a-a-ad influence. So I am to be—" She picked up his official stamp, ready to use it. He took it away from her.

He tried to preach a little and got the worst of it. She remembered him in moments when he had not preached. Finally, he managed to write "to be deported" on her case papers.

"Don't be sorry for me, Curly," she flung back as she left the court. "The next island will be wonderful—Bijou will sing again—and the café will be full." She started to leave. "And may an angel take my place here. It will serve you right!"

That's how Bijou happened to leave Borneo and head for her twenty-first island. Sasha and Little Ned went with her. They became at once her satellites and her bodyguard.

Before deportees from one island are allowed to land on another, they must have a medical examination and present a clean bill of health. So the S.S. Malacca carried Dr. Frank Martin as a permanent passenger. He seemed a strange man for this sort of job on a South Sea freighter.



Bijou drifted into the smoky billiard room of the Seven Sinners Café. The men flocked around her and dragged her into their game, shouting with joy that she was back again.



Bijou's gratitude was a bit elaborate and she looked into Dan's eyes a little longer than was necessary. He leaned closer and so did she. It was just a game, she knew.



Dorothy congratulated Dan on the entertainment, but he knew there was venom in every light comment.



Bijou had never looked more beautiful, and Dan was in a semi-daze as the dancing began once more.



"Make her leave at once," barked Church. Dan saluted, although he'd rather have struck him.



Anger went through Little Ned. "What are you trying to make out of Dan, Bijou—somp'n like me?"

It wasn't just that you suspected he had seen better days, but that you felt he should still be enjoying them. His calm intelligent face, his dry cynical manner were out of tune with his surroundings and his job on the Malacca.

Bijou and Little Ned and Sasha were the only white people in the smelly, chattering crowd of shabby natives that milled outside his door, waiting their turns. Some were Chinese. Some were mahogany-colored. They represented every degree of the cut-throat, the poverty-stricken and the floating fool. Dr. Martin, with a stethoscope around his neck and a reflector on his forehead, ticked them off one by one. When Sasha tried his tricks, the doctor was not amused. He sent him out to deposit the coat filled with magician's junk elsewhere before he'd bother with him. He passed Little Ned quickly enough. He didn't even look up as Bijou came in.

"Strip to the waist." He muttered the usual formula, studying some papers. He raised his eyes just as she was angrily yanking up her dress. "Put that down!" he yelled. It didn't seem like the start of a perfect friendship.

Bijou baited him in every way she knew how as the examination went on. "Do you examine the goats that are down in the hold, too? Is that why you get like this?" she demanded. A little later she sniffed, "Isn't it a bit early in the morning for cognac?"

"It's a bit soon for impertinence," snapped Dr. Martin.

"Just human junk to you, aren't we?" she observed. "Your small two-franc jobs feel big when you can bully somebody!"

He got out his predecessor's record book and found a series of notations on Bijou. They read, "Deported. Health A-1." "Deported. Health A-1." "Deported. Health A-1." All three of them.

"You ought to be used to this by now," he answered.

Bijou exploded. "For little men to be gods because they can kick me about?—Never!" She spat her contempt. "Your job is for old men or cowards who run away from everything to hide—easy and lazy!"

Suddenly Dr. Martin looked straight at her soberly. "You're right," he said. "You were paying me off for every beating you've had, but you're damned right. Will you accept my apology?"

It was unexpected. Bijou had been keyed up to insults but not to kindness. Her eyes filled. The doctor knew what she'd been through. "How about a spot of cognac yourself?" he suggested. When Bijou managed to smile and shake her head, he asked, "Too early?" She shook it again, and he inquired, "Don't you use any?"

Bijou got her voice back. "Nope, I tried that," she said, "and when I try, I try hard. But after a while, I decided it's better to *know* what you're doing—even if it's wrong."

And so they got acquainted and they liked each other.

"Health A-1?" asked Bijou as she left the office.

"Health A-1," he laughed.

The next time he saw her it was evening and he was standing on the top deck with Dorothy Henderson. Dorothy was on her way to join her father, the new resident governor of Boni Komba, a small island under the United States' protection. Music was coming from the boat's lower deck where the steerage passengers were herded. Dorothy and the doctor looked down over the rail. A sleek Oriental played a concertina. Bijou, with her two ragged knights, Sasha and Little Ned, at her side, was singing in a low, husky voice, "I've Been in Love Before." She gave the words a sardonic twist. Dorothy called out enthusiastically for more and tossed down a coin. Bijou looked up. She recognized her as the girl who had come to the boat in Borneo with the governor, that man who had had her deported and who had now joined the other governors on her hate-list. The coin infuriated her. When Sasha grabbed it, she made him perform. Then she made Little Ned show how strong he was. But she did not sing.

Dorothy Henderson was unhappy. "I didn't mean to hurt her feelings," she said.

The next day, Dr. Martin looked up Bijou to deliver Dorothy's apology. He found her bent over a map, penciling circle around the places where she couldn't land. "I'm running out of islands," she told him, then asked, "Who is that sweet young thing above?"

He explained.

"A new governor on Boni Komba?" gasped Bijou ecstatically, rubbing out one of the circles on the map. "Hello, Seven Sinners—here comes Bijou!" Would she forgive Dorothy, whose father was a new governor who had never deported her? She would! "Give the sweet young thing a big kiss!" cried Bijou. "And you come to Tony's Seven Sinners Café and I will sing to you!"

That night, at Dr. Martin's invitation, she had supper with him in his cabin. It was a different Bijou from the sultry, rebellious person who had taunted him the day before. This Bijou was gay, companionable and peaceful. While he drank brandy, she drank grape-juice. It amused him. They told each other the stories of their lives. Neither had had such a bad start; (*Continued on page 71*)

WINNING FASHIONS FOR BRIGHT BUDGETEERS



High score for you for su
in this polar-bear-war
reversible tuft coat. Re
plaid wool lining and matc
ing skirt. $29.98. Arno
Constable & Co., New Yor



HOLLYWOOD



KANSAS CITY



HICAGO



NEW YORK

4 TO WRITE HOME ABOUT

This month we're putting on our Cap of Adventure and bird's-eye-viewing our favorite fashion finds from the Pacific to the Atlantic. We call it our Fall Fashion Tour and, believe me, we think of it as a very real trip . . . so real that we like to imagine that all of you have reserved seats on our fashion bus and are traveling 'cross-country with us.

Reporting En Route:

In Hollywood, we find Brenda Marshall saluting Autumn in a smart-as-punch Freshy Sportswear jersey with close neck, sport sleeves and full skirt. Sizes 10-18, in 9 grand colors. $7.95. Broadway Hollywood, Cal.

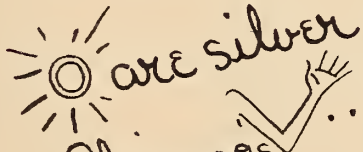
Stopping in Kansas City for a breath of fresh Western air, we spy a Nelly Don darling of Sag-No-Mor jersey, excitingly new thanks to its square neck, high square pockets. $7.95. Emery, Bird, Thayer, Kansas City, Mo.

In Chicago, the home of Ann Foster, the news is a four-pocketed Sheer Cord corduroy with major-domo buttons of brass and a slip-under-tabs pig-grained belt. Convertible collar. $7.95. Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago.

Landing in New York, it's an Audrey Jane coat that strikes our fancy, in green and salmon tweed, princess style, with the plaid cut and matched to accentuate the natural lines of the figure. $19.95. James McCreery, N. Y.

Big Town, N.Y.
Fall, '40

Dear Mom—

Brenda Marshall's  pockets are somep'n, —a good 7 in. deep(!) and the cute buttons are silver rimmed. Note  on Miss Chicago's  ...it's a Balmacaan—zipped-in lining. Like that bag by the bus stop? Remember to answer! It's calf very neat with sorta up'n'down column design! I think I'll blow me to the velveteen beanie  and matching  ALSO I have my on a "chunky" Judy Garland  for Sis. Much fun...much excitement...more later.

Love Mabel



P.S. Me in my Tummy Tuft reversed—



MY STYLE SCENE



FASHION'S BOAST FROM COAST

California, here we go in a pocketful two-piece of Chinese Cashmere! Separate blouse. All for $16.74 at R. H. Macy, New York.

All bets on this one-piece favorite of rayon crepe with tucked bodice, multi-gored skirt. $12.95. Franklin Simon, New York.

Isn't this a lovely way to be caught in the rain? Coat $5.95 at McCreery. Gaytees Overboots. $2.98. Bloomingdale's, New York.

On schedule! Three bright flannels make one heap smart suit. Jerkin $4.50; Coat $7.95; Skirt $5.95. B. Altman, New York.



TO COAST

ETTA GAYNES loves girls, loves to design young, alert, important coats for them. This kick-off red tweed with velveteen collar proves all that; proves too, that a warm winter coat need not be expensive. $29.75. Available at Bonwit Teller, New York City.

Primpin' at the Nation's Capital in a slim-lined, shirred-front velvet. Definitely dress-up! $14.95 at McCreery's, New York.

An entrancing dancing dress and so-so-short jacket. Shirred bra-top dress, twirling gored skirt. $14.95. Arnold Constable, New York.

For the stores nearest you carrying your favorite MODERN SCREEN fashions write Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.















PROP SHOP



PRETTY PENNY says no matter what date Thanksgiving, you've always something to be grateful for when you find extra special "props" like these



Step-Outs

Fall-ward march in these two indispensables. A suede sportster with calf platform 'n' lacings, soft as a glove—and for your taller moments, a spectator pump of calf-trimmed suede. $5.98 each. Sold at Ansonia, New York.

Adornables

What's your choice—a pirate chief, a Bagdad Thief, an autumn leaf? All are tops in jewelry fashions. Antiqued gilt or silvered group. Bracelets $2. Necklace $2. Leaf and dagger pin $1. Available at Arnold Constable, New York.



Do-Re-Mi

Sing a song of sizes with Do for small, Re for average and Mi for full figures. You'll love this glamour-bra scientifically proportioned by Adola. In tearose and white broadcloth and only 59c. Saks 34th Street, New York.





Band-Ohs

Dangerous curves ahead! Adola's captivating bra-beauty is designed to taper your torso and "oomphasize" your figure 'neath new fall fashions. In satin and broadcloth; tearose and white. 59c. Saks 34th, New York.



Beau Bag

Appropriately named "Leading Lady" and is there one who wouldn't crave it! Fashioned of Camel-suede, this roomy prize comes in black, brown, wine or green, and is only $1. Ellanbee, Inc., 17 E. 22nd St., New York.

Fan-Fair

Yankee Hankies all, and worthy of some old-fashioned hoorahing! American Beauty Rose on voile is designed for skip-a-beat daintiness. The Stars and Stripes on linen for sturdier patriotic moments. 25c ea. at Gimbel's, N. Y.




MRS. VINCENT ASTOR


MRS. PHILIP HARDING (ALICE ASTOR)


MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

AMERICAN TRADITION of Beauty

Before the pearly freshness of the American girl's face, came an enduring tradition of fastidious care of her person.

Cultivate your skin's smooth enchantment gladly, frankly, without falter. Give your face at least once daily the authoritative Pond's ritual, based on the structure and behavior of the skin. Its users are among the fresh-skinned, *soignée* daughters of America's foremost families.

BATHE your face in an abundance of luscious Pond's Cold Cream—spreading it all over with creamy-soft slapping fingers. Slap for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes. This cream has 2 actions. One, cleansing. The other, softening. It achieves these effects by *mixing* with the dead surface cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin.

WIPE OFF with bland and persuasive Pond's Tissues—and you've wiped off the softened debris, helped remove some of the softened tops of blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

FLOOD and SLAP a second time with releasing Pond's Cold Cream. This slapping increases both the cleansing and the softening. As dirt is released, wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. Pores seem finer. In the softened skin, lines are less apparent.

LUXURIATE now in the cooling astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener, splashed on with a pad of cotton dripping with it. Then

COAT your whole face with the final blessedness of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Here is a cream whose specific function is to disperse harsh skin particles, little chappings caused by exposure, and leave your skin delightfully smoothed. Wipe off the excess after one full minute. Observe that this cream has laid down a perceptible mat finish. Your rich reward is your skin's satin touch—its flattering reception of and faithful hold on powder.

This, in full, always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily ritual—aid to a fresh, flower-soft skin. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's!

GIVE-AWAY **for the thrifty minded—Frankly to lure you to our larger cream jars, which are actually a better buy, we are handing you FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of our equally authoritative hand lotion, DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-large Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of the cream! At beauty counters everywhere.**

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WOMAN-SKIN

owes its witchery to that tender *look* and *feel*, so different from a man's. And women through the ages intuitively have tended and coveted this treasured birthright of theirs, this delicacy of skin which lovers and poets have ever likened to the delicate face of a flower.



MRS. VINCENT ASTOR.... MRS. PHILIP HARDING (THE FORMER ALICE ASTOR).... MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.... present leaders of the family which has dominated American society for generations, have for years observed the Pond's ritual... MRS. VINCENT ASTOR devotes much time to the cause of music, especially the Musicians' Emergency Fund

. . . new fashion color



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PRESENTS
RUBY RED
. . . new matched make up

You'll look lovely in Irresistible's new sensational lipstick . . . for "Ruby Red" is a rich, ripe red . . . the season's liveliest, most flattering color. Blends brilliantly with all the fashionable new clothes colors. Applies smoothly and stays on stubbornly for hours because of the secret new Whip-Text process. Get Irresistible "Ruby Red" Lipstick today, with matching Rouge and Face Powder, and know the superb flattery of a complete Irresistible make-up.

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LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



10¢
AT ALL
5 & 10 CENT
STORES

Good Housekeeping Bureau

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

THEY'RE NOT ALL PERFECT

(Continued from page 39)

looks almost hooked from certain camera angles. This has always been a problem, and she has even, on occasion, considered an operation. Merle's complexion is far from the skin you love to touch. But make-up, of course, takes care of the blemishes.

Operating on noses, come to think of it, is not so unusual. Carole Landis had a bump taken out of her nose before going into "Turnabout." And there have been any number of others.

The bald-headed gentry of Hollywood are, of course, legion. Charles Boyer is probably the most famous of all, with Bing Crosby a close second.

Warner Baxter is an exception among the men, as a matter of fact. He's one of the few who wears his own hair, and is, oh, so proud of it.

There's a good story they tell about the gentlemen of the toupée. While making "When the Daltons Rode" at Universal, Brian Donlevy was called to the set. He looked frantically all over his dressing-room for his favorite hair piece, but couldn't find it. Finally he gave up in despair and went out to the set to tell George Marshall, the director, about his trouble. Everyone there, including Stuart Erwin, Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine reached into their pockets and produced hairy mats of their own.

"This yours, Brian?" they chorused.

And while on the subject of embarrassing gadgets, why slight Preston Foster? He wears—of all things—a corset under those smoothly fitted clothes. It seems those week-end fishing trips for yellow-tail off Santa Catalina haven't helped his figure any.

HANDS are frequently a problem in films. Ronald Colman posed for a still picture at RKO not long ago, and his hands were so badly lined the retoucher had to eliminate two fingers from the picture.

Roz Russell is one of the girls whose hands always have to be retouched. As a matter of fact, very few actresses have hands that they can use in close-ups. Other hands are almost always cut in.

In the new Frank Capra picture, "Meet John Doe," you will see Barbara Stanwyck doing a lot of typing. Well, it's supposed to be against the rules to tell the general public the inside secrets of picture making, but we'll risk it just this once. Actually, Barbara does none of the typing. A stenographer with lovely hands does it, and Barbara sits on the girl's lap for these scenes. After you see the picture you will probably call us a fibber, for you can't tell that Barbara is using someone else's hands. But it's the truth, nevertheless.

Kay Francis presents a different kind of a problem to studios. It's the sound engineer who worries when she comes on the set. She's never managed to conquer her lisp and still pronounces r's like w's.

Don Ameche has an abnormally long neck. You've probably noticed the extra wide collars he always wears. They've become a trade-mark, sticking up as they do almost two inches above his suit coats. Just another case of individuality triumphing over a pronounced defect.

Nelson Eddy has very weak eyes. The strong klieg lights hurt him so much that his doctor permits him to work under them only a few minutes at a time.

Leslie Howard and Joan Bennett are others who have eye trouble. Leslie is so near-sighted that he actually runs into things on the set when he is in a scene which does not permit the wearing of glasses.

Joan, too, can't see across the table without her specs. Incidentally, this works out as a boon sometimes when Joan wants to walk down the street without being noticed by too many fans. She must wear the glasses, and most fans, of course, don't recognize their lovely Joan that way.

Brenda Joyce is in this category, too. After each scene, on come the glasses for reading or knitting.

Lionel Barrymore had a rather amusing idiosyncrasy for a long time. He went through a period of falling asleep at the slightest provocation. Several times he dozed off while he was in the middle of a scene, and once he actually fell asleep while Gregory Ratoff, the director, was talking to him.

INCIDENTALLY, Ratoff, the volatile Russian, has a peculiarity all his own. He gets so excited while working, whips himself into such a frenzy, that he perspires at an astonishing rate. He has to change his shirt every half hour or so. His laundry bill was something to look and marvel at when he was trying to out-act John Barrymore in "The Great Profile."

Dorothy Comingore, whom you will meet in the lead of Orson Welles' first film, "Citizen Kane," and who used to be known as Linda Winters, has wondered for a long time why she's had such a difficult time getting parts. Well, the answer is her very crooked teeth, noticeable especially when she laughs. Almost all female screen stars, of course, have to have their teeth straightened or worked on. Loretta Young still wears braces—when no one's watching.

You all know Mickey Rooney's trouble. He's so short that Metro is having increasingly violent headaches finding leading ladies for him. He needs older girls, but the older ones tower over him.

Well, Mickey can take comfort from the fact that he's not the only shorty in the business. George Raft also has the heels of his shoes built up to give him height, because he is a surprisingly little guy. Likewise Eddie Robinson and John Garfield.

And it will probably shock some of you to learn that many girls in films have to be built up in front. Hedy Lamarr, for example, is very thin and has practically no curves. Loretta Young is another slim gal. All her evening gowns are padded in the proper places and camera angles have to be well planned to properly shadow the bones of her neck.

On the other hand, Martha Raye, of course, has an over-ample bosom. And Universal has been worrying and fussing for the past two years because trying to keep Deanna Durbin girlish looking becomes increasingly difficult. The most artfully contrived bolero dresses cannot conceal the fact that she's maturing.

And while we're on this subject, we come quite naturally to Bob Cummings, whom you probably will never see shirtless. He is supposed to be such a terrific he-man, and he really is a regular guy, but—there isn't one single solitary wisp of hair on that barrel chest of his.

A Perfect Wife . . . *until 6 P.M.*



BUT HER MARRIAGE WAS MARRED BY *"One Neglect"* FEW HUSBANDS CAN FORGIVE

"Lysol" could have helped . . . Romance is all bound up with feminine daintiness. Even the most loving husband may find it difficult to forget—or forgive—a wife's carelessness, or ignorance, about intimate personal cleanliness. That's why so many women use "Lysol" regularly.

Mary was *such* a perfect home-maker and mother. When her marriage with John ended, people called him a brute. They never knew John's side of the story. Be sure that Mary's heartbreak does not become yours. Do YOU use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?

Thousands of women, for almost 3 generations, have used "Lysol" disinfectant for feminine hygiene. Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose, for 6 reasons:

1. Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness . . .** "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). **3. Spreading . . .** "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy . . .** "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor . . .** The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability . . .** "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

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What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Dept. MS-411, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "War Against Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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I Love...



the loveliest thing in make-up

Chiffon

I love the quality of this exquisite new Chiffon Lipstick. Flesh-smooth new texture for softer contours. Costlier new perfume that whispers love in every kiss. Stop at your five-and-ten for one of these alluring *new* shades. Your choice, only 10¢.



Chiffon Red, Raspberry, Medium, True Red

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢

I love the excellence of this marvelous cream—so new, so different. It's the only cream you need for cleansing, to help clarify and soften the skin, and as a perfect foundation.



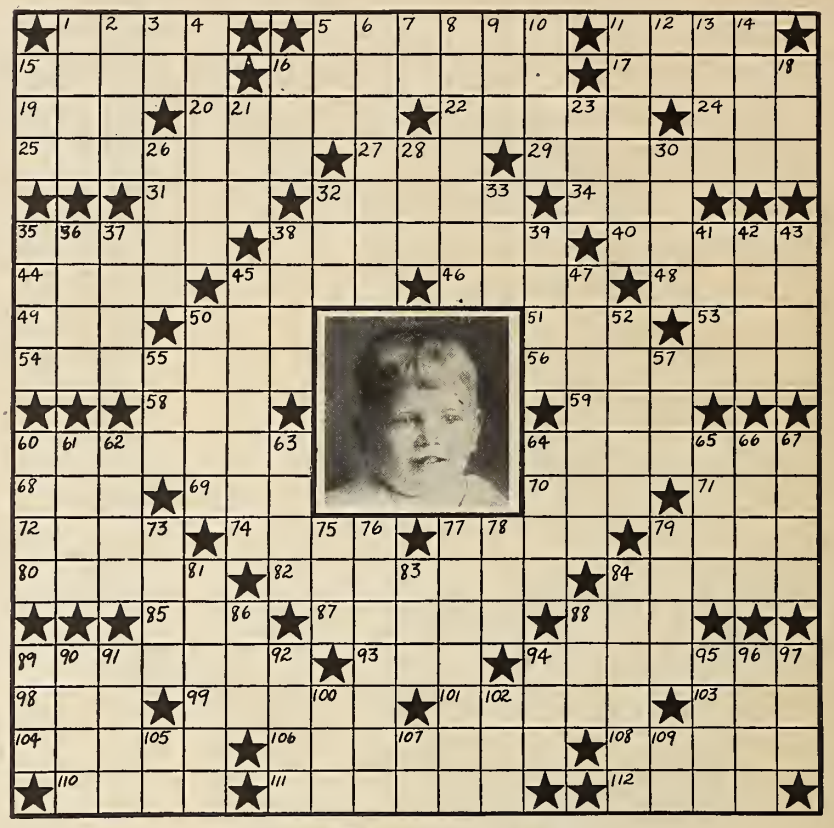
Chiffon Powder 10¢

I love this perfect face powder of finer, longer-clinging texture—shine-proof—cake-proof—in seven high fashion shades:



Rachel, Natural, Dark Tan, Beige, Brunette, Rose Petal, Rose Beige

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 71

ACROSS

1. & 5. The star of this puzzle
11. Boy actor from India
15. "Wells - - - - -"
16. Nurse in "North West Mounted Police"
17. "Woman - - - - - s Man"
19. Heroine of "Wagons Westward"
20. Director Van Dyke's nickname
22. Wife of Norman Foster
24. - - - Blue
25. Heroine of "The Man I Married"
27. What Buster Keaton throws so well
29. He's in "Foreign Correspondent"
31. B - - - Lugosi
32. Top-notch film players
34. Our English star's favorite drink
35. He's in "Rhythm On The River"
38. Holden's mother in "Our Town"
40. Veteran actor in "Sporting Blood"
44. Walter - - - -
45. Soapstone
46. Oceans
48. English school
49. "- - - Jungle Love"
50. Through
51. Robert - - - w
53. Orchestra leader
54. Star of "No Time For Comedy"
56. What Western stars fight with
58. Atmosphere
59. Ginger Rogers' studio
60. Star of "Victory"
64. A famous director
68. Endeavor
69. Kay Ky - - -
70. Color of Jeanette's hair
71. Wife of our star
72. Move
74. Hero of "They Drive By Night"
77. Gloria Jean's sis in "Little Bit Of Heaven"
79. She will star in "Back Street"
80. One of the "Dead End" kids
82. Sea nymph
84. Very popular young lady
85. A theatre sign
87. Popular juvenile actor
88. Period of time
89. Girl in "Foreign Correspondent"
93. "- - - and In The Sky"
94. Girl's name
98. Past
99. Gourd
101. - - - - - a Duff
103. Fuss
104. Star of "The Letter"
106. Actor in "The Westerner"
108. Male lead of "Pier 13"
110. Require
111. Gratify
112. Politician in "The Great McGinty"

DOWN

1. Shirley's successor at 20th Century-Fox
2. Jackie M - - - -
3. For example: abbr.
4. Movietone News commentator
5. Angry
6. Mystical
7. Ambassador in "The Sea Hawk": init.
8. Beverly - - - - - - -
9. Measure of length
10. Exclamation of sorrow
11. What films are made up of
12. Word of triumph
13. Oliver Hardy's nickname
14. Employer
15. Watch chain
16. Bed
18. Life in the abstract
21. "The Man From Dak - - -"
23. Dumb guy in "Phantom Raiders"
26. Actor Hamilton's first name
28. He was great in "Strange Cargo"
30. "It's A - - - -"
32. Salt
33. Visualize
35. Exclamations of disgust
36. Aid
37. Withered
38. What friends call Herbert Marshall
39. Grate
41. Father in "Seventeen"
42. Famed English actor and playwright
43. Concludes
45. Kind of dog
47. Star of "Young People"
50. Couples
52. Inquired
55. Lump
57. Boy's name
60. Fret: Scotch
61. Feminine lead in "Golden Fleecing"
62. Great silent day actor
63. To crowd in
64. One of "Too Many Husbands"
65. Object of worship
66. Rising M-G-M actor
67. Newcomer in "Return Of Frank James"
73. Girl's name
75. Supplied with food
76. Instructor
77. Co-star of "Strike Up The Band"
78. A Basil Rathbone film
79. Star of "Arizona"
81. Put in working condition
83. 71-across' title in private life
84. Girl in "South Of Pago Pago"
86. Mickey's box-office rank
88. Sea eagle
89. Lahoratory: abbr.
90. "Espionage - - - - t"
91. Mere repetition
92. Where Napoleon was imprisoned
94. Movie admirer
95. Our star's birthstate: - - - - fornia
96. Kind of cheese
97. Offspring
100. Actor in "My Love Came Back"
102. Curvacious star
105. "Wa - - rloo Bridge"
107. "U - - on Pacific"
109. All correct: colloq. abbr.

YOU CAN'T CHANGE A RED-HEADED WOMAN

(*Continued from page 31*)

doing here, Miss MacDonald? I thought you had left." Jeanette was so mortified she could have wept. But she didn't; she laughed. She wasn't mad at anyone—except herself.

Today Jeanette gets along with her co-workers like peaches and cream. The only person she really rips up and down occasionally is—Jeanette MacDonald. For instance, not long ago, she was recording a song number at the studio. Recording rooms are barren places, furnished mainly with microphones and dozens of spindly chairs. Jeanette always records perched upon a tall stool, wearing glasses and looking very glamourless and business-like. This particular morning she was having difficulty remembering the words to the song. She recorded it five or six times more than usual, and at last her director, Woody Van Dyke, said, "Okay." But Jeanette still wasn't satisfied.

"Just once more?" she asked, and Woody nodded.

AGAIN Jeanette muffed the tricky words. Bang went her foot against a chair! Boom! Bang! Sock! As everybody ran for cover, the spindly chairs flew around the room like ten pins. "Lunch!" called Van Dyke, running out of Jeanette's way.

When she returned from lunch, cooled down and penitent, Jeanette reached for a chair to sit on. It wouldn't move. Van Dyke had had them all nailed down during the noon hour! Jeanette loves to tell that one on herself.

Woody Van Dyke is perhaps Jeanette's best pal at M-G-M, along with director Robert Z. Leonard, whom she calls "Pop," and Herbert Stothart, her musical director. Besides being one of the fastest and best directors in town, Woody is a colorful, debonair guy who loves nothing so much as a good gag. But he's also a strict disciplinarian on the set. Once, when Lupe Velez defied him, he turned her over his knee, gave her a good spanking and then walked off her set. When he made "Naughty Marietta" he tangled with Jeanette, too, but not as strenuously.

Van Dyke is a stickler for punctuality and, if Jeanette MacDonald has any studio fault, it's a tendency to dilly-dally in her dressing-room, primping or telephoning. She did this one fine day and got herself roundly bawled out by Woody.

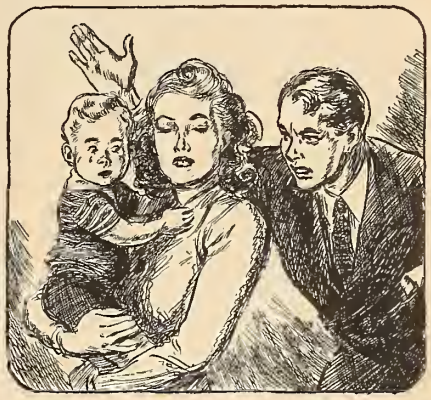
The next morning, promptly at nine, as Van Dyke lined up his first scene, four sturdy prop men trudged in bearing on handles a strange contraption looking like a sedan chair. It wasn't. It was a dog-house Jeanette had bribed studio carpenters to build during the night. Out the door poked Jeanette's contrite face, and in her hand, extended toward Woody Van Dyke was a big, red apple!

Unlike most red-heads, Jeanette's tolerant enough with others to be perpetually imposed on. She proved that during her last concert tour when she went about the country breaking attendance records which had stood for years. Wherever she went, worshipping crowds ganged up on her. One youth even banged on her hotel door when she was sleeping and handed her the "Don't Disturb" sign to autograph. Jeanette grinned sleepily and obliged. At another city she arrived one dawn to find the railroad station gates jammed with fans to meet her. Her manager had a car inside ready to whisk her away, but Jeanette vetoed

"You're turning my own child against me!"



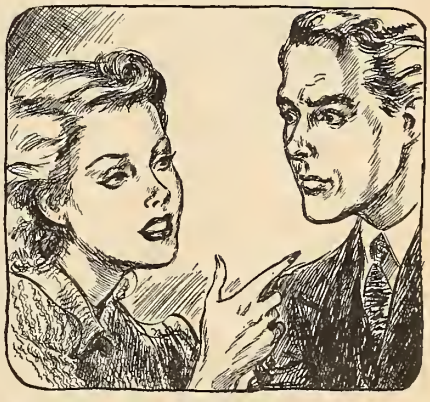
1. Johnny needed that spanking, *I* thought. Mary didn't agree. She took him in her arms and *protected* him from *me*. Johnny clung to her—the look in his eyes made me feel like a brute. "I hate you! I hate you!" he sobbed.



2. Those words stung! Johnny is the apple of my eye, and I want him to think I'm pretty swell, too. "You're turning that child against me," I stormed. "I don't enjoy spanking him. But he's got to learn he can't act up every time he has to take a laxative."



3. "But he's only a child," Mary pleaded, "and that awful-tasting stuff terrifies him. I told the doctor about these scenes today. He says it's bad to force a child to take a bad-tasting medicine. It's apt to shock his entire nervous system."



4. "According to the doctor, children should get a laxative that tastes good—one they take *willingly!* But NOT an adult laxative. A child's system is delicate, after all—and needs a special laxative. The doctor recommends Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "He says it tastes good—and it's designed for children *and only* children. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. It's gentle and thorough—contains no harsh drugs. And above all else, Fletcher's Castoria is SAFE!"

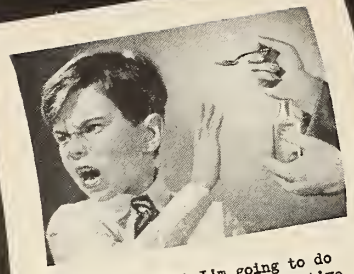


6. Well, I was off in a jiffy for a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria. And it's turned out to be all the doctor said. But more than that—Johnny's my boy again. No more tantrums when he needs a laxative. He comes a running to his dad for Fletcher's Castoria!

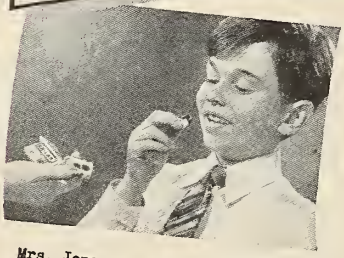
Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

Mrs. B--- Solves a Tough Problem



Don't know what I'm going to do with Jimmy! He needs a laxative badly, but he yells when I try to give him one.



Mrs. Jones, next door, suggested Ex-Lax for Jimmy. Gave him some tonight and he loved it. Said it tasted just like swell chocolate!



Jimmy's like a new boy today! Ex-Lax worked fine for him and he wasn't upset the way he usually is after taking a laxative. Wonderful - that Ex-Lax!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



the idea. "If they can get up this early to see me," she argued, "heavens knows I want to see them." She never gets peeved when other people take up her time.

For months her husband, Gene Raymond, has been trying to teach Jeanette not to tear up her pari-mutuel tickets at the horse races. It's no use. Jeanette is Scotch, too; she never places more than a two-dollar bet. But as soon as the pony doesn't rush a mile out in front, she rips her bet receipts to shreds.

One afternoon, at Hollywood Park, Jeanette played a bangtail across the board and, in spite of Gene's last minute remonstrations, started mutilating the ticket before the horses came down the stretch. Her horse won, too, and Jeanette spent the next half hour gathering up tatters and pasting them together with flour and water which a very startled clubhouse waiter brought to her.

One standing joke among Jeanette's close friends concerns a preview she attended in Hollywood. The picture was one with a trick beginning. First came some scenery. Jeanette stood a few feet of it, then she nervously asked, "But where's the title?" Just then the title flashed on the screen. A few more feet had Jeanette jittery. "But," she said aloud, "where are the cast credits?" No sooner had she spoken than the cast credits came on. A few more scenes ran off. Jeanette couldn't stand it. "I thought this was a Walter Wanger production!" she stage-whispered, just as "Produced by Walter Wanger" ran across the screen. By that time the whole front row was in stitches—and laughing loudest at herself was Jeanette.

There is only one time on record when Jeanette's impatience turned away from herself to someone else. But that can be chalked up to Cupid—and they do say all's fair in love and war. The object of Jeanette's dark thoughts, of course, was her present lord and master, Gene Raymond. It was during their engagement, a particularly trying period anyway.

THEY'D gone up to Yosemite Valley in the winter with a group of friends. Gene's an excellent skier; Jeanette's not. One morning, he set out bright and early and Jeanette sat and twiddled her thumbs—for ever and ever it seemed to her. When night fell, and no Gene, she became concerned. She was just about to institute a search when she saw him step hale and hearty from his car. In a huff, she went to her room, packed up, left a dramatic note and drove home to Hollywood, arriving at four in the morning, stewing like a prune.

Gene arrived the next morning, thinking it was all a gag, but he soon discovered differently. Jeanette fled on south to Palm Springs with a friend. But first the friend had a phone chat with Mr. Raymond.

Well, at a little town called Azusa in the San Gabriel Valley, Jeanette's car was forced to the curb rather violently, and a breezy young man hopped out and started giving her a mile-a-minute sales talk on a well-known brand of tooth powder which he brandished in her startled face. After that, he reached in the car, grabbed her, plopped her down in his car and roared back to Hollywood—a plain case of kidnapping if there ever was one. But he got away with it.

Today, Jeanette wears on her charm bracelet a gold replica of the little traffic tower in that small town, and whenever either Mr. or Mrs. Raymond feels an argument coming on one says "Azusa!" and the other says "Azusa!"—and they both start laughing.

Despite her experience on Broadway and ten years in Hollywood, the Philadelphia influence is still very strong in Jeanette. She's a conservative person who likes things done according to tradition. Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter and all holidays are important in her life, and she even keeps a trim little book with all the birthdays and anniversaries of her friends. She sends engraved invitations to her large parties, and, of course, everyone remembers Jeanette's elaborate church wedding to Gene—complete with ushers, bridesmaids, rice and everything. That's the kind of wedding Jeanette had always dreamed about, back in Philadelphia as a girl. No airplane hops to Yuma or Las Vegas for her!

IN some ways, Jeanette and Gene have pretty divergent likes, but they don't let that bother them. Jeanette loves to garden, while to Gene, chasing down slugs and sow bugs and philandering with *philodendra* is the acme of nothing to do. He plays golf instead. Gene likes to fly and sail, too. Either activity makes Jeanette turn green around the gills. What they differ on, they do separately; what they both like, they do together—it's as simple as that. They share a love for horses and dogs, for instance, as their steeds, Black Knight and White Lady, and the woofers around Twin Gables, Sunny Day (a Bedlington), Stormy Weather (a Skye terrier), and Saint Nick (a Newfoundland), Trey and Mike (Irish setters) all noisily testify. Jeanette and Gene ride almost every day and take tramps through the sage-dotted hills of Bel-Air with the hounds.

Night clubs and the showy Hollywood social circus leave them both pretty uninterested. Twin Gables, atop the highest Bel-Air knob, is the center of most of their off-stage life. Neither Jeanette nor Gene ever makes a date, however, without letting the other know. That's a rule.

Even their vacations seem to find them lingering around the house. Jeanette and Gene are always planning trips, but something invariably seems to go wrong at the last minute. Consequently at last they've decided just to relax and spend play-vacations at home. They give the servants holidays and Jeanette does the cooking herself, with emphasis on her two specialties: baked beans in various guises, and home made ice cream, the hand-cranked, old-fashioned kind.

In spite of this cozy connubial picture, the gossip columnists have an impending-divorce-complex about Jeanette and Gene. When Jeanette reads their cracks, sparks fly from her fiery mop and the MacDonald battle tartan hoists up in no uncertain fashion. But Jeanette has a pet line she delivers with smiling aplomb, every hair of her coppery coiffure neatly in place. "Rumors only bother discontented people," says Jeanette.

Who are the most talented stars in Hollywood? Who are the easiest to work with? Read what the leading directors reveal in the December issue of Modern Screen.

BATTLE OF WITS

(Continued from page 32)

Benny had a larger radio following.

"But both of us," Allen explains, "benefited. The reason it worked is very simple. It's the human element. It's bringing the public into your home and sitting down with 'em over a game of parchesi. And talking about cheesy tricks, did you see what Benny did to me at the ball game the other day?"

Benny didn't do anything to Allen at the ball game. As a matter of fact, it was the other way around. It was Hollywood's "Comedians versus Leading Men Game," played for charity each year, and everybody who is anybody in the town was there and carrying on. Well, Allen and Benny got to the mike and began gagging. Allen, of course, was reeling off the cracks at his usual mile-a-minute pace, so that Benny couldn't get a word in edgewise. Eventually, Benny, past master at timing his jokes, managed to sneak in a very funny crack of his own. The audience, of course, laughed. But Allen wasn't stumped for a minute. "No fair coming here with three writers!" he yelled back into the mike.

RIGHT there, in that yarn, is the key to the difference between Allen and all the rest of his clan. He is, as no other, the master of ad lib. It means spontaneity, being fast on your toes, nimble in the brain sector. Well, that's Allen all over. He is the only comedian in radio who is permitted to ad lib during his program, or to write his own material. He is one of the many comedians in radio who insists on the last line—but one of the few who can handle it.

Note this. Jack Benny studies his stuff very hard. He sits down with his group of writers every week, and they work out routines and they work out gags and lines. But every line of it, every word of it, every cough and hesitation and slip of the tongue—even those seem-to-be accidents—are carefully arranged. That is true of practically everybody else in the fun business. Bob Hope, for instance, is one of the wittiest gents in the racket. He, too, has a nimble and facile tongue. He, too, is terrific at the make-'em-up-as-you-go wisecracks. But he has a slew of writers helping him assemble his radio programs.

Allen has two writers at the moment, but it is a different kind of thing altogether. Practically all other comics in the business let their writers bring in the material, then they choose the best or help to arrange it. Allen thinks up his own quips, but lets professional writers line it up, frame it, weave it into some sort of continuity.

When Allen started in radio, he hired a writer for the first time. It was practically a twenty-four hour job and the writer would traipse around with him, pencil and notebook always handy. Fred automatically throws off so many cracks during his normal day that he simply wanted the writer to get them all down. Then, after a couple of days of this, the rewrite expert wove this mass of material into a script.

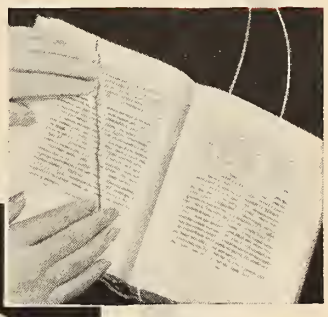
How much value is placed on Allen's ability to write his own material, incidentally, is shown by the procedure with "Love Thy Neighbor." The picture was written in the normal manner by regular Paramount writers and, after they had finished, Jack Benny's writers polished up his lines. After that was completed



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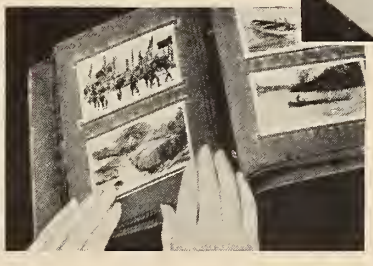
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and approved by everyone Fred Allen was handed a script and asked to rewrite all his own lines. He didn't employ his own radio writers for this chore. All he used was a pencil—and his own highly personalized set of retorts.

He's a pretty simple sort of soul, this man Allen. Nothing phony about him, no doodads, no conceit. A stranger came up, was introduced to him and wanted to gab. "See if you can find yourself a chair and sit down," said Allen. "I can't get up. There's been a weight on my mind for several days and now it seems to have descended."

He talks to anybody. "Why not? Chances are they don't know I'm not up to their standards."

He lives in a simple, little two-and-a-half room apartment. "I'm only passing through town. It's strictly a one-movie stand, so why bother renting a house and stuff?"

And as far as hotels are concerned—"I can't afford that high-class stuff. Too expensive. Besides, the last time Portland tried to cook a couple of eggs in a hotel room, the house detective came up to join us and he wouldn't even contribute the salt!"

THIS may give you a wrong impression. It may even further that famous Benny libel about Allen's tightwadishness. So let us hasten to assure you that—by actual count—Allen has the longest pension list in the business. From far and near they come to see Fred, with palms outstretched. And they never go away empty-handed.

Ask him about it. "Oh, well," he explains, "you can't talk about things like that. In the first place, it's embarrassing to the people you're helping. In the second place, the day after it's printed eight hundred more guys show up to get theirs. Besides, how are you going to turn down a pal? And how can you remember pals when you pick 'em up, a dozen at a time, every week for years?

"For instance, a fellow comes to see us. He says, 'Remember me? I used to be in an act called "Early and Late," and we played on a bill together in Peoria.' Well, Portland always falls for it. She says sure, sure, and starts right in gabbing about how much fun it was that week. Well, naturally, I can't make a sucker out of Portland, so I chip right in with a hunk of reminiscences of my own and we wind up having a swell time—even if it does cost a lot!"

At this point in the story Allen stops to laugh. Laugh hard. It's evidently very funny.

"Poor Portland! She's got no memory at all. We never played Peoria!"

Portland, of course, is the missus. Curious hunk of coincidence there, by the way. Fred was born in Boston and is just about as New England as they make 'em. While in New York one year, someone introduced him to Portland Hoffa and they decided to do an act together. It clicked and later they were married. Now they're always together. Movies, of course, came close to breaking Portland's heart. They wouldn't sign her—which leads directly into another coincidence. The same thing, as you know, is true of Mary Livingstone, Jack Benny's wife. She's good enough to work with Jack on the radio—but not in pictures. Poor Mary and Portland, the movie widows!

And so here we are back on the subject of Benny again. "You're really good friends, aren't you?" Fred was asked.

"You've probably played on the same bill in vaudeville many times?"

No, he answered, they never played on the same bill. They never did anything together in the past except once when Allen appeared on Benny's program and another time when Benny reciprocated.

Yes, it took a feud—a bitter battle of words and witticisms—to make them friends. Not that either of them would ever admit in public that they're friends. It isn't good business or good showmanship. Nevertheless, look for the twinkle in their eyes when they're maligning each other. It's generally there.

It may add just a final ironic fillip to relate one other item about the early Fred Allen days. Allen started out in vaudeville as a juggler. When he appeared in New York for the first time, Variety, the theatrical Bible, wrote a review of his act which is never mentioned these days—either by Allen or the paper. The review said that Allen was a pretty good juggler—but, oh my, he'd never get very far as a comedian!



Sweet-faced Virginia Grey, who used to be Madge Evans' stand-in and, more recently, Florence Rice's, now boasts a stand-in of her own! She's doing right well as an actress. You'll see her in "The Golden Fleecing."

SHE DIDN'T SAY NO

(*Continued from page 36*)

said Vicky when Martha hauled out a simple formal from her closet. "You can afford expensive things now, and you'll be competing with women in mink wraps and five-hundred-dollar gowns!"

"I don't care," declared Martha. "I paid fifty dollars for this dress, and I've only worn it twice. I'm going to get my money's worth out of it."

Martha Scott's earliest recollections are of an idyllic childhood spent on a farm, for her father, who is a graduate civil engineer, preferred to practise his profession in the country. He is a descendant of the novelist Sir Walter Scott, for whom he is named, and Martha's mother, the former Letha McKinley, is a second cousin of the martyred President. Nothwithstanding these distinguished forebears the Scotts are just ordinary folks, never very rich and never very poor, who gave Martha the perfect American background of a simple, happy home.

When Martha was twelve years old the family moved to Kansas City. While in high school there, Martha showed such intelligence that one of her teachers, a Miss Ida Lilly, who was an old friend of the family, suggested that Martha become a teacher herself. For this a college degree was, of course, necessary, and Martha's father and mother couldn't quite decide.

"I'm sure we can do it," said Martha's father, "by just cutting things a bit close."

"Perhaps if we used just a little of the same money to get her some really nice clothes and give her a few opportunities," said Martha's mother, who believed in girls marrying and settling down, "it would be better than sending her to college."

Ida Lilly settled all that.

"I'm so convinced of Martha's future," she said, "that I want to advance her the money to ensure it."

SHE did—a check for $1500! Martha's parents could do no less than accept the offer in the spirit that prompted it, and Martha herself is justifiably proud of the fact that she has since paid back every cent.

Anyway, after two years at the Kansas City Junior College she went on to the University of Michigan, from which she graduated with a B.A. degree and a teacher's certificate. And she did teach school, for just six months—long enough, though, to convince her of what she had suspected from the very first day—that teaching was not for her. She gave up her position and went to Chicago to crash the theatre. All she succeeded in crashing at that time was a candy store, where for twelve dollars a week she sold nice young men boxes of bonbons for other girls.

Hearing that a stock company was being formed at the Bonstelle Theatre in Detroit, she gave up this job and left for Detroit. She was able to get a few bits and walk-ons, just enough to keep her going, and from that point on Martha began to live the customary life of a theatrical trouper—short engagements and long lapses in between. She toured Michigan, had a season at the Globe Theatre in Chicago, and finally went on the road doing abbreviated versions of Shakespeare. The company got as far as San Diego when Martha concluded that she'd had enough of the venerable Bard of Avon and equally venerable tank town



"Jiminee Christmas– will you look at the presents! How lovely of Mother to be helping Santy Claus! . . . Let's see now—wonder if it would hurt to peek just a little? Tomorrow's really such a long way off . . ."



"Hm-m, something mysterious about this package! It won't come open and it won't stay shut . . . Shucks, it's probably just another bib! So far I haven't gotten a thing I wanted . . . And, my, I'm awfully hot and prickly!"



"Ho hum! Guess I'd better call for help . . . Mother! Will you come unravel me? I've had too much Christmas and I'm getting cross. But a rubdown with that downy Johnson's Baby Powder would do a lot for my holiday spirit!"



"It's Christmas every day for babies who get sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder! It's so soothing for prickly heat and chafes. And it's a mighty inexpensive way to help keep a baby feeling merry!"

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hotel rooms to last her for quite a while.

"I decided to go to New York," she said, "and see what the lights on Broadway looked like."

She arrived in New York with fifty dollars and in exactly two weeks she landed a job. It lasted exactly two weeks, too, and then Martha's luck ran low. She learned what it meant to walk the pavements looking for work; to sit endlessly in agents' offices where dozens of other actresses were seeking the same chance as she; and in short went through all the vicissitudes seemingly inescapable for small town girls who try to beat the big city. Her courage was wearing thin and the soles of her shoes even thinner when she landed a bit part on a series of radio programs. There she met another young optimist suffering from the delusion that he might go places in a theatrical way. His name was Orson Welles, and at that time he hadn't even thought of raising a beard.

THAT radio shocker series was Martha's meal ticket until she got another chance at summer stock, this time playing with such stars as Phillips Holmes, Margaret Anglin and Julie Haydon. However, it's not to any of them, but to Evelyn Warden, a character woman in the same shows, that Martha Scott owes her big break.

Jed Harris was putting "Our Town" on Broadway, and Miss Warden was chosen as Mother Gibbs. Harris asked her if she knew a girl suitable for Emily and Miss Warden suggested Martha Scott. The play had a very successful run and Martha, reading her very complimentary notices, was naïve enough to think that her career was set. It was not so long after "Our Town" closed that she was brought in Queen of Sheba style to Hollywood and tested for "Gone With the Wind."

When she heard Selznick's verdict of her screen possibilities, Martha went like the wind back to New York. But it was an off season, plays were scarce, and soon she was just another actress out of a job. Most of the money which she had earned had been used to repay Miss Lilly, and so Martha fell back upon radio again. She has never ceased to be grateful to radio for carrying her over spots like these.

Even before "Our Town" was finished, the Hollywood grapevine was loaded with rumors that Sol Lesser had discovered something very special in Martha Scott. At that time Joan Fontaine, who had been signed by Frank Lloyd for "The Howards of Virginia," fell sick, and Noll Gurney went after the part for Martha. Lloyd broke down just about as reluctantly as Lesser had done and allowed Gurney to show him the footage Martha had already made for "Our Town." He signed her the same day, but only as leading woman for Cary Grant, whose contract specified that he was to be the sole star of the picture. After a few days' shooting it was Grant, himself, who suggested to Lloyd that Martha be co-starred with him—a gesture of almost unprecedented chivalry in Movieland. Stars are often willing to share their bed and board, but seldom their billing.

Now Martha Scott's career is set and she lives in a not-too-ornate house at Malibu. At home, nobody takes her for an actress. She's such an unpretentious and homey-looking sort of person.

She doesn't indulge in studied public posing, and she omits the dark glasses most film folks think they have to wear.

"It seems just a trifle egotistical," she said, "to assume that one is so celebrated that one has to affect a disguise."

That psychology fits right in with the incident of the dinner at Jack Skillball's, which illustrates pretty conclusively just how Martha feels about fame. Skillball is a production executive for the Lloyd company, and just prior to the party he had given his Filipino butler a publicity photograph of Martha Scott. After the dinner was served the Filipino deferentially approached Martha with the picture in one hand and a pen in the other.

"Miss Scott," he asked, "will you please autograph for me?"

Martha took the pen and signed her name to the picture. The butler beamed.

"I put it on my bureau," he said.

"Have you a picture of yourself?" Martha asked him then. "A snapshot or anything?"

"I have a snapshot of me," nodded the puzzled Filipino, "but what for?"

"Run and get it," Martha instructed.

The butler got the picture and came back.

"Now autograph it," said Martha.

Wonderingly, the servant obeyed. Martha slipped the snapshot into her handbag.

"To put on *my* bureau," she smiled.

And that is just like Martha Scott.



Bob Young crams his lines for the next scene, while daughter, Carol Ann, kibitzes. That's Mrs. Young (the former Betty Henderson) with them.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM NORMA SHEARER

(*Continued from page 25*)

On the other hand, some people thought I was upset at the publicity given my friendship with Mr. Raft. No, indeed! On the contrary, I was very pleased that people were so interested. I've always maintained anything that is true about me can be printed in screaming headlines. And this *is* true, our friendship, I mean. It has now reached the point where most of the reports have it that we are either rifting or planning to be married. Neither is true, at least not at present. We are very devoted friends. My children adore him. Our friendship is growing, not diminishing. But marriage is, to me, a very important matter.

Not that I never intend to marry again, which answers another question you've all asked me. I'd certainly like to remarry. I think I should for the children's sake. For my own sake, too. But I'll wait awhile.

And now I'm going to attack the pile of "why don't you write to me?" questions. I could answer by saying, "My dears, it's time—merely time. But I won't let it go at that. I'm going into this matter thoroughly, once and for all. You're going behind the scenes, back home with me to see how things really are.

When I'm making a picture I am, literally, in over my head; I drown in it. Then time, my own time to do with as I please, simply isn't. I get up at six every morning, take no breakfast and, with no more than a too-hasty goodbye kiss to the children, I'm off to the studio. I arrive between seven and eight, have breakfast in my dressing-room and my hair dressed as I eat. I work all morning, then have my lunch and see the morning's rushes, all in an hour. I work all afternoon and when I get home I have my hair shampooed (it has to be done every night so it will always look the same), often eat my dinner under a dryer, have a massage at nine and go to bed.

YOU wouldn't expect me to write then, now would you? "But between pictures," some of you ask, "why can't you write then?" Well, I mean to, but here's what happens: There are people I want to see, friends I haven't had a chance to see while working. There are business matters, not pertaining to pictures, to be attended to. There are household details, such as repairs, redecorations, the kitchen linoleum to be shellacked, all sorts of things like that to be attended to. I'm really very domestic at heart; I like to do these things myself and I feel cheated if I can't.

There is, above all, the time I spend with the children, supervising their wardrobes, their lives. I plan treats for them. I take them to the movies, Zoo, concerts. I go walking and swimming with them. I read to them evenings. I sort of "catch up" with their interests. I ask them all the questions I want to ask and answer all they ask me.

Then there are the conferences for the next picture, tests with cameramen, portrait sittings, fittings, the new part to be studied. There is the dentist.

"You do see, don't you? You realize that, by the time I begin another picture, not only have I NOT 'taken up French,' nor read many good books, but I haven't even caught up with your letters. Now,

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And for *safety's* sake, a new, improved kind of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad!



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"Drive dull care away!"

have I explained my failure as a correspondent? Tell me, please!

"What is your social life like?" I'm asked. Well, I'm afraid I'm going to be disappointing to those who like to think I live in the midst of glitter and night-life all the time. For my social life is the way I want it to be—cozy, warm and rather comfortable on the whole. I love to go to my friends' houses for an evening. I love to have them come to my house—Sylvia Fairbanks, Merle Oberon and Alex, the Mervyn LeRoys, the Charles Boyers, George, of course, and others. I don't care for huge parties. I seldom go to them and never, never give them. Sixteen is the largest number I ever entertain at home. This is because I'm allergic to crowds, a real victim of claustrophobia. I do love to go to Ciro's now and then, of course; love to dance, have fun. But—I also love to go to bed early, read a book and eat an apple, as I did when I was a child, and often do now. I don't play bridge or any parlor games. I like outdoor sports. I love seeing movies and, since I'm fortunate enough to have a projection machine at home, I always see four, sometimes five a week.

WHAT do you do with your old clothes?" is another question I'm asked. Well, for one thing, there are guilds here in Hollywood for girls who are trying to get jobs. I give some of my clothes to them. Some I give to friends and relatives. Sometimes we swap. No, the clothes we wear in pictures are not our own. We never take them off the lot. We can buy them when the picture is finished if we want to, but they are usually quite expensive and by that time we've grown pretty tired of them! They go back to the wardrobe department, are remodeled and used again in other pictures.

I'm often asked whether I am very clothes-conscious. No, I don't think I am. I never bother about complete wardrobes except when I travel. At home I always wear slacks and shirts and sweaters. To me, clothes are a convenience. I never like to be in that traditional feminine fix where I say, "I have nothing to wear!" I like to feel that I can be suitably and comfortably dressed for all occasions and that's about all. But I am very particular, even finicky, about my person. That is, I'm fussy about my nails, my hair, my skin.

I've been asked, "Do you smoke?" Yes, I like to smoke, but just occasionally.

"Do you diet?" is another common question. I don't go on fad diets, but I have lost considerable weight this past year by refusing second helpings and that sort of thing. I eat the simplest kind of foods and drink only fruit juices between meals. I eat a lot and eat frequently. I have to if I want to keep going, but I stick to the simple things.

A great deal of my fan mail has to do with the picture I am making, the picture I am going to make, the number I do a year and so on. Well, I've finished "Escape" with Bob Taylor. And—oh, I must tell you—I dyed my hair for the part, something I've never done before. It's sort of a deep golden shade and I like it so much I think I'll keep it this way for a time. My next picture will be "The World We Make"—and I'll co-star with George Raft!

I am often asked whether we choose our own stories. No, we do not. And we should not, even if we were given that privilege. We are not, for the most part, forced to play parts we don't believe in, or don't like—M-G-M is particularly lenient with us in this respect.

Many people ask how tall I am. For some reason, there seems to be the impression that I am a very tall person, I'm really only five feet three.

And now I come to a question asked me, often all too sadly. "When your husband died—how did you ever endure it?"

How did I "endure it?" I said at the time, and I say now, that there isn't any so-called consolation. I don't believe the "it's-all-for-the-best," "it-had-to-be" kind of comfort. I can only tell you that I worked things out because, first of all, I suddenly found myself feeling that life is very short and that we simply have to live it as best we may.

Gradually, then, everyday work, responsibilities begin to bring their satisfaction. It's not that you forget, it's that the business of life catches up with you.

Yes, I do believe that a woman, widowed, should marry again. Especially if she has had a very deep and great love. For once we have loved someone very deeply, we can't go on without loving another. We've learned to give our love to someone, and as long as we do, the unbearable becomes bearable.

And now I think I've told you most of the things you asked me about in your letters. I've asked some questions, too. Please—it's your turn to answer *me*.

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No one could understand how Mory Mortin could whip from one film to the other (her latest is "Love Thy Neighbor"), sans vocation, and still hang onto that ton of hers. Her secret is some serious gardening every single week-end!

SEVEN SINNERS

(*Continued from page 52*)

both had been in love and it hadn't worked out, and so they had tried to get away. Maybe they told the truth. At any rate, they believed each other and they both very much needed to believe in the decency of someone. She made him laugh. He made her feel right for the first time in a long while.

As the S.S. Malacca steamed into Boni Komba harbor a few days later, they stood on the deck together. They saw Little Ned half-salute and go dewy-eyed when he spied some American battle cruisers at anchor. Bijou explained he'd been on one for three years and, though something unpleasant had happened, he was still sentimental about the Navy. Some American sailors and officers mixed in the usual medley of rickshas, ox-carts and groups of natives and coolies on the dock.

"I'll miss you frightfully," the doctor said to her. Then he added, "I'll be waiting for you."

"When they throw me out?" asked Bijou with a grin.

"When you're tired of it," he answered and she was amazed to see that he meant it.

"The nicest man I ever knew," murmured Bijou and gave his hand a quick kiss, "Good-bye, Doc." And Bijou—and trouble—landed on Boni Komba.

Dorothy Henderson landed, too. She was met by Lieutenant Dan Brent and the Governor's very shiny official car. She hesitated a moment and then went over to Bijou. "I hope the Doctor told you how sorry I was that first day out," she said.

THAT was *my* mistake, Miss Henderson." Bijou could be polite, too.

Then Dan Brent came up and Dorothy, finding no way out, introduced him. She started back to the car.

"New flock of battle-wagons nested here, Lieutenant?" asked Bijou genially.

"Yes," he smiled. "The other outfit finished its sentence here six months ago."

"Sentence?"

"More or less. It's the kind of a place where you have to make up your fun as you go along."

"That's why I came," Bijou's low chuckle was music. "I'll be at Tony's Seven Sinners, and I promise to make this a happier island."

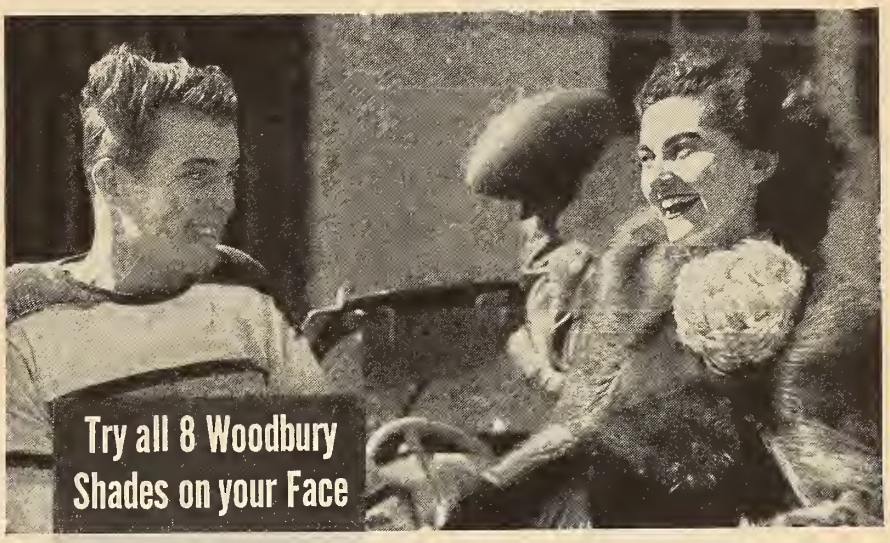
Little Ned hurried up. Seeing the officer, he froze to attention. Dorothy Henderson covered her temper with a smile

Solution To Puzzle on Page 62

★	J	O	E	L	★	★	M	C	C	R	E	A	★	S	A	B	U	★
F	A	R	G	O	★	C	A	R	R	O	L	L	★	C	H	A	S	E
O	N	A	★	W	O	O	D	Y	★	B	L	A	N	E	★	B	E	N
B	E	N	N	E	T	T	★	P	I	E	★	S	A	N	D	E	R	S
★	★	★	E	L	A	★	S	T	A	R	S	★	T	E	A	★	★	★
B	A	S	I	L	★	B	A	I	N	T	E	R	★	S	T	O	N	E
A	B	E	L	★	T	A	L	C	★	S	E	A	S	★	E	T	O	N
H	E	R	★	P	E	R							S	H	A	★	T	E	D
S	T	E	W	A	R	T							P	I	S	T	O	L	S
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★	★	★	S	R	O	★	D	A	R	R	O	★	E	R	A	★	★	★
L	A	R	A	I	N	E	★	I	S	L	★	F	R	A	N	C	E	S
A	G	O	★	M	E	L	O	N	★	A	M	A	N	D	★	A	D	O
B	E	T	T	E	★	B	R	E	N	N	A	N	★	N	O	L	A	N
★	N	E	E	D	★	A	R	R	I	D	E	★	★	A	K	I	M	★

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and reminded Dan that she was there. The tête-à-tête was broken up. Bijou preened herself. "Tony will be frightened when he sees me," she explained to Little Ned and Sasha with amusement, "then he will celebrate."

There is no place more deserted in the daytime than a café that is lively at night. Over in one corner of the Seven Sinners a prosperous-looking Turk sat eating alone. At the other end of the room, a pianist stared absent-mindedly into space while his fingers idly picked out a tune. Tony had his back to the door and was doing a crossword puzzle. Suddenly the pianist saw Bijou. She motioned him to silence and approached Tony. She started to hum softly. Tony whirled, took one terrified look at her and was speechless. Bijou picked up a piece of ice from a bowl on the bar and put it in his mouth to cool him off.

She patted his cheek. "I'm back home again, Tony. Little Bijou back home to Tony." She laughed happily.

"No," said Tony getting his breath. "No. Your boat goes in an hour. You sit down. We have a drink. I love you, but you cannot stay. It is peaceful here now."

ANTRO, the Turk, came up. Bijou had known him in Shanghai and her memories of him were not pleasant. When she heard the click of billiard balls in the other room, she hurried away toward the lattice that separated it from the café.

Antro looked significantly at Tony. "I'll pay her wages if she comes to sing here." His offer was more like a command.

In the billiard room, Bijou found some young officers. Hilarious shouts began to come through the lattice. Bets were called as Bijou took over a billiard cue. She made a trick shot and applause broke out. At this moment Little Ned and Sasha, tired of waiting outside, came in. They told Tony that they were his new bouncer and waiter. Sasha added proudly that he could juggle as well as wait on tables. "Bijou hires us," they said confidently. Tony's expostulations were useless.

Antro broke into the argument. "Tell me, Tony, is she going to sing for you?"

Tony listened to the sounds of joy from the billiard room and desperately ate another piece of ice. "Who am I?" he asked. "I say no. The Navy says yes! Maybe the Navy is right."

There was a party at Government House that night in Dorothy Henderson's honor. It was strange that so many young officers pleaded early-morning duty and left before the evening was over. Lieutenant Dan Brent, who knew they were departing not in line of duty but on a line for the Seven Sinners, was distressed. It was an affront to Miss Henderson, whose distinguished ancestors had been prominent in the Navy for as many generations as his own. When they talked of this, he found himself almost making a speech in his effort to express what the United States Navy really meant to him. Speech-making was not his habit, but when he tried to put his emotion into casual words, he found that no casual phrases could carry it. Perhaps he didn't know that, at that moment, Dorothy fell in love with him. He did know that when the others walked out pleading "duty," it was his job to bring them to their senses.

He strode into the smoke-filled café. Bijou was singing. Dan interrupted roughly. "Listen, you birds, you could have waited another half-hour! Some decent manners—" He laced into them.

Up on the platform, Bijou stopped her song. She spoke good-naturedly, "Would the Lieutenant like to say it from here?"

The oily Antro applauded. Everyone else was quiet. Dan looked savage. Tony was upset. He took Bijou aside and scolded. She had offended an executive officer. "Once more you start trouble," he wailed. "I give you one more week and then, for the love of heaven, leave!"

When she got back into the restaurant, Dan was gone. He did not come back. She saw him five days later. He was sitting in a ricksha outside a Chinese shop which Dorothy had entered to buy some vases.

Bijou went up to him impulsively. "Tony says I insulted you. He gave me a week to make things straight. I've only two more days." Her voice was penitent.



Some girls have all the luck! Leila Ernst's not only a Boston deb and a Broadway star, but she's also Jackie Cooper's best gal in "Life With Henry!"

"Bosh!" said Dan, "I was a jackass. I'll see him and make it right."

"Do you mean it?" she asked. Her gratitude was a bit elaborate. She made the most of it, and she looked into his eyes a little longer than was necessary. He leaned closer and so did she. It was a game she knew. Then Dorothy came out of the shop and Dan became very punctilious as he helped her into the ricksha and sat beside her. A smile tugged at the corners of Bijou's mouth as she watched them pull away.

There were those on Boni Komba who wondered if the Lieutenant's interest in Bijou would have got really serious if it hadn't been for his fight with Antro. Everyone knows that when a man fights for a woman whom he likes a bit anyhow, it does something to him. The Turk was in the café when Dan arrived to set things right for her with Tony. They had a small disagreement out in the restaurant. Dan went into the billiard room. Then Judson and some of the other officers got Bijou and him into a game and, knowing Bijou's skill with the cue, began to bet on her. It was all in fun until Antro joined the betting. He gave Bijou a threatening command to win when she purposely muffed the first shot.

"Make the same shot I saw in Shanghai," he ordered. "I'm warning you!"

For once she forgot her fear of him. "Warning me," she cried furiously, "because you could never put your filthy hands on me!"

The Turk grew nasty and Dan straight-armed him. Little Ned came up and saluted Dan, "I'm the bouncer, sir."

"Then do your stuff," advised Dan. But he had noticed that salute several times and later he asked, "Were you ever in the Navy?"

"Yes, sir—I missed sailin' at Singapore. I wuz in jail."

"Come and tell me about it some time," said Dan kindly.

THAT night, Dan arrived at Bijou's dressing-room with a bunch of wild orchids he'd picked on a hike in the late afternoon. "These things made me think of you—or I *was* thinking of you," he explained.

From then on, the order was romance—though a lot of people didn't call it anything as nice as that. Dan and Bijou were seen together constantly.

They wandered in the native quarter and found an old hag who told fortunes. She said to Bijou, "The young lady is a bird. Fly, bird—fly—fly—never make nest." They laughed at her. They laughed at everything because they were happy and in love. As the days sped by, Dan's infatuation was complete and his friends and his superior officers did not laugh. Neither did Dorothy when she visited the boat and found he scarcely saw her. At first, not one of them thought that Bijou really loved him. Then the few who began to suspect she did were more alarmed than ever. At last, the Governor called Tony to his office.

"There's to be an officers' party aboard ship," he said. "Bijou is on the list of entertainers. I don't want to make it official business but," he looked at Tony meaningly, "there are reasons why it would be better if she didn't appear. Aren't you her boss?" He made it clear he expected Tony to prevent her from going, but that he must do it without mentioning his name or saying it was anything official.

"Try to make her understand," said Governor Henderson as Tony left, "that the Navy has enough destroyers."

Tony did his best. As her boss, he told



* Carole Landis and John Hubbard, stars of the Hal Roach-United Artists production "Road Show", as they appeared at the World Premiere in Hollywood.

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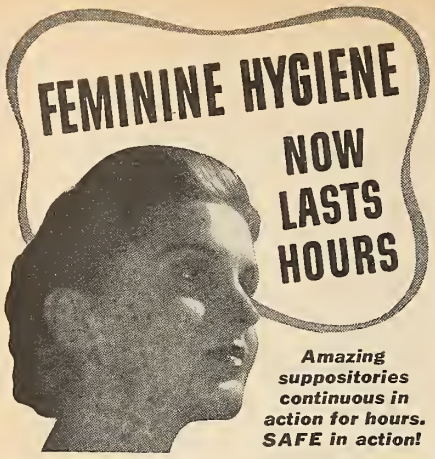
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her he needed her in the café all evening. It wasn't enough. On the party night, Bijou, in make-up and costume, rushed out of the café promising gaily to return soon to take care of Tony's patrons. Her Malayan maid went along with a suitcase.

Chinese lanterns festooned the deck, a naval band played on an improvised platform, and lovely ladies and officers, handsome in dress uniforms, danced. Then the dancing stopped, the band began the song, "I've Been in Love Before," and Bijou came on singing. As she sang, her eyes hunted for Dan and found him. Dorothy Henderson and a young officer stood with her father. Her eyebrows went up as though to say to the Governor, "I thought you stopped this." Her father nodded, looking puzzled. The song ended with loud applause from the junior officers and ensigns. Dorothy congratulated Dan on the entertainment and forced him to ask her to dance. Dan knew there was venom in her apparently light comments.

Someone cut in on them and took Dorothy away just as Bijou came from her dressing-room to the deck. She had taken off her make-up and was wearing an especially charming dress. In a semi-daze, Dan took her into his arms as the music began again. There was a tap on his shoulder and he was told Commander Church wanted to see him instantly.

"See that that woman leaves the ship at once," barked the Commander.

"Orders, sir?" asked Dan.

"Orders," said the Commander.

"Aye, sir," Dan saluted, though he'd rather have used his hand as a fist.

He took Bijou back to the café. "Don't stay here any later than you have to," his voice caressed her, "because when I'm not in there looking after you, I'm not crazy about your being there. I'll see you tomorrow as soon as I'm free."

They could not speak of what had happened. It had hurt too much.

Commander Church did his best to make Dan understand what Bijou was, what everybody said of her. Dan maintained everybody was a liar. He stood on his inalienable right to his own private life and the fact that his commanding officer had no power to interfere with that. Church finally said, "Anyhow, we're moving out of here very soon. It will give you a chance to think things over."

"I'll be married before we sail," said Dan quietly.

In the governor's office another conversation took place soon after that. At Commander Church's suggestion, the governor had sent for Bijou.

"We have an announcement from Lieutenant Brent that he is going to marry you," the Governor informed her. "What have you to say to that?"

Bijou came to sudden life. "This is the first I've heard of it. Oh, I've dared to think about it—but—"

The Governor stamped out her swift happiness. He pointed out that she was not the sort for an officer's wife. He cited her record of deportation from the same island three years before. At first the old Bijou tried to brazen it out.

"You will not surprise Dan with this. He knows," she replied.

"All?" asked the Governor.

"Whatever is true. There are hundreds of lies," she snapped. "I've paid for every mistake I've ever made!"

Then the Governor told her of Dan's family, of their pride in him, of his chance for a fine career which she would wreck. He saw her begin to soften. She said she could not decide till she saw Dan. She became humble and earnest. "If I have a chance, I'll make him the kind of wife no man ever dreamed of," she promised. "Can't I have a chance?" But he gave her no hope. He had nothing further to say. Miserably she went back to her cottage.

Bijou and Dan were deep in each other's arms. By the grapevine method, he had heard of Bijou's summons from the Governor and he had rushed straight to her.

"Don't let them frighten you, darling." There was tenderness for *her* and defiance for *them*. "They're outside their rights when they monkey with my personal life. I finally let 'em have it."

"What, Dan?" she gasped.

"I turned in my resignation from the Navy," he said and kissed her.

She buried her face on his shoulder.

LITTLE Ned hurried in to tell Bijou she was late for her show at the Seven Sinners. Seeing them, he pulled himself up short, but there was no use backing out.

"Run down there and tell Tony she's through with all that," ordered Dan happily, and to Bijou he said, "You hear? Never again."

"Never again," said Bijou, as excited as he was.

"I've a hundred things to do," he told her. "I'll be back as fast as I can make it." He picked her up off the floor, kissed her, and left—eager for the moment when he should return.

Little Ned stared at her a second, then anger went through him. He grabbed her. "What are you tryin' to make outta him—som'n like me?" he demanded. Bijou was furious. She kicked and tried to bite him, but Little Ned's loyalty to the Navy and to Dan, as part of it, was too strong. He held her till she subsided. "Listen, you!" he growled. "Keep quiet an' listen. You've gone off your nut. He'd kill you before six months—or if he didn't, he'd ought to. You got as much right to be an officer's wife as I got to be an an officer. Shut up!" he went on as she tried to speak. "I tell you no one can get the Navy outta his blood—never. An' after you're married, when he thinks about the years he's been in the Navy an' how he ain't there any more—an' he looks at you—My Gawd—if he didn't kill you, Bijou, you'd do it yourself. You don't want to hurt anybody—especially him!"

When he freed her, she was quivering. It was what she'd known all the time, only she hadn't been willing to admit

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it, even to herself. She stood a long time thinking. Little Ned watched her.

"Suppose the café floor show does have to wait," he muttered just to remind her. "What the hell!"

Suddenly Bijou made up her mind.

When she came out on the platform at the Seven Sinners, the place was full. Antro sat at his usual table. She sang a new song called "Man Overboard." After a while Dan came in. He was in civilian clothes. Then Bijou began moving down among the tables, singing to one man after another as though she liked it. She paid no attention to Dan. At first he thought she was light-headed from the pressure of the day, but she went on and seemed to know what she was doing even when she sat on Antro's lap. No one saw her give Little Ned and Sasha the nod which was a prearranged signal. Little Ned jerked her from Antro's knees with a shout "Don't bother the lady!" He picked the Turk up from his chair and smashed him down on the table. Sasha took a tomato from his pocket and aimed it well. A big longshoreman got it in the face and the melée was on—a typical Bijou riot. She dashed for the platform. Dan fought his way to her. He held her tightly.

"What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you—"

Bijou's voice was harsh, "Nobody tells me what to do. Get back in your uniform! You look like a grocery clerk." She laughed at him.

"Are you crazy?" he demanded.

"I must have been—but not now!" She turned away still laughing.

Little Ned picked her up and battled their way through the mob just as police sirens shrieked outside. Then he hurried back to the fight. The police climbed over Antro and others on the floor and surveyed the terribly wrecked café.



She came, she saw, she conga'd! That's Betty Grable in her grand new film, "Down Argentine Way."

"Who started this fracas?" barked the Chief. "Do you know?"

Little Ned hated to answer, but he'd promised Bijou he would so that the plan could go through. He took the police to her dressing-room.

The next morning Little Ned was resplendent in the uniform of the U. S. Navy. Dan had helped him and his reenlistment had been accepted. He approached Dan on the deck of the cruiser that was about to depart. Dan was in uniform, too. "I'd like a few minutes leave, sir, just to say goodbye," he said.

"Say goodbye for me, too." Dan's tone was controlled.

Little Ned and Sasha went along to the S.S. Malacca which was in dock, ready to take a new lot of deportees on their next journey. From a distance Little Ned saw Dr. Martin on deck. He picked Sasha up and carefully carried him away from there. "She don't need you," he advised, "an' she don't need no goodbyes."

Dr. Martin saw Bijou by the rail. He took her by the shoulders and looked at her closely. There were tears in her eyes. She managed a crooked smile. "Any new governors any place, Doc?"

He paid no attention to that. He continued to regard her gently. "Health A-1?" he asked answering her smile.

"Health A-1," she responded.

He put his arm around her shoulders to steady her because he doubted if she could see through those tears.

From the deck of the cruiser, Dan trained his glasses on the Malacca. He saw Bijou standing by the rail with a man's arm about her, but it was too far to see that her eyes were wet.

"Sometimes," muttered Bijou shakily, "a girl just *has* to start a riot."

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Both are eye-catchingly different, but easy as ABC to make. We consider the slip-on a campus "gotta have," and the cardigan is smart enough for town. Even a sweater wardrobe of Lana Turner-ish proportions isn't complete without 'em.

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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 49*)

SPORTING BLOOD

A few years ago, newsmen and photographers felt that Kay Francis was unduly snooty and often resented her attitude toward them and their work. But it's different these days. Kay's one of the best sports in the colony and there's no skeptic who'd dare say otherwise. Why, just the other day we caught her tacitly admitting that Elsie Borden, and not she, was the star of "Little Men." Walking from her car to the set, Kay stepped through a doorway over which hung a sign reading, "Through this portal passes the most beautiful cow in the world"—and she just chuckled! Once inside, she heard the mother of Richard Nichols, her four-year-old co-actor, order Richard to smile sweetly because he was about to meet Kay Francis. "Kay Francis," piped the youngster. "Who's she?" And Kay chuckled again.

PUBLIC NOT INVITED

California is the land of perennial sunshine, but when Hollywood film folk want a sun bath, they'd rather hie themselves to the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway than remain in their own backyards. After spending thousands of dollars constructing sun decks, patios, and reasonable facsimiles thereof, Myrna Loy, Paulette Goddard and Dorothy Lamour have discovered that the hills surrounding their homes offer excellent observation points to snoopers who enjoy watching famous figures drinking in their quota of Vitamin D. Investigation of a bevy of cars parked along the crest of the mountains disclosed the fact that dozens of people, equipped with either reasonably good eyesight or a decent pair of binoculars, have been having a high time peering at unsuspecting sun-seeking citizens. Now, if you read of the colony's wholesale return to the comparatively secluded night clubs and tennis courts, you'll know what's behind it!

FASHION NOTE

Rosalind Russell was having a load of trouble trying to remember a speech for a close-up the other day. Every time she went into a take, her lines escaped her—and her temper went right after them. As she stumbled for the fifth time, the director began to cough nervously and wonder if he oughtn't suggest that Miss Russell lie down and rest a bit. But, suddenly, Roz had a thought. "Hold everything," she ordered. "I'm going to do a Cary Grant!" Diving for her copy of the script, she ripped out the page containing the tricky speech, propped it up out of camera range and, just like a congressman, read her lines without a trip-up! "Cary scribbles notes on his cuffs," she explained, "but I don't have any. Another day like this one, though, and I'll have my dresses trimmed with washable blackboards!"

CUBAN JUMPING BEAN

Desi Arnaz, the West Indian rhumba-riot who switched from Betty Grable to Lucille Ball when he switched from New York to Hollywood, has decided to make another important change. After twenty-three years of Cuban citizenship under the name of Desidero Alberto Arnaz y De Acha, Desi wants to become a citizen of these United States. He's already applied for his first papers, but this step toward Americanization isn't impressing his fellow-RKO'er, Ginger Rogers. Ginger still refers to him as the "Cuban George Raft."

CARBON COPY CAROLE

A few weeks after "They Knew What They Wanted" finished shooting, Director Garson Kanin discovered he needed Bill Gargan for some retakes. One of them was a continuation of a scene wherein Bill, having been soundly kissed by Carole Lombard, faces the camera with her mouth clearly outlined on his. Bill came down to the studio and immediately reported to the make-up man who was to apply an impression of Carole's lips. The job should have taken just a few minutes but an hour later it still wasn't completed. The make-up man, having tapped



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all his talents, finally had to concede that no brush of his could recreate a Lombard kiss! Kanin was desperate. Production costs were mounting and he had to complete the scene. Then, slowly, the light of inspiration appeared in his eyes. He rushed to a phone, dialed the Gable ranch and explained his predicament to Carole. Carole caught on. An hour later she was on the set, smacking Gargan's lips for all she was worth. When she finally stepped back, Kanin squealed with delight. The impression she had made perfectly matched the one she'd left weeks earlier! "Why not?" asked Carole as the crew congratulated her. "It's a print off the same negative!"

DRESSING-ROOM NOTES

When Paulette Goddard checked in for work in "Second Chorus," studio executives proudly ushered her into the dressing-room formerly occupied by Joan Bennett. It was a fancy, frilly affair, done in pale blue and white. Confidently, the big bosses awaited the Goddard gurgles of delight, but Paulette fooled them. Taking one quick look about, she said, "This room is too feminine for me," and walked out. When she returned, the entire place had been done over in her favorite tan . . . Orson Welles, on the other hand, seems happy enough with the dressing-room assigned to him for use during the making of "Citizen Kane." Orson is occupying Gloria Swanson's satin-lined studio boudoir and has a great time relaxing on a sirenish divan, putting his big feet on Gloria's $50 pillows, and aiming paper pellets at the unexplained bullet holes which have peppered the wall since Gloria's day . . . Dorothy Lamour's dressing-room is hung with a new picture frame which contains the report of a radio audition she made in Chicago in 1932. Filed under the name of Mary Lambour, it reads: "Description—brunette, slender, fairly good-looking; talent—auditioned as a singer; remarks—*not* recommended."

(MIL)LAND LEGS

Legs, legs, who owns Hollywood's most beautiful legs? That question *still* isn't answered! Dietrich, Colbert, Grable, Goddard, Rogers—all have entered their bid for the honor but it has never found a resting place. Now, a new contender steps forth—and this time it's a he! Patric Knowles blushingly admits that the International Apollo Club has voted him the possessor of the town's most beautiful limbs! The colony's glamour queens aren't particularly upset by this new competition—but Mrs. Ray Milland is! She thinks Ray's stems have the form and appeal of an Earl Carroll beauty's—and try as he will, her unhappy husband can't keep her from airing her views before any friend or foe who'll lend an ear!

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS AND ALIENATE ACTRESSES

John Barrymore is just wandering around these days. He's in-between pictures and, not having much to do, spends most of his time ambling about town paying surprise visits to old friends. The other day, his roving feet took him to the set of the "Philadelphia Story" where his pal, Katharine Hepburn, was cavorting with Cary Grant and Virginia Weidler. After critically, but silently, observing several takes, John strolled up to Hepburn. "Katie," he said, "do you know who's the best actress in Hollywood?" Hepburn braced herself. "Who, John?" she asked with affected casualness. "Little Virginia Weidler, of course,"



"Cherry," June Preisser's cocker spaniel, is literally a "movie hound!" He's constantly lurking around the set trying to meet celebrities.

boomed the treacherous Profile. "She reminds me of my grandmother, Georgianna Drew, who was the best actress in the whole world!"

DOLORES' NIGHTSHIRT

Dolores Del Rio worships beauty in general —and her own in particular. Blessed with an exquisite face and a satin-skinned torso, she sacrifices practically all of her time and effort at the altar of her lusciousness, devoting at least 12 of her 15 daily waking hours to beauty treatments of one variety or another. Maybe you think that sets some sort of record, but you haven't heard the topper. We've just learned that before going off to sleep, Dolores anoints her entire body with a special skin oil, wraps herself in cotton batting, and passes the night looking like a greased mummy who would scare the ghost of Rameses II!

SHOOT THE GLAMOUR TO ME, MAW

Maria Sieber is the "mystery woman" of Hollywood's younger set. She's 15 years old, tall, extremely plain, and so shy that not one of the town's teen-agers has even met her. Yet, we'll wager that a year from today Maria Sieber will be hailed as the biggest thing that's ever hit the movie colony! Marlene Dietrich will see to that, for Maria is her daughter and Marlene has announced that when "Seven Sinners" is completed, she will devote the remainder of the year to grooming her child for a film career. If Maria learns just half of what mama can teach her, she's going to be tremendous, for



Joan Bennett (who's going to let her hair grow blonde again) is lovelier than ever as the Grand Duchess in her new costume film, "The Son of Monte Cristo," —an exciting sequel to "The Count."

Marlene has talents no one can match. Even Helga Garnett, wife of "Seven Sinners'" Director Tay Garnett, is awed and impressed by the effect the glamour queen has on men—including her own husband. Reports Helga: "Since Tay began working with Miss Dietrich, he won't dream of leaving home in any but his best clothes. And what's more—he now shaves *every morning*!"

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

The Hollywood Reporter, popular local newspaper, has taken a warm personal interest in Jeffrey Lynn's warm personal interest in Dana Dale. The paper is watching the romance closely and, in the past two months, has noted its progress in items as follows: (a) which appeared when the pair first discovered each other—"Jeffrey Lynn is walking Dana Dale's dog," (b) which appeared several weeks later—"Jeffrey Lynn, who used to walk Dana Dale's dog, is now walking Dana Dale" and (c) which turned up most recently—"Jeffrey Lynn and Dana Dale are now walking Dana Dale's dog." We've no assurance it will happen, but we expect to pick up our Reporter any day now and find that "Dana Dale's dog is now walking Jeffrey Lynn and Dana Dale!"

DIDJA KNOW

That Cary Grant has been photographed in pajamas more than any other man in Hollywood . . . That Warner Bros. has returned Jane Bryan's name on their contract list and will exercise their option rights should Jane decide on a flicker comeback . . . That Anita



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Louise refused to remove her wedding ring for a scene in "Glamour for Sale" and that a make-up man had to cover it with adhesive tape and grease paint before the play could go on . . . That Walter Pidgeon is a vegetarian . . . That Jimmy Stewart now has sufficient hours in the air to take his examination for a transport pilot's license . . . That Nelson Eddy eats constantly . . . That Fred MacMurray is studying blueprints for a nursery to be added to his Brentwood home . . . That Penny Singleton's four-and-one-half-year-old daughter is so in love with Errol Flynn, she's completely covered her bedroom walls with pictures of Errol clipped from magazines and newspapers . . . That Larry Simms' stand-in is his own niece, five-year-old Gloria Deriver . . . That Dave Rose has gone East to write a symphony which he will dedicate to Judy Garland?

SHORT SHOTS

Carole Landis' first husband is trying to sell the story of their marriage to a pulp magazine . . . Errol Flynn will be the next movie "queen" to don a sarong. He'll wear it in "Jonas-Ma," a South Seas Island story . . . Olivia de Havilland is taking flying lessons from the man who taught Jimmy Stewart . . . Patricia Morison is paying premiums on a five-year insurance policy protecting her against a possible matrimonial venture and resultant loss of work . . . George Brent claims Ann Sheridan thinks almost like a man . . . and he said *thinks*! . . . Tony Martin cleared better than $10,000 a week on several weeks of his p.a. tour . . . Devoted pop, John Payne, is putting every fourth salary check into a bank account for his daughter . . . Jane Withers' new bicycle has a radio on its handlebars . . . Universal says it's looking for a baby to play Baby Sandy as a baby!

WHO'S BEEN FRAMED

What does a big, bad bachelor's home look like? Is it hung with autographed portraits of his conquests and the dried-out scalps of those who said no? A friend of ours attended a stag gathering at Cesar Romero's new house and came out with the answer. Throughout the entire place there are only two pictures of women—and both are Ann Sheridan! And interesting is the fact that one of them, a candid shot showing Annie at her beautiful best, looks out of a costly red morocco frame given to Cesar by . . . Joan Crawford!

MAN OF PROPERTY

Landlords in Hollywood are very much the same as landlords the country over. They're the gentlemen you'd like to boil in oil, who invariably turn up when you're entertaining fourteen relatives, to remind you that it is later than you think. There's one landlord in town, however, whose tenants would literally greet him with open arms—if he'd let them. He's Tyrone Power, sole owner of the Tyrone Apts. and a half dozen other apartment-hotels located in a not-too-prosperous district of the movie colony. According to Real Estate Owner Ty, his holdings yield him more satisfaction than they do revenue. Their rentals are fairly cheap, (average $30 a month for a completely furnished apartment), and he's bought them only because, in his struggling actor days, he swore he'd some day own every hotel he was thrown out of. "I'll own half the city of Los Angeles before I'm through," he admits, and he's not exaggerating!

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Send today for the new, up-to-dote list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is o convenient size to handle or keep in a scrop-book. To receive o list, all you hove to do is write to us and osk for it, enclosing o lorge, self-oddressed ond stomped envelope. Don't forget that lost item, as no request con be complied with otherwise. Pleose send request to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.



Glamour with a Southern accent—that's Virginia Dale, blonde dazzler from North Carolina. She was a song-and-dance-gal with an orchestra when a talent scout found her. Now she has a part in "Dancing on a Dime."

WHAT MAKES THE MOVIES BEHAVE?

(*Continued from page 29*)

garbage. But what's left will be pure, and no reformers will kick. Now, do you want me?"

They wanted him. Breen demanded that he see every script before it went to the camera and every picture after it was taken out of the camera. And he didn't waste time laying down the law He rejected a Jean Harlow script three times in a week. He made Paramount do a Bing Crosby scenario over twenty times, because it was too risqué. He cut an M-G-M scene that showed Jeanette MacDonald being carried to a sofa, and wrote to M-G-M, "I will pass this only if Miss MacDonald keeps her feet on the floor as she is placed on the sofa."

Today, every movie in Hollywood must be okayed by Joe Breen if it is to get the Purity Seal. Breen doesn't like his okay to be called the Purity Seal. Too prissy. Prefers the term "Certificate of Approval." Should a Hollywood producer disobey Breen and try to sneak a movie through without the Purity Seal, he would be boycotted by 98% of the nation's theatres and fined $25,000!

But none of the producers disobey. During the past year, 4,000 stories were submitted to Breen by various studios. Of these, 600 were finally produced, although only two of them were entirely banned.

Good example of a censored script would be the recent one based on the sex life of Dixie Davis, which was hot enough to fry eggs on, and which Breen rejected for use by any studio. Example of censored scenes would be the cutting of Claudette Colbert's hotcha can-can dance from "Zaza" and the modification of the bit in "Elizabeth and Essex" where Errol Flynn slapped Bette Davis on her beam end. Example of a censored still picture would be the recent shot of Maureen O'Hara and Lucille Ball doing a dance with their thighs peeking out over black silk stockings. It was finally okayed when RKO had the girls' thighs painted black at Breen's request.

TO appreciate Hollywood censorship, to learn how movies are made to behave, you have to first take a peek into Breen's own version of Mein Kampf—a tiny, gray-covered, eight-page booklet labeled "The Production Code." This Bible of behavior à la cinema dictates what every good little movie producer must put in and leave out of his expensive epic.

Under the heading of "Crimes Against the Law," there are these Breenisms: "The technique of murder must be presented in a way that will not inspire imitation. Brutal killings are not to be presented in detail. Revenge in modern times shall not be justified."

Under the heading of "Sex," are numerous stern warnings. According to one paragraph, "Scenes of passion should not be introduced when not essential to the plot. Excessive and lustful kissing, lustful embraces, suggestive postures and gestures are not to be shown." According to another paragraph, "Seduction or rape should never be more than suggested. . . . They are never the proper subject for comedy." According to scattered paragraphs, "White slavery shall not be treated. Sex relationships between the white and black races are forbidden. Scenes of actual childbirth are never to be presented. Children's sex organs are never to be exposed!"

Under the heading of "Profanity" is one emphatic paragraph reading, "Pointed profanity—this includes the words God, Lord, Jesus, Christ (unless used reverently), Hell, S.O.B., damn or every other profane or vulgar expression however used—is forbidden."

Under the heading of "National Feelings," Joe Breen dictates in a manner that recalls his diplomatic training, to wit, "The use of the flag shall be consistently respectful. The history, institutions, prominent people and citizenry of other nations shall be represented fairly."

In order not to offend any person, nation or institution, and in order to follow the canons of "The Production Code," Breen is constantly in hot water about movie villains. For example, Mexico will protest a Mexican villain, Italy will ban a picture with an Italian villain, the medical profession will protest if the villain is a doctor and a thousand persons will sue if a movie villain happens to have the same name as themselves.

Once, grasping at a last straw, Walter Wanger, in making "Stand-In" with Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell, made his villain a movie producer. Joe Breen



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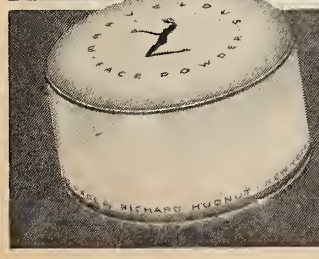
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okayed this with a sly grin. Promptly, five famous movie producers phoned and croaked, "You can't make bums out of us! What will people think?"

"Our office," Breen will explain without necessary prompting, "cannot always worry about what people will think. I get about two hundred letters a day telling me what to put in or leave out of movies. The only way we can satisfy everyone and still put a villain into a film is to have him a white, native born American, without a job, and with no political, social, religious, fraternal or industrial affiliations. Which doesn't allow us much leeway to use anyone except Donald Duck!"

Once every week, flanked by members of his staff, Breen rivets his keen gaze on virginal celluloid products. In one hand he holds a notebook, and into it he makes his important notes. Take a glance at some of his typical and more historic jottings—

To: Mr. Jack Warner. Re: "Robin Hood."

"I'm afraid political censor boards throughout the world will delete the action of Errol Flynn as Robin Hood kicking the sheriff in the stomach."

To: Mr. Louis B. Mayer. Re: "Test Pilot."

"Be careful with the attire of Gable lying on the bed in Scene 376. You know, of course, that audiences find distasteful scenes of men clothed only in their underwear. The business, in Scene 484, of Myrna Loy spraying perfume behind her ears should be deleted. Please eliminate the word "floozy" in Scene 36."

On every picture he has observed for six years, Joe Breen has made these terse reports. And the producers, aware that he is their good will ambassador to the public, their money-saver with pressure groups, have behaved.

No objectionable scene ever escapes Breen's eye. No word of objectionable dialogue ever goes in one ear and out the other. In "The Old Maid," you may recall Bette Davis has an illegitimate child. Breen and his workers didn't mind this. But they didn't want it given too much attention. "Make your point," Breen warned Warners, "and then leave it and go on with the picture!" In the first version of "Juarez," there was a shot showing the face of Maximillian, played by Brian Aherne, as he lay dead. Breen protested. Said it wasn't in the best taste. It was scissored.

In "Naughty But Nice," Ann Sheridan said to Dick Powell, "I'd love to go to college and study under you." The Purity Seal was withheld until this two-edged sentence lay on the cutting room floor. In an M-G-M auto racing show, the words "punk," "tramp" and "fast worker" were cut. In a movie with Zorina, Eddie Albert was shown using some slugs instead of nickels. Breen frowned and wrote, "This is a detail of crime which might too easily be imitated. Drop it." In a recent Selznick picture, the navels of Indians appeared on the screen. Breen insisted that they be draped.

TODAY, with Europe aflame, with the foreign market a corpse, Hollywood producers have been concentrating on movies for the South American trade.

Joe Breen, after studying Latin tastes, warned filmville big-wigs not to present Latins as killers or to place violence against South American backgrounds. Zanuck attempted this with "Four Men and a Prayer," and his picture was banned in South America.

Two years ago, Peru shelved "Tale of Two Cities" with Ronald Colman, "Black Fury" with Paul Muni, and "Beloved Enemy" with Merle Oberon because they all featured mob scenes and spy plots. South American countries don't want their hot-tempered señors to get ideas from such films. They've had enough violence—473 revolutions in the last century! For similar reasons, Panama refused to display "Armored Car." It was a gangster film. Mexico banned "Lawless Rider" because in it a Mexican character was ridiculed and kicked around.



Heading for the last clown-up! Harpo, Groucho and Chico, the mad Marx Brothers, are up to their old tricks again in "Go West." This is the funniest one they've ever made—and what's more it has lots of love interest! She's beauteous Marion Martin, erstwhile Follies girl from Philadelphia.



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Using strong disinfectants in hospital work or for heavy cleaning in the home often produces a bad case of *H-H* . . . rough, red *H*ousehold *H*ands!

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Breen's troubles are endless. Though a picture may have his okay, may have the okay of South American censors, sometimes it still brings down the wrath of Latin churches. Last year, after a movie showing Dorothy Lamour with too much anatomy and not enough sarong was released, placards were pasted on the doors of all churches in Argentine. They read:

"Fathers and mothers—Recognize your responsibility. One single hour passed in the obscurity of a cinema that shows a bad reel, destroys in the soul of your children the work of a year accomplished by the church, the home and the school."

To fight this, Breen has now advised Hollywood producers to grind out pictures exalting Latin heroes like Simon Bolivar and has increased his own vigilance over objectionable scripts.

HOWEVER, the thing that's converted Breen into an aspirin consumer has been the strict censorship of films outside the Americas. For, no matter how careful he is, there's always something wrong. To convince you, once and for all, that Breen has the toughest task in the colony, thumb over some of these foreign cuts:

Egypt sliced a scene showing Jane Withers escaping from an orphanage. They said, "This might set a bad example for our school girls." Dr. Ahmed Bey, their head censor, also barred "British Agent," claiming it was propaganda for Communism.

England, very touchy about dialogue, changed the line, "The fate some call worse than death" to the inane "The fate some call" in a Leslie Howard movie. And in "The Fighting 69th," they deleted the Lord's Prayer as recited by Pat O'Brien. Odd thing about England has been that, though they'll permit any amount of nudity and sex, they won't accept any cruelty to animals.

An oriental problem child for Joe Breen has long been Japan. They barred one Jack Benny comedy because "its wisecracks are too low-brow for Japanese audiences." In "Knight Without Armour," with Marlene Dietrich, they slashed all scenes that might give moviegoers the idea that war wasn't noble. In the past year Tokyo censors ripped 8,000 feet of kisses out of Hollywood's passionate celluloid!

After a long day of reading scripts, arguing with producers and actors, staring at new movies—Joe Breen is happy to reach his comfortable $60,000 home, to relax with his wife and four children and to chat with his neighbors, Fredric March and Frank Morgan. He does, however, carry censorship into his own home—the word "taboo" being taboo!

Thus, my friends, are your movies made to behave. Joe Breen's power is limitless. He can tell off millionaires. He can even fly to foreign countries to plead with their heads on a debatable point. But there is one type of censorship he can't do a thing about. It came up not so long ago, when Breen received a cable from the little country of Estonia. It seemed they had banned something labeled "Double Wedding." Their reason for censoring the entire film was very curt. It was summed up in one pungent word, "Worthless."

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IF YOUR HUSBAND SNORES...

Tonight have him put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. It's an effective way to help clear the nose when it is clogged up with transient congestion that hinders breathing, spoils sleep and often causes snoring.

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GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FINGER FASHIONS

(*Continued from page 43*)

After shaping your nails, soak your finger tips in warm, sudsy water for five or ten minutes. Apply a softener to the nail bases and sides, and push back cuticle with an orange stick. Clip any rough cuticle edges and hangnails, but do as little cutting as possible. It only encourages faster growth. There is a liquid cuticle remover that does excellent work and practically eliminates cutting. After using it, you can wipe dead cuticle away with a towel.

Now rinse your hands and whiten under the nail tips with paste or pencil. Dry thoroughly and apply your polish. Powder or paste polish buffed into your nails with a chamois-covered buffer smooths the surface for liquid polish. Or apply a clear, liquid polish foundation and let it dry thoroughly. Liquid polish should be applied quickly, with not more than three or four brush strokes (and be sure there are no loose hairs in the brush you are using). The exotic type of nails may be covered from one tip to the other with even the crescent included. If yours are the artistic type, cover the nail tips but not the crescents; if they are creative, both tips and crescents may be exposed, though, of course, to make the fingers appear longer the entire length should be covered. The small, very ladylike sort of nails may look best with both tips and crescents exposed. The same rule applies to your rounded, practical, business-like nails. A coat of protector, applied after liquid polish has dried, will make it look smoother and last much longer, too.

WE'D like to emphasize that working the cuticle back and snipping it is very often the cause of split, ragged cuticle. Soften yours with oils and creams, and push it back carefully every time you wash your hands. If you do this while the cuticle is soft and easily controlled, you'll save yourself a lot of cutting and the resultant danger of infection. Hangnails often come from abuse of the cuticle, the use of inferior brushes and the general neglect of hands that otherwise might be soft and femininely charming. Brittle nails, on the other hand, may be caused by too much exposure to water, sun or soil, as well as to neglect in using oils and lotions regularly. Your diet may also be at fault. Foods rich in calcium and minerals are essential to strong, pliable nails. They are nourished from within and you can't expect external preparation to take the place of a sensible diet.

Hands that are clean and soft and smooth are always in fashion. Colors come and go, shapes you have little control over, but a perfectly groomed, graceful feminine hand is a force to reckon with and a fashion that is never dated.

Have you tried that quick, pleasant, effective dead cuticle softener called Trimal? If you haven't, you're in for a treat and a pleasant surprise, for this remarkable new preparation will keep your cuticle well groomed and attractive *sans* scissors, believe it or not. All you do is wrap a piece of cotton around the end of an orange wood stick, saturate same with Trimal and apply it to the cuticle around your nails. For the best results, begin at each nail center and work forward around the sides, pushing cuticle back gently. Allow it to remain a couple of minutes, then soak your fingers for a few seconds in warm water, and just wipe dead cuticle away with a dry towel. It's as safe and simple as all that! Trimal (pronounced Trim-all) is what you ask for at any drug, department or five and ten cent store. Try it if you want a new manicure thrill.

WE are very enthusiastic about a completely new and different family of nail beautifying products called "Pledge" that are this very minute being introduced in stores all over the country. They are really quite revolutionary, too, for they all are in cream form and come in tubes. There's the Pledge oilized cream cuticle softener, Pledge oilized nail polish remover, Pledge cream (mind you) nail enamel and Pledge oilized nail cream. All come in attractive pastel colored, self-feeding tubes. The nail enamel and cuticle softener have brushes right inside the tubes and they can't spill and won't evaporate. Pledge cream nail enamel will not thicken, streak or fade. It is fast drying—long lasting, too, and will not harm your nails. These preparations are excellent for traveling. In fact, their tube containers are handy to use anywhere. With Pledge oilized cuticle softener you need no orange stick or cotton either. Just whisk it on with the self-feeding brush tube to soothe, soften and remove ragged cuticle. It is a thorough and rapid cuticle treatment all by itself. Pledge oilized nail cream keeps nails strong and pliable and Pledge polish remover is quick, handy, and will not destroy rayon, cotton or woolen fabrics. You'll like these new, modern manicuring preparations, we're sure.

The Cutex nail polish people have just brought out two grand new red shades called Rumpus and Riot—colors that many girls will simply dote on. They're definitely shades for dates—clear, accent-making, head-in-a-whirl colors for young-up-and-comers who aren't afraid to be dramatic.

Giddy as a football date, Cutex Riot is the clear ringing red that highlights skin tones, the kind of deep, sophisticated shade that gives your hands that "going-places" look.

Cutex Rumpus nail polish is deep red in another key—the shade you switch to when your costume swings to wines and burgundies. It's electric red—that most flattering of reds with a blue-flame undertone—the shade to wear with blackberry, maroon and purple-toned browns. Cutex Rumpus polish is also smooth with pastel evening frocks, smoother yet with black.

The makers of Cutex polish have discovered a new angle on the problem of brittle nails, too. It has been definitely established that nails require moisture, even as the skin does. They give off moisture and absorb it from the air. If this natural process is interfered with, nails dry out and split. So, to safeguard nails, *polishes should be porous.*

It has been shown, in a series of laboratory tests, that Cutex liquid nail polish has unusually high porosity. In other words, you can be sure when you wear Cutex polish that your nails are not sealed away. This may mean the end of your nail difficulties—splitting, breaking and many of the ailments that result when the nails are cut off from all moisture. The idea is certainly worth a trial, and we know you'll be pleased.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

All in all, it's a good show, and a lot of show. Go see it. Directed by Jack Conway.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: It required 27 varied location sites and a total of 41 sets to screen this story. . . . Metro built a boom town of its own for this picture. . . . Clark Gable has been suggesting an oil story for himself for about three years; at the age of 18 he worked as a tool dresser in Bigheart, Oklahoma. . . . Spencer Tracy sets a new record for himself in screen fisticuffs, engaging in five battles; this is the second time he and Gable fight each other in films, although the last time, in "San Francisco," they wore boxing gloves. . . . Gable is two inches taller in the picture than he ever has been. Four-inch heels on his boots do the trick; Gable had more changes of outfits in the film than Miss Colbert and Miss Lamarr combined. He changed clothes 25 times; Claudette, 17; Hedy, 7; Tracy had 18 changes. . . . Hedy Lamarr plays her first siren role. She cut her hair four inches for the part. . . . Claudette celebrated her tenth year of wearing bangs during this picture. . . . On the day that Gable and Carole Lombard celebrated their real-life first wedding anniversary, Gable and Claudette celebrated their screen-life first wedding anniversary in the picture. . . . The picture marks the first reunion of Clark and Claudette since they both won Academy Awards in "It Happened One Night". . . . In the Gable-Tracy-Morgan drinking scene, they were each permitted to drink what they preferred. Clark chose cider, Tracy picked soda water, and Frank asked for unsweetened cold tea.

★★★ The Great Profile

"The Great Profile" is, of course, the film of, by and about "The Great Profile" who, in case you have forgotten, is occasionally called John Barrymore. It is a strange sort of film, well off the beaten path. It will make you laugh hilariously and again will sadden you.

Imagine an actor of Barrymore's standing and position getting out on a stage and saying "Look at me. I am a fool. Laugh at me." And—darn it—making you laugh! It's good-natured; it's swell fun; but some of us gray-bearded gents of the old school who sat at the preview couldn't help thinking that, if any other actor did to Barrymore what Barrymore does to Barrymore in this picture, we'd be mad enough to take a sock at someone. It's that cruel.

There isn't much of a story. All the authors tried to do was lead Barrymore on and leave him alone. Vaguely, it's tied around his recent escapades with his play, "My Dear Children," and his wife, Elaine Barrie. It tells, uncompromisingly but amusingly, about his battles with John Barlycorn. It shows how he made a poor play big box office by the simple method of misbehaving in public.

No, of course Barrymore does not play all the roles, but it's pretty hard for any actor or actress to make any kind of a showing in a film wherein he runs wild. Maybe that excuses Mary Beth Hughes, who looks pretty in the role of his wife. Gregory Ratoff sputters a lot and is funny for moments as Barrymore's man-

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CROSS MY HEART—

QUEST (the Kotex deodorant powder) positively eliminates all body and sanitary napkin odors.

ager. There's a cute little trick named Anne Baxter who looks as if she may have star dust in her hair.

Oh, and John Payne is fine as Anne's fiancée. But it's Barrymore who counts, and you won't forget it, for he keeps reminding you of it all the time. Directed by Walter Lang.—*20th Century-Fox.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Barrymore has himself on the most curious diet in town these days—24 bottles of soda pop daily; says it keeps him away from stronger stuff. . . . In spite of all the stories about him (most of which he tells about himself) Barrymore is considered one of the most co-operative stars in Hollywood. Ask the props or cameramen, if you don't believe us. . . . When he arrived to take the assignment, he was housed in the just-vacated Shirley Temple bungalow. After three days, the pink elephants on the wall got him and he solemnly asked for "a transfer to the men's dormitory". . . . Barrymore never learns his lines for a movie; he prefers reading them off a blackboard. . . . This is Anne Baxter's first picture at the studio, although Twentieth discovered her on Broadway and brought her out here; she was loaned to M-G-M and made her début in "Twenty Mule Team." She's only 17 and graduated from high school during the filming of this yarn. . . . Gregory Ratoff says this is positively his last acting job. He prefers directing, says he will never see this film because it's his "goodbye to acting."

★★★ Lucky Partners

Have you ever thought of a very good idea and carried it out the best way you knew and it was okay but, somehow, not what you thought it was going to be? That's "Lucky Partners." A grand idea, swell actors, a good deal of charm and pleasant play-acting—but all the way through you keep thinking it might have been better. Which is probably unfair, because it's pretty doggone good.

Ginger Rogers is teamed for the first time with Ronald Colman, and they make an interesting combination. They play excellently opposite one another and Ronnie is better here than he has been in a long time. The test of any acting role, of course, is to close your eyes and try to imagine some other actor in the part. Well, you can't do it with either Colman or Ginger. The roles were made for them.

It's a rather Puck-ish story idea with Ronald and Ginger going off on a trip together. They are not romantically interested in each other; they register at the hotel as brother and sister just for the convenience of it, and they mean absolutely no harm. It's all in the spirit of good, clean fun and they are both sure that they can handle it. But this nasty old world, of course, thinks differently.

Well, that's the plot, and the authors do not develop it in the fast, farcial fashion that they might have, but rather in a charming, slow-paced witty manner. You practically never burst out into long, loud laughter, but you constantly have a warm, gratified feeling. It's nice and you smile pleasantly as you leave the theatre.

There are other parts in the film besides those of Ginger and Ronald, but the two stars carry about ninety percent of the footage between them. Directed by Lewis Milestone.—*RKO-Radio.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Sacha Guitry wrote the play "Good Luck," on which this film was supposed to have been based, but only his opening kickoff was retained. . . . This is the seventh Ginger Rogers vehicle in which Jack Carson has appeared; he has his best part in this one, a new version of Ralph Bellamy. . . . Among the extras is Charlotte Henry. Remember her as the star of "Alice in Wonderland" only a few years ago? Wonderland, indeed! . . . Spring Byington spends her spare time inventing gadgets. Ask her for the use of her onion goggles, to prevent tear-ing, some day. . . . Ginger dances in this one, for the first time in four pictures. But it's only an old-fashioned polka, and for but a moment. . . . Leon Belasco has his best role thus far as a comic bartender. He used to be a high-class orchestra leader but gave it up to make his way as an actor; it's been a long haul. . . . Lewis Milestone, the director, is best known for heavy dramas he directed—"All Quiet on the Western Front," "Of Mice and Men" and "The Last Mile," but he prefers comedies.

★★½ He Stayed for Breakfast

It's pretty hard to pan a picture which has Loretta Young and Melvyn Douglas as stars, especially when both of them turn in swell acting jobs, but this film just won't make most audiences happy. It is very funny in spots but a good deal of the humor is limited in its appeal; you have to know the subject that is being kidded to understand the jokes.

It seems that Melvyn Douglas is a Communist—now don't take that literally, it's just a part he plays in the picture!—and he takes a shot at Eugene Pallette, who's a rich banker. Running away from the police, Melvyn hides in a luxurious apartment which, by one of those coincidences occurring only in the movies, belongs to Pallette's wife, Loretta Young. Then there's a lot of complication, and Melvyn and Loretta fall in love. (It's established early in the film that Loretta doesn't love her rich hubby, so this part of it is okay with Papa Hays.) Eventually, Melvyn realizes the error of his ways, denounces Communism and decides to be a plain, ordinary, freedom-loving citizen.

You will like the role Douglas plays here, and he handles it deftly and charmingly. But it will remind you that he also played a similar role in "Ninotchka." One of the good things that can be said about the picture—if she'll forgive us for calling her "a good thing"—is Loretta Young. You've never seen her looking so well or dressed so beautifully. It's almost worth the price of admission just to get a peep at her gowns. And Una O'Connor gets a break in a good comedy role. Directed by Alexander Hall.—*Columbia.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Douglas' scenes were shot first in order to make it possible for him to attend the Democratic National Convention; he's the first actor to be named a delegate to a national political convention. . . . Loretta Young wears 18 different dresses here, and all but four required different hair-do's. . . . Eugene Pallette, as Loretta's estranged husband who still carries a torch for her, handles his first romantic assignment since 1910; he was Norma Talmadge's leading man then, remember? . . . Una O'Connor drank coffee during her drunk scene; she says it always makes her slightly dizzy. . . . Director Hall managed to insert a night club sequence; strangely enough, there has been one in each of his last 16 pictures.

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SIMPLIFIED STEPS TO STYLE and BEAUTY

★★ Dance, Girl, Dance

It is our sad duty to report that this one, in spite of a swell cast, just misses being good.

It has lovely Maureen O'Hara in the role of a sweet, unspoiled dancing kid, and Lucille Ball in the role of "Tiger Lily," a burlesque queen. Their performances will be remembered long after the film itself is forgotten. If it were only the story of these two kids struggling up from the chorus—one to the ballet, the other to a bankroll—it would have been great. But no. The authors and producers had to get it all mixed up with a lot of psychological stuff about Louis Hayward and his wife, Virginia Field, who are always drinking and battling just because they have too much money (or is that the reason?) and a thickish slice of whimsy, to boot.

But Maureen O'Hara is in it, and she's lovely. And that Lucille Ball dame—there is a wench you will want to see and remember. Directed by Dorothy Arzner.—*RKO-Radio.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Erich Pommer, who produced the film, was one of the greatest film producers on the Continent before politics chased him to England and then to America. . . . Maureen O'Hara, whose third RKO picture this is, was discovered by Charles Laughton in England and put under personal contract by him; he turned this contract over to RKO just before she was put into the role opposite him in "Hunchback of Notre Dame." . . . Dorothy Arzner is the only woman ever to have obtained top rank as a director in America; she used to be a film cutter before Joan Crawford got her a break. . . . More than 30 days were spent in dance rehearsals before filming began. . . . Lucille Ball danced one entire day in her "Jitterbug Bite" number in a silver lame dress which weighed 26½ pounds; she took two days off to recuperate. . . . A fire prevention guard was hired to follow Maureen and Lucille around when they wore their cellophane hula-hula costumes. . . . Ralph Bellamy gave up a trip to Alaska aboard Frank Morgan's yacht to play in "Dance, Girl, Dance" largely because in this picture he actually gets the girl.

IS CARY GRANT THE PERFECT BOY FRIEND?

(*Continued from page 27*)

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jitters. That's why he usually takes a girl out. That, and the fact that it's harder to be serious in a crowd.

If he takes her to dinner, she can count on his ordering a sumptuous meal. (He likes to order, to prove he knows her tastes.) If he takes her dancing, she can rely on him to dance every dance—whether it's a waltz or rhumba. He's no Astaire, but he's a lot of fun. Get him on his feet and he's more apt to think of amusing things than when he's sitting down.

He's allergic to solitude. He likes to be with people. He pricks up his ears—sort of Puck-ish ears, they are—every time he hears the word "party." He likes parties so well that he gives one every week-end himself. It's always "open house" at Cary Grant's on Sunday. He's a fall guy for any kind of parlor game, and he'll play as if his life depended on it.

The future Mrs. Grant might keep in mind that he's enthusiastic about entertaining hordes of people. In fact, he's an enthusiast about everything he enjoys doing. He doesn't take anything for granted. He reacts to everything—and everybody. If he likes people, he shows it. If he doesn't like them, he shows that, too. People know when he's mad. They know when he's harassed. They know when he's happy. Everything registers on that face of his.

He could never get along with a passive woman.

Virginia Cherrill wasn't passive. That wasn't why she and Cary couldn't get along. According to insiders, Virginia thought a wife should help her husband handle the family funds, and Cary thought he was capable of handling them alone.

If the story is true, it seems safe to predict, the next time he marries, Cary will have it understood in advance that he'll handle his finances, himself.

He's a man who will ask a woman what she'd like to do, but he's a man who won't stand for her telling him what to do.

ACCORDING to an eye-witness, the first time he played with one temperamental star, she started telling him how he ought to play the role. Cary, so the story goes, simmered a while and then exploded, telling her that he thought he could do his own acting and suggesting that she pay attention to hers. He stood a chance of losing his role. But he blew up, anyway. He didn't know that his blow-up would lead to a beautiful friendship!

No woman can "do him wrong" and get away with it.

When he was still at Paramount, the Front Office suggested him to a certain star as her next leading man. At that time, appearing opposite her would have been a tremendous boost to his career. She turned him down. She wanted "a bigger name." A few years later, she had slipped and he was a big star. Another studio suggested her to Cary as his next leading lady. Playing opposite him would have given her career new life. He "wasn't interested."

Yet no one can say that he isn't generous. He gave his entire salary for "The Philadelphia Story"—$125,000—to the Red Cross. No other star in Hollywood has made a gesture like that.

When he bought a house a few months ago, people regarded it as positive proof that he was thinking of marrying before very long. "What could a bachelor want with a big place like that?"

They didn't know that he likes space. He likes his own idea of comfort, not some hotel manager's. And he likes ocean swimming. So, several years ago, he moved out of a bachelor apartment and into a rented house on the beach at Santa Monica. He tried to buy then, but the owner wouldn't sell. Finally, this other house went up for sale—and Cary saw his chance to have a permanent home just where he wanted to live indefinitely. After all those years of barnstorming and struggling, he appreciates the permanence of a home.

Six days a week it's a bigger house than he needs. But on Sunday, when the gang's there, it isn't too large.

When a man reaches 35—which Cary frankly admits he is—he's firmly established in his habits. A woman can't hope to do much about changing them.

So let's look into the Grant habits around the house.

Anyone who provides meals for him has to have a large supply of patience. He never can tell the cook in the morning what time to have dinner ready at night. He phones when he leaves the studio, which gives her a half-hour's warning. It isn't every cook who could bear up under such treatment. Or Cary's disconcerting habit of inviting people to dinner without warning the culinary expert.

CARY'S cook happens to like working for him because he lets her decide what he'd like for dinner. He isn't fussy about food. He'll eat anything that's put before him, if it's well-cooked. That would seem to indicate that he's a man with simple tastes.

He's fussy about neatness. He goes around tidying up footstools, emptying ash-trays, straightening magazines. What do you make of that—an orderly mind?

Yet, contradictorily, he's absent-minded. He'll step out of the shower and forget to turn off the hot water. And he has a habit of tossing his bathrobe in one place and his pajamas somewhere else. He's in an awful hurry in the mornings. He sleeps till the last possible second. He used to get up in time to take an early-morning swim. Now he figures those fifteen extra minutes of sleep will do him more good.

He goes out approximately three times a week, including Saturday night. He likes to get home, learn his lines for the next day, and get to bed by 2 A.M. He doesn't play at the expense of his work, not Cary. Evenings when he stays at home he gets to bed around midnight. On those evenings he reads and plays the piano (on which there is usually a picture of his current girl friend). People are constantly dropping in. If they're still there when he feels like going to bed, they can keep right on talking—but he retires.

He has moods. But his brooding moods don't last as long as his gay ones.

He also has one of California's most mahogany tans. He spends all day Sunday on the beach. He looks well in shorts.

All this gives you an idea of what a woman can expect from Cary. But there's one thing she *can't* expect, in spite of his screen experience, and that's finesse at love-making. In his own words: "I'm an awfully poor Romeo. When I go courting, it's a pretty sad performance. I'm just a muddle-tongued boob!"

Fair Warning! You just won't be able to resist the fashions in the December MODERN SCREEN

MEET THE MADAME

(Continued from page 6)

back like magic, utterly fascinated. In the foyer she puffs nonchalantly at a cigarette stuck in a long holder. Now and then she'll do a solo performance right there in her seat. For instance, at the opening of the summer ballet season, during the unraveling of a picturesque sequence involving a witch and a Slavic Red Riding Hood, Madame portrayed so realistic a witch, writhing and twisting and leering, that the woman to the left of her actually shuddered!

Unbelievable but true—Ouspenskaya (in Russia it's quite Emily Post to call a lady by her last name) is also a horsewoman! But par excellence. At the first sign of a half day off from her thousand and one chores, she is chauffeured (she abominates driving an automobile; speed laws make her champ at the bit) to her ranch near Victorville. Here, without a care in the world, romps her high-spirited mare, Queenie. By the time she's in her togs, red ribbon in her hair, Queenie is saddled. With no groom to lift her into the saddle, Madame takes off. Even Gene Autry thinks she does it with mirrors.

She's weary of playing the eternal eccentric, if vivid, old lady, be she countess, maharanee or ballet mistress. Madame is furious at unimaginative producers. They can only see her in the last role. They swear that's the real Ouspenskaya. Let her tell it:

"I want to do something gay and youthful for a change—musical comedy!" she protests.

By all odds Madame has this favor coming to her. She's been playing antique women ever since she first hit the deck. Amusingly enough, as a stage-struck little maiden of 14, she made her first appearance on any stage (mostly before kinsmen, friends and muzhiks attached to her father's estate) in the role of a 60-year-old professor. Her cousin Fred, 13, played her 40-year-old spinster daughter.

That was all back in Tula, a famed Russian provincial city where Maria Ouspenskaya was born, the daughter of a brilliant lawyer. She was thirteen when her father died. He had been dead two years when financial reverses hit the house of Ouspensky (Ouspenskaya is the feminine form, of course.) Maria, fresh from the equivalent of what we know here as high school, set about making something of herself.

Endowed with a coloratura voice, "more than mediocre and less than sensational," she decided to conquer the concert stage. Thanks to a kindly uncle, she managed to get in a year at the Warsaw conservatory, but then he too lost his money, and she was forced to withdraw. It almost broke her heart. But not her spirit.

Back to Tula she went to become a lowly governess. Of herself at this time she says:

"In the wake of the set-back to my dreams, I found myself becoming more gloomy, my temperament more restrained. Suddenly I remembered the fever of youth when the stage loomed like something enchanting in my dreams. I recalled my makeshift apprenticeship in the drama. Then and there I decided to risk everything and go to Moscow. Somehow, I knew I would manage."

The gods were with her. Almost at the end of her rope, she landed a job as soloist at one of the Moscow churches. Fired with a faith in herself as an actress, she simultaneously enrolled at Adasheff's School of Drama where she negotiated the three-year regimen with colors flying.

In her mind was one goal—membership in the celebrated Moscow Art Theatre, where Constantine Stanislavsky was exciting the world's wonder with his revolutionary dramatic ideas. Eager but humble, she determined to round out her experience by a two-year trick with stock. It was hardly exciting, or pleasant, this wandering over the Russian provinces, putting up with a thousand inconveniences. But it convinced her she was on the right track.

At last sure of herself, she applied for membership in the Art Theatre. She received an audition in due time, as did 250 other applicants that month. She was one of five selected.

She never wanted to be a leading lady. Her ambition was to become a fine character actress. How she established herself within a few seasons as one of the most distinguished performers in the Russian theatre is too well-known to need repetition here. Consequently, when Stanislavsky took his illustrious group to America in 1922, she made the trip.

She fell in love with this country from the start. She wept at leaving it. When the Art Theatre paid a return visit in 1924, she stayed.

Together with the late Richard Boleslavsky, the gifted actor, author and director, she formed the American Laboratory Theatre to teach the Stanislavsky method. When it closed in 1929, she opened the Maria Ouspenskaya School of Dramatic Art. It was a success from the start. Remembering her own struggles, she made the tuition nominal and set up so many scholarships that her business manager began warning her of bankruptcy. She would shrug and say: "Is that so important?"

From the Ouspenskaya School has emerged some of the screen's finest talent. Garfield will tell you point-blank that Madame's second to nobody. Eddie Albert brings a script around to her every time he gets a part. Together they go over the story, trying to breathe life into the character Albert, ever the perfectionist, has been assigned. Warner's soaring star, Brenda Marshall, learned the three R's of drama under Madame. Paramount's Lillian Cornell ("Rhythm on the River") is another Ouspenskaya pupil. So is Anne Baxter, who's just done a good job in "The Great Profile" with Mr. John Barrymore.

Madame turned down Joan Crawford and Katie Hepburn as private pupils. With her it's a democratic business. You learn acting en masse.

In Hollywood, Ouspenskaya would be wondrously happy were it not that the real stage is 3,000 miles away. She does her best in the film Babylon by attending every worthy play.

Does she sigh for the Russia that was?

Not at all. To quote her she's as American as a hot dog or the Charleston!



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"We must laugh in the face of these crazy times," says Chaplin—and he's really giving us something to laugh about. His first talking picture represents two years' work and cost him, personally, the fabulous sum of $2,400,000



The Great Dictator and his henchmen (all wearing the symbol of the Double Cross) plot some dirty work. This spectacular set is just one of fifty-five used in the picture.



Not only does Chaplin (seen here as Dictator Hynkel) play two difficult roles, but he wrote, directed and produced the film; designed the costumes and supervised the music.



Chaplin's his lovable old self as Charlie of the Ghetto. His sweetheart is Hannah the laundry girl (Paulette Goddard)—lovely in spite of glamorless togs and little make-up.

Jack Oakie is Benzino Napaloni, Dictator of Bacteria. (On the set they called him Duce.) He's devoted two years to this film and his visit to Hynkel is a sure-fire laugh riot.





Here's Chaplin as the barber, called simply "Charlie" throughout. His voice is wispy and thin, in contrast to Hynkel's, which is guttural. Reg Gardiner is Schultz, super-patriot.

Printed in the U. S. A. by the Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



BETTY GRABLE
Featured in
20th Century-Fox picture
"Down Argentine Way"

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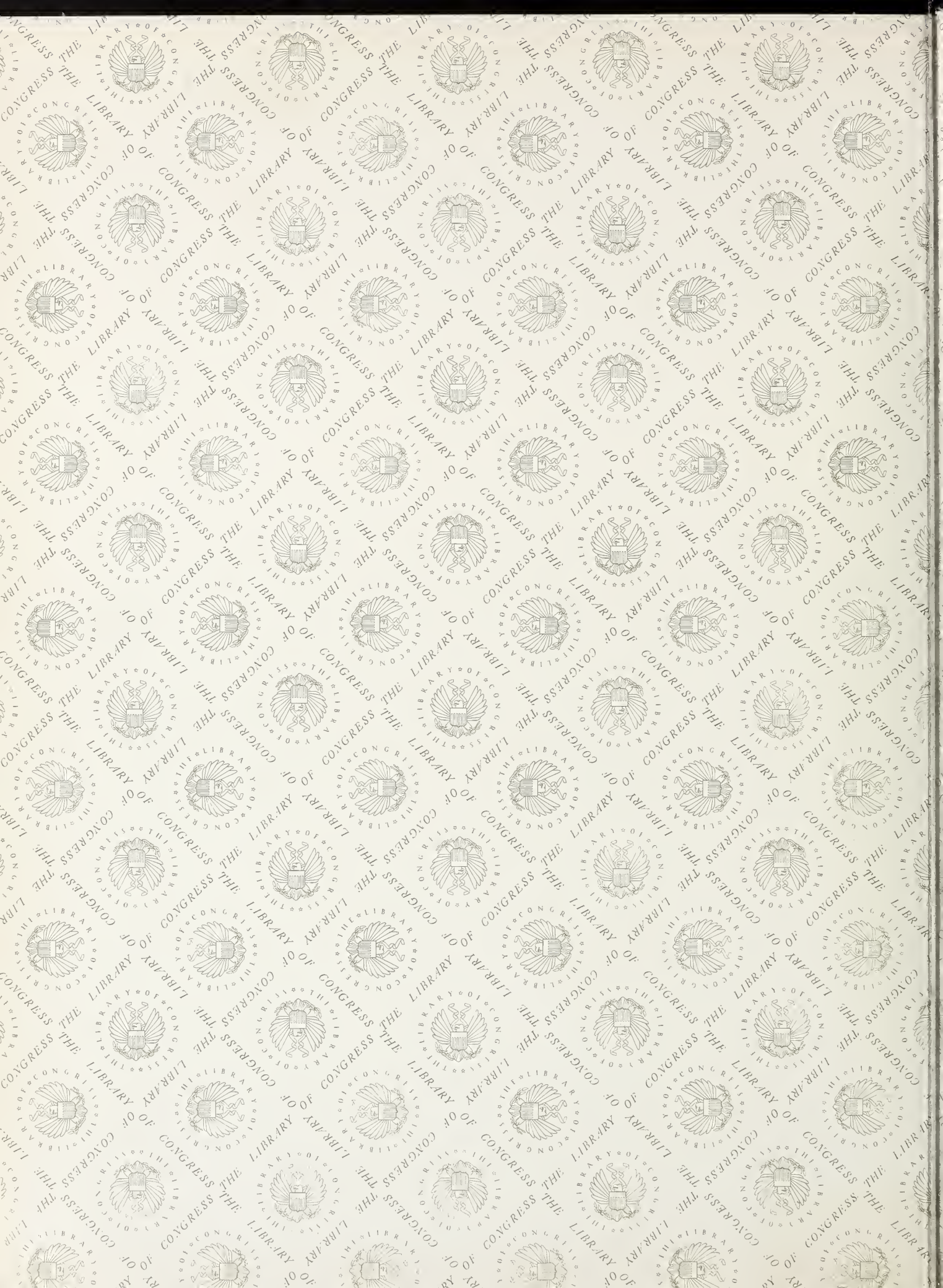
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